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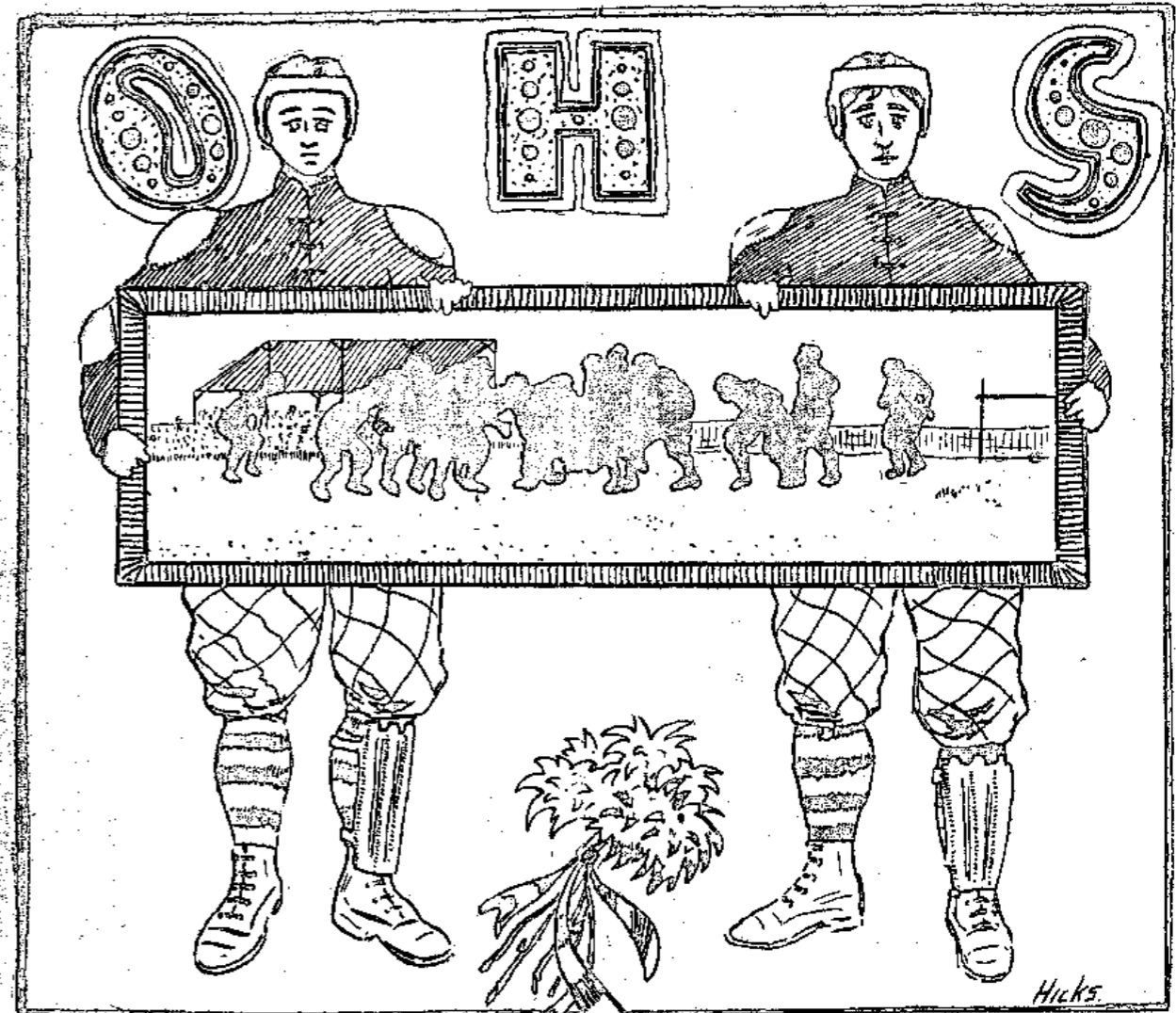
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# REGISTER

Published Monthly by the Students of the Omaha High School

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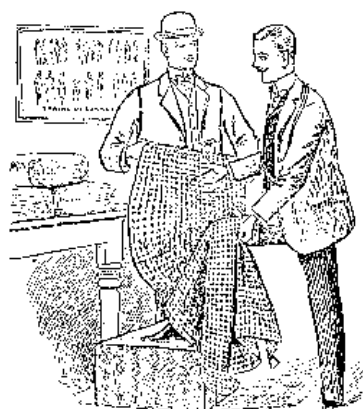
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..... will meet this season in Myrtle Hall, over Continental Clothing Store, every Saturday evening, commencing Saturday, October 5th. Beginners at 7:30 p. m., advance at 8 p. m. Season course October to May, \$12. To pupils of former seasons \$10.

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Dry Cleaning puts the stamp of newness on them. The cost is small, the improvement great. . . . . Try it

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# High School Register.

Vol. XVI.

OMAHA, OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 2.

## High School Register

Published every month from September to June, in the interest of the Omaha High School.

