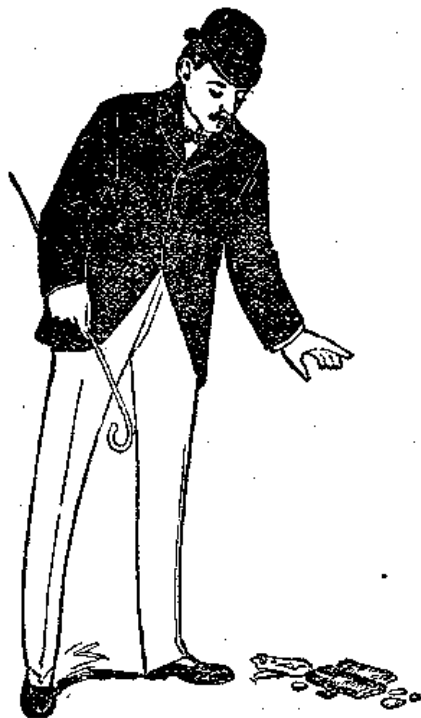


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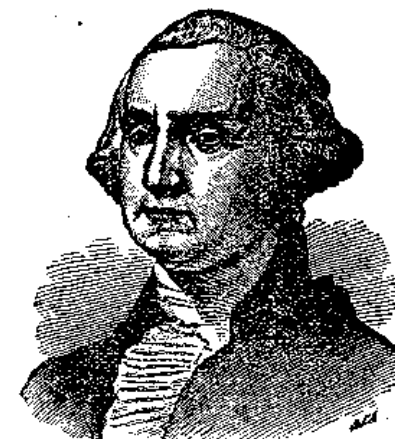
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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

VOL. XV.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 6



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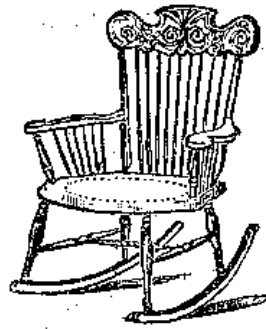
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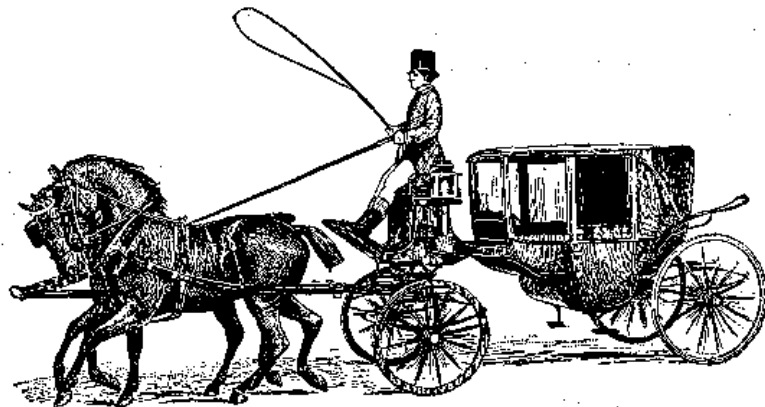
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High School Register.

VOL. XV.

OMAHA, FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 6.



Venice.

Have you not always wanted to see Venice? And have you not always felt that there is a charm about the Queen of the Sea which no other city can possess? We always associate with Venice, bright blue skies; shining water with gliding gondolas, guided by some graceful, white-suited bright sashed gondolier; water streets on which front mouldy marble buildings with columns supporting fret work balconies; churches with domes and high towers. We are so familiar with pictures of the Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto, the Church of St. Mark, the Doge's Palace, that when you see them for the first time we feel certain that you must have seen them before.

Our feeling of anticipation deepened as we approached Venice. After leaving Mestre, the last station on the mainland, we were continually looking for the first view of the city of magic. But as yet we see only dim, dull outlines in the distance, and sandy marshes nearer. Soon the train moves out on the long bridge which separates Venice from the main-

land. At last the guards unlock the doors, we leave the train and look about us. Nothing as yet is like the Venice of our dreams. The sun is hot, we are hungry and thirsty, the station is like other stations, and the people like other Italians. But pass through the station cityward! Here is a broad flight of mossy stone steps leading down to the Grand Canal, and here are gondoliers beckoning us, and here are mouldy palaces, and color, and clamor, and Venice.

A ride of some half hour through the Grand Canal brought us to the water steps of the Hotel Royal Daniels on the Canal San Marco, looking out to the low bar of islands in the distance which separates the lagune from the Adriatic. This hotel is the old Palace Dandolo, in many parts unchanged except in use. A short distance away down the lagune are the Doge's Palace and the prison connected by the Bridge of Sighs, and a little farther on is the entrance to the Piazza of San Marco. These are our surroundings in Venice.

Our blood is stirred. We cannot do as many Venetians do, sleep away an afternoon, with all this beauty and novelty around us. So in an hour we hurry out, hugging walls under colonades to keep out of the sun, and disappear in the cool dim depths of St. Mark's church. This

wonderful church was begun in 830 as a repository for the bones of St. Mark, said to have been brought from Alexandria a year earlier. We never tired of looking at the mosaics, the paintings, the sculpture, the relics, nor of listening to the legends about them. As we entered the church the western sunlight streamed in through the stained windows in one glorious light over the beautiful altar with its marble statues of St. Mark, the Virgin and the Apostles, and lighted up the crowning, central figure, Christ enthroned above the altar, dominating the entire church.

