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Vol. xiii.

MARCH, 1899.

No. vi.



**The
High School
Register**

PUBLISHED - IN - THE
INTERESTS - OF - THE
OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL



C. G. P.

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The Register

The rest of the year, 25c. For 40c Annual and rest of the year

See Class Editors.

High School Register.

VOL. XIII.

OMAHA, NEB., MARCH 1899.

No. 6

AN ORIENTAL INCIDENT.

ETHEL GRIFFITH, '99.

I

FAR away to the East,
 In those countries romantic,
 Where poppies abound,
 And where beauty grows free.
 Where verdure at least is not
 Stiff and pedantic;
 Where the earth smiles on heaven,
 The sun on the sea.

II

It is there, Oh, alas,
 That the spirits of mortals
 Quite different seems
 From that freedom of growth,
 And the dominant class
 Has not lifted the portals,
 That ope to the realm
 Where reason holds forth.

III

'Tis the land where the Indus
 Pours forth its abundance,
 And graciously waters
 The Indian plain;
 The land where the Hindoos
 In ignorant romance,
 Seclude their fair daughters
 From vision profane.

IV

'Tis a land half asleep,
 Lulled by opium vapors;
 Which but drowsily heeds
 The world's turmoil and strife;
 In peace it lies deep,
 And dreamless the sleepers;
 Few are their deeds
 In the progress of life.

V

Yet though unambitious,
 The masses lie dormant,

Here and there is a mind
 Shining clear through the dark,
 Like a willow-the-wisp,
 Flitting over dark marshes,
 Bright, clear and refined
 As a meteor spark.

VI

Such the mind of Sophia,
 An Orient princess.
 Though reared in seclusion
 By custom's decree,
 Yet she shunned superstition,
 And all old tradition
 Which her lucid mind
 Did not quite clearly see.

VII

Now at seventeen summers
 She still escaped being
 Tied up to some infant
 Of opposite sex.
 And ever this bow (beaux)
 Was the poor maiden fleeing,
 And how to escape it
 Did often her vex.

VIII

But now, Oh, alas,
 Has her father decreed it,
 And soon to some harem
 Will she be consigned.
 She pleads to be free,
 But he will not concede it,
 And leaves her in sorrowing
 Tears to repine.

IX

One day when the God
 Of the Indus was angry,
 And threatened the neighboring
 Lands to destroy;
 And mothers were hastening
 To plunge in their infants

That some crocodile might
The morsel enjoy.

X

Two maidens were watching
The brown, boiling current,
But standing apart,
One in sad reverie,
The other in taking down
Notes on the Indus
For an Omaha newspaper
Woman was she.

XI

When lo, to her horror,
A mother approached them
And placed a sweet, laughing
Babe on the wave
In a small wicker basket;
It babbled and wriggled,
And no human hand
Would the little one save.

XII

The mother fled weeping;
Sophia sighed deeply—
A crocodile neared
Where the little bark lay,
And Catherine frantic,
Threw down pen and paper
To see if her hand could
The horrid deed stay.

XIII

She bends o'er the water—
The casket evades her—
She leaps in the wave—
Her hand holds what she prizes!
Now God of the flood
Hold thy wrath from the stranger
Who, impious, thy revered
Altar despises.

XIV

Haste maiden! Haste maiden!
The monster is coming;
But a stroke and a stride
And thy errand is o'er.
The current runs strong
Round a cragged boulder foaming,

But Sophia outstretches
A hand from the shore.

XV

Thus met did our heroine
Soon learn the sorrow
That weighed on the heart
Of the Orient maid
"Less helpless and cruel
Were the fate of the infant;
Thou saved it, save me."
Thus the poor princess plead.

XVI

"Just leave it to me,"
Said the newspaper woman.
"I have a companion
Of whom I've no fear.
Though owning her millions,
Would spend every farthing
In buying some blue-blooded
Stick of a peer.

XVII

"Would this prince wed for money?"
"Too soon," said Sophia.
"Whoever hath gold
Makes their own terms with ease.
My father alone would reject
The proceedings;
This connection alone
Would his haughtiness please."

XVIII

"Well, we'll give them a chance;
They will risk the deception.
Meanwhile you and I
Will speed over the foam.
In America's harbor
Thy freedom is granted,
And if it is pleasing
I'll share thee my home."