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

### STAFF:

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LAURA CONGDON.....Exchange  
WALTER STANDEVEN.....Athletics  
MARION CONNELL.....Society  
CLYDE MOORE.....Literary

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Harry Kelley.....'03 Ernest Kelley.....'03  
Mary Dallas.....'03 Olive Carpenter.....'03  
Arthur Remington.. '04 Donald Kennedy... '05  
Nathalie Merriam.. '04 Irene Perfect.....'05

JAMES FAIR.....Asst. Bus. Mgr.

A. W. GORDON.....Business Manager

## Editorial

In one of our newspapers the day after the Creighton game there appeared a prejudiced account of the affair. This article was written by a Creighton sympathizer, and the fact is very evident. The paper published the account without any version of the High school side whatever. It accused the High school of "rough play" and said that the last touch-down was an "open foul."

If this was so it would seem strange that the referee did not notice it, and the fact that one of the Creighton team was

ruled off the field for rough playing, but was permitted to continue the game by our captain, would indicate that the rough playing was on the other side.

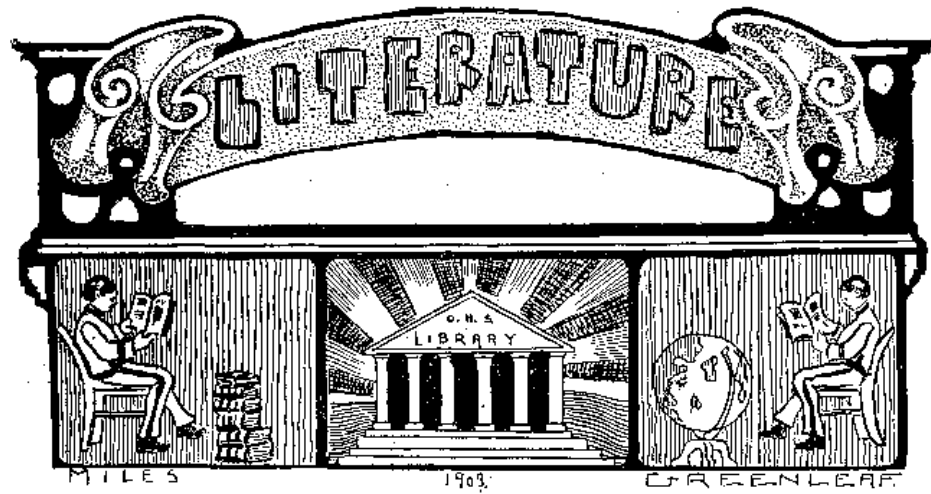
This paper has always seemed to favor the college. In a previous issue there was a column devoted to the interest of the college team, while one short paragraph was considered enough to give to the High school. Perhaps it will now consider that the High school has a team worth mentioning, seeing that it has defeated the college which, as the paper said, was in "a class of its own."

### CLASS NOTES.

Herman Cortelyou, '05, was severely injured in a foot ball game on the afternoon of Thursday, October 10, 1901. His injuries are a broken collar bone and a fractured rib. We hope it will not be long before he is again in good condition physically.

We are glad to announce that Freshman editors have finally been chosen in the persons of Miss Irene Perfect and Mr. Donald Kennedy. All ninth grade subscribers will receive their copies from these editors in the future.

We hear that E. Sterricker, '03, has taken to bowling as a trade. He made \$5 for high score—9—at seven down a short time ago.



### A MODERN PRINCESS.

The second bell at the end of the sixth hour had just sounded and there was the usual commotion of pupils hurrying to class rooms, and of the more fortunate hurrying for wraps. In the cloak room off of 37 two girls were standing talking. As Bessie Durant was donning her pretty red cap and trying in vain to put some obstinate brown curls into place, she was saying to her most intimate friend: "Oh, Madge, those boys got the best of me again today when we were discussing the Princess in class. I do wish you were there to help me. All the other girls either are afraid to stand up for their rights or expect me to do all the talking, and the consequence is that I am always beaten. I can't manage five or six boys at once."

"That certainly is too bad, but can't you get one of the boys to help you? Win one of them over to your side; Jack, for instance."

"Jack? Well, I guess not. He is the worst one of all, but quick, the tardy bell will ring. Sorry you aren't going home with me today, but then come over to-night, if you can in season."

On the way down stairs she ran into the subject of her conversation, Jack Oxford, a tall, nice looking fellow, whose blue eyes flashed with mischief as he spied Bessie.

"Hello, Bess; I suppose you don't mind my escorting you home, seeing that I am going in your direction and you can't very well avoid my company?"

"Well, if that is the case, I suppose I will have to endure you, although I can assure you that you aren't the most pleasant company."

"Oh, ho! so you didn't like the way you and your beloved Princess was treated in English today, but, then, you can't help being a girl. I will admit, though, I am rather sorry for you."

"Your pity is entirely wasted in this direction. I am very glad that I am a girl, because I wouldn't for the world be as conceited as some people I know."

"Well, you can't deny that we have more right to be than you girls, for we are so much smarter, have more brains, don't you know?"

"There, that's just what I thought. You are just about as conceited as they

make them, and you are, moreover, proud of the fact. But let me tell you, girls are just as smart as boys, if not a little smarter."

"In that case, I suppose you claim that you have spent half a century studying the question and can dispute the statements of all the learned scientists of the day."

"Well, if I can't dispute their word, I can yours, and prove it to you, too."

