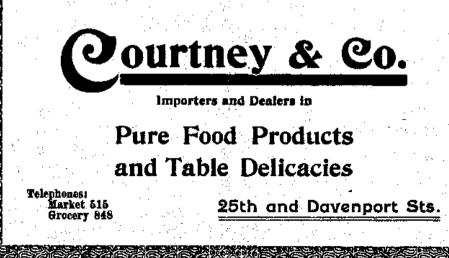


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High School

Vol. XVI. No. 3

NOVEMBER.

Published Monthly by the Students of the Omaha High School



Bellevue College

Last April we announced the opening of our new Lowrie Hall for girls.

We now have another new hall for boys which will soon be opened. This hall even surpasses Lowrie Hall, both in beauty and in accommodations. In the basement there is to be a gymnasium and two fine regulation bowling alleys.

By the way the baths in this new hall are to be simply grand.

It will pay you to come down and see us. You are always welcome.

MAWHINNEY & RYAN CO. **Jewelers and Art Stationers.** Christmas Presents Examine Our Stock. Make 15th and Douglas Sts. **Gate City** ...Bowling Alley... **Phone 2376** High Class Photography Only 1312 Farnam Street Telephone 481 **OMAHA** 813-17-17 S. 15th St.OMAHA Mr. and Mrs. Morand's High School Private Class 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. Clubs taken at Reduced Rates. Please Call as above. Ladies or Men's Clothing Talking About Fail Fahrics there never was a season place goods for men's suits were shown in this town. It goes without saying that the aforesaid patterns are on exhibition, at Dresher's who has the knack (or shall we call it foresign?) of getting the latest stres, giv-ing you the best fit and the most for your money. Dry Cleaning puts the stamp of newness on them. The cost is small, the improve-6 p. m. Evenings. The Pantorium resher Telephone 1857 Maker of . . . 1515 Farnam Street 407 S. 15th St. Men's Clothes Phone 963 **Townsend Gun Company** Our Line of Foot Ball Goods is II6 South 15th St. **Complete and Prices Bed Rock**

High School Register. Vol. XVI. 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. A. A. KELKENNEY EDITOR-IN-CHIEF LAURA CONGDON Exchange WALTER STANDEVEN Athletics CLYDE MOORE Literary Harry Kelley......'02 Mary Dallas.....'02 Arthur Remington, . '04 Nathalie Morriam. . '04 JAMES FAIR, Asst. Bus. Mgr. A. W. GORDON..... Business Manager

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Ernest Kelley '08

Olive Carpenter '03

Donald Kennedy....'05

Irene Perfect......'05

THE REGISTER ANNUAL will be the next number of this paper to appear. It will have cuts of all the captains and first and second lieutenants; also presidents of classes or societies. It will be printed on heavy enamel paper and will contain histories of all school organizations. All pupils who wish extra copies should hand in their names at once to their class editors. Single copies will be 35 cents. Subscribers receive one copy free.

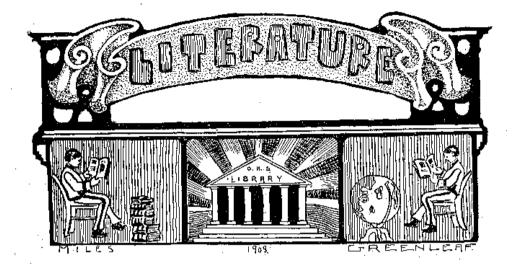
THE LINCOLN game was a great disappointment to all the Omaha supporters who did not see the game, but those who did are confident that we can beat them on dry ground. The weather at Lincoln was most unfavorable to good foot ball and the condition of the field was such that it was with great difficulty that the players were able to stand. The Lincoln men outweighed our boys and consequently the slippery field was in their favor. We cannot be otherwise than confident that with a dry field the noble old purple and white will drag the black and red in the dust. Another objectionable feature of the game was the slugging. If anyone doubted that it was Lincoln who did the slugging, a slight glance at the faces of some of our men, particularly Standeven and Corvell, would soon convince them.

No. 3.

OMAHA, NOVEMBER, 1901.

FIRST BLOOD.

Monday, November 4, the Senior class bowling team defeated the Juniors by 128 pins at the Gate City bowling alley. The total number of pins made by the Seniors was 752; by the Juniors, 624. Several other teams are being formed and it is expected that in the near future that there will be formed a High School howling league.



Another Country Cousin-

"Oh, girls, you can't imagine what has happened," said Dorothy Hall, rushing into the High School one day.

"Can't you belong to the club?" came a chorus of voices.

"Oh, gracious, it's worse than that." "Can't you go to Lincoln when the foot ball boys play?"

"Oh, girls, you don't realize; it's terrible. Here it is in a nutshell" (taking a note from her pocket and reading).

Wausaw, Neb., Oct. 2, 1898. Dear Cousin Dorothy: I'm at last coming to Omaha to school. Isn't that fine? I know it's a little late, but I hope I can make that up. Won't we have fine times together this winter? I'll be in Omaha next Saturday, so good bye until then. Your cousin, FRED.