Outside over the doors are the four bronze horses so familiar to us all. They have had a remarkable history. Once they adorned the Arch of Nero. Later Constantine sent them to Alexandria, from whence the Doge Dandolo brought them to Venice in 1204. Under Napoleon they were taken to Paris, but were restored to Venice in 1815.

Before the church are three richly decorated flagstaves, from which once waved the flags of nations conquered by the Republic of Venice, but on which now hang the flags of United Italy. On the last day of our stay in Venice, these flags hung at half-mast announcing the death of King Humbert.

The square in front is so filled with flocks of pigeons, that a picture of the church seems incomplete without them. According to an old custom pigeons were sent out from all the churches on Palm Sunday to be fed at public expense, but now they are dependent on charity. Almost everyone who visits Venice has himself photographed feeding these birds, which are so tame that they light on the head, hands or body of anyone who has a paper of corn or peas.

On each side of the square are shops and cafes where an American can easily pass many hours with pleasure. Here he may spend as much or as little money as he likes for jewelry, pictures, stationery or Venetian glass, or for ice-cream, confections or more wholesome refreshments.

Opposite St. Mark's rises the Campanile, or watch tower, 322 feet in height, crowned by an angel 16 feet high. The view from the tower embraces the city, the lagune, the Alps and the Adriatic. Although Venice is a city of canals, but one of them is visible from the top of the Campanile. The ascent to the tower is by a winding inclined plane of thirty-eight bends, up which Lord Byron once rode to the top on horseback.

North of the church is an interesting building—the clock tower of Venice, built in 1469. The first story is a high arch over one of the principal streets. Above this is the clock face. Over this is another face which gives the month and day. On a high platform above the tower rises the bell, with two giant figures in bronze, which strike the hours on its huge surface.

Every one visits the Doge's Palace for its own sake as well as for its connection with the Bridge of Sighs. Mounting the beautiful stairways and walking about courts and corridors, through rooms filled with wonderful paintings by rare old masters, we come at last to the senate chamber of old Venice. In the outside wall of this room is an opening in the shape of a great lion's head and mouth to a sort of mail box inside. Anyone who had a grudge against a man, wrote the name of that man on paper and pushed the slip into the lion's mouth. Whoever was accused by the mouth of

the lion, was a doomed man. He was seized, quick sentence was pronounced and he was placed in the cells under the palace to await death. Later he was taken over the Bridge of Sighs, with its small windows, from which he had his last view of the world and sighed as he looked out on the beauty of the sea. Our guide showed us some of these cells beneath water line away from light and sound, and fresh air. In one of these cells the eccentric Lord Byron spent five hours once just for the sensation and was taken out at the end of that time more dead than alive. His impressions of these cells are given to in "Childe-Harold."

Time fails me to tell of the many interesting places in Venice—the Academy of Fine Arts, the churches with their wealth of painting, sculpture and wood carving, and their treasures filled with costly service and relics; of the arsenal with its trophies of centuries, or of the Venetian glass and lace workers.

But you must see an evening and a night in Venice. We take gondolas to cross the lagune to the small island of Saint Georgio Maggiore with its beautiful church of the same name from whose height is gained the best view of Venice. Away to the eastern side of the Island of Venezia are the beautiful public gardens, green and shining, forming a fine background for the vary-colored sails of the fishing boats. Near them is moored a flotilla of Italian warships and gunboats, for the arsenal is not far away. Then long rows of hotels, houses and shops, with here and there a tall tower rising from behind them, to the great mole where the world's traffic came to ancient Venice. We are now at the very centre of interest in our picture—the

Piazzetta or small square forming the entrance to the square of St. Mark's. From our position we can see the Lion and St. Theodore on their tall pedestals forming the gateway to the heart of Venice. To the west is the gilded dome of the custom house at the entrance to the Grand Canal, while in the far west is the harbor full of ships unloading cargoes for northern Italy. With this picture of Venice in mind we are ready to step from our gondola and mount the same steps which Venetians of many centuries have used and spend the rest of the evening in St. Mark's Square.

The sun has gone down and the streets and square are full of people walking talking and feeding the pigeons, or looking into the gay shop windows. In no other city in the world is there such a mingling of all grades of society as in this Plaza. An American crowd would be boisterous, but a Venetian never. The tables from the cafes are pushed far out into the square and are soon filled with loungers, taking coffee, ices or wine. We sat one evening in front of Florian's, a cafe noted from centuries back, and listened to the Royal Band playing beautiful music, and watching the changing scene, and enjoying what seemed to be real American ice cream, the first we had found in cafes of Italy.

Later in the night the lagune became more attractive and till after midnight we were rowed here and there by a tireless gondolier. Music, lights, boats gliding, sounds of water and of laughter. No one can have had the full delight of Venice till he has ridden hour after hour of the night on the lagune, or up and down the Grand Canal, listening rather than seeing.

ANNA T. ADAMS.

His Country Cousin.

"Well, I don't care, if something was going to spoil all your fun for the whole winter, and you were a boy, you'd be mad, too," said Rob, angrily. His gentle mother expostulated when she had a chance to put in a word. "But, my dear, she may not be just what you imagine her to be—"

"Oh, yes, she is; country girls are all alike—well, there's the bell, so good-bye, mother mine." And snatching his books and cap from the table, where he had flung them in vigorous disgust a few moments before, he ran off to school.