"Now, really, you don't mean to say so? You can try if you want, but I am afraid all your exertions in that line will be in vain. I am rather convinced on my side of the question."

"Oh, very well, but we will see, and now good-bye. Here is the house. I won't need your delightful company any longer."

With this remark she disappeared into the depths of a large house surrounded by very pretty grounds. During the rest of their Junior year Bessie tried to prove her point to Jack in every way she could in class marks, in class popularity and debates, but he still wouldn't acknowledge that he was beaten, although his face looked rather long at times.

However, it was not until their Senior year that things began to look really serious for Jack. At the class election at the first of the year Bessie and Jack were the two nominated for class president. When the returns of the first ballot were announced it was found that they both stood even. Four ballots were taken up without very much change in the outlook, although Bessie had gained a few votes each time. Then the boys began to tease Jack, saying that if they were in his shoes wouldn't let a girl beat them like that. Jack made some quick retort to this remark and told them to wait until the next ballot, but it was found

then that Bessie had won. The boys then began to tease Jack in earnest, and he did not receive their attentions in the pleasantest possible manner. After this he met Bessie's cheery smile with a chilly nod, or sometimes none at all.

Finally class day arrived, the climax of the High school career. Among the numerous numbers on the program was a debate, and after it the names of Bessie Durant and Jack Oxford. They had both been preparing for this with great earnestness, as each was determined to win, Jack because he had been defeated so many times already by Bessie, and Bessie because she knew that Jack would have to acknowledge that she had proved her point, as he already knew it, but was too proud to acknowledge it.

At last the great night arrived and the opera house was crowded with friends, while the stage was filled with the graduates, the girls in their pretty white dresses giving the life to the scene, while the dress suits of the boys added the needed touch of solemnity. When it was time for the debate Bessie came forward with a dignified air and delivered her speech in a clear, ringing voice. Jack, when it finally came his turn, appeared more nervous and not quite so confident, but nevertheless covered himself with honor. Both had been strongly applauded, so that when one of the judges finally arose to give the decision everyone, including two certain people, received that decision in breathless silence. The judges complimented both speakers and said that it had been hard to decide between them, but they had finally decided that Bessie Durant had won.

After the exercises were over Jack came over to Bessie and said:

"Well, Bess, I want to be the first to congratulate you, and I will have to ad-

mit a thing which I have known for some time, that you have beaten me fair and square, and that you at least are as smart, if not smarter, than one boy in particular, so let's shake on it and be friends once more."

MARION CONNELL.

### KIPSDORF.

Far up among the Erzgebirgen of Southern Germany lies the little village of Kipsdorf, buried among the hills and trees. There never was a more secluded little village, the only means of approach being a small, single-tracked railroad connecting with the main line out of Dresden and running up into the mountains. The cars were tiny wooden affairs with the seats arranged like those of a street car. My, how bare and hard those seats were, all wood and not a particle of upholstery. The road ran through the forest the entire way and we could hear the birds singing and the brooks splashing merrily as we went past them. The leaves on the bushes, which grew up to the track on both sides, almost brushed our faces as we stood on the platform. The speed of that little train was ridiculous, and a good horse could have given it a long start and beaten it easily. Many a time have I seen substantial German fraus come panting up the hill frantically waving a letter. Yes, and they caught the train. Such a curious approach led us to expect an unusual end to our journey, and we were not disappointed. The hotel at Kipsdorf was a German inn, modern on the outside, but very mediæval within. The dining room was large and low, occupying almost the entire downstairs of the building. The walls were plastered and on them were painted drinking scenes, life-sized figures done in crayons. In the center of the room were

two porcelain stoves placed back to back and reaching almost to the ceiling—quaint old stoves of an ancient time made of heavy porcelain tiles, one of brown, the other of light green.

There were many classes of people at the hotel, from the lady in waiting of the Princess Christian of England, the only other English speaking person besides ourselves, to the Germans of the lower middle class, who stirred the froth from their steins of beer with their forks. I spent one birthday in Kipsdorf and I never will forget it. The cake was the crowning feature of the occasion. It was a monster and covered with a pink icing, a pink of such a hue as is rarely seen—a lurid pink. Around the edges of this masterpiece were small wax tapers (I shall take advantage of the privilege accorded to my sex and not tell how many), and surrounding it was a wreath of purple wild flowers as large around as an ordinary cart wheel. Never talk to me about the serious character of the German people; that cake destroyed all my preconceived notions.

Kipsdorf is buried among the trees and there are lovely walks through the forest in all directions. Every one in Germany pays a road tax and the drives are kept as smooth as a ball room floor—no underbrush; there is no such thing known. The roads are broad and lined with the mountain ash on both sides. In midsummer these trees are beautiful, the clusters of bright red berries against the dark green of the leaves. Our favorite walk was the road leading from New Kipsdorf, where the railroad and the hotel were, to old Kipsdorf on the side of a high hill. On this path was a clump of wide-spreading trees and under them a bench, where we used to sit and watch the peasant children come from school. The girls would smile

and bob in that funny little courtesy known as the "knicks," and the boys pull their front lock of hair in their caps, which were scarce, and wish one a friendly "Guten tag."

