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# HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

VOL. XV.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 3



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# High School Register.

VOL. XV.

OMAHA, NOVEMBER, 1900.

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### OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

	A. H. WATERHOUSE.....Principal	
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Miss Kiewitt.....	Secretary	Number of Students..... 1111

## Editorial.

THE LAYING OF A CORNER STONE seems to us of the present age very formal and is considered by some unnecessary. But to us, who saw the laying of the corner stone of our New High School, it seemed as if the dead past had opened her sepulchre and had poured forth her giants with their customs and manners. It was a sight that made us feel as if the past was as yesterday and the present a dream. The march of the cadets, the music of the band, the impressive exercises of the masons in laying the stone, all seemed to tell of the march of the tribes and their labors in building the Holy City. The eloquent oration by Rev. Trefz in which he encouraged the multitude to continue the

battle against ignorance, the mother of woe, seemed very like the words of the leader of the mighty hosts, when he bade his people be of good cheer for the world was yet full of joy. May the pupils who will fill the halls of this great building, when it is finished, feel that the love and adoration of the past members of this old High School is breathing in their ears the words, "Be of good cheer. We conquered, so can you."

THE TIME IS FAST APPROACHING when social events of every description will be given. In the previous years it has been the custom to make every class social as elaborate as possible, and outdo in every respect the previous one. A social was ranked according to the amount of money spent in its preparation. It is not nec-

essary to spend from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars to make a social a success, for an evening of as great enjoyment may be spent at an entertainment where economy has been observed.

Then there is a great waste of time on the part of some. A whole week is spent in preparation for a social event, and another week is taken to recover from its effects. Studies suffer woefully during this time and the general effect upon the pupils is detrimental rather than beneficial, as it should be. Moderation in all things is a good precept and could be followed to great advantage at this time.

Economy along this particular line will be of even greater profit to the seniors. A class is usually ranked according to its class-day program, and commencement exercises. If money is saved from the socials a class-day can be held in Boyd's Opera House where ample room will be found for a large audience. Consider this matter and judge for yourselves what course is best to pursue.

**PATRONIZE THE MERCHANTS** who advertise in these columns. Few people seem aware of the fact that the REGISTER is almost solely supported by these men, and that the amount of support depends upon the patronage they receive from the High School students. Here is an opportunity for everyone to help along the REGISTER and make it the best advertising medium in this part of the country. The business men of Omaha have been exceedingly generous in their cooperation in this matter and we thank them very much for it. But thanks alone will not benefit them. We want your united support. Take this matter up; it is worthy of your consideration, and help

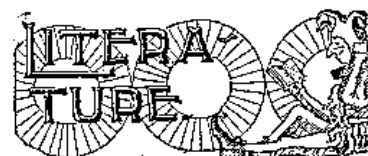
maintain the prestige gained by the REGISTER.

"AREN'T THE BOYS drilling well this year?" "Isn't the discipline splendid?" These and many similar remarks are heard on drill days and express the thoughts of all the onlookers who have seen the boys drill in previous years. A new spirit seems to have been infused into the boys and if the companies continue to make such progress as they have been doing the scores at "campet" will be much higher than those of last year. Rifles have been issued, and the campus assumes a very warlike aspect when all the companies are drilling. Companies A, B, C, D, and F, are almost completely equipped. A few more rifles and equipments are needed, but will soon be obtained.

Mr. Pearse is seen every drill day in his uniform, personally superintending the drill. The battalion is exceedingly fortunate in having a commandant who takes such an interest in his work, has such a distinct voice and such a commanding appearance.

#### Opportunity.

Master of human destinies am I!  
Fame, love and fortune on my foot-  
steps wait.  
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by  
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or  
late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate!  
If sleeping, wake! if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the honor of fate,  
And they who follow me reach every  
state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death: but those who doubt or hes-  
itate,  
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.  
I answer not, and return no more!  
—John James Ingalls.



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#### A Glimpse of Two Cities.

"See Naples and die." I am sure an American would wish to die if he had to live there, for this metropolis of Italy has the unenviable distinction of being the dirtiest city in the world, to say nothing of the fleas and indescribable odors.

Here we had our first custom house experience in foreign lands. I thought that even Miss McHugh would lose her patience before she found her trunk. After waiting three long hours in the custom house yards, surrounded by wildly gesticulating Italians—we were the only women there and it was growing dark—we finally obtained our trunks, having solemnly affirmed that we had in them neither tobacco, spirits nor cigars.

Upon our arrival at the hotel we were cordially welcomed by the rest of the party who had begun to think we were lost. When we had related to them the intricacies of the custom house, how we had narrowly escaped being locked up there for the night, and how we had been detected by a policeman in smuggling cigars for our friend, the future governor of Indiana, we were quite ready to retire. Quite romantic would have been the pretty serenade beneath our hotel balcony that first night in Italy, had we not seen our

serenader. But one glance at his ragged apparel and uplifted hands, for money, deprived the incident of all romance. This hotel, I might say, was an agreeable surprise, with its decorated ceilings, tile floors, spacious bedrooms with massive doors and canopied beds, in addition to the magnificent view it afforded of old Mt. Vesuvius and the glorious Bay of Naples. Queer to us appeared the small, slowly moving lift with the sign inside: "To be used only in ascending," and rather unsubstantial for a morning ramble appeared the European breakfast consisting of only coffee and rolls.

The streets of Naples are very narrow and crooked. The high houses, built uniformly alike, of stone, covered with a yellowish stucco, or plaster, are severely plain, with no ornamentation save the little balconies beneath the windows which serve the double purpose of porch and clothesline. The better classes of people occupy the uppermost floors, the poorest, the ground floor, where often in a single dingy room a whole family is crowded together. It is a custom in Naples among the lower classes to do everything on the street and all the sidewalks and open spaces are occupied by the natives engaged in all sorts of occupations. Here you see a woman knitting, cooking, washing or quarreling with her neighbor, as the case may be; there a man asleep over his cart of fruit, under the glare of the midday sun, or eating his coarse bread and drinking his sour wine. But of all street occupations, the favorite is that of begging. If a Neapolitan has a deformity of any kind he considers it a treasure and persistently exposes it as a means of exciting sympathy and thereby gaining a few coppers. You cannot escape these

beggars, try as you may, nor can you walk or ride with any peace because of their importunity. There is no need of this, as Naples is amply able to take care of her poor. But the climate is favorable to outdoor life and rather than live in an almshouse as long as Americans will give them money, these degraded people prefer to beg.