Rob Ainslee was the son of a wealthy widow, who idolized her only child, and allowed him to do pretty much as he pleased. He was a handsome lad, some nineteen years of age, and had all his desires fulfilled. Was a Senior in the High School, where he was very popular on account of his good-nature, good looks, and open-handed ways. He belonged to a "set" which was very "exclusive," and thought itself of great importance. Rob hated anything or anybody who was "queer" or odd in the least, and was not very tolerant of people possessing such characteristics. He had looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to his Senior year, thinking of the good times to come—and now it was all to be spoiled.

Rob's outburst this cold December morning was caused by a letter just received by his mother, part of which she had read to him. Mrs. Ainslee's older sister had married a "scientific farmer" some twenty years before, and had gone to live on his farm in western Iowa. Mrs. Ainslee corresponded with her but seldom after the first three or four years, and now her sister had written that her health had been very poor for over a

year, and that she was so ill now that she must go to Florida to spend the winter. Of course her husband would have to go with her, and they did not know where to send their daughter Dorothy while they were away, since they did not wish to take her with them. So she asked Mrs. Ainslee if Dorothy could go and spend the winter with her, and go to school. "She and Rob are nearly of the same age, I think, since she is seventeen, and she is ready to enter the Junior class of the High School; we really don't know what to do with her, since she hates the idea of boarding school," wrote the worried mother. Mrs. Ainslee wrote back at once, to say that her niece would be cordially welcomed, in spite of Rob's objections. The reply was a telegram, saying that Dorothy would arrive the next evening.

Rob, finding his objections of no avail, resigned himself to the inevitable. "At any rate, he thought, I won't see her until I have to, and the next four days, since it is Christmas week, I will be out of town at Fred's, and then, O dear, I suppose I'll have to stand it. And I suppose she'll say 'Do tell' and 'law sakes' and all the rest of them, and giggle all the time. Oh well, 'sufficient unto the day,' and so forth; I guess I'll get Marie to go skating."

It was a dark, gloomy evening, and the snow was falling as the train Dorothy was on pulled into the depot. The Ainslee carriage was waiting for her, and she stepped into it with a sigh of thankfulness that she did not have to wait for anyone in the blinding snow.

Dorothy was a pretty girl, with golden-brown hair and beautiful gray eyes shaded by long dark lashes. She was extremely well-dressed, and was not at all

Rob's idea of a country girl. To be sure, she had lived in the country nearly all her life, with books as her only companions, but she had been east to school for three years (probably that was how she got her hatred for boarding schools.)

Supper was served for her in the cozy dining room of the Ainslee home, as soon as she came in cold and tired after her journey. Her aunt took to her at once, and looked admiringly across the table at the charming picture she made. She tried to explain in a round-about way Rob's unaccountable prejudice, and Dorothy's eyes grew mischievous as she listened. "So he thinks I will be country-fied, does he? How funny. Well, I'll 'fix' him, Aunt Nell," she laughed.

Her aunt answered, "But Dorothy, I don't mean that I think he will be rude, but this idea of country people is so deep-seated that his surprise at your unexpected appearance may be uncontrollable."

"Well, I'll help that surprise along a bit if I can," thought fun-loving Dorothy, but she said nothing more to her aunt.

The next two days Dorothy roamed over the whole big house, and was enchanted with her new home. Rob was expected home that afternoon, and as her aunt was going to a card-party, the field was cleared for action. Mrs. Ainslee said, "You two can introduce yourselves, and I hope you will be friends." Dorothy thought, as she stood at the window looking after her aunt, "'Barkis is willin'," but I am afraid from what aunt said about that precious Rob that he has rather an exalted opinion of himself." "It would be fun," she began, meditatively, aloud; then she laughed and said, "I'll do it!" bent on mischief.

An hour later Rob came in, and, learning from the maid that his mother was out, asked for his cousin. The maid answered, "In the Library, Mr. Rob," with an odd grin on her face, at which Rob rather wondered. He entered the Library, and at the sight of the figure in the window-seat, his heart sank to his boots.

Dorothy had disguised herself completely. She wore a shirt-waist of a date several years back, and faded by many washings, a bright green skirt, too short, and adorned with ruffles about the bottom, and the heavy clumsy shoes made by country shoemakers. Her hair was frizzled in a thick fringe nearly to her eyes. When she saw Rob, she had the grace to blush at the success of her prank, evident by the expression in his astonished eyes. "Law sakes," she said, "how you scart me!" Rob's voice was very chill as he replied, "Indeed, I'm sorry. You are my cousin, Dorothy, I suppose?" "Yep, I am," she answered smartly. Meanwhile she was thinking, "What a nice looking boy! What will he think of me after this!" He, of course, could not know of the complimentary things she was thinking, and his thoughts were the reverse of approving.

"Great guns! What a fright, and to be here the whole winter; what shall I do with her?" The conversation lagged; getting more and more frigid on his part, and more and more frank and friendly on hers. She went to the book case to replace her book, so that the whole hideousness of her attire was made plain. His dislike deepened. There was still an unpleasant duty to be performed. The Seniors were to give their first hop that evening; and his mother, usually so yielding, was adamant in regard to this—that

begin

Rob should ask Dorothy to go with him if she knew how to dance. "Well," he thought, "it will have to be done, so it, or rather I, might as well be finished now, so here goes—and pray the Gods she doesn't know how!"