Some time I hope that I may spend another summer in Kipsdorf and live over those queer scenes, breathe the same air and feel again that sensation so aptly described by Stevenson as a "fine, dizzy, muddle-headed joy."

LOUISE WHITE.

### BIOLOGY EXCURSIONS.

Mr. Benedicts' biology classes enjoyed exceedingly the excursions which took place almost every week during the month of September. It is not all work, as some people may think, and there is fun on the excursions, besides the discovery of many new and interesting things. A true biologist can hardly take a step in one of our parks without seeing something wonderful and which other people pass by without noticing with their eyes wide open. In fact, the biologist has a world of his own and the students are just beginning to find it out.

The opening of the High school girls' class of the Y. W. C. A. was largely attended. There are about thirty H. S. girls who are very enthusiastic about basket ball, and as many of them are tall and quick, the High school will surely have a winning team this year. Miss Frederica McIntosh will be captain of the first team. She played on the team last year and knows all about the game. Certainly this is all that it is necessary to say.

I looked into her eyes so blue,

I loved her well and this she knew;

I tied her shoe (a No. 2)—

I didn't hurry much, would you?

—Ex.

### Die Grenadiere.

Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier',  
Die waren in Rußland gefangen.  
Und als sie kamen in's deutsche Quartier,  
Sie ließen die Köpfe hängen.

Da hörten sie beide die traurige Mär:  
Daß Frankreich verloren gegangen,  
Besiegt und zerschlagen das große Heer,—  
Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen.

Da weinten zusammen die Grenadier',  
Woht ob der kläglichen Kunde.  
Der eine sprach: „Wie weh wird mir,  
Wie breunt meine alte Wunde.“

Der andre sprach: „Das Lied ist aus,  
Auch ich möcht' mit Dir sterben,  
Doch hab' ich Weib und Kind zu Haus,  
Die ohne mich verderben.“

„Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind,  
Ich trage weit bess'res Verlangen;  
Laß sie betteln geh'n, wenn sie hungrig sind,—  
Mein Kaiser! mein Kaiser gefangen!“

„Gewähr' mir, Bruder, eine Bitt':  
Wenn ich jetzt sterben werde,  
So nimm meine Leiche nach Frankreich mit,  
Begrab' mich in Frankreich's Erde.“

„Das Ehrenkreuz am roten Band  
Sollst Du auf's Herz mir legen;  
Die Plinte gib mir in die Hand,  
Und gürt' mir um den Degen.“

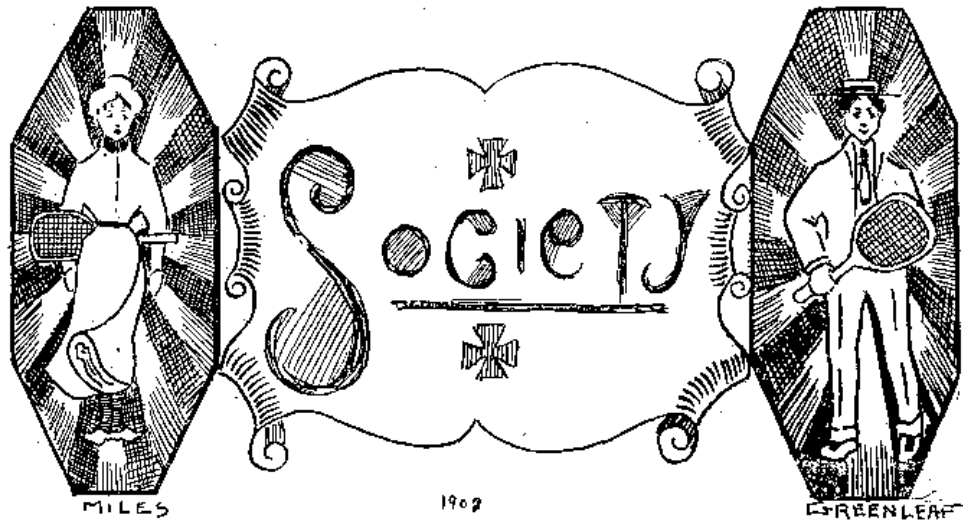
„So will ich liegen und horchen still,  
Wie eine Schildwach, im Grabe,  
Bis einst ich höre Kanonengebrüll  
Und wiederher Stoffe Geivabe.“

„Dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl über mein  
Grab,  
Biel Schwerter klirren und blitzen;  
Dann steig' ich gewaffnet hervor aus dem Grab,  
Den Kaiser, den Kaiser zu schützen.“

—Heine.

Mother (angrily)—“Joe Jefferson!  
how many times mus' I call yo' befo' I  
can make yo' heah?”

Joe—“Dunno; you stan' there an' hol-  
ler an' I'll set heah an' count.”—Ex.



## ALICE CAREY.

The Alice Carey society held a meeting on October 3 at the end of the eighth hour. The purpose of the meeting was the election of officers, which resulted as follows: Miss Florence Mason, president; Miss Edna Hillis, vice president; Miss Elizabeth Congdon, secretary, and Miss Beulah Buckler, sergeant-at-arms. Miss Sullivan was unanimously elected as the club teacher.