XIX

Then away from the land
Of the Lotus and poppy;
The land where luxuriant
Verdure abounds;
A blast o'er America's
Plains were the sweeter;
Where freedom is breathed
And where freedom abounds.

HAROLD'S COUSIN.

NO one at Ann Arbor ever seemed to know how Harold Grant got in with the Phi Kappa Psi. Because if there was a person especially disliked it was he. He was always bragging about his home, his mother, his ancestors, or the attention that his father, his sister or his brother received wherever they went.

It was the last of January, the end of the first semester. Examinations were over and there were to be no recitations the next day. No lessons for tomorrow, that was probably the reason so many of the Phi Psi's were lounging or reading in the library. "Taking life easy," as Harlem said.

"Bye the bye, Harold, when is that cousin of yours coming up?"

"Was you speaking to me?"

"No Grant, I was speaking to Harold; Harold Shields."

"What's that Perce?" Asked Shields who was deeply interested in "Mid Lothian."

"Never mind, I'll get you an ear trumpet. I only asked when your cousin was coming."

Down went the book.

"My cousin? Well Great Scott! I'd forgotten all about him. He comes on the thirteenth."

Well, that's tomorrow," said Burke.

"Sure, and what's the worst of it is that I've got to go to Detroit."

"Oh, that's queer; I'm going too," drawled Grant.

"Travel together, eh Shields?"

"I guess not; I go in the morning, first thing. But what will I do with my —"

"Never mind about your cousin," put in Jack; "We'll take care of him."

"Well, I guess we will," added Perie. "I reckon we can do a thing or two."

"Thanks, awfully; you fellows are bricks and I'll try and pay up some day. But"—said Harold thoughtfully, "I'm sorry because I don't know a thing about the chap, you know."

"I'm sure he's just our man. On the square I wished you'd leave him to my especial care, Harold." This from Hastings. Jack Hastings was always saying the right thing to a fellow.

Any way, "The Harolds" went to Detroit next morning. And later on Jack Hastings, Percivale Clarke and Fred Harlem walked arm in arm down to the station. They went leisurely along until they came to a bench.

"I say Perce, a little exercise will be beneficial. Run in and see when that train's coming."

"It might reduce your flesh if you'd go yourself, Master Jack."

Perce didn't run but walked very sedately (as all Juniors should) into the depot. He soon came back with the news that the train was five minutes late.

"Might sleep awhile," mused Jack.

"Or go and meet the train."

"I'm afraid we won't have the pleasure, for here she comes," exclaimed Hastings.

"Who, which?" Asked Harlem eagerly. For as soon as he heard the word "She" he had, naturally enough, thrown away his cigarette and was at present tugging at his necktie.

"You dunce, I meant the train."

"Well, why in—"

"Steady, Freddie boy; you've sworn off"—broke in Jack.

"There he is."

"Where?"

"On the platform."

"Well what a"—but Fred stopped abruptly.

"Don't judge him by his looks," murmured Clarke.

"Perce, what's his name?"

"Dick."

"Dick what?" asked Hastings.

"By jinks, I don't know; Harold didn't say."

"Well, well try just Dick." "Hello there Dick!" shouted Jack. "You'r our man."

"Er, I presume you were speaking to me," asked the sole occupant of the platform. "Though my name is Richard Bruce."

"Yes, yes, we know, but Harold told us Dick, for short."

Fred had taken Dick's valise and had just finished giving directions to the expressman. He had to run a little to catch up, for the trio were walking very fast. He looked at them. How different they were; Perce, the broad-shouldered foot-ball player; Jack, with his "Happy-go-lucky" walk, and then Richard, dressed in the latest fashion, to be sure a little showy for traveling; but his face, it was indeed peculiar. Not because of his features—they were good; but expression—there was none.

George Elliott said: "I think the expression is the making of a picture." And so it is with a face, I think.

"You college fellows always have that er—er—horrid way of calling people by nick names," Dick was saying; "But, by the way, where is Harold?"

"He had to go to Detroit."

"That's strange. Mr.—Mr.—" Dick hesitated.

"I'm Clarke."

"Er—he didn't a—er say anything about it in his letter, you know Mr. Clarke."

"No, he forgot about your coming." That was just like Harlem, always making breaks.