Two things we noticed that were an improvement on our home system. The Neapolitans are always sure of the genuine article when they buy milk, as the goats are driven to their door and there milked. They even told us that the goats were driven up the six or seven flights of stairs. We did not see it done, but we saw baskets lowered by means of a rope and carefully drawn up again after the jar of milk had been deposited therein.

Secondly, street cars built to accommodate twenty people are not allowed to carry forty or more. When comfortably filled no more are admitted. If you are obliged to stand you pay but half fare—two cents.

Of course the most famous building in Naples is the museum built by the government as a depository for the numerous relics discovered at Pompeii. After spending half a day here we felt that we had seen the museum, but not the things in it. Judging from the large collection of magnificent bronzes, statues, gems and paintings, the ancient Pompeians must have been people of rare taste and culture. Among the things that interested us most were the bust of Homer, a picture of which is in our Cicero, the "Cave Canem" from the house of Clancus, the Farnese Bull, and the floor mosaic representing the Battle of Isus.

Having seen the museum where all is so suggestive of Pompeii, we were more

eager than ever to visit the remains of this little city so cruelly buried from the world, on that November night, nearly two thousand years ago. But Pompeii is no longer a buried city. The appearance which it now presents is that of a large of the ruined and roofless one story houses and a maze of narrow streets. Many of the houses were originally two stories high, but the upper parts have been destroyed or shaken down.

We entered the city at the Sea Gate by the Street of Tombs, which extends the whole length of the village. Along either side of this substantially paved street are curious shops such as bakers, painters and wine dealers used. We noticed in the shops as in the houses, the absence of windows and chimneys. The massive columns are all that remain of the former. Near by is the ruined amphitheater. Seating myself upon one of the stone seats and looking at the dilapidated stage. I tried to repeople it, but it seemed impossible, even in imagination, to associate living beings with these dead ruins. I could but think of the skeleton or rather plaster moulds seen upon first entering the walls. And indeed one of the grandest relics Pompeii has yet yielded is the figure of a Roman soldier who, full of the courage that has given to that name its glory, stood to his post at the city gate, faithful unto death.

Of the buildings, the house village of Vetti, discovered three years ago, is the most interesting, because of the wonderful state of preservation and the fact that the government has left the furniture "in situ" so that the visitor may really see and need no longer imagine what Pompeii was. On the walls are exquisite paintings; on the floors fanciful mosaics; in the kitchen the same kind of

stove as is seen in Italy today, and all sorts of kitchen utensils. The result is wonderful.

At the present time about one-half the city has been excavated. By the constant employment of eighty men it is calculated that it will take fifty years more to lay the city bare, and judging from the speed with which the average Italian works, I dare say it will.

S. P.

#### Fudge and Friendship.

At the end of the chapel exercises, President Carroll rose and made an announcement: "As you know, there has been a good deal of complaint about the boys leaving their dormitory at night and driving to Glenwood. This has been spoken of often enough.

"Last night there was another of those excursions. Nothing will be done now, but the next time the offenders will be expelled.

"Perhaps you think that this is unnecessary harshness, but there has been far too much leniency. The rules of this school are to be obeyed."

Then the bell rang and the pupils went to their classes. "No more rides for us, Sid," whispered Horace Cutler to his chum, Sidney Russell. "Oh, I don't know; you just wait," answered Sid. But Horace shook his head. "I'm not going to risk it, chum," he said. "Pooh, we'll go round by the long road. Nobody will see us there."

That evening during recreation hour, Sidney and Horace were walking down the campus when they saw two other boys not far off. "Hullo, there, Whitney. Hold on, Woodruff. What about that drive?" in a lower tone as they came nearer. "Have to give it up, I suppose," answered Clay Whitney, ruefully.

"Not much," answered Sid; "we'll do it anyway, that's what."

"Can't afford it, Sid. I've got to get through with this year, and if I were expelled"—

"If! But you won't be. There's no need of it if we are just slick enough."

Although the three other boys were firm at first, before the week was out, Sidney had persuaded Clay Whitney, Frank Woodruff and another boy, Tom Wayne, to join him.

But Horace still remained resolute. Persuasion would not avail.

He might have been jeered into it, for his will was not perfectly firm, but Sidney Russell was a gentleman and the others had too lately been on Horace's side to make fun of him.

It was the afternoon before the defiant ride that Horace met Marjorie Wells in the hall.

"Oh, say, do you like candy, Horace?" she said.

"Of course I do," he answered.

"Well, I'm going to make some tonight and I'll bring you some if you want it."

"Want it! Of course I do. I never tasted any as good as that you gave me the other day. But how are you going to bring it?"

"Easy enough," she laughed. "Let down a string from the roof of your porch, over by the corner, when I whistle about half-past nine. Well, there goes the bell. Don't forget!"

Forget! How could he? He liked candy, and, truth to tell, he liked Marjorie, too.

Oh, if he only could forget it half a second, he thought, when at his lessons that evening. He must get his Latin. "Now," he said to himself, "by half-past

nine I'll have this lesson so I can rattle it off like *Gallia est omnis divisa*."

Then for a while nothing was heard in the room but the ticking of the clock.

"Gee, only half-past eight!"

Silence again.

"Ten to nine. Buckle down to work again and don't look at the clock for half an hour, at least."

Another silence.

"Must be about half an hour. Oh, only ten minutes after. Well, twenty minutes more."

He got up and opened the window. From then on the glances at the clock were very frequent.

At twenty minutes after nine he decided to get out on the porch and wait.

Turning out the light so that no one might see him, he took the string and crept out and along to the corner and waited and waited, waited, waited. Why didn't she come?

What was that noise? Was there some one in his room? He held his breath. No, he was mistaken. Why *didn't* she come? At last he saw a light figure against the shadows of the trees. Then the whistle. He let down the string and felt it vibrate gently at her touch. "Ready?" "All right!" And he pulled it up. My! what delicious candy. Fudge was his favorite, anyhow.

He sat eating it till he saw Marjorie safely disappear through a window in the girls' dormitory.

"Well, I suppose I must go back," he said. "By jinks, this fudge is as good as a forty-mile ride."

"Oh, Cutler, all's up for us," exclaimed Sid the next morning. "Abe met Prof. Lawrence last night. Whitney and I were talking loud and I'm sure he recog-

nized us. Keep mum, boy, will you?"

Horace nodded and passed on.

"Oh, Cutler, don't give me up, will you?" whispered Tom Wayne. "You can prove you were in your room without that."

"Do they think I was there?" Horace started.