## C. T. C.

The C. T. C. met at the home of Miss Mary Dallas on October 12. Pins for the society were then chosen. A new name for the club was also selected, the old initials being kept, as the original name was hardly appropriate since current topics have been dropped.

## D. D. S.

At the last meeting of the D. D. S. the question, "Resolved, That socialism is practical," was debated. Messrs. Moore and Wareham had the negative, while Messrs. Standeven and Taylor upheld the affirmative. After the main debate a general discussion took place.

A committee was appointed to see

about getting pins for the society and the bids were limited to jewelers of this city.

## O. H. S. VIOLIN QUARTETTE.

A new violin quartette has been formed by four Junior girls, which will add considerably to the O. H. S. in the way of good music. They have met several times for rehearsal and are open for engagements. The members of the quartette are: Sadie Shadduck, Emily Clive, Elizabeth Weidensall and Olive Carpenter. Miss Weidensall will act as leader and Miss Strawn as accompanist.

## WEBSTER ORATORICAL SOCIETY.

The Webster Oratorical society held a short meeting Tuesday, October 15, for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. Those elected are as follows: President, Hugh Robertson; vice president, George Wallace; secretary, Morris Wallerstedt; treasurer, Tom Allan. A committee on program was also selected, with Ralph Longsdorf as chairman.

Cadet suit for sale; nearly new and clean; age about 16. Apply 1723 Dodge street.

**Business Transactions of Hans and Fritz.**  
Hans and Fritz were two Deutchers, who lived side by side,  
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride;  
With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were spent,  
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,  
And lacking a part of the geld, as they say,  
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan,  
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,  
And gave the required amount to his friend,  
Remarking, his own simple language to quote,  
"Berhaps it was bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way—  
"I, Hans, gets from Fritz icedty tollars today;"  
When the question arose, the note being made,  
"Vich von holds dot baper until it was baid?"

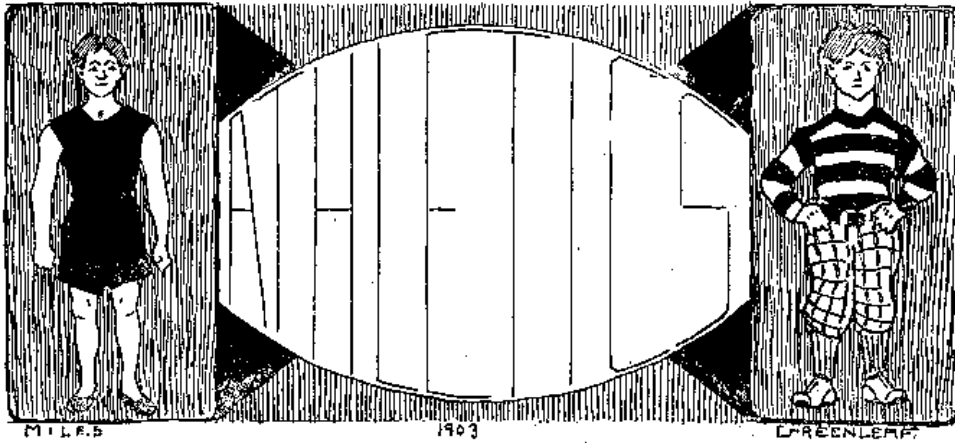
"You geepts dot," says Fritz, "und den you will know  
You owes me dot money." Says Hans,  
"Dot ish so;  
Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,  
Und I prings you der note und der money some day."

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,  
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.  
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies, Yaw;  
Now who dakes dot baper according by law?"

"I geepts dot now, aind't it?" says Fritz;  
"den you see  
I always remempers you paid dot to me."  
Says Hans, "Dot ish so; it vas now shust so blain  
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."  
M. S.

## The Freshman Commandments.

1. Thou shalt not believe a Sophomore or trust a Junior, but shall give due reverence unto a Senior.
2. Thou shalt not mistake the faculty for Seniors.
3. Thou shalt not put paper in the desks; throw it on the floor.
4. Thou shalt not aspire to be captain.
5. Thou shalt not write "I am a fool" on thy neighbor's back; it is well known.
6. Thou shalt not throw ink bottles at the workmen on the new buildings.
7. Thou shalt not be a Freshman longer than three years.
8. Thou shalt not patronize the school library. Sponge on thy neighbors for pencil and paper.
9. Thou shalt not insist on being captain of the football team.
10. Thou shalt not forget in any time or place that thou art a miserable *Freshman*.



About thirty faithful disciples of the High school met at the corner of 12th and Douglas Saturday morning, just as old Sol lifted his great red head over the bluffs. It was a fine morning and every one was happy. Puns and jokes flew back and forth in dangerous rapidity and a few of the boldest united themselves under the leadership of Fairbrother and attempted to sing, but happily the Council Bluffs car came grinding around the corner and every one scrambled aboard. The conductor rang the bell and the great journey was commenced over the Big Muddy and through the suburbs of the quaint old town of Council Bluffs. We were hurried and dumped off unceremoniously at the Northwestern depot. We had been there before, so we lost no time in taking possession, capturing the ticket agent and demanding a special train. He consented on condition that we take a freight train, but we decided to wait. We did wait. Have you ever been in the Bluffs when you didn't have to wait? How long that two hours did seem. Griff read a few passages from "A Drummer's Yarn" to cheer us up, but no use—we didn't feel funny. Even Fairbrother quieted down, and Marsh actually fell

asleep. All things come to an end, even waiting, so in the due course of time the train rolled in. The first car was a diner and we tried to get aboard, but they wouldn't let us. The next was a sleeper. We didn't want that, so we had to take a chair car. We took it, and at last we were really started. Some settled down to play whist; others read as much of the morning papers as they could get, there being one paper for sixteen fellows, while the rest did anything they could. One would never have suspected the presence of a foot ball team, so meek and peaceful were we. No sooner had we got comfortably fixed when the train came to a stop and the conductor told us to get off.