"You don't says, er—I didn't know that he knew I was coming."

"Well, I guess that was it. I reckon he didn't know you were coming—coming today, at any rate," stammered Fred.

By this time they had reached the Frat. House. Six or seven boys were on the porch waiting for them.

"Hurrah for Harold's cousin," they cried. (No one knew his last name, but Dick or Harold's cousin would answer.)

"Whenever you're ready Dick, we'll have lunch," said Burke, a little fellow, who thought he showed great manliness by always being hungry.

"Thanks, er I'm ready now. One does get so hungry travelling, don't-cher know."

Jack nudged Fred.

"Not much like Harold."

"Now don't you think so," asked Dick who had overheard. "That's awfully queer; most every one that knows us thinks we are dreadfully alike."

"That reminds me I ought to go to the oculist," put in Harlem. "Never could see resemblances."

"Like foot ball? I presume there's a game this afternoon, and we'll go, that is, of course, if you want to," said Hastings who thought it best to change the subject.

"Well, now, I don't know exactly, foot ball is such a rough, beastly sort of a game, no refinement, don't-cher know. Now at home we play tennis and croquet. My father is a champion, and I, er, well, I play a little you know."

"I'm sorry we haven't a tennis team, but I'm sure you'd enjoy the game," persisted Jack, who doted on foot ball. "Such splendid fellows in the team."

Here he gave Perce an unmerciful slap on the shoulder.

* * * * *

"I always hated grand stands; they're always so crowded, don't-cher know."

"Never mind Dick old boy, we'll find you a comfortable place," asserted Fred.

No one could help enjoying the game. To be sure "our side" made a little mistake when some one hollered "false kick" when it wasn't. The game was almost over when Perce made a splendid play.

We had lost the ball. But just as Gordon (Gordon was on the other side) kicked it, Perce tore through the line and caught it. It was fine; even Dick cheered; thought it was so amazing, and afterwards he congratulated Clarke on the way he played.

Never did the Phi Psi's entertain so royally. For after the game came the dinner, and such a one; it was really a banquet. And then the toasts. They were all to Harold and Harold's cousin. Who could they mean? And when they asked Dick to respond he didn't understand.

"Well, er—er, really don't know what to say don't-cher know; I never could make speeches extemporaneously, but my father can. My father's a noted orator, and my grandfather was too. Harold said I'd be wise if I didn't try to talk so much, but I don't know, of course I want to thank you all, and some day I'll write a speech, a good one don't-cher know, and mail it to you."

Harlem laughed. Wasn't it meant for a joke? Probably not, judging from Dick's face, which had turned fiery red. Then he excused himself.

"I've forgotten my watch, don't-cher know."

"The deuce, Harlem, you're a fool."

"Thanks, Hastings, I'm sorry, but it takes a fool to detect a fool, it seems."

"Be decent to him for Shield's sake; he's Harold's cousin."

"Thanks for the information; a little too late, I've been forced to believe it before," laughed Fred.

Dick returned.

"It's eight o'clock; just the time for calling. Perhaps you'd like to call on Francis Staunton, that pretty girl you saw this afternoon," ventured Fred.

"Er, to be sure; I always like pretty girls don't-cher know."

* * * * *

"Er, if its much further perhaps we'd better ride, don't you think so Mr. Harlem?"

"Oh no, we're almost there you"—but he was interrupted.

"Pardon me," said a young man, in such a deep, clear voice that brought an echo. "Could you tell me where I'll find Harold Shields? I've been hunting for him all day; I'm Harold's cousin."

"Are you Dick? Then who under the sun are you?" This to Richard.

"I, er, I'm Richard Grant; Harold Grant's brother."

And then back from the hills came the echo very, very distinctly, "Harold's cousin, Harold's cousin."

BY CARRIE GOLDSMITH.



WAS IT GRATITUDE?

ONLY two weeks until the 28th of June. To most of the Seniors it seemed impossible that the four years of High School had passed so quickly.

But among those who expected to graduate were two who looked forward longingly and yet anxiously to that eventful day, which would close all records, good or bad.

Four years before, Mildred William

and George Richards had entered the High School of B—, standing side by side, with the same average, at the head of their class, and now when they were about to leave, the records showed there was not the difference of a fraction in the general averages.