"Yes, I heard Prof. Lawrence talking to Mr. Carroll. 'Russell, Whitney, Woodruff and probably Cutler,' he said. I was on the farther side and he didn't recognize me."

"I'll do my best, Wayne," said Horace, for he really felt quite sorry for the poor fellow who had been looking forward so long to the time when he might support the mother who was now denying herself everything to send him to college.

Fifteen minutes later, on his way to chapel, Wayne stopped Horace again. "Prof. Curtis says he was at your room last night and you weren't there. Pretty tough on you," was all he had time to say.

At the door of the assembly room Horace met Marjorie.

"Did you like it?" she asked.

"Yes, fine," he answered. Then in a whisper. "I won't give you away, Marjorie."

Marjorie took her seat on the girl's side with a troubled expression on her face. What could he mean?

At the end of the exercises, President Carroll rose again and said, "You remember the announcement I made Tuesday morning about riding at night. The rule has been broken. Sidney Russell, Clay Whitney and Frank Woodruff are expelled."

He paused, and if any one had cared to drop a pin at that moment, every one in the room would have heard it.

Then he went on. "Horace Cutler is suspected, but if he can clear himself he is freed. Mr. Cutler, will you tell me where you were about half-past nine last night?"

"No, sir," said Horace, rising.

"Were you riding?"

"No, sir."

"I will give you till six o'clock to-night to explain. Till then you need not attend any of your recitations."

Horace turned to his seat and glanced over at Marjorie. She was looking down and her face was very red.

"Poor Marjorie," he thought, "she blames herself for it, but how should she know what it would come to?"

But as the bell rang she looked up at him with more hope in her eyes than he could dream of. What had encouraged her, he wondered.

Marjorie went up to President Carroll and asked him if she might see him in private. He answered that she might, and led her to his office.

"Oh, Mr. Carroll, I know you'll think it's awful of me. It was all my fault. He wasn't away from the building. He was out on top of the porch just a minute. I asked him to let down a string and I would give him some candy."

"Oh, is that so? Well, I am glad. I like that boy. He seems so straightforward and honest. Of course what you did was against the rules, but I think that the trouble into which you brought another has been sufficient punishment. You may go."

Five minutes later Howard received a summons to the office. He went immediately, scarcely knowing what to expect.

"Well, Mr. Cutler, have you an answer to give?"

"No, sir."

"And it is to shield someone else that you will not answer, is it not?"

Horace started.

"Yes, Miss Wells told me herself."

"Told you! Oh—why——"

"Yes; hadn't you thought of that?"

"No. But I might have known it. She—of course, she would."

"Well, Cutler, allow me to shake hands. You are a gentleman."

Horace flushed with pleasure. "Thank you, sir," he said.

"And here," said the president, taking a slip of paper and writing a line, "is a note of admittance to your classes."

The next morning Mr. Carroll said to the school: "Cutler's innocence has been proved and the boy who is the guilty one has been discovered. Some one (though no member of the college) saw him with the others and reported it. Tom Wayne is also expelled."

As the scholars filed to their classes, Marjorie came up to the boy who had so narrowly escaped and said, "Oh, Horace, to think that you were going to be expelled just because you wouldn't tell on me!"

"Oh, that's nothing," he mumbled, modestly.

ROBERTA BROWN.

### The New Center.

"Hurrah for our new center." "Is it possible." "You dropped something, Bones," was the chorus of remarks which came from a crowd of students as they were attracted to a figure approaching the campus of Fairfield College. The center of attraction was a long, slender awkward looking fellow, clad in a football uniform the parts of which were entirely out of proportion with his large body.

This was his first appearance in a football uniform, and it only added to the embarrassment which was caused by the jests and jeers of the boys. He sauntered onto the field and at his first attempt to fall on the ball he missed it and sprawled out on the ground, much to the merriment of the onlookers. After a little practice he was given a trial at playing center.

The team of Fairfield College was indeed sadly in need of players, for five of their players were disqualified on account of studies and no good material seemed available. The great game of the season was soon to be played with Lombard College and only the most diligent work could put the team in good condition to play.

"Bones" was the nickname given our friend by the boys of the college by reason of his somewhat lengthened and bony structure. He had been reared on a farm, receiving a limited education, and it was through the efforts of an uncle that he had come to college. His rural manners and awkward bearing had made him the butt of many jokes. The girls of the college delighted in joking with him and listening to his tales of country life, and in fact they spent a great deal of their time in this manner, much to the chagrin of their more likely admirers, who sarcastically called him the "ladies' man." When he first came to college he stood and wondered at the boys in football clothes and regarded them with contempt, but the irresistible football spirit seized him and with a little persuasion from the coach, he concluded to try at the game.

As the day for the great game drew near the chances for Fairfield's victory lessened, for the new men were slow and

the Lombard team was reported to be very fast. "Just to think of the team we would have had if it were not for studies," was the consoling remark which was often heard about the campus.

On the morning of the eventful day a good part of the school was at the train with banners, ribbons and horns to accompany their team to Lombard. "Well, I reckon this is about the prettiest lot of girls there's been about these parts for some time," said Bones, when the train was pulling out of the station, as he looked about him to see if the girls had noticed him. This brought forth a round of applause from the boys and they all again voted him a "ladies' man."

The field was crowded with the rooters of the rival colleges, waving their banners and giving yells, as the Fairfield players, in their clean sweaters of purple and white, came onto the field for practice. After a short practice Fairfield kicked off to Lombard. Lombard began to steadily advance the ball. Bones seemed lost in the fast playing and many who had expected a great deal from him were disappointed. Lombard was soon a short distance from the goal when their full-back dropped back for a place kick, and a moment later the ball sailed between the goal posts. The Lombard rooters could not restrain themselves for joy and they took possession of the field by marching from end to end. After a few more plays the first half ended. Lombard kicked off in the second half, and Fairfield made a few short gains, but were soon forced to punt. Slowly but surely Lombard gained up the field until they were within a short distance of the goal. "Now one more for a touchdown," said the Lombard quarter-back before he gave his signal, but when the ball came

back Bones ran through the line, and pushing aside the quarter-back, the ball was sent rolling along the ground. Bones was the first to see it. He grabbed the ball and away he ran. No player on any team could have overtaken him then, and not until he ran against the fence at the other end of the field did he stop. A pretty goal was kicked just as time was called.

Fairfield was victor. Bones was the hero of the day. High up on the shoulders of his admirers, amid the cheers of all, he was carried away. At the reception given the Fairfield visitors by Lombard that night a Virginia reel was danced, for that was the only dance which Bones knew. He was the leader and the young lady who was his partner was the envy of every other one present.