It was true. We were at Woodbine, at least that is what the sign said. Scouts were sent out and the town was soon discovered. It consisted of one long street, I should say about three Omaha blocks, with several large two-story buildings on either side. We walked up this street to the end and then started back again, but had not gone far when Griff located the hotel. It was the best hotel in town, and also the next best and worst. However, it had a dining room and a place to put our satchels, so we were satisfied.

It was still an hour before dinner time and we couldn't afford to waste it, so a scientific expedition was organized to explore the surrounding wilderness. Cathers took command and Tommy Clark went as interpreter, as he claimed to know the language of the natives. The rest of us were merely privates. The first thing of interest we discovered was a baker shop. A little farther we came upon the ruins of an old foot ball ground. We examined it carefully and found a peculiar limey deposit in long, straight lines on its surface. But the most important discovery was of a mighty geyser. It was shaped like a huge smokestack and entirely unlike anything we had ever seen before. In the interest of science Crowley and Standeven climbed up its side and when at the top commenced to take notes. Alas! they were just in time for the eruption on all sides. Like a monster fountain the sheets of water poured over the sides, engulfing the brave young scientists in its fearful embrace. This phenomena, which, by the way, was regulated by the town water works company, put an end to further adventures; so, discouraged and with dampened spirits, we returned to the hotel.

Ding dong! the welcome dinner bell sounded through the hotel. We knew its meaning. We knew our duty, and we did it. There was plenty to eat at the beginning of the meal, but somehow things seemed to disappear. Maybe Robertson could throw some light upon the subject, but anyway something happened that saddened us all and made us forget all else. Mullen was the last to be served. Now, he is good looking and he felt hurt, so he got up, faced around and in ringing tones said: "Fellows, I demand satisfaction!" Just then everyone was busy eating and no one an-

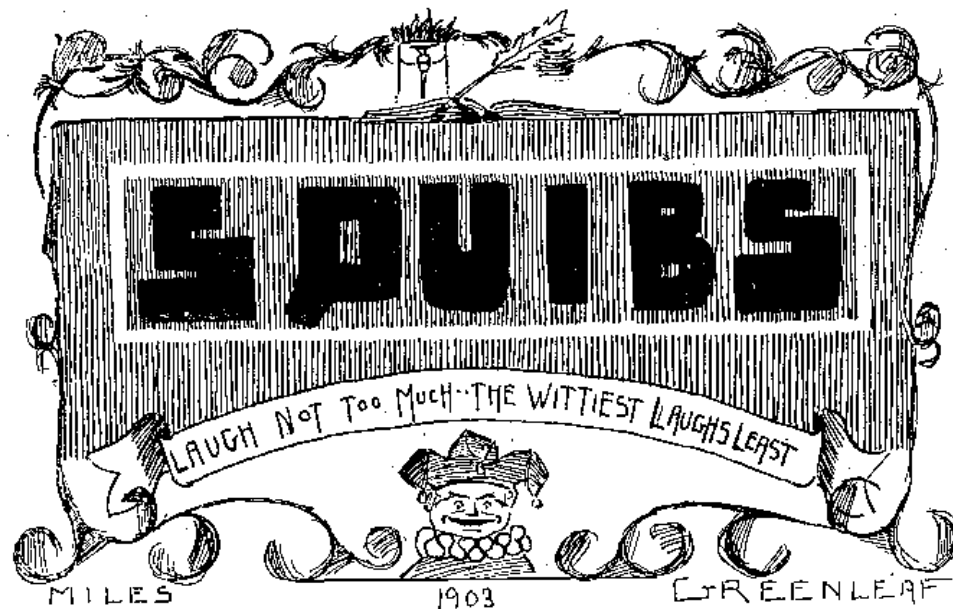
swered, so Mullen sat down again. But oh, horrors! the chair had been removed and Mullen got the satisfaction.

The time for the game had arrived. The two teams lined up, Woodbine, big and strong, on one side, Omaha, little and quick, on the other. Both were determined to win. The ball was kicked and the game was on, but scarcely had it started than a big Woodbine giant plowed through our line and over the goal for a touchdown. How it happened no one could tell, but it was true, too true. But that was all. Not again through the whole game did they come anywhere near scoring. On the other hand, we fought like demons. Time and again Englehardt, Griff or Mullen plunged through their line, or Coryell, Marsh and Fairbrother circled the ends until it seemed as if we must score. Three different times we brought the ball from the middle of the field to the ten-yard line, only to lose it on a mis play and have it kicked back again. It was heart-sickening. The halves were too short. Time was called all too soon. We did our best and failed. Silently we came back to the hotel, dressed and ate supper. In the evening before train time we sat around and sang, not the songs we sang in the morning, but sadder ones.