It had been nip and tuck through the eight terms. Where George excelled in mathematics he fell behind in the languages, while Mildred, though smart in all of her studies, ranked highest in that study. Through it all, these two had remained fast friends. Living but a few doors from each other, they found it very pleasant to walk to and from school together, to study difficult problems, and to discuss the pros and cons of class questions.

The 28th of June fell on Friday. On Thursday of the week before, after studying for about three hours, Mildred left home at five o'clock, intending to row over to Belle Isle for water lilies, which grew in great profusion there. The sun was behind heavy, black clouds, but Mildred did not notice how rapidly they were rising.

She stepped into the boat and pushed off. Having always lived near water she handled her oars well.

It gradually became darker, and a distant peal of thunder warned the girl to turn back, but she pushed on, pleased with the quiet of the water and the coolness of the lake. Suddenly large drops disturbed the surface of the water, and then with the fury of a June thunder-shower, the storm broke upon her.

The thunder and lightning confused the girl, and in her efforts to turn quickly she overturned the boat. Though having always lived near the water, she had never learned to swim, and now she lung desperately to the boat, realizing

what her fate would be unless help arrived quickly.

George Richards had been fishing at the upper end of the lake, and when the storm broke he was hurrying home.

When about opposite the overturned boat he heard a cry for help, and turning, he caught sight of Mildred struggling in the water. Quick as a flash he was stripping off shoes and coat, while through his mind ran the horrible thought that now perhaps Mildred would be unable to attend school, and would so fall behind in her marks that he would be valedictorian. But, "How shameful of me," flashed over him, "to allow such a thought to enter my head."

In a shorter time than it takes to tell it, he was in the water and rapidly making his way to the boat. Mildred had disappeared! But as his last stroke brought him to the place she rose to the surface, limp and cold.

He grasped her around the waist; turning and swimming back was no easy task, but in a short time he laid the prostrate girl on the shore, and, as the rain had ceased, he hastened for the doctor.

As he sped along he realized that Mildred was more to him than twenty valedictorians, but he said nothing of this to any one, as he was hastening back to the lake with help.

After some effort Mildred rallied sufficiently to be removed to her home. As she grew better she mourned some for the lost days of school, but after a time she seemed contented that George should be first.

Her gratitude to him was without bound, and he hoped it was not *gratitude alone* which prompted her hearty congratulations to him as valedictorian after the graduating exercises.

He found out, but we will never know.

B. L. C.—1900.

THE REGISTER

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

SUBSCRIPTION: Fifty cents in advance; by mail, sixty cents. Single Copies, 10 cents.

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Advertising rates on application.

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

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Editorial.

THE PRAYER OF THE NATION.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready
hands.

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, and who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn its treacherous flattery without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!

—J. G. Holland.

DOES THE SCHOOL recognize the necessity of having a field day. It is necessary to hold one as men have to be chosen to represent the school at the meet of the State Interscholastic Athletic Association to be held at Lincoln, May 18, in connection with the University Field Day. The time for training and preparing for this meet is at hand and there is no time to waste. About twenty-five boys are in training at the Y. M. C. A. There should be fifty as it takes at least that number to make the contest interesting. A list of events to be competed for is given under the head of Athletics. Try for some of these events and also hand your name to any member of the Track Committee. Suitable medals are offered to the successful man at the State Field Day.

EVERY SENIOR should attend the Senior Social. This is the last affair the class will give as undergraduates. The social is to be one of the best ever held, as several new features have been added. There will be other amusements for those who do not dance, so come and enjoy yourself. Years afterwards you may wish you were present, so do not give yourself a chance to regret this opportunity.

THE REGISTER wishes to remind the officers of the Battalion the necessity of attending the hop. Every officer should go and help make it the most enjoyable social affair of the season. It will not be many days before the hop.

AT THE LAST meeting of the class of '99, it was decided to organize a Mandolin Club of Seniors. Everybody who plays mandolin or guitar should at once hand in their name to one of the committee in order that there be no delay in getting organized.

THE TWO assistant editors of the REGISTER for next year will be chosen before the end of May and the names of the successful ones will be published in the June number. These two positions are open to members of the classes of 1900 and 1901. The two persons handing in the best and largest number of contributions will be selected for the places. A number of students should try for these places. The contribution may be stories, short articles or any notes of interest to the school.