COURT SECRET.

#### Queen Guinevere.

Queen Guinevere was the "stateliest and loveliest of all women upon earth," "the pearl of beauty" and "the flower of all the west and all the world." She was "fairest of all flesh on earth," and "the people of Arthur's court gazed on all earth's beauty in their queen."

Her hair was a beautiful golden and her skin a clear milk-white. Her beauty was so inexpressible that Lancelot says: "Your beauty is your beauty and I sin in speaking."

"She seemed a part of joyous spring,  
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,  
Buckled with golden clasps before,  
A light green tuft of plumes she bore,  
Closed in a golden ring.  
As she fled fast through sun and shade,  
The happy winds upon her played,  
Blowing the ringlet from the braid;  
She looked so lovely as she sway'd  
The rein with dainty finger tips,

A man had given all other bliss  
And all his worldly worth for this,  
To waste his whole heart in one kiss  
Upon her perfect lips."

She was of a very passionate character, full of warmth and color and fond of all earthly pleasures.

Before her sin became known, she was held as a model of purity, for of her are said:

"Pure as our own true mother is our queen."  
False! and I held thee pure as Guinevere."

Had she but known of Arthur's true, deep love for her, she would have loved him and would have been "a woman in her womanhood as great as he was in his manhood," and they together might have changed the world; or, had she been true to him, although she did not love him, she could have reached his height and fulfilled that vague promise; but she did not see the human side of Arthur's character and was not aware of his love for her, as she says:

"He never spake word of reproach to me,  
He never had a glimpse of mine untruth.  
He cares not for me."

And again:

"It was my duty to have loved the highest,

It surely was my profit had I known:  
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.

We needs must love the highest when we see it."

And she "yearned for the warmth and color which she found in Lancelot," and so yielded to the selfish part of her nature and sacrificed her honor, womanhood and purity to a certain extent, in committing the sin.

Speaking to Lancelot she says:  
"Who loves me must have a touch of earth;  
The low sun makes the color."

But however great was her sin in loving Lancelot, she was not entirely lost to the sense of honor and purity because she says, when Lancelot offers to take her to his castle and protect her from Arthur after her sin has been made known to him:

"Lancelot, wilt thou hold me so?  
Nay, friend, for we have taken our farewells,  
Would God that thou could'st hide me from myself."

Guinevere had so much control over herself that she could appear calm, quiet and unmoved when her emotion was so great that she could hardly keep it back. This she shows by:

"One old dame  
Came suddenly on the queen with the sharp news.  
She, that had heard the noise of it before,  
But sorrowing Lancelot should have stooped so low,  
Marr'd her friend's aim with pale tranquillity;" and  
"While the queen, who sat with lips severely placid, felt the knot  
Climb in her throat, and with her feet unseen,  
Crush'd the wild passion out against the floor,  
Beneath the banquet, where the meats became  
As wormwood, and she hated all who pledged;" also  
"The queen broke from the vast oriel-embowering vine  
Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off,  
Till all the place whereon she stood was green;  
Then, when he ceased, in one cold passive hand,  
Received at once and laid aside the gems  
There on a table near her." And,  
"For he saw one of her house, and sent him to the queen,  
Bearing his wish, whereto the queen agreed.

With such and so unmoved a majesty,  
She might have seemed her statue, but that he,  
Low-drooping till he well-nigh kissed her feet

For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong eye  
The shadow of some piece of pointed lace  
In the queen's shadow, vibrate on the walls."

Her pride was very strong and always conquered in the battles with her passions.

"'Yea, lord,' she said,  
'Thy hopes are mine,' and saying that she choked,  
And sharply turned about to hide her face  
Past to her chamber, and there flung herself  
Down on the great king's couch, and writhed upon it,  
And clenched her fingers till they bit the palm,  
And shriek'd out "Traitor!" to the unhearing wall,  
Then flash'd into wild tears, and rose again,  
And moved about her palace, proud and pale;" and,  
"But the wild queen who saw not, burst away  
To weep and wail in secret."

Her passionate nature made her jealous and selfish in her love, and as she was not true to her lord, she did not repose confidence in Lancelot, and readily believes whatever she hears in regard to him. Her jealousy and selfishness are asserted in her saying:

"Nay, by the mother of our lord himself,  
Or hers or mine, mine now to work my will,  
She shall not have them."

Her quick temper and impulsive action are evident in:

"Saying which she seized  
And thro' the casement standing wide for heat,  
Flung them, and down they flashed, and smote the stream,

Then from the smitten surface flash'd, as it were,  
Diamonds to meet them and they past away."

She calls Arthur "A moral child without the craft to rule." Implying by "else had he not lost me," that craft and cunning were needed to snare her fancy.

How vastly different is Guinevere from the simple maid Elaine, "a little, helpless innocent bird, that has but one plain passage of few notes." How much more to be admired is the strength and force of character and knowledge which Guinevere possesses though through her weakness and sin she used them with so great a disadvantage to herself and others.

Arthur's speech to her was very hard to bear, and seemed very harsh and cruel, but, after all, it was just, and was perfect in its effects. He puts her sin before her in all its glaring lights, and its terrible effects, so as to bring about a complete and true repentance. It humbled her pride so that in her shame, she, that stately, beautiful queen, grovelled at his feet with her face against the floor. It also made her appreciate his true and noble character, and his assurance of his never-ceasing love for her, encouraged her to live a better and purer life, and after seeing the human side of Arthur's life, she loved him as she never could have loved Lancelot.

Entirely overcome by shame after Arthur's departure, the first thing her passionate nature suggests is to kill herself and so escape shame and scorn, but her true noble nature here asserts itself, and after a brief struggle, conquers her pride and comes out victorious to remain so during the rest of her life.

Recognizing in Arthur the highest, noblest, best, truest and most human of

all men upon earth, she was led to endeavor to purify her life, so she entered a convent and became pure and good, doing deeds of charity and mercy and led a good and noble life until she died. And by her late life gained the right to the reward she desired and for which she had striven, that of being truly worthy of claiming Arthur for her husband in the life after death.

Her sin was very deep and caused much evil, but she was truly repentant and proved herself so by her noble deeds and made herself in every way worthy of the desired reward. EVA HART.