The boys of the team have come to a unanimous conclusion that at last the students are doing their share toward upholding the O. H. S. in athletics. The attendance of the A. A. meetings, the personal enthusiasm and the large number of rooters at the games are evidence to them and to all that the O. H. S. is second to none.

Girls can't make much noise at a foot ball game, but we are glad so many come

(Cont. on page 14.)



A few of Christie's bright remarks:  
 "I move we make a new frame for the constitution."

"First sergeants, dismissed!"

"Always sit on a piano stool during a thunderstorm—the glass feet will keep the lightning from harming you."

What he said to the "reporter for the News" cannot be told just now.

If Fair would fare as fair as he is fair, he would soon forget about Freshmen who "memorize their lessons by heart."

If you want cheap meals, go to Woodbine, Iowa.

The boys at Culver have just received their first brass buttons and, incidentally, boards, shoes to shine, bayonets to sit on and similar little things.

McEachron says: "Milton and the rest of us poets are nearly crazy." We believe you, Zeke.

Everyone should see Sidwell in his new chemistry apron, but, really, Major would you like to take command of the company?

With whom did Julia go to the foot ball game?

Geometry pupils must not be confused between "acute angels" and "acute angles."

One of the Creighton foot ball players said he couldn't play because it was too Marsh-y.

Rosewater thinks that because when bowling he made a strike, that he can come to school and make a hit.

Miss Corinne Paulson—Piano Studio, 516 McCague.

Mr. Senter—"Now, put the cork on the floor and roll it with the palm of your foot."

In American history class: "What was the consequence of the Boston tea party?" "The tea was all spoiled."

Lives there a boy, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said  
 Things not to be repeated, when  
 He burned his fingers up at "Chem?"

OMAHA, Oct. 14, 1901.  
 Omaha School High.

General Recommendations No. 1.

The following recommendations are hereby announced to take effect this date:

Sergeant Kelly recommended for one close shave.

All foot ball players are recommended for a hair cut.

J. Clyde Moore is recommended for patience.

E. Sterricker is recommended to quit tarrying at drill formations.

By order of C. C. LAYE,  
 1st Lieut Adjutent.

Mr. Senter—"Miss Dellecker, is your neck burning?"

WHO HE IS.

He that knows not,  
 And knows not that he knows not,  
 He is a Freshman; shun him.

He that knows not,  
 And knows that he knows not,  
 He is a Sophomore; pity him.

He that knows,  
 And knows not that he knows,  
 He is a Junior; scorn him.

But he that knows,  
 And knows that he knows,  
 He is a Senior; reverence him.

We have quite a number of nice things to say about The Herald, from Denver. It is one of our best exchanges. We cannot say too much of the picture of our late President McKinley. The idea and design are the best we have seen. The cuts heading the different departments of the paper, and also those of the manager and the captain of the foot ball team, are especially interesting. The Herald also contains some good reading.

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**Reefers, Top Coats, Yoke  
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**J. L. BRANDIES & SONS**  
 Boston Store, Omaha



# ATHLETICS.

(Concluded from page 11.)

anyway. What will we boys do when they play basket ball? We will be there, and people will know it, too.

But yesterday the team of Creighton might have stood against the world. Now lies it there.

If you meet anybody who doesn't know who are the champions of Omaha, kill them. They are living in the wrong century.

Wait till we get our gym, then the O. H. S. will show the other High schools a track team that can't be beat.

Too bad this is Coryell's last year, but never mind, he will do four years' playing in one.

Our team is fine, but if it had a few more Shields Yale and Harvard would have to go out of the business.

Englehardt translated means hard angel, and he is as good as his name. Ann Arbor will be proud of him some day.

Just because Fairbrother plays in the band is no sign that he can't play in a game. Don't believe in signs, but come out and see him once. He will make you laugh.

When the High school loses Mullen next year it loses a tackle that cannot be replaced. There is only one Mullen.

This is Griff's last year. He will be

gone, but not forgotten. Four years' service of Griff's kind can never be estimated but in the hearts of his friends.

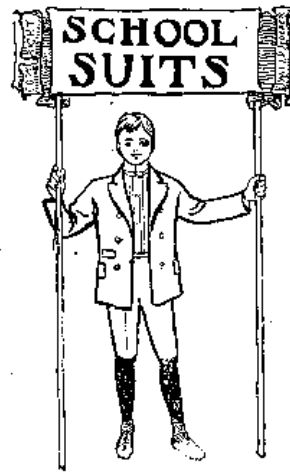
He is little, but oh, my! That is what they say of Marsh; that is what they think as he trots merrily around the end.

Sterricker, Thompson, Robertson and Standeven are the other boys whose strength, mind and hearts are all for the High school. They love their school and will die for it. Their school loves them, but it will never die.

We must say a word of praise for Tracy. He has done as much for the O. H. S. as any one could do, but above all he is loyal. He is a true patriot and we will always remember him as such.

CREIGHTON 5, HIGH SCHOOL 11.