"Oh, you poor dear; I suppose he's nothing but an old country jake."

"That's just what he is, and mamma told me I must take him to our first club meeting, because he's my cousin, you know."

"I think I'll ask him to the Junior hop,

while I'm about it. There's nothing like doing things up brown. He's nothing but a Sophomore, either; isn't he horrid to turn up now?"

"Never mind; you can turn him down, Dotfy, dear."

"Well, I'll just inform you that I don't think it's a joke, and you won't either when you have to treat him respectable for my sake. Among his other accomplishments, he thinks he can play foot ball, at least that's what I heard. It's just like him to want to be on the team. Whew!"

Just then the bell rang and broke up . further conversation.

"He's probably as ugly as a mud fence and as green as grass, unless he has improved wonderfully in the last four years, which isn't probable," thought Dorothy as she hurried to her class. "I won't introduce him to the girls until the last minute, anyhow."

Dorothy Hall was a prominent Junior ('99) in the Omaha High School. The Junior girls were starting a cooking club of five when this shocking bit of news came to her, spoiling all her plans of

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taking "the nicest boy in the school" to its first meeting. Saturday arrived all too soon for Dorothy, bringing with it Fred, who almost lived up to Dorothy's expectations.

It was three weeks from the day that Fred had arrived. A hundred or more High School pupils were on the train bound for Lincoln, where the game of the year was to be played. Dorothy was among them, now and then casting a glance of mystification toward a boy in the corner, who was arrayed in all the glory of a foot ball suit.

"Could it be Fred? It must be, but what was he wearing a foot ball suit for? He couldn't be going to play!" These were the thoughts that kept running through Dorothy's mind. Fred, it must be said, was truly an athlete, and not, as Dorothy surmised, a "make believe," For several years past Welsh, Harvard's famous punter, had been spending his holidays at Fred's home. Fred, being anxious for an athletic career, had taken advantage of these visits and had become through constant practice a fine runner and punter. It was not surprising, then, ne got acquainted so quickly with the foot ball players, who had heard from Welsh what a fine player was coming to them. And when, on account of unavoidable circumstances, one of the subs was unable to go, the captain of the team turned to Fred Hammond as his substitute. Fred responded with a jump. The captain said he didn't think he would have much of a chance to play, as Harry Giddings was the best and strongest man on the team.

Omaha was cheering on one side of the grandstand—Lincoln on the other. Dorothy Hall was in the midst of a crowd of boys and girls, laughing and talking, when, "Why, Dorothy, there's your cousin in a foot ball suit," broke upon her ear. Dorothy flamed up to the tips of her ears to have him called her cousin before that crowd. "Oh, yes, he's managed to be a sub, as I told you he would. You can switch me as to how he got there." Then the whistle blew and the game commenced in earnest. The first half was over, with no score made on either side.

The whistle blew for the second half, and by the first few downs things looked bad for Omaha. All of a sudden Dorothy's eyes, as well as those of her companious, opened wide with astonishment. "Why, there's Fred playing in Harry Gidding's place," she cried. And so it was, for Harry had received a severe injury caused by a rough tackle. This was the boy who was never before "laid out."

Before long the grandstand was ringing with cheers for the black-headed and yellow-stockened boy who livened things up. In less time than it takes to tell, Hammond had the ball in his arms and had sprinted twenty yards for a "touchdown" through grand interference. Omaha was wild. Before the police could prevent it the field was black with the admirers of the new hero, but when the whistle blew they were ready to leave the field for further conquests. Luckily for Omaha, the ball remained in the middle of the field for most of the remaining fifteen minutes, but what few gains were made Fred was the cause of them. Before Dorothy could realize it, the game was over, with her cousin carrying all the laurels for the O. H. S. All her friends were suddenly anxious for an introduction, but even Dorothy didn't have much of an opportunity to congratulate him.

Although the Lincolnites were pretty sore, they gave the Omaha boys that

night a spread fit for the kings. At the end of the long banquet table, in the place of honor, sat our country friend, smiling and happy. It is needless to say that after this Dorothy did not neglect her country cousin, and that she was proud of her escort to the first club meeting. CORA M. EVANS, '03.

The Telephone,

Few people who go to their 'phone and "ring up" for a number think of the wonderful machine which enables them to talk with people in a distant part of the city, or even in a remote part of the country.

When a subscriber "rings up" central, an incandescent lamp lights and remains lighted until the 'phone is answered. A little movable button is presented to show who is talking.

As soon as the subscriber rings off a button of different color than the rest is raised, which tells the number of the wire to be disconnected, and upon this the wire is automatically reeled up to be out of the way.

There are about one hundred and fifty girls in this department, who go on in three shifts.

Each girl answers about one hundred 'phones, but can connect any one of these numbers with any other number, as she has the full set of numbers to connect with by reaching either to the right or left.