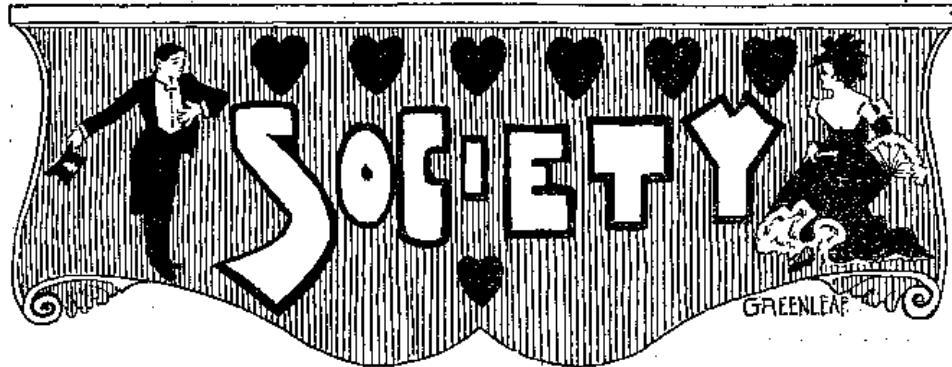
#### The Circuit Telephone.

While visiting at a neighbor's house the other night the writer stumbled onto one of those circuit telephones. You've heard of 'em. Just pick up your 'phone at any time and you can get a regular kaleidoscopic jamboree of all the trials and vicissitudes of the seven other families on that circuit. Great scheme that, takes nerve, though.

Well, Willie rang up "Central" and requested 1902 (I appeal to the Juniors) and hung up his receiver while she rang 'em up. When I unhooked my 'phone again there was some kind of a simoon shakin' the wire and I paused respectfully loath to break in—"Comin' up tonight?" "Don't know, thought I'd go to the theater." "Well, you'd better come up. I'd like to have a settlement with you." "Why, what is the matter with you, Dorothy, you talk kinder sad?" "Well, I'm rather unhappy."—Pause, wherein the writer ventures to giggle "Unhappy! What are you laffin' at?" "Laffin'! Why I haven't laughed for three whole days—get off that wire, you broken down excuse for an unsophisticated juvenality.

MCA.





CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ONE.

Arthur G. Schreiber ..... President  
 Lorraine Comstock ..... Vice-President  
 Florence Jordan ..... Secretary  
 Arthur Jorgensen ..... Treasurer

CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO.

William Coryell ..... President  
 Mary Dallas ..... Vice-President  
 Zolla Dellecker ..... Secretary  
 Alfred Gordon ..... Treasurer

CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THREE.

John Dumont ..... President  
 Madeline Hillis ..... Vice-President  
 Ernest Kelly ..... Secretary  
 Bernice Carson ..... Treasurer

1901.

On Monday, November 12, 1901, the class of '01 held a short business meeting in room 31, for the purpose of choosing class pins. Unable to decide between a design from New York and one from an Omaha firm, the committee was instructed to procure sample pins according to the two designs most favored and have them ready for exhibition at the next meeting.

Mr. Schreiber announced that Mr. Waterhouse would favor and heartily support all plans for class day exercises and would allow the use of room 43 for entertainments to be given for the purpose of raising money.

The president asked all members of the class to support the musicale to be given on November 23, 1900. As there was no other business to come before the class the meeting adjourned.

SENIOR MUSICALE.

On Friday evening, November 23, one of the most entertaining musicales ever held in Omaha was given by the class of 1901 at Creighton hall. The musicians were the best in Omaha, and every selection on the program was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Musically the affair was a grand success, and great credit is due to all who took part in its preparation. The following program was rendered:

PART I.

1. Selection — "Friendly Greeting March" ..... Bellstedt  
The Sutorius Mandolin Club.
2. Vocal Solo—"Delight Waltz Song" ..... Luckstone  
Miss Grace Northrup.
3. Piano Solo ..... Selected  
Mr. Joseph Gahm.
4. Vocal Solo ..... Selected  
Mr. Jules Lombard.
5. Reading—(a) "Gladness," .....  
(b) "Little Cousin Jasper" ..... James Whitcomb Riley  
Miss Anna L. Peterson.

PART II.

6. Banjo Solo—(a) "Old Folks at Home," with variations ..... Foster  
(b) "Darkies Awakening" .....  
Mr. George F. Gellenbeck.
7. Vocal Solo ..... Selected  
Miss Fannie Arnold.
8. Piano Solo ..... Selected  
Mr. Joseph Gahm.

9. Vocal Solo ..... Selected  
Mr. Oscar Gareisson.
10. Selection—"Toujours on Jamais Waltz" ..... Waldienfel  
The Sutorius Mandolin Club.

D. D. S.

On Monday evening, November 26, at the City Hall, will be held the preliminary debate for the selection of representatives to debate against Beatrice on Wednesday, the 28th. No admission fee will be charged to the preliminaries and it is to be hoped that a large audience will be there to hear the boys. The members of the D. D. S. have been working hard lately, and an exciting debate is expected. All the famous debaters of last year will speak, besides many new and promising ones. If you can't make arrangements to go to the preliminaries Monday, go to the final debate on Wednesday. Beatrice won the debate last year, but we don't want to let that happen again. Our boys will do all in their power to win this debate and the one with Lincoln. If this is done, they will be champions of the State League and receive a silk banner which will be placed in some prominent place in the school. Help to make the debate a success financially, for it will take a large sum of money to pay all the expenses. Remember that the D. D. S. represents the school, and it is the school that gains if the debate is won. DON'T FORGET THE DATES, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, for the preliminaries, and WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, for the finals.

1903.

A meeting of the class of 1903 was held in room 43, Friday, November 9th, for the adoption of a constitution and other

business. Miss Florence McHugh, Mr. Benedict and Mrs. Fleming were unanimously elected class teachers. The president appointed Ora Ogle, Garnet Secrist, Catherine Pritchard, Mr. Jacquith, Mr. Sutphen and Mr. Clarke as a committee on class colors, and Edna Swely, Miss Waterman, Miss Carson, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Scribner and Mr. Werner as a committee on class yell.

1904.

The girls of the Ninth grade met November 14, 1900, to form a literary society. Miss Elizabeth Congden acted as temporary chairman, and Miss Eloise Hillis as temporary secretary. The society decided upon the name "Eraspekalkvs." Miss Marion Hughes was elected president, Miss Lizzie Hewitt, vice-president; Miss Florence Mason, secretary; Miss Bessie Knapp, treasurer, and Miss Ethyl Rogers, sergeant-at-arms. A committee was appointed to select colors for the club. They will report on their decision at the next meeting.

A new Freshman society has been formed, composed of the boys of the class for the purpose of debating. Mr. Durkee was elected president; Mr. Royce, vice president; Mr. Bidwell, secretary, and Mr. Wiedenfield, treasurer. The name selected is the "Webster Oratorical Society." Meetings are to be held every two weeks, and the upper class people will not be admitted at any time.