The game between Creighton and the High school, which terminated so favor-



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ably to us, was a surprise to everybody but the students of the High school. It was generally expected that Creighton would wallop the High school good, and when, after seven minutes of discouraging playing they made their first touchdown, it really seemed that it might be so. But right there the true spirit of the High school showed itself. The team redoubled its efforts and for about fifteen minutes they swayed back and forth, now near the goal, now back toward the center, until Standeven succeeded in getting around the end. Down the field he ran until, when only twenty yards from goal, he was downed. Now was the High school's chance. Every down brought them nearer the coveted goal, and when they were within seven yards Englehardt carried it over for a touchdown. Then he did what Creighton failed to do—kicked

goal. Now it was the High school's time to cheer, and they did, too.

The last half was another series of line bucks on the High school's side and punting on the Creighton's, but the Creighton boys were getting tired. They fumbled, and on one of these fumbles Fairbrother caught the ball and carried it four yards for a touchdown. The score was now 11 to 5 and the game nearly over. Both sides played slower, and with the ball in the middle of the field time was called. The High school had won one of the prettiest victories ever seen on local fields.

The High School Times, from Fort Madison, Iowa, goes further into detail than the rest of our exchanges, for it not only has a picture of the late president, but also of his wife and his assassin, and one of President Roosevelt.



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ALLAN B. HAMILTON, EDITOR.

Claude Mason and F. Swoboda of '99 are attending the Omaha Medical college.

Miss Alice Winspear, '99, has gone to Cincinnati to continue her vocal studies in the College of Music.

Miss Louise McNair, '98, and Miss Clara Weidensall, '99, have returned to Vassar.

Channing Parker, '01, is studying in the Omaha Medical college.

Frank Knight of the class of '98 visited school the other day.

Bert Bay, '01, is attending the University of Nebraska.

Herman Lehmer, '01, broke one of his ribs in a practice game at the "Uni," but appeared on the field the next day in his foot ball suit. "Key" is up to his old tricks.

Sherman Smith, '99, has returned to Dartmouth.

By actual count there are twenty-one students of the class of 1901 attending the State university.

Burdette Lewis, '01, was heard from the other day and reports a splendid time at Lincoln.

The class of 1901 are already planning for a reunion, to be held here during the Christmas vacation.

Miss Cathryn Shorrocks, '01, has entered Clarkson Memorial hospital as a nurse.

### Regimental.

During the past few weeks the regiment has made a great improvement. The uniforms are coming in steadily and the appearance of the companies is becoming decidedly more military and uniform. Then, too, the squad drill has in most cases been pretty thoroughly learned and company drill has been started, giving a new interest and more variety to the work.

The signal corps under the direction of Mr. Leslie Hicks is making fine progress. The boys practice three times a week and are now able to carry on quite a conversation through their signals.

The hospital corps also seem to be improving. The only impediment to their

more speedy learning is the lack of fit objects on whom to practice.

In general everything possible is being done for the welfare of the regiment. A letter has been sent to the government requesting two hundred and fifty rifles, with a similar number of bayonets, belts and cartridge boxes, for the companies, some torches and a heliograph for the signal corps, and a stretcher or two for the hospital corps. These are expected to arrive soon.

Captain (to awkward squad)—"When I say halt, put the foot that's on the ground beside the foot that's in the air, and remain motionless!"—Ex.

## Fall Furnishings



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Hand in your Application at Y. M. C. A.  
Office, Corner 16th and Douglas Streets

## EXCHANGES.

"Early German Classics," in The Lake Breeze, from Sheboygan, Wis., is very interesting.

Every one of our exchanges this month contains an article on our late President McKinley.

Old Hughes, from Cincinnati, has the best likeness of McKinley of any of our exchanges.

We see that several of our exchanges have offered prizes for the best stories contributed. We expect to see some very fine literature in them next month.

"The Modern War Correspondent," in The Epsilon, Bridgeport, Conn., is very interesting. The girls' section of the paper contains three bright stories.

The Optimist, from Clinton, Iowa, has two especially interesting articles in it; one "A Sketch of Ichabod Crane" and the other "A Glimpse of New York."

"An Incident of the Revolution," in The Herald, from Holyoke, Mass., is well worth reading. The cut at the head of the Exchange column is very good.

The frontispiece of The Argus, from Harrisburg, Pa., is a very good picture of late President McKinley. The cuts heading the editorial and exchange columns are fine.

If some of Miss McHugh's English pupils are still anxious to know "why they study English," they will find some very good reasons in The Aegis, from Bloomington, Ill.

The University School Record, from Cleveland, Ohio, contains some exceedingly interesting stories, but gives us no information whatever about the school which it represents.

The local column of The Reflector would be much improved if the advertising in it were not there. No doubt the paper would be better if there were a few girls on the editorial staff.

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25c Sheldon's Foot Ease, 14c. Peruna, 58c. \$1.00 Cramer's Kidney Cure, 49c. 50c Florida Water, 25c. One quart bottle good Port or Claret, 35c. Cashmere Bouquet Soap, 15c and 25c. Write for our catalogue	

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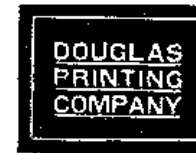
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