. Each girl has a curved, nickel-plated spring which goes over the head to hold the receiver in position on the left ear.

The transmitter is suspended like a pendulum of a clock, but with two wires instead of one.

To connect a subscriber with another person the girl takes a wire with a metal instrument like a pencil, which she inserts into the hole of the number called for, at which the light goes out. The current is now turned on and the person at the other end of the 'phone is automatically rung.

The girls are all seated and each girl is given fifteen seconds in which to answer the 'phone, and is demerited if not within the lmit.

The girls' wires are all connected with the office below and the officials can hear all that passes between the girl and the subscriber or between the subscribers. In this way the time of the girls is kept.

In some of the holes different colored plugs are fixed. This is to indicate that, the 'phone is not in use, either being closed for repairs or not rented. Thus if a subscriber should call for a number which is plugged the operator can tell them the reason for not connecting them.

In the long distance telephone the same principle is used, except that each operator has a fewer number of 'phones' of which to take care. But she must record the time. This is done by placing a slip of paper under a time recorder when the 'phone is started and also when disconnected, so as to get the exact time the 'phone was used.

The electricity for the telephones is made in a different room by dynamos run by electro motors. The motors are run by a large volt current, which after turning the motor runs through a coil of wire to take out all the irregularities in it. Although a large volt power is used to run the motors, a four-volt current is all that is required for the telephone.

The machines run only through the daytime, and in addition to supplying the telephone they also fill what is known as the storage batterics. These are square

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tion

glass vessels nearly filled with water, in which a great many lead sheets are placed vertically and close together. These batteries last from eighteen to twenty hours. * The instant that the motors are stopped the electricity is drawn from the storage battery, so that there is no loss of time. If from any cause the electricity is wrong the levers that start the machine are automatically thrown back and shut off the motor, thus preventing any disaster that might happen.

FRANK STANDEVEN.

Tacklet,

Captain of the Pigskin Chasers, A Tragical Comedy. The Line-up. Tacklet—A foot ball captain. Ten Other Players. Buckatio-Friend to Tacklet. Fumblonius—Coach of opponents' team.

Ghost of Former Captain. An Umpire.

Opponents, gravediggers, priests, timekeepers, linesmen, reporters, etc.

ACT I, Enter Tacklet in robes of night through a window. Tacklet-To play or not to play; that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler on the face to suffer The slugs and poundings of outrageous

players, Or to take guns and win a cadet com-

mission.

And then by flunking lose it? To march, to drill,

No more, and then by drilling say we end The backache and the thousand brutal shocks

drill : To drill, perchance to flunk! Aye, there's the rub. For in that drill what orders may there come, When we have got beneath two chevrons broad : For who would bear the taunts of privates fresh, The pangs of demerits, the law's delay To give him higher rank, when he might buck His way to glory through the opponents' line, In a feather bed? Who would rifles bear. To grunt and sweat under a scorching sun, But that the dread of losing a game at Lincoln, The undefeated city from whose bourn No conqueror returns, puzzles the brain And makes us rather bear those ills we

A fullback meets with; 'tis a consumma-

Devoutly to be wished. To march, to

have Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus, something does make cowards of

us all (wandering dreamily): And this the swarthy hue of many a gridiron

Is sicklied o'er with cream puffs. Enter Ghost of former captain,

Oh, what's this!

Who art thou? Say, art tackle, guard, or end?

Ghost-Mark me.

Tack-I will. Ghost—My hour is almost come

When I to sulphurous and tormenting

flames^{*}

Must render up myself. Tack-Alas, poor ghost! But speak, I'm bound to hear.

6

A Referee.

thou shalt hear.

- I am the spirit of your last year's captain.
- Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night.
- And for the day confin'd to fast in fires, Till the foul plays done in my days of foot ball
- Are burnt and purg'd away. But, list! O. list!
- If thou didst ever thy dear captain love---Tack-By Jove!
 - Ghost-Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
- 'Tis given out that, playing in my last game.
- The rough ground tripp'd me; but, to tell the truth.
- It was the center of the opponents' team That tripp'd me up and made me break my neck.
 - Tack—'Twas that last game! Oh, my prophetic soul!
- Tomorrow we will play against that team,
- The very team that foully beat us then. Ghost-Revenge my death, and also the defcat.
- But fare thee well, for the electric light Is out and morning must be near.
- Adieu, adieu! Tacklet, remember me. [Exit.]
- Tack-O yes, we'll beat them this time, ghostly friend-d-
- But it is g-g-getting very d-d-damp and c-c-cold:
- I must r-r-return m-m-me to m-m-my 1-1-little b-b-bed. [Exit.]

ACT II.

A Foot Ball Field. Enter Tacklet in foot ball costume. Tack-Oh, that this too, too frozen crowd would melt,

Ghost-So art thou to revenge when Thaw, and resolve to show a little enthusiasm!