IT SEEMS to the REGISTER that the Cadet Battalion could be greatly improved if each man would become more interested. There are too many, even among the officers, who are always late to their companies. The drill does not start until ten minutes after two and that is sufficient time to get all equipments and be in place. All know that on a drill day they must drill and that is not the day to find out something of a lesson that is not understood. It is no more an officer's privilege than a private's to come late, and a severe

punishment should be ready for anybody who does such a thing. By the next issue of the REGISTER it is to be hoped that this matter will be so much improved that it will not have to be spoken of.



THE regular monthly meeting of the Athletic Association was held Monday, March 6th. The Board of Managers, composed of two teachers and three students was elected. Professors Burnstein and Reed were elected from the teachers, and Underwood '99, Roberts '00, H. Rehmer '01, were chosen from the students. These three students are in the three highest classes in the school. Principal Lewiston was made an honorary member of the board.

Herbert Whipple was elected delegate to the Nebraska-Iowa Interscholastic Foot Ball League for this year. He will act as secretary of the League.

The following list of events are arranged for the Field Day of the State Interscholastic Athletic Association, to be held in connection with the University of Nebraska, during May, at Lincoln:

100 yard dash, 200 yard dash, 440 yard run, 1 mile run, running high jump, running broad jump, 880 yard run, 220 yard hurdles, pole vault, 12 pound shot put, 12 pound hammer throw, base ball throw, foot ball kick.

FOR "RUBBERS" ONLY.

Did you ever see a neck stretch
Like your neck stretched
When you "rubbed" at this.



A MEETING of class of '99 was held March 8, 1899. Money was voted to make an extension of the stage. This will improve the stage very much as the addition will make it about three feet wider.

A committee composed of Mr. Smith, Miss Towar and Mr. Doane Powell were elected to inquire about commencement invitations.

President Underwood appointed the following committees for the social, which will undoubtedly be the finest ever given as the play has three acts:

Social committee, Alice Winspear, chairman; M. Cary, P. Smith, O. Alvison, J. Rice, R. Harris.

Decoration committee, F. Hughes, chairman; C. Moore, N. Post, L. Towar, M. Higgins, L. Smith, C. Weidensall.

Reception committee, N. Buckley, chairman, M. Pratt, R. Smith.

Amusement committee, E. Burns, E. David, B. Jeter, F. Forsyth, C. Coy, W. Fairchild.

Play, H. Homan, H. Hobart, N. Kassall.

Stage committee, H. Eller, F. Allen.

Friday evening, March 10th, the Freshman class of 1902 held their first program meeting. It was in every way a success, and the Freshmen are to be congratulated. The instrumental and vocal pieces and the recitations were exceptionally well rendered, and showed that the class possesses talent in many directions. However, it was the debate

upon which the interest of the afternoon centered. The question was: "Resolved that the United States Accept the Peace Proclamation." Mr. Cherry was on the affirmative side and Mr. Kilkenny on the negative. The arguments showed careful thought and preparation, and were well written. The judges decided the debate in favor of the negative, whose speech was remarkably clear-cut and well arranged. We hope the Freshmen will keep up these meetings which help so much to develop the material there is in a class.

February 24th the class of 1900 held a short business meeting. A program committee was appointed and it is expected the class will soon be heard from.

Chamber's Academy of Dancing, Creighton Theatre building. Ball room and stage. Private theatricals, minstrels and teams coached. "Ballets Arranged." Member of American Society of Professors of Dancing of New York.

GIRLS.

ALL girls must kiss, and smile or frown
And be in love, because
The stern decree is written down
In Nature's changeless laws.
So here is to the pretty maid
Who lets her lips meet mine,
And frankly owns she's not afraid
To give love's countersign.
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! I think no less
Of her who brings me bliss
Because I know
She trusts me so;
I know who she will kiss.
Here's to the maiden cold as ice,
The maid of modesty,
Who says that "Kissing isn't nice."
Which means—she won't kiss me.

She kisses some one, that is clear;
 There's some one else who can
 Approach her lips with little fear,
 But I am not the man!
 Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! the maid of ice!
 The coy and prim young miss.
 Without a sigh
 I pass her by.
 And think, "Whom does she kiss?"