K. A. K.

Miss Beulah Evans entertained the K. A. K. at a Hallowe'en party, November 30, 1900.

The K. A. K. was most delightfully entertained at the home of Miss May Welsh, November 16.

## GLEE CLUB.

Another interesting club has been formed, an O. H. S. Glee Club, the ability of whose members most of us are well acquainted with. Much is expected of this new organization, which will appear before the public in a short time, but until then the names of the members will be kept a secret, as they are very bashful.

The Enjoyment Club, "S. 16," was delightfully entertained at a dance given by Miss Jean Thurston at her home on Farnam street. This small club was organized at Miss Merriam's and was afterward entertained at a jolly Hallowe'en party by the Misses Hillis.

Chambers' Dancing Academy—classes open for beginners and advanced pupils. Plays staged for professionals or amateurs. N. E. Corner 17th and Douglas.

## P. G. CLASS MEETING.

The post-graduates held their first important class meeting of the year November 6, 1900, in room 22, fourth floor. The room was filled almost to suffocation as the entire class was present. The meeting was called to order by Miss Wilson, and Miss Rees appointed temporary chairman. Miss Parmelce was elected president unanimously, amidst ringing cheers. Miss Rees, after a great deal of balloting, was finally elected vice-president on the democratic ticket. Miss Wilson was chosen secretary and immediately began her arduous task. Miss Pampel was elected treasurer after some trouble. A member of the class remarked upon her nomination, that Miss Pampel was inclined to embezzle, but another member immediately jumped up and addressing the chair, denied in forcible

terms these slurs upon her character. As certain members had been rather unruly and need a strong and powerful hand to rule them, Miss Collesworth was elected sergeant-at-arms, after which the meeting adjourned.

It was in all a very successful and most interesting meeting, and only a forerunner of many others. On account of the great numbers, Miss Bennett being the only member without an office, the class has decided to form a literary society, a branch of the famous P. L. S., and they may give a hop at the Coliseum later on.

We, the undersigned, as nominees for President and Vice-President of the United States of America, on the D. D. S. ticket, do hereby take oath that we will follow exactly the principles below stated if, as is very probable, we are elected.

We have learned by experience and will maintain by force of arms, that the dustless erasers used in the High School are not made of paper.

We mean to get for our own benefit, and incidentally the good of the D. D. S., the control of the Omaha water works plant and electric light wires, and street railway.

If the latter is accomplished we will raise the fare to 10 cents per ride, which will greatly benefit the workingman, for now when the workingman walks he saves 5 cents, whereas he will save ten cents by our plan and so be 100 per cent. more prosperous than now.

We do, lastly, severally and jointly, promise to provide at least three elevators for each High School of our native state, and a sufficient number of express wagons in which to transport school books from residence to school and vice versa.

P. S.—The platform given to the D. D. S. at their meeting is confidential and so not published here.

(Signed) A. A. KELKENNEY,  
Would-be President.  
M. ARNOLD,  
Ditto Vice-President.



## CADET OFFICERS' CLUB.

Ray E. Dumont ..... President  
Arthur Jorgensen ..... Vice-President  
Warren S. Hillis ..... Secretary  
Allan B. Hamilton ..... Treasurer

## OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL CADET BATTALION.

Cadet Senior Captain, Warren S. Hillis.

Cadet Adjutant, G. Arthur Schrieber.

Cadet Quartermaster, Ray E. Dumont.

Cadet Sergeant-Major, Watson B. Smith.

Cadet Quartermaster-Sergeant, Fred Naughton.

Cadet Color Sergeant, Jack Morsman.

## COMPANY A.

Captain—H. Lehmer.

Lieutenants—B. Pickard and W. Sutherland.

Sergeants—H. Barrett, J. Dumont, F. Creedon, A. Jaquith, J. Fuller.

Corporals—H. Smith, H. Wallace, E. Bylor, P. Johnson, D. Patterson.

## COMPANY B.

Captain—A. Hamilton.

Lieutenants—B. Bay and W. Coryell.

Sergeants—R. Waring, E. Stenberg, A. Groetschel, J. Morsman.

Corporals—W. Lamp, S. Rosewater, M. Greenleaf, H. Remington.

## COMPANY C.

Captain—H. Reed.

Lieutenants—J. Holmes and R. Christie.

Sergeants—W. Buchanan, C. Moore, T. Clark, B. Lynn, A. Heimrod.

Corporals—A. Schribner, R. Sunderland, D. Barklow.

## COMPANY D.

Captain—W. Hillis.

Lieutenants—A. Kelkenney and H. Montgomery.

Sergeants—A. Gordon, E. Harris, H. Wareham, L. Higgins, R. West.

Corporals—C. Lennon, G. Clark, E. Kelley, T. Starr, S. Schlaeffer.

## COMPANY E.

Captain—D. Cramer.

Lieutenants—H. Sears and A. Jaynes.

Sergeants—A. Swan, Eaton, Stubbs, F. Glover.

Corporals—E. Meyer, V. Purdy, E. Stebbins, Garge.

## COMPANY F.

Captain—A. Jorgensen.

Lieutenants—A. Wilhelmy and I. Sidwell.

Sergeants—J. Crowley, E. Conrad, E. Johnson, R. Badger.

Corporals—P. Werner, R. Clark, R. Hart, W. Holland, H. Packard.

## COMPANY G.

Captain—C. Parker.

Lieutenants—C. Buck and H. Kelley.

Sergeants—C. Porter, B. Torguson, E. Cochran, J. Mullen, W. Phelps.

Corporals—W. Patten, F. Peltier, F. Willie, W. Ziebarth.

One drink may make a summer.  
One bullfrog will make a spring.  
And one banana will make a fall.—Ex.

Alegretti's candies always fresh at Beaton-McGinn Drug Co., 15th and Farnam. Headquarters for Xmas gifts. All kinds Perfumes and Manicure sets.



## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Percy Powell.....	President
William Englehardt.....	Capt. Foot-ball Team
A. S. Pearse.....	Foot-ball Coach
Heriman K. Lehmer.....	Manager

## HIGH SCHOOL, 0; ALUMNI, 0.

In a rather exciting game of football on a muddy field, an all-Omaha eleven, which took the place of the regular alumni eleven, succeeded in holding down the High School boys to the score of 0 to 0.