> Or that the manager had never fix'd The price so all-fired high!

Enter Buckatio.

- Buck---Hail to your shin guards!
- Tack-I am glad to see your back [turning].
- Buckatio-or I do forget myself.
- Buck-The same, old man, and come to see the game.
- Tack-Then get you to the bleachers ere we start.
- My players come; I'll see you afterward. Buck—I'm gone. [Exit.]

Enter the Ten Other Players.

Tack-Play the game, I pray you, as I told you, steadily on your feet; but if you play foully as many of their players do. I had as lief the school board played my game. Nor do not saw the air too much with your legs, thus [acrobatic business], but keep your feet on the ground; for in the rush and tackle and, as I may say, the whirlwind of sweaters, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul to see a robust, grizzly-headed blacksmith of a player tear a player to tatters, to very rags, to deceive the eyes of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but studying "Masterpieces of American Literature." I could see him in the electric chair with pleasure. It out-Czolgozes Czolgosz; pray you, avoid it.

First Player-I warrant, your honor.

Tack-Be not too tame neither, but let your own notice in the paper be your tutor; suit the action to the scrimmage, the scrimmage to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the rules of the game, for anything so done is most foul for our side, whose

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purpose of playing, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as't were, the other team up to ridicule and make them feel like car fare. Oh, there be players that I have seen play, and heard the papers praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, having neither the accent of a student nor the gait of a student, mayor, nor preacher, have so tackled and bucked that I have thought some of the inmates of a lunatic asylum had broke loose, they played so abominabiv.

First Player-I hope we have been coached better than that.

Tack---Here come our opponents; make you ready.

Enter Fumblonius, opponents, umpire, referee; timekeepers, linesmen, reporters, kodak fiends, etc., etc.

After much noisy demonstration the game begins. Exeunt players playing. Execut others after them.

ACT III.

A Churchvard,

Enter a dozen or more gravediggers.

First Gravedigger-Hep, hep, hep, hep. Column right, march. Column right, march. Ragtime, march. Gravediggers, halt! Right, face! Present, spades! Dig! Are they to be buried in Christian burial who are beaten in their own foul play?

Second Gravedigger—I tell thee they are, and therefore make their graves straight. They have been beaten, and that is punishment enough.

Enter Tacklet and Buckatio at a distance.

First Gravedigger-Well, get to work! [Digs and sings.]

In youth, when I did play, did play, Methought it was very sweet To see the others laid away,

Who thought they could us beat.

Tack-Has this fellow no feeling of his business that he sings at gravemaking?

Buck-He is used to such wholesale digging since thou wert captain of the team.

[First Gravedigger throws up a nose guard.]

Tack—That thing had a nose behind it that could smell once; how the knave throws it to the ground as if it were only a base ball. [Takes it.] Alas, poor fellow, who was behind this. Thou must have been beaten badly, for this be so battered. But soft. Let us aside: here comes the procession.

Enter priests, etc., in procession, the corpses of half a dozen foot ball players in costume of opponents, Fumblonius and the remaining opponents.

Why, 'tis the remains of some of our opponents.

Fumblonius - Gravediggers, hasten your work. The comrades of these departed spirits desire to return to their native town by the next train. [Scattering flowers on the biers.]

Sweets to the sweet; farewell!

I hop'd thou shouldst have been the victors this time;

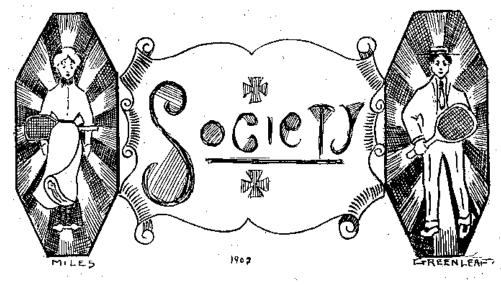
I thought thy brows victorious to have deck'd.

And not t' have strew'd thy graves. Slow curtain, solemn music.

GRAYDON H. FOX.

The pictures of the sponsors of the companies may be printed in the annual. Already several young ladies have entered competition.

The hospital corps were scared nearly to death the other day when called out without the usual month's notice.



C. T. C.

On Friday, October 18, the C. T. C. held a special meeting at the home of Laura Congdon. Pins were chosen for the club, which will probably be ready in a few weeks. The regular meetings have been postponed for some time, owing to the popularity of the foot ball games.

P. G. S.

The P. G. S. society held a business meeting on October 11. Society pins were chosen and work planned for next term.

The P. G. S. was entertained on Saturday, October 19, by Laura Rhoades and Irene Bunker. A pleasant program was enjoyed, after which games were played for the remainder of the afternoon.

C. O. C.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 30, 1901, Commandant Pearse called the commissioned officers together in order to reorganize the Cadet Officers' club.