THE Board of Education has taken the matter of guns for Co. D up and has appropriated \$360 for this purpose. The wait has been a long one, but the guns are none the less welcome. Co. D and all members of the Battalion thank the Board for what they have done.

President Alvison of the Cadet Officers Club has appointed the Hop Committee,

consisting of Captain Underwood, Captain Harris, Adjutant Hughes, Lieutenants Smith and Sweeley and Musician Slater.

There have been a few promotions during the past month, among them are the following:

Cadet Corporal G. Hardy has been promoted to Cadet Sergeant in Co. B.

Cadet First Sergeant P. Robinson has been promoted to Cadet Second Lieutenant in Co. D.

Cadet Sergeant G. Canfield has been promoted to Cadet First Sergeant.

"Self-love is a virtue. For he who loveth himself shall have his love returned, whereas, he who loveth another, unless he accompany it with an expensive bunch of double violets shall go unrequited."—*Princeton Tiger*.

A lady speaking of her daughter said: "My daughter has lived so long in Paris that she talks like a Parasite."

Spick and Span.

NOTHING adds more to a man's comfort in the Spring of the year than the fresh and fashionable fancy shirts that are so popular. We have a very large variety of patterns and styles which we are just waiting to show you. Some of them cost very little money. Spring neckwear is as attractive this year as the first sight of the grass and the budding shrubs. You'll find the newest things in Shirts, Neckwear, Hosiery, Gloves and Collars and Cuffs in our Furnishing Department.

Step into the Hat Department while you are in the store, too.

S. W. Corner of 15th and Douglas Streets.

Browning, King & Co.



Sweeley!
 How is "Cyrano?"
 Who is "Pokey?"
 Will you be my wife?
 My dear chuck, Alvison.
 Smith, the leading man.
 Frank can't come out now.
 How is the French "papa?"
 Ask Houck what Jidus means.
 Clayton, who took Lulu home?
 How is the overseer of the poor?
 Nevertheless, the stairs were soft.
 What brand of shirts do you wear?
 Does Mr. De Kolty like doughnuts?
 Have you noticed Hayes' "peachies."
 Hayes, did you find the breast works?

Did the pig scare the horse, Glenn?
 O! how'd you like to be the ice-man?
 I fed it to the cat,
 It was a spotted cat named Speck.
 How about those purple and gold socks?

Ask the Poly Con students if a kiss is wealth.

Mine grashus, Ikey! "You keepin' a voman?"

You don't have any serious objections do you?

Powell has quit the peanut stand business.

Is that the "March hare" on Wharton's chin?

Salted crackers might freshen some people up.

Have you ever seen any of those low necked balls?

Otis wants something to swipe, shoe-strings will do.

"White House"

CANNED GOODS

"Our Own"

BRAND COFFEE

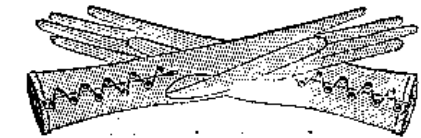
Lipton's Teas

H. J. Hughes,

CASH GROCER.

24th and Cuming St. Telephone 1530.

Easter Thoughts.



We are showing many new and Choice Novelties for Easter.....

Kid Gloves in all the new shades at \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per pair.

Fancy Ribbons, exquisite patterns for Stocks, Crush Belts, etc.

Easter Ties for men in new spring colorings.

Ladies' Stock Collars with Ties; also Jabots in pretty soft shades.

Fancy Handkerchiefs, pure linen, colored embroidery, very new.

Men's Kid Gloves for Easter at \$1.00 and \$1.50 per pair.

Thompson, Belden & Co.,

S. W. Cor. 16th and Douglas Sts.

Now, girls, be nice, Cadet officers' hop is coming.

Underwood has stuffed his pillows with locks of hair.

Thou cream-faced loon, where gottest thou that goose-look!

Slater should talk English when he meets an acquaintance.

Campbell Fair's "Jenny" comes to life every now and then.

Buckley can now see the points to some jokes as old as the hills.

H. Burnett says he would like to live in Rome. I wonder why?

Hobart might have made a dinner on his potato on St. Patrick's Day.

Where are all those pillows that were promised for the war department?

The Sophmores are very bright according to the colors of their collars.

Why is Buckley like a blotter? He absorbs but cannot give explanations.