Mud was the order of the day, and as it was also the leading number in the game a week before with Tarkio, it was getting rather tiresome. The game early developed into a kicking contest between Thomas and Tracy, and it ended with honors about even. The principal gains for the High School were made by Tracy in punting and on end runs. For the alumni, Estabrooke and Thomas played the star game. The prettiest play of the game was Estabrooke's return of a 35-yard punt. Several subs played on the High School team.

## YORK, 11; OMAHA, 10.

On Saturday, November 10, our boys were defeated by the York High School eleven at York, the score being 11 to 10. There was a friendly feeling between the Omaha and York people which we hope may be maintained in all of our contests with them.

The star play of the game was Lehmer's place kick from the 45-yard line. For York Wiley was the ground gainer. A cold northwest wind drove a fine sleet

into the faces of the players. York won the toss and chose the southeast goal. York kicked to Englehard, who advanced 25 yards. Marsh and Tracy went around the ends for 15 yards each. Secrist went through the line for 10 yards. Marsh added 20 more on an end run, and York got the ball on a fumble. York was held for downs, and Englehard went through the line for a touchdown. Tracy failed to kick goal against the wind. York kicked to Englehard, who returned 25 yards. York got the ball and Wiley went around the end for a touchdown. A goal made the score 6-5. Tracy kicked off to the 30-yard line, York fumbled and Omaha got the ball. Omaha advanced and fumbled. By steady gains York carried the ball back, Omaha held for downs and Tracy was laid out. Omaha fumbled and Wiley went around the end for a touchdown. York failed to kick goal. Score, first half, York 11, Omaha 5.

Second Half.—Englehard kicked off to York. Omaha got the ball on downs, but lost it again on a blocked punt. York advanced about 30 yards, and the ball changed hands several times. Omaha got the ball and Englehard went around the end for 25 yards. Englehard strained a tendon in his side so badly that he will not be able to play again this season. Then came the star play of the game. It was Omaha's ball on York's 45-yard line. Omaha tried a place kick, and Lehmer sent the ball straight between the goal posts. Score, second half, York 11, Omaha 10.

## A. A.

The first meeting of the Athletic Association was held November 11, the first section at 2 o'clock in room 43. Mr. Benedict gave a short talk about show-

ing our loyalty to the O. H. S. by joining the A. A. A committee of seven was appointed by the president to arrange for the reception tendered to the pupils of the Lincoln H. S., November 24.

At the second section of the meeting, held at 4 o'clock, the same program as that of 2 o'clock was carried out. That the loyalty and enthusiasm has not died was shown by the fact that at the first meeting almost 300 joined the association.

## GRIDIRON NOTES.

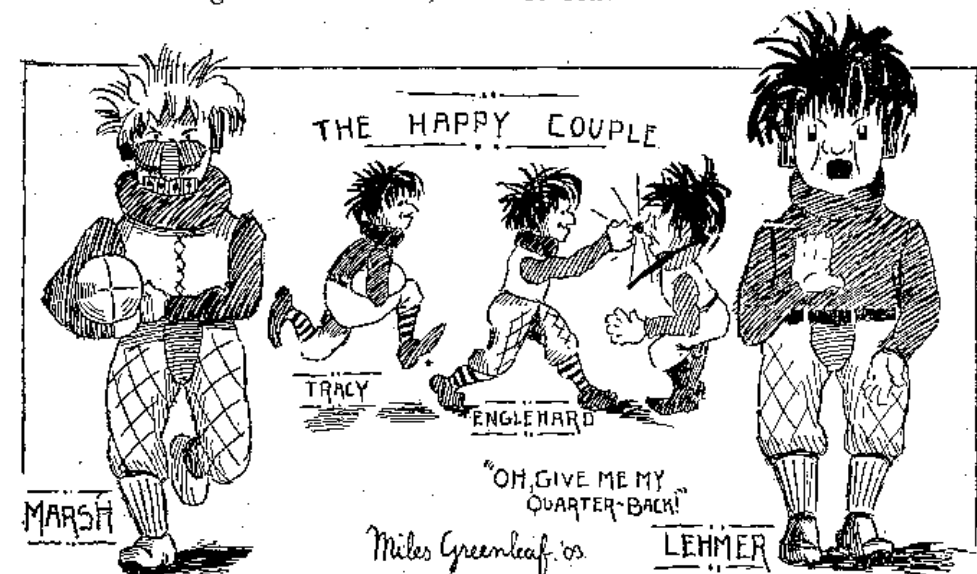
Jaynes says he wouldn't keep on playing if he broke his collar button.

On Thanksgiving Day one of the best games of the season will be played with the Genoa Indians at the Y. M. C. A. park. The admission will be 15 cents to members of the A. A. and 25 cents to all others. Everybody should turn out to this game and make the last game on the home grounds a winner in the point of attendance. Our boys will take care of the other winning.

The Athletic Association has been re-organized, and the membership now consists of about 300 students. Mr. Benedict has been largely instrumental in working up this enthusiasm and great credit is due him. The A. A. of this year is a record breaker in point of numbers, and the prospects are very favorable for a still greater increase. Each member should make himself, or herself, as the case may be, a committee of one to bring another student to join the association. The dues are but 25 cents a semester. Surely every student in the school has that much school spirit.

If you don't want the Genoa Indians to take our scalps on Thursday turn out and cheer the boys to victory. Let your yells be heard above the war-whoops of the Indians and make the grand stand one mass of purple and white.

Why not give the football team a banquet at the close of the season? The boys have worked hard and faithfully to uphold the honor of the O. H. S. on the gridiron and deserve every attention which can be shown them. Other high schools do this, and there is no plausible reason why we should not do so. We certainly don't want to be behind any other schools.





Snoos BLAKT INSID.

"Soi, kid, what mont' is dis?"

York is a temperance town!!!

Did Casey hit McCarthy wid his fist or wid a brick?

Who said anything about a wagin' tongue?

Look out, boys, here comes our guardian angel!

Why not call the squibs "Buzzes from the rip-saw?"

Have you read Goldsmith's "Fifth Hour Dream?"

Coryell is going to be a lawyer, sympathize with him.

"Say, my expansion is over ten inches; I went from 71.5 to 82."

Hillis is a dashing beauty with a cap set well down on his head.

"Is it possible? Do I was? Vy de ideah!" So says Kelkenney.

"Hey, Kiddie, got a hundred dollar bill ye want some pennies fur?"

A bottle was found in one of the teachers' desks. (It was only an ink bottle, though).

"Are you Owen Smith?"

"Oh, yes, I must be; I'm owin' everybody."—Ex.

"I say, Pat, which is correct, 'neither' or 'naither?'"

"Nayther."