Ballots were taken, resulting in the following elections: W. Sutherland, president; J. Morsman, vice. president; H. Barrett, secretary; W. Coryell, treasurer, and Tom Clark, sergeant-at-arms. A committee was then appointed to make arrangements in regard to baving the letters O. JI. S. worked in gold on the coat collars of the commissioned officers.

A committee for framing a new constitution and a financial committee were appointed. The latter will begin immediately its work of hustling funds for the cadet camp.

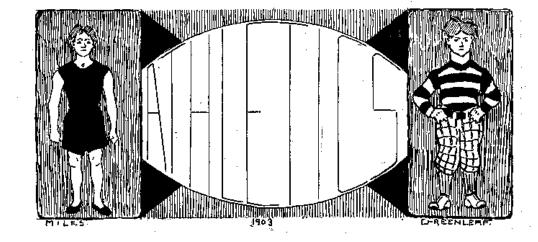
ALICE CARY.

In the October issue the officers of the Alice Cary society were given wrong. Elizabeth Congdon is treasurer instead of secretary and Violet Patton is secretary.

Second Grade Teacher—What is a fan?

Jimmie—It is when a feller don't hit the ball three times straight and has ter quit.

Miss Corinne Paulson—Piano Studir 516 McCague.



"Who misses or who wins the prize, Go lose or conquer if you can, But if you fail or if you rise, Rejorch, come Cod, a gentlement

Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

YORK.

Saturday, October 19, the York High School came to Omaha full of hope and confidence. They expected to walk right over Captain Billie and his boys, but found to their sorrow that William and his crowd did all the walking, and to the tune of 17 to 0, too.

The first half was very slow and many fumbles were made by both sides. Marsh was out and Griffith went from tackle to right half; Sterricker slipped into Griff's shoes, while Cathers was called in from the side lines to play guard. This change was disastrous. Omaha did not score once during the entire first half, but was content with a long list of fumbles. But the second half was different. Marsh went in and the line was readjusted. York could not hold the Omaha boys now, nor could they even get the ball in dangerous territory.

Englehardt was the giant of the game. His line plunges, fine tackles and cool

headwork was of the first order. Marsh. now fresh and in old-time form, plowed through the line and around the end for good gains. Griff, now in his old place, proved himself the real thing and could always be relied on to gain ground. Rolly Shields, the light infantry of the team, was there with the groceries on all occasions. York soon became acquainted with the ends, Standeven and Fairbrother, and also discovered that Omaha had a Mullen to be proud of, and a halfback in Corvell that can't be beat. Wily and Gilbert were the fast men for York, but they as well as the rest of the plucky little York boys will have to go way back and sit down.

DES MOINES.

Just a week later the "pride of Ioway" came to Omaha and was handed the same bill of fare that was served to York. The Des Moines team were about as heavy as the Omaha boys and they were fast, but they soon discovered that the Omaha boys were faster.

The High School students were out in force with their colors and voices and an enthusiasm that could not help but

stir the boys to victory. From the very beginning they had the advantage and it was only a question with Des Moines how large the score would be. Corvelf was not in condition to play and Montgomery was substituted with happy results, for besides several very good line gains, he made a most remarkable run of sixty yards for a touchdown. Twice Fairbrother made long end runs and once Standeven, but the plays through the line were surer and more substantial. Sterricker showed himself a giant in strength, while Mullen and Griffith made five or ten yards, as suited their fancy best. When, however, the boys from-Iowa braced up and things looked bad for Omaha, little Rolly and big Billy would get together and negotiate a center rush that couldn't be stopped.

12

LINCOLN.

The saddest event which we have to relate is the fatal game with Lincoln. Nearly one hundred students from Omaha journeyed down to Lincoln to see their team play, and they hoped to win. But "the gods had decreed otherwise." A cold, drizzly rain set in; the grounds were covered with water and mud; it was impossible for those without umbrellas to stay and see the game played, and even those who had them were forced to leave the grounds before the game was half over. As for the players themselves, it was worse. Wet, cold and covered with mud, they could scarcely stand; playing foot ball was out of the question. Lincoln had the heavier team, and it was only necessary for them to keep the ball in the air and push to gain as many yards as they needed. If an Omaha boy tackled one of the giants both tackler and tackled were pushedalong like so many cakes of ice.

In the first half Lincoln made one touchdown and Omaha, if justice had been done, should have done the same thing. Mullen and Englehardt made good gains, but other plays were impossible.

In the second half the Omaha boys were discouraged. It was Lincoln's turn to have the ball, and they kept it. Five vards at a time they went down the field. In vain the Omaha boys threw themselves upon the Lincoln team, only to be slid along. When the game was over the boys were too cold and disbeartened to fully realize that they had been beaten, and by a disgraceful score of 17 to 0. Another year must clapse before Omaha will forget that unfortunate day they were beaten, but not conquered. The score was 17 to o in their favor, but we still believe that the Omaha team is the better team, and we are convinced that the Omaha High School is the best school.

ATHLETIC CARNIVAL.