The three great political economists, Hutchinson, Prichard and Underwood.

Kopald says that inertia is the tendency, which a body at rest, has, to move.

J. S. (in Senior Latin.) "If Aeolides means son of Aeolus, what does gunides mean?"

Latin student (translating) "It happened, on the same night that the moon was full.

Some of the Juniors will be able to describe their home pictured in Virgil next year.

How does it happen that there is so much powder on Underwood Monday mornings?

When some young men go calling one kind of gas is put out, the other is turned very low.

Miss R. O. Hammond, one of the staff of the Fremont Spectator, was a visitor of the O. H. S. Monday the 31st.

If You Don't Plant the Seed Now

..... The Vegetables will not bloom in the Spring, tra la loo. Now if you don't want to be disappointed, insist upon having Seed grown by us. We furnished all the Grass Seed sown on the Exposition grounds, and all the Choice Flower Seed and Flowering Bulbs.

..... Try our Gold Medal Sweet Peas.

The Nebraska Seed Co.,

HENRY G. WINDHEIM,
MANAGER.

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The Townsend Wheel & Gun Co.

No. 116 SOUTH 15th STREET.

Spalding Bicycles, 1899 Model, - - \$50.
Spalding Bicycles, Chainless 1899 Model 75.

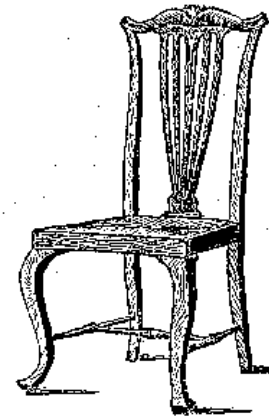
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Mail Orders Filled...



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\$2.50 Men's and \$3.50 Shoes

205 South 15th St.

He.—"Shakespeare never repeats!"
 She.—"Balaam's ass only spoke once."

Does the girl see the tie?
 Yes the girl sees the tie.
 Run, girl, run.

Don't cher know?
 Yu bet cha.
 O don't cher know?
 Yes, yu bet cha.

"Her Greek-shaped head was classic,
 Her pose was rhythmic, sweet;
 I thought her lines were perfect,
 Until I scanned her feet."

Take up the pupils burden,
 Diminish the teacher's power,
 Let us out at one o'clock,
 And have no seventh hour.

X.—What do you understand by
 "survival of the fittest?"

Y.—The one that can make the slick-
 est talk to their papa.

A professor gave the following advice:
 "That it was better to be at college and
 have a solid at home." Are some of
 the senior boys following this advice?

Exchanges.

THE Kiote has given the March yelp,
 appearing filled with many original
 ideas. It contains several good stories,
 also some verse.

The High School Times, Dayton,
 Ohio, is a pleasure to look through.
 The cuts improve the paper much. It
 is without doubt the neatest paper pub-
 lished.

The Spectator, from Fremont, Neb.,
 is here for the first time. Too much
 credit cannot be given this paper for
 the excellence of its first issue. It is
 certainly well supported by the business
 men of the city.

The Kodak for March is a very well
 gotten up paper. Much attention is
 given to the Alumni.

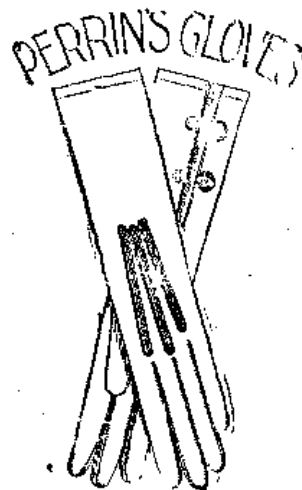
The Argus, Bloomington, Ill, should
 make a change in its editorial. Not
 that they are not all right, but they
 should contain more matter of interest
 to the school.

The "Essay on Burns" in the Helicon,
 Muncie, Ind., deserves careful reading.

The Helios, Grand Rapids, Mich.,
 sets forth the benefits of manual training.

Mrs. J. Benson, 210 and 212 South
 16th St., Omaha.

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New Silk and
 Satin Waists from
 \$2.50 up. Dress
 Skirts in the new
 shapes. Gloves in
 all the new shades
 —Violet, Petunia
 and others — \$1.00
 and up. Elegant
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 Glycerole of
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