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December 1901

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Large improvements have been made in facilities and comforts.

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Moyer Stationery Co.
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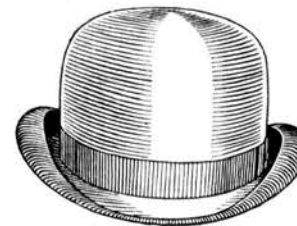
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THE HIGH SCHOOL.

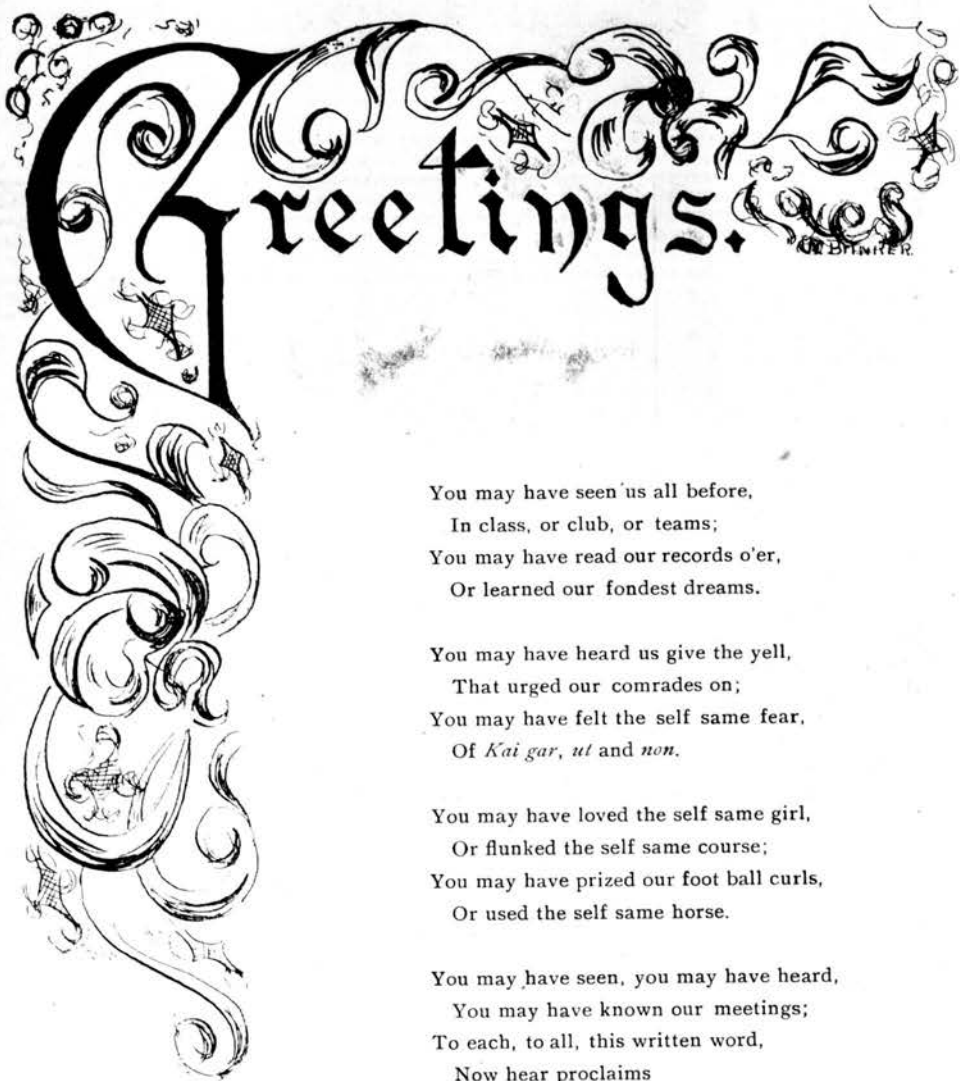
The opportunity for accomplishing excellent results has always been before those who have attended the Omaha High School. The teaching force has been of a high character, the courses of study, in most particulars, have been such as to lead to desired ends, and the Board of Education has been considerate and liberal in furnishing the resources needed for effective work. Yet, notwithstanding the favorable condition, there has always been too large a percentage of those attending who have not profited sufficiently from their opportunities.

In the last two years a more serious attempt has been made to reduce this class. Among the boys satisfactory scholarship in all attempted studies has been made a condition precedent to promotion in the regiment, and to a participation as representatives of the High School in league athletics. So hearty was the response on the part of the pupils to the policy that the class of "failures" for last year was reduced by over one-half from the year before.

For the present year an attempt is being made to introduce more natural conditions into school work than has heretofore prevailed. Pupils have been classified into groups as nearly equal in degree of scholarship as past work would show them to be. These groups are permitted to progress as rapidly as thoroughness and reasonable effort will allow. If individuals are desirous of progression transfers are made to more advanced classes in the same subject. If they are satisfied with retrogression after due warning they are sent back to a less advanced class.

Thus far this year there has not been time fully to test the scheme, but its results now promise satisfaction and gain to all.

A. H. WATERHOUSE.



Greetings.

You may have seen us all before,
 In class, or club, or teams;
 You may have read our records o'er,
 Or learned our fondest dreams.

You may have heard us give the yell,
 That urged our comrades on;
 You may have felt the self same fear,
 Of *Kai gar, ut* and *non*.

You may have loved the self same girl,
 Or flunked the self same course;
 You may have prized our foot ball curls,
 Or used the self same horse.

You may have seen, you may have heard,
 You may have known our meetings;
 To each, to all, this written word,
 Now hear proclaims

OUR
 GREETINGS.

High School Register

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A. A. KELKENNEY, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