It will not be long till the High School will have its annual athletic carnival. All classes are already preparing and organizing for the coming struggle. Last year the pennant, which now hangs in the flag case, was hardly won by the Seniors; this year we believe it will be even more hardly contested for. It is possible that the contest will not be among the boys alone, but the girls of each class will also be represented. The Omaha High School is up-to-date and the girls will set an example that other schools will be glad to follow. The work of the High School girls in athletics cannot be too highly praised. From sixty to seventy brighteved, healthy and enthusiastic girls regularly attend the "gym" class at the Y. W. C. A.

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It is a pretty sight to see that long row of girls in loose sailor blouses and funny bloomers and to see them go through their drill, which, if not perfect, is at least better than some we have seen in the battalion. After the drll and a short run around the gym they go through a set of fencing movements with sticks somewhat like broomsticks. This is, no doubt, good training for the muscles, but what will the effect be in after life, when rolling pins take the place of the broomsticks? We shudder to think.

After this preliminary practice and a short rest, which, by the way, is spent in dancing, they line up for a game of basket ball. First the regular team and then the scrubs, for there is always enough girls present for two or more games. For the first team Miss McIntosh is captain and the most prominent candidates are Miss Connell, Miss Christie, Miss Moorehead, Miss Bedwell, Miss Bush and Miss Congdon. The games are exciting and lively, but as yet there are several grave drawbacks to their best success. They are too noisy. It is necessary for girls to talk, and sometimes to scream, but this should be reduced to a minimum." Then it is a bad mistake to drink while the game is in progress, which is sometimes done. Too much time is given to a girl who has had her toe stepped on, and stopping to pick up a side comb or hair pin is a grave offense. But outside of these little mistakes the girls' team does fully as good work as most boys' teams.

The boys are not jealous of the girls, nor do they look upon their efforts with scorn, but, on the contrary, we give them our sympathy and will help them on any way possible at any time.

The boys and girls of the freehand drawing classes have given a most substantial aid to athletics. Their pretty posters have done wonders in the advertising line and have stirred up no little enthusiasm. We appreciate their favor and thank them sincerely.

SECOND HIGH SCHOOL, o, CREIGHTON SECOND 16.

On Monday, October 24, our little second team swarmed down to Creighton's campus and attempted to walloop their little scrub team, but there was "nothin' doin'." Our boys had to let Creighton win some kind of a game from the O. H. S., and so just as a consolation for that 11-5 defeat of a while back— Creighton 16, O. H. S. o.

At 3:40 Creighton kicked to Pierce, who fumbled and was flopped in his tracks on the three-yard line, and on the 'next play Shannon rolled over for a touchdown. Ed Creighton kicked goal. Score, 6-0. O. H. S. kicked off and the ball moved back and forth for a while, and then "Tubby" Creighton pulled off his first place kick from the twentyyard line. Score, 11-0. The rest of the half was uneventful, save in that the High School had the ball on Creighton's fifteen-yard line and couldn't shove it over. The half ended with the ball in the middle of the field.

Second half: Hayes kicked off for Creighton, who advanced to the twentyfive-yard line. The High Schools got the ball on a fumble. Cathers was knocked out and "Kid" Putnam substituted. "Tubby" tried another place kick, but was blocked. Ed Creighton broke away, but Montgomery tackled him on the twenty-yard-line after a fine, fast run. The ball was returned on offside play to the forty-yard line. "Tubby" made his second and last place kick from the fortyfive-yard line. Score, 16-0.

,

O. H. S. kicks off and the ball is steadilv advanced to the twenty-vard line. Creighton is held for downs and kicks to Montgomery, who makes the most spectacular run of the day through a crowded field for twenty-five yards and nearly a touchdown. Time up.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

There are many bright people in the world, but the majority seem to be blind to some very plain facts. For example, they will keep the same old tarnished, dirty brass and silverware in the house and worry because they "can't afford to buy new sets," when they could easily send the old ones down and have them made new for a nominal charge. The Omaha Plating Co., Bee bldg., citv, do fine work in this branch and will plate anything for you in gold, silver, nickel. copper, brass and bronze. Call and see them.

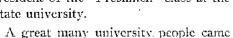


ALLAN B. HAMILTON, EDITOR.

Harry Tukey, an old "grad" of the O. H. S., managed the foot ball game between the Nebraska and Missouri universities at the Y. M. C. A. park on the 9th of November.

The boys at the "uni" who pledged themselves to the various fraternities have been going through the process of initiation. Lehmer, Javnes and Dumont are still alive to tell how it happened.

Burdette Lewis, '01, has been clected

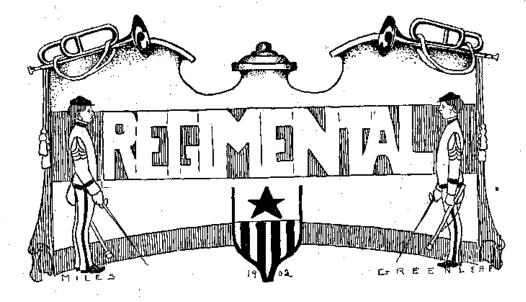


to Omaha to see the Nebraska-Missouri foot ball game.

president of the Freshmen class at the State university.