Dumont had to pay for several oyster suppers at York. He will shut up like a clam hereafter.

Caution—In playing practical jokes care should be taken not to have them turn on the joker.

My first is a large city in Nebraska; my second is elevated, and my third is a place of learning.

An artist is never short of money. He can draw it anywhere if he has a pencil or a piece of chalk.

Did you ever notice that people with dimples are better natured (laugh more) than people without?

How's this? "And many admired the wonderful appearance and the peculiar flavor of the taste."

In 1904. "Vote for Jorgensen and Bryan, democratic nominees for President and Vice-President!"

Bay wants to know if Bryan was or was not the man who first used wind for his own advancement.

Many occupations require that their followers have plenty of sand, but none so much as street paving.

J. R. Dumont, alias "Sir Gregory Posifer," president of the Sophs O. H. S. (how's that for a title?).

Funny how long the minutes seem between 12:10 and 12:12 p. m. and 2:10 and 2:12 p. m., isn't it?

Heard in 11th Latin. "Now, you remember Caesar said last year," etc. (He must have been rather aged when he said so).

Bumming is our occupation,

We are what you call hoboes;  
Where we came from, where we go to,  
Besides ourselves, there's none who knows.

My first is that which is often used for quenching thirst; my second a place of abode. The whole is the name of an important person.

Of all sad words,  
Of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these—  
I've flunked again.

At the Banquet. She—Oh! I have found an ottoman under the table.

He (thoughtfully)—Every young lady ottoman to have.

My first is any creaking noise; my second is a letter of the alphabet; my third is a shrub, and the whole is the name of a much-loved teacher.

There are now two ways of spelling the name of the democratic presidential nominee. First (eastern) "Consunme." Second (western) "Soup."

Gordon wanted a good-sized target to practise with, and naturally enough took a shot at his foot. Even then he came mighty near missing it.

"May I see you home?" inquired the bore.

"Certainly," said the young lady. "Here's a pair of field glasses."

"I suppose you can hit eight birds out of ten on the wing?"

"Well not on the wing every time; sometimes on the head or neck."

The packing company was very liberal with their sales. Every soldier who received a can of embalmed beef received with it an abundance of perfume.

Mr. John Smith hereby takes oath and solemnly swears that he is not the John Smith found dead on the night of November 1st, A. D. 1900.

"Oh, I'll be hanged," said the prisoner, irritably, as he was just aroused from a sound sleep. "Yes," said the jailer. "That's what I came to tell you."

"All, my friends, you should all be convinced by this time as to what is the best policy!" "4-11-44 is the best by a long shot," interrupted Turner from the gallery.

Shamrock—The Masons are a fine order.

Fossil—Yes, but I'd rather be an Elk.  
Shamrock—Oh, well, it's all a matter of taste.

It's a queer thing about a Pullman sleeping car, the lower berth is \$2.50, the upper is \$2, therefore the upper is the lower, so—well, anyway, Kelkenney is a nice fellow.

"Your honor," said the suspicious character, dejectedly, "I may as well confess. I am the only survivor of the 'Forty Thieves.' The other thirty-nine are on the Chicago police force."

"George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Ebenezer Popkins" is a very original name—a fair sample of a stock on sale at the REGISTER office from 5 cents up (mostly up).

There was a young girl had two beaux,  
The best looking one was named Meaux,

But toward the cleaux  
Of his call he would deaux,

And make a great noise with his neaux.  
—Ex.

Ma says that when she was a girl her mother's dresses were cut up and made over for the children, but now "I gave all my skirts to mother" is the excuse papa is given when "C. O. D. \$35.49" is presented.

"Ah!" wailed the disappointed maiden sadly, "Have you none of that fiery romantic love for me?" "No," said the young druggist, harshly, and from force of habit he added, "But I have something just as good."

"Lumina civitatis extincta sunt," thundered Cicero; and a youth happening to hear them and knowing that several of the so-called "lumina" were prominent orators, he naturally concluded that Cicero was familiar with gas lamps.

Extracts from the Sophomore class meeting:

"All in favor of this motion say 'I.'"

Chorus—"I."

"Contrary the same."

Chorus—"No."

"Mr. President, I would like to suggest—"

"Chorus—"Second the motion."

We announce with a feeling of sadness that the sun will be court-martialed and shot on January 1, 1901, for the following offense, viz.: "That the aforementioned sun did, on the afternoon of Monday, November 5th, 1900, emerge suddenly from behind a cloud and strike Senior Captain Warren S. Hillis full in the face."



Edith Dumont, Editor.

The Alumni Association at its last meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Dr. Paul Ludington, president; Arthur Jessen, vice-president; Frank Manchester, treasurer; and Henrietta Rees, secretary.

At its last meeting the class of 1900 decided to form a permanent organization and to hold a class meeting at least once a year. The meeting this year will be held at the home of Edith Dumont during Christmas week. Notices will be sent to each member of the class three weeks before the meeting, and it is hoped that there will be a large attendance. Any information as to the addresses of the members of the class who are away at school or elsewhere will be appreciated by the secretary.

The P. L. S. Club has also decided to

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become a permanent organization and will hold a reception during the Xmas holidays. Miss Wilson, the energetic president, is planning great things for this jollification, and is anxious that as many of the members as possible shall be present. Be loyal to the P. L. S., girls, and all come!

Harry Tukey, '98, is managing the football team at the State University.

Spencer Cortelyou, '99, is playing right end on the University team.

"Stubby" Crandall, an Omaha boy, is playing one of the halves on the "Uni" team. He is dividing the honors evenly with Cortelyou.

Bess Ford, 1900, is in Philadelphia.

Emil Kuhn, '01, is surveying in Mexico.

Harley Ellers, 1900, recently returned from a trip around the world. He started about a year ago, and has visited most of the interesting places in the old world.

Campbell Fair, ex-president of the

class of 1901, and James Fair, 1902, are attending St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

Charles Pritchard, 1900, is studying law preparatory to attending Ann Arbor.

Stuart McDairmid, '01, is attending Creighton Medical College.

Nineteen hundred and one is well represented at Annapolis by Paul Blackburn, who successfully passed the entrance examinations last spring.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

We were grieved to hear of the death of one of our classmates, Carrie Goldsmith, who up to her senior year belonged to the class of 1900. Miss Goldsmith had many warm friends in both 1900 and 1901, and her death was a shock and cause of grief to all. In Miss Goldsmith the class of 1900 lost one of its most loyal and energetic members, one who will be greatly missed. We wish to extend our sympathy to the bereaved family and friends of Miss Goldsmith.

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