"Dorothy," he said, "do you dance?"

She answered, "Yep, you bet," without turning her head, as she stood before the book-case. "Well," continued Rob, "our class at school's going to give a dance tonight; if you want to go, I'll take you." Dorothy, as she was turned from him, bit her lip at this very cordial invitation, but only answered, "Of course, I'd like to go, but I don't think I've got anything to wear." Rob didn't think so, either, if her present attire was anything to judge by, but he held his peace. Dorothy said, "Oh, well, I guess I've got something that'll do. I'll go now and see," and left the room.

Rob, left behind, gave way to bitter thoughts. "A girl like that!" But his feelings were too deep for words.

That evening Dorothy told her aunt that she would lie down and rest before dressing, and that she would not go down to dinner. At dinner Rob was too sore on the subject of his cousin to talk about her, and nothing was said further than his mother's query, "Have you seen your cousin?" And he answered "Yes," without any comment.

The carriage was waiting when Dorothy came down stairs, and she was so enveloped by a long opera cape that Rob could not see how she was dressed. He noticed, with a nod of approval, that her feet were slipped.

After arriving at the hall he waited several minutes for her outside the dressing-room, dreading her coming, and the curious and mirthful glances of his

friends, which would be sure to follow. But when she did come, he gasped with astonishment, and looked at her slippers; to be sure it was Dorothy. Yes, they were the same, so he went up to her. The wave of delight that swept over him was mighty. Here, indeed, was a girl to be proud of. Tall, slender, with beautiful, star-like eyes, gowned in fleecy white. She had a mocking smile on her red lips as he approached her, and he flushed under her gaze, remembering the form of invitation he had thought good enough for a "country girl." There was no time for conversation, however, because of the boys crowding up to be introduced; those very boys who comments he had dreaded. But when the dancing began he walked up to her with the demand, "What did you play that trick on me for?" Her gray eyes twinkled merrily as she replied, "I thought you needed the lesson." "What lesson?" "Why, not to jump to conclusions. All country girls are not alike."

The evening passed only too quickly, and Rob found himself looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to his next dance with that "country girl." Once he renewed the subject of the afternoon's trick. "Where did you get that awful rig," he asked, laughing at the remembrance. "Oh, I rummaged in the attic and found that old shirt-waist of your mother's, and the little errand-girl loaned me that truly wonderful skirt and those shoes. Wasn't it a splendid disguise?" "Too splendid," he answered. "Will you ever forgive me for being such a bore—but, then, if you could only have seen yourself." "Oh, I did, and laughed till I nearly cried at the image made in the mirror. Oh, well, by-gones are by-gones, and we're even, because privately I

thought you must be very disagreeable with such a prejudice."

That evening was one of the pleasantest that Rob ever spent, and indeed, when on Class Day, he thought over the events and glorious times of that last year in High School, it seemed that most of the pleasure had been contributed by Dorothy's merry self, his winsome country cousin. MAY E. WELSH, '01.

A Trip Around Cape Horn.

BY HARLEY M. ELLER.
(Concluded from last issue.)

Our good ship took the storm as a matter of course and came through all right. It was here that I had an experience that came near being my last. One of the sails, the one known as the flying jib, had blown away, and it was necessary that some one should replace it with another immediately. Volunteers were asked for, but none responded, so I started it, more for my lack of knowledge on the subject than for my bravery. The boatswain and I dragged the heavy sail along the deck as best we could, and at what we considered an opportune moment, began to climb out the jib-boom with our charge and reached the end in safety. We were just taking a little heart when we saw that we were to have a cold bath, and the minute we were deep down in a great wave, hanging on for our lives. We came out at last and as soon as we could recover our breath, started at our work. We were doing nicely when in some way the wind caught the sail and wrapped it tightly around us, and at the same moment a great wave took us off for a pleasure trip with the mermaids. Bound together as we were, we were unable to move a muscle. Knowing the conditions in which I was placed, I was just waiting for myself to go down.

I was surprised and stunned by being thrown against something. The next thing that I knew I was in the ship's cabin close to a large fire. We had been washed inboard, and the captain and chief officer had rescued us at great peril to themselves. And as a result I am still around to make trouble or otherwise, and feel as though I am still to continue to be so for some time to come.

The remainder of the voyage to the English coast was filled with incidents of more or less importance, but that which was of the greatest moment to us was the twinkle of the little light at the mouth of Falmouth harbor. The pilot broke the monotony of the wilderness that had been around us for nearly five months by giving us some of the news of the outside world and orders to proceed to Limerick to discharge our cargo.

The west coast of Ireland is one of the most dangerous in the world on account of its rocky formation and irregular coast line. At Queenstown we were overtaken by a storm that has been unparalleled on that coast for thirty years. We had about three days' provisions and it was ten days before we received a new supply. For six days we did not have a dry stitch of clothing to put on and were not allowed to go below for a minute. The officers were uncertain as to their exact whereabouts and expected that we might go ashore any moment. The cabin sky-light and galley had been washed away and the cabin was filled with water, so even if we had had anything to cook we could not have done it, but as it was we had no necessity for it. We were eating raw wheat, salt and hard-tack.

At six bells in the afternoon watch of the tenth day the weather lightened and revealed to us that we were right on the most dangerous rocks of the coast.

The captain recognized them immediately and gave orders that were executed under conditions that we had considered impossible for us to act. We were all so weak and the ship was constantly under water and the ropes and braces were in a terrible condition, but with the terrible probability before us, our strength returned and we worked for five hours as only desperate men can work. As a reward we were anchored in the smooth waters of the river Shannon that evening. The run of the river next morning was one of great excitement as we thought of standing on solid earth again. The scenery along the river never presented itself to more appreciative spectators than we were at that time.

Limerick and our letters at last, good things to eat and a good bed to sleep in. The shock was so great that I could not remain here long, so as soon as arrangements could be made I started for Dublin to see the Queen and—but this will keep for another time.

In a former edition we printed a sweet poem which ran:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "I've flunked
again."

We have now procured at great expense of time and labor, and a large pecuniary expenditure, the following completion of these wonderfully pathetic lines, viz:

But of all sweet words
You hear in Jan.,
The sweetest are these:
"I am out of exam."

NOTE.

Clarence Thurston, a graduate of the O. H. S. and son of Senator Thurston, has been appointed secretary of the United States Legation at Buenos Ayres by President McKinley.

Chemical Department.

In this department laboratory methods predominate. This because text-book study would not be sufficient to meet the needs of the work. While many chemical actions and facts are observed in common life, a great many more need to be taught by special instruction in the laboratory itself—more even than in the department of physics. The substances used are of the unknown, or the pupils know only a few of their properties, and these properties with the principles deduced from them are so new and strange that abundant illustration is absolutely necessary; skill is required in making the apparatus, and, from the nature of the work, this apparatus must often be used just so; and while the mass of material to remember is not great, in the High School course in chemistry, it must be well learned.

The method of instruction must therefore be adapted to suit these requirements. Instructions is given by lectures, supplemented by laboratory work and text-book study, with written and oral quizzes. A note book is required, in which both lecture and laboratory notes are kept. The note book is not a place for depositing things to be forgotten, as is often the case, but it is studied along with the text-book; lecture notes, laboratory notes and text-book study being all associated together, each supplying the deficiencies of the other. It is so kept as not to be a burden but a help to the pupil.

Each pupil has his own set of apparatus, exactly like that of every other pupil, which he may replace from the store-room in case of breakage, catalogue prices being charged for all things brok-

en. Thus there is no need of borrowing or lending; and since no conversation is allowed, he is entirely dependent upon himself and free from interruption in his work. Special care is taken to impress upon the pupil the right way of doing things before the time comes to do them. So that each one is in a position to get the most benefit out of his work in the laboratory. Quotation in part from the annual report of the Chemical Department:

"Instruction for the first semester aims to give a working knowledge of the simplest chemical operations and laboratory methods, a study of chemical and physical change of the elements oxygen and hydrogen, and their compounds with each other; and from the facts deduced from this study to develop and follow out the atomic theory.

"During the second semester is taken up the study of the main features of inorganic chemistry," the characteristics and properties of the elements and their groups, a study of bases, acids, salts, metals and their useful products, etc.—with an outline of organic chemistry, to get a bird's-eye view of the field of chemistry."

The work of the first semester mainly lays the foundation, that of the second prepares the student for the more minute work in college.

The laboratory has undergone great improvement since Dr. Senter took it in charge. As first found by Dr. Senter, the laboratory had few of its present conveniences except the sinks, desks, chairs, lecture table and working tables, with a motly and inefficient supply of apparatus.

The hood in front to carry off poisonous fumes, the gasometers, the air pump,

shelves for bottles, cork-borers, etc., have been added since then. Many little original contrivances, as the blocks for the cork-borers, the bell to call the classes to order, the burners and tooth-picks for lighting the pupils burners, instead of matches, separate drawers for corks, watch glasses and other supplies, printed instructions for laboratory work, and illustrations of apparatus to be used. The desks, in their old arrangement, with an aisle down the middle, crowded the pupils in their laboratory work. This aisle was closed up and the extra space given to the pupils at the tables.

The bottles for chemicals and reagents were of all shapes and sizes, and the pupils had to paste on the reagent bottles, from time to time, labels marked with lead pencil. Now the bottles are uniform, and the labels printed, and made permanent by a protective coat of paraffine.

Everything has been given a place, where it is expected to be kept, and in general, there has been an introduction of neatness and system into the arrangements of the laboratory.

Dr. Senter has hardly let a day go by without adding something to the equipment of the laboratory. New supplies of chemicals and apparatus have been taken in, so that there is now a nearly complete equipment for ordinary work—also some provision for luxuries.

To Dr. Senter's efforts is due the present educational value of the chemical department. From a poorly equipped and generally inefficient laboratory, he has raised it in equipment for general work to the highest rank in the state. For general work it is as well if not better equipped than the University of Nebraska.

THE REGISTER

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

The class of 1901 showed very poor judgment when they decided to ask for a speaker for commencement instead of having class representatives. We are surprised that the members of this class do not want to have a program consisting of interesting essays and orations by the most talented speakers which the High School has produced for many years. Although these speakers are well known by the students, they have never had a good opportunity of displaying their genius to a large gathering of Omaha's citizens. Perhaps it is that the pupils are afraid of a little extra work. This does not necessarily mean that all must write essays or orations; there are other ways of selecting the speakers. There are many objections to having a single speaker; in the first place the parents do not have an opportunity such as would be presented on that occasion of hearing their children when at their best, secondly at that time of the year great speakers are in demand by the numberless colleges and high schools all over the country and it is not likely that we could procure one who would be a fit

substitute for the excellent program which this class could present. One speaker of mediocre ability, talking for two hours on the same subject makes it very tiresome even for people whose minds have been educated to great concentration. Then the speaker's advice to the students will most likely be but a repetition of the words of the minister selected to preach the baccalaureate sermon, and this advice, instead of stimulating the minds of the graduates to do greater things will exhaust their patience. It seems to be the general inclination to judge such representative commencement programs by the one given two years ago. It should be remembered that the members who took part that year were selected by a very poor method. For three years and a half it has been the ambition of '01 to give the grandest commencement program ever attempted, and now — !!!

Friday, February 22nd, was the one hundred and sixty-ninth anniversary of the birth of George Washington. The life of this man is one which should be closely studied by every American boy who is on the lookout for an example of almost perfect manhood. He was possessed of an irresistible strength of will which overcame all obstacles that beset his path. A glance at the history of the American Revolution will show what enormous difficulties he had to contend with and in what good stead this strength of will stood him. His soundness of judgment and love of justice were qualities possessed by few men at that time and enabled him to gain the love and confidence of all his soldiers and afterwards of the entire American nation. He had a quickness of conception by which he was able

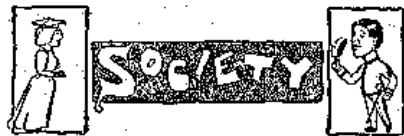
A STORY WITH A MORAL.

to seize an opportunity at the right time and improve it to the best advantage. Having his fiery passions thoroughly under control his well-balanced mind never gave way to trifles and was always kept in a calm and undisturbed state. He was benevolent to a great extent and unselfish to a still greater limit. Anything we can say here is wholly inadequate to describe the character of that man so full of strength and noblesness, but we cannot let such an event pass without some becoming mark of respect.

School spirit is something of which none too much can be said. It takes an immense amount of that spirit to keep alive the many organizations that are here to develop powers of mind and body which besides the ability to study are necessary to an educated person in this advanced day and age. Since the football season there has been a shameful lack of enthusiasm on the part of the students. The debates, until the preliminary for the Lincoln contest have been attended by only a few Seniors and Juniors. There are some people who even now ask what the score was at the basket ball game! Is it right that those pupils who do the most to glorify the name of the O. H. S. should have to bear the burden of the work alone? No one knows until by experience what a great help it is to those preparing for a contest to have the entire body of students interested and deeply concerned as to the result. The spring athletics will begin soon and in order to gain first place at the state meet at Lincoln we must have good material and plenty of it for every event on the list. This will be another way to show your loyalty and one which will be most deeply appreciated by the school.

One day a grasshopper and a cricket were hopping along by the roadside. At length they met another grasshopper. The first grasshopper spoke to the second (in grasshopper language, which the cricket could hardly understand), saying: "Let us play a joke on this cricket. I have promised to lead him to a nice cornfield. He does not know the way. He feels sure of getting there. You take my place and go on with the cricket. I'll take your place under this bush. You do not know the way to the cornfield, but you just keep hopping ahead and at the same time to the right; the cricket will get tired, as he does not know the way to the cornfield and will be ready to give up in despair. You keep hopping to the right, and when the sun is getting low in the west and the cricket is hungry and tired, you will have hopped around in the circle where I shall be resting. I will then take him and lead him to the cornfield after we have had lots of fun with him."

"Very well," says grasshopper No. two with a sly wink of its eye. "I'll gladly go." So grasshopper No. one hopped under the bush and No. two went hopping away with the cricket. The grasshopper No. two kept hopping a little to the right but the cricket kept straight ahead. Finally a wide gap was between them. The grasshopper getting a little worried said, "Come, Mr. Cricket! This is the way. Why go you there?" "No, no, this is the way to the cornfield. No. one said straight ahead." "I do not turn at all," said the cricket. "Come ahead, we will both go straight ahead and both get the green corn." The grasshopper No. two being hungry gladly assented and when the sun was getting low they both were feasting in the cornfield. No. one waited and waited for their return, but in vain. Just as the sun was going down it wrote in the dust by the roadside, so all could read: "Never play a joke on somebody else that will react on yourself."



D. D. S.

At the regular election of officers the Demosthenians elected the following to serve this term: Arthur Jorgensen, president; Harry Reed, vice president; Burdette Lewis, secretary, and William Coryell, treasurer.

The preliminary debate of the D. D. S. to select speakers for the point debate with the Ciceronians of Lincoln, proved quite a drawing card. The question, "Resolved, that the American cabinet system is better fitted for a popular form of government than the English cabinet system," is one which calls for a great deal of individual thought and the fact that the speakers presented their arguments so well shows what an influence the former debates have had over the boys who have taken part in them. Those who took part were Messrs. Arnold, Jorgensen, Hillis, and Lewis. The three last were selected. The Banjo Club made its first public appearance and furnished delightful music. Much is expected from this club in the future. Musical spirit in the High School has lain dormant for several years and the members of the Banjo Club should be congratulated for their successful attempt to again rouse it.

VICTORY AND THE PENNANT.

Champions of the Nebraska Interscholastic League.

On Friday evening, February 15th, three representatives of the D. D. S. of Omaha covered themselves with glory and won everlasting fame for their society, by defeating the three best speakers of the Lincoln High School. This debate together with the Omaha-Beatrice debate establishes Omaha's title to "Champions of Nebraska," and brings

the coveted pennant to our own High School.

The D. D. S. speakers were B. G. Lewis, W. S. Hillis and A. Jorgensen. The Lincoln speakers were Charley Sawyer, Mason Wheeler and Fred White. Omaha had the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That the American cabinet system is better fitted for a popular form of government than the English cabinet system. The judges, W. O. Jones, C. C. Flansburg and W. M. Morning, awarded Omaha 90 1-3 points and Lincoln 89 2-5 points.

WEBSTER ORATORICAL SOCIETY.

At a business meeting of the Webster Oratorical Society on Friday, February 15th, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Remington; vice president, Mr. Neill; secretary, Mr. Sandberg; treasurer, Mr. Newlean, and sergeant-at-arms, Mr. French.

AMARANTH SOCIETY.

The Amaranth Society, composed of Juniors and Seniors, gave its first program Friday, Jan. 25th. Everything on the program was exceedingly good. Rev. Trefz's address was very interesting and full of good advice. Mrs. Noble rendered "Mignon" most beautifully. Piano Solo..... May Welsh
Recitation..... Miss Peterson
Zither Solo..... Emil Conrad
Essay..... Arthur Kalkenny
Address..... Rev. Trefz
Vocal Solo..... Mrs. Noble
Recitation..... Miss M. Hiller
Piano Solo..... Miss M. Bedwell

PHI SIGMA.

Miss May Welsh entertained the Phi Sigma at her home Saturday, January 16th.

K. A. K.

Mary Harris delightfully entertained the members of the K. A. K. on Friday evening, January 25th, at an informal dancing party. The evening was enjoyed to the utmost by all the members.



OMAHA GIRLS, 17; LINCOLN GIRLS, 16.

In these days of Carrie Nation raids and bargain sale rushes it seems quite essential that the growing generation of American girls should be well trained physically as well as mentally, and no one could have looked upon the basket ball game at Lincoln on the evening of February 1 without feeling that those ten scrambling lassies would some day hold places in the forefront of the feminine world.

That our girls defeated the Lincoln girls in Omaha last year and on the Lincoln grounds this year shows conclusively that they have a far superior team. All through the game the best of feeling existed between the girls on both sides and the Omaha girls express themselves as well satisfied with the treatment accorded them. Once during a free throw the crowd hissed and yelled so loud that it was impossible for the Omaha thrower to keep the exact nerve needed and the umpire, a Lincoln man, allowed Omaha another throw.

The game was close and exciting throughout. Only in the last minute of play was the winning goal made by Omaha. For Lincoln Margaret Pillsbury was the star, while Omaha had two irresistible players in Millicent Stebbins and Alice Towne. Towards the close of the game Miss Stebbins retired with a wrenched knee and Miss Lorraine Comstock took her place. The final score was: Omaha, 17; Lincoln, 16.

Some of the High School boys who attend the Y. M. C. A. are organizing a basket ball team. A challenge has been

P. G. S.

The P. G. S. was entertained at the home of Miss Olive Carpenter, president of the club, Saturday, January 26th. About thirty-five of the sixty members were present.

N. H. S.

January 24th the Natural History Society held its regular monthly meeting, in which the reports of the various committees took up most of the afternoon. Mr. A. S. Pearse was admitted into the society as an honorary member.

ALICE CAREY SOCIETY.

This enterprising society gave a very interesting program on the 15th. The members were costumed and everything was old-fashioned:
Auld Lang Syne..... Society
Essay—"Ye Girls of Ye Olden Time"
..... Miss Watson
Solo—"Songs of Long Ago".....
..... Miss Hughes
Recitation—"Spinning".....
..... Miss Hazel Hurbert
Violin Solo—Selected..... Miss Haines
Debate—"Resolved, That Girls of Long Ago Were More Attractive Than Girls of Today."
Affirmative..... Miss Marsh
Negative..... Miss Huntington

THE O. H. S. FOOT BALL PLAYERS' VAUDEVILLE.

In room 43, Thursday, February 21, at 2:15 p. m.
Selection..... O. H. S. Banjo Club
The Coon and the Actor—
The Coon..... Booker T. Washington
The Actor..... Richard Mansfield
The Tramp's Banquet.....
Grand Competitive Drill.....
..... Members of Battalion
Original Monologist..... Weary Willie
Selection..... Foot Ball Quartet
Oration..... Hon. Walter Standeven
Selection..... Mr. Gellenbeck
Grand Pie-Eating Contest.....
..... For Championship of State
Selection..... O. H. S. Banjo Club

received from the boys of the Lincoln High School which will in all probability be accepted. A game with the O. H. S. girls ought to be very interesting, as the boys are all lightweights.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

At the last annual election of officers the following were chosen:

Mr. Marion Arnold, president; Miss Alice Towne, vice president; Miss Joy Keck, secretary; Mr. John Mullin, treasurer.

The new semester has started, which means the payment of 25c again. Our treasurer will be in room 36 every night directly after the 6th hour, and you are requested to step in and pay your dues to him there. The time is soon coming when spring athletics will be taken up, but they can not be taken up with a will unless the A. A. receives the support of every one concerned. The young ladies basket ball team has started the season by winning a great victory from L. H. S. girls. Let us help them to win another victory in the near future, when they play either Beatrice or Wahoo. The first great help will be the organization of a second team of girls who will and can make the first team's practice more interesting, and be of more benefit to all concerned. Boys interested in track team work or base ball should make themselves known so that we can get them ready for the most enjoyable part of High School life.—M. Arnold, President.

It is very gratifying to watch the large classes of High School boys at work in the Y. M. C. A. "gym" nowadays. It looks like a good track team should materialize in the spring.

"If you and I and ewe and eye,
And yew and aye (dear me),
Were all to be spelled u and i,
How mixed up we should be."

—Ex.



Why is Croker like water?
Because he runs down Hill.

Why do people fall in love with their own name?

Elementary Geometry—Given a parallelogram: To prove, it may be a cone in 2001 A. D.

Man, man, thou art but dust! Along comes the sprinkling cart of fate and thy name is mud.

Scheroo! What doest thou? Whence cometh thine information? So "Sir Gregory," otherwise H. Chisam, warbles to his admiring friends.

Engineers should be very progressive. Think what a pull they can bring to bear upon their own advancement and that of others!

Teacher—Why is it that we have so few sources for the dark ages?

Bright Pupil—Because it was too dark to write.

"How'd you like to be a peanut?"
"Fine. I get roasted every day, now, but in that case I could only be roasted once. Isn't that so, Al?"

"Silence is golden," said the great man.

"Ha! I am now rich!" exclaimed the orphan-pauper; "I have a whole room full of it."

In an algebraic equation there was once a radical of high degree who was reduced to the general rank and made a common term among critics. He has never yet regained his position, but has vowed to b^2 sooner or later.

TO LATIN.

I can't tell why I hate you but I do-o-o.
There are some other studies just as hard as you;

But there's something I can't tell
Makes me wish you down in—well,
I can't tell why I hate you, but I do-o-o.

A Freshman on the third floor sat,
An apple core in his hand—

What he did with the apple core can best be told by "Willie" West, who bravely stopped it with his head, so that it should not hurt itself by landing on the cinders, but strike something soft.

UP-TO-DATE DEFINITIONS.

Zero—General recitation mark.

Pyramid—Pile of stone of which no ancient saw the point until finished.

Incubator—A new "orphan asylum" for young chickens.

Chalk—An offensive weapon used by schoolboys.

Study-room — Sometimes a loafing place, but more often a room of torture, provided with untranslatable idioms in foreign languages, and twisty problems in mathematics.

DON'TS.

Don't tell mother, for she doesn't know I'm out.

Don't stay out skating with a young lady until midnight.

Don't let your teacher know you know more than she docs.

Don't fall down the back stairs where no one can see you.

Don't yell "rats" through the keyhole of a seventh hour classroom.

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EXCHANGES

The literary department of the Opinion, Peoria, Ill., is particularly good. It has bright entertaining stories and good essays.

The commencement number of the Kodak, Jan Claire, Wis., is very interesting. The graduates should be proud of their program.

"A Letter from Evelyn Burney to her Friend, Elizabeth Villars," in the H. S. Voice, Concord, Mass., gives one a good idea of the life in London at the time of Addison.

Among the many interesting stories in the H. S. Record, Amsterdam, N. Y., "An Old Time Christmas," is especially worthy of note.

If any one wishes to know what would happen if a planet should hit us, he should read "If a Planet Should Hit Us," in the Teck, Peoria, Ill.

The Retina, Toledo, O., is interesting from cover to cover. All the articles are worthy of note and "How Ruth Came Home for Christmas" is especially deserving of praise.

All the Christmas and New Year exchanges are decked out in their holiday colors. The different staffs have made an extra effort to make their Christmas numbers surpass all others and they are

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to be congratulated on their success. The papers boast of new and attractive covers and their contents are not put to shame by them. There are some papers yet which have no exchange columns at all, or if any, give a few jokes from other papers, that have gone the round of them all. This is not what an exchange column is for. It is for the criticism of other papers.

The Egypti, Cairo, Illinois, and the Tech, Toledo, O., are two new exchanges received this month. We are very glad to have received them and hope to see them again.

We have at last broken a seemingly omnipotent charm by defeating the Lincoln students on their home grounds. Boys keep up the good work this spring.

The night was still, the air clear, sound traveled a long distance, and thus it happened that Miss Oldmaid was suddenly awakened by this mysterious, supercilious, expeditious and treacherous noise of little Johnnie's cap-pistol. Ha! Ha!

Try THE REGISTER in yearly doses.

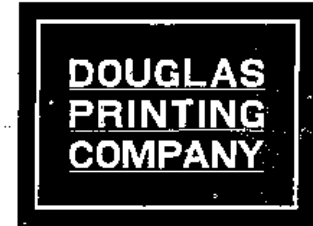
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