Roderick Donald MacCormick The Giant Drum Major.

He is seven feet tall and is splendidly proportioned, and is viewed by the local football enthusiasts, who try to imagine the havoc he might create on the gridiron. He will be with "The Kilties" at the Coliseum, Omaha, Tuesday, December 10th, 1901.



All cadets that do not appear in full uniform are now demerited. This has hastened the boys in appearing in cadet uniforms.

The request of Commandant Pearse for 250 equipments and supplies for the signal and hospital corps has been refused. So far the board of education has done nothing, but it is to be hoped that they will furnish equipments, seeing that they compelled the boys to get uniforms.

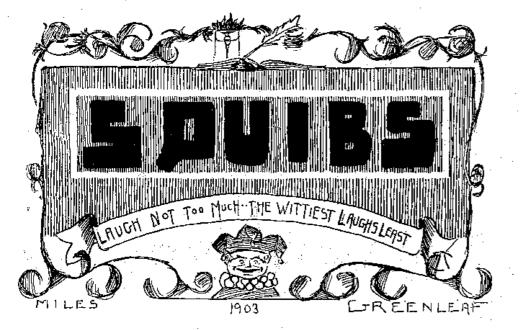
HIGH SCHOOL SIGNAL CORPS.

The regimental signal corps was organized about two weeks after the beginning of this term. L. G. Hicks was appointed instructor and gathered from the various companies the following men, who seemed able to handle this work: First-class sergeant, E. Meyers: secondclass sergeant, E. Lindquest; corporals, J. Kelly, M. Kidder and J. Withrow; privates, McGuire, Stoetzel, Beals, A. Meyer and A. Heimrod.

The first drill day found the men ready to begin work and they were eager to learn, and have from that time on shown willingness to volunteer for extra work, such as signal work with lanterns at night and long-distance signaling with flags during the day. Mr. Pearse has been unable to secure supplies for the corps from the government, but has secured a number of flags from another source.

A number of tests are given each month and if a man falls below the average three times he is replaced with a new man, who perhaps will show more ability to do the work.

It seems to be the general idea that it is all play with no discipline. This is a very mistaken idea and deserves no answering. The boys with flags on their arms work just as hard as the boys in the companies, only they make a pleasure of it and enjoy this new branch of military art thoroughly. 333-



She offered him a Balduff's kiss; He took it from the lips of the miss. I wonder who?

Foot Ball Coach—The ambulance.

Ask E, K, if he kept her from falling.

Ring around the rosey-Rosewater's belt.

Why were the boys voted down at the gym?

C. T. C. may mean Crazy Talkers' club.

Mr. Arnold, are you too full for utterance?

Co-education affects the minds and hearts of the boys and girls.

No, Griff, the test tubes have nothing to do with the regular tests.

When Washington's troops had no blankets a fog covered them.

Clyde Moore said he got over his kissing part. Evidently she is mad vet.

Hamling says the Dos Moines game was the most "specular" he ever saw.

Wernher is confined in close quarters, poor boy; he is wandering in his mind.

Lehmer is a close student of French, but brace up, lack, old boy, and die game.

The girls will have a "menagerie" in the new building so they can play basket ball.

Miss Bedwell was so mad because she couldn't go bowling that she studied Latin.

Harris praised one of the second team and he said the follow had the crust to take it in earnest.

THE HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

We know of one case in which Sterricker came out on top and the car company 5 cents in the hole.

lí Mr. Standeven's dollar looks like thirty cents already, how long can he play foot ball with oxygen bottles?

"Where did we hear of 'Greene' before?"

" 'Mid the green fields of Virginia."

A little girl who went out recently with her class to study nature in the woods said she saw lots of "elastic" snakes.

A Junior said this was a new translation: "The senators left the benches to which Catiline came bare and empty."

Am. His.—Patrick Henry made a speech in the Old South church and (mirabile dictu) the church still stands.

Miss McHugh—What part of the conversation would you like to hear?

L. C.—The part where they are kissing.

Miss Peterson's fourth hour class would very much like to know to whom she refers when she says: "The man is a dear."

Some one told the class that "Anchises took the position of a dead man." See what effect hospital corps tactics have already upon the school.

Quoth David to Daniel: "Why is it these scholars abuse one another whenever they speak?"

Quoth Daniel to David: "It naturally follers folk comes to hard words when they moddle with Greek."



Exchanges

The cover of The Sparks is very flashy; the inside is bright.

The arrangement of the Mirror, from Indianapolis, is good. Its cover is quite striking.

A picture of Longfellow building, Kearney High School in the midst, is very pretty.

The Lafayette, from Easton, Pa., would be very much improved if it had a few bright stories to break the monotony.

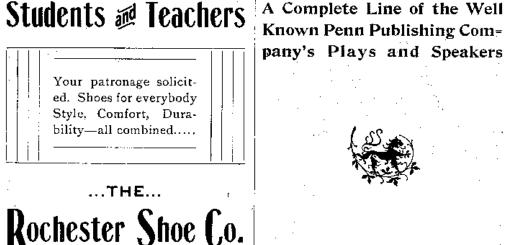
The Binghampton (N. Y.) High School Panorama presents several good stories. The heading cuts are exceedingly fine.

The Opinion, from Peoria High School, does not contain much, but what it has is interesting. We fail to find an exchange column, however.

Interest is added to "The Tech" by the "scenes" during "the first month" and the cut of the manager of the foot ball team. (This is not meant to be personal.)

The chief feature of the Newton (Mass.) High School Review is the story "Middleville and the Dragon." It ... is a simple little story, but is very well written and is full of humor.

The Radiator, Somerville, Mass., is



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THE HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

our best exchange this month. It has four exceedingly bright stories, besides two other interesting articles. Its cover, on the poster style, is very atractive.

Of all the stories in the Argus, from Richmond, Ind. (and there are several good ones), we consider "The Goddess

and the Toad" the best, because it has such a novel ending, and "novelty hath charm," you know. The story is well written, too.

The rapidity with which women are advancing is proved beyond doubt to those who read the article entitled, "Are



18

We Ready for Communism?" in the Purple Advocate, Middletown, O., and find that it is written by a girl.

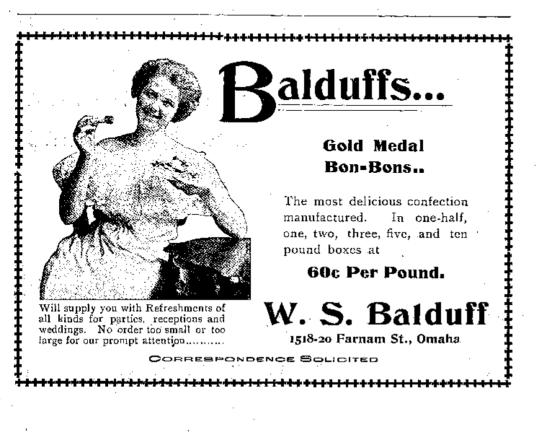
The Gitche Gumee, from West Superior, Wis., in spite of its unpronouncable name, is very bright and interesting. It is a commencement number, and, although it is rather late in coming, it is none the less welcome. The class histories are especially deserving of praise.

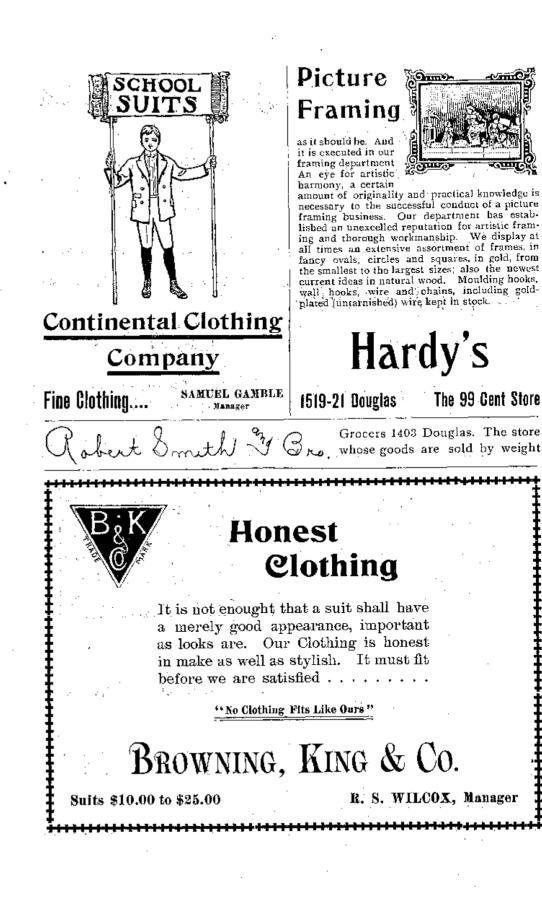
The Bridgeport (Conn.) High School Student has the most interesting exchange column of all our exchanges. We do not find merely the usual dry criticisms, but many original comments, which give the column a "spice" that is seldom found. The cuts heading the different departments are artistic and well chosen. Lives of foot ball players all remind us That we may write our names in blood, and, departing, leave behind us Half our faces in the mud.

I sat in my seat at four o'clock, A-trying to thinkWhy I had to sit there from 2 p. m. For throwing a bottle of ink.

At the York game an alumna thought it was a shame that Captain Englehart should take a drink when the poor fellow lying down must surely want some. So there,

Don't forget our advertisers when on your shopping tours. Tell them you saw their ad, in the REGISTER—that will help your school paper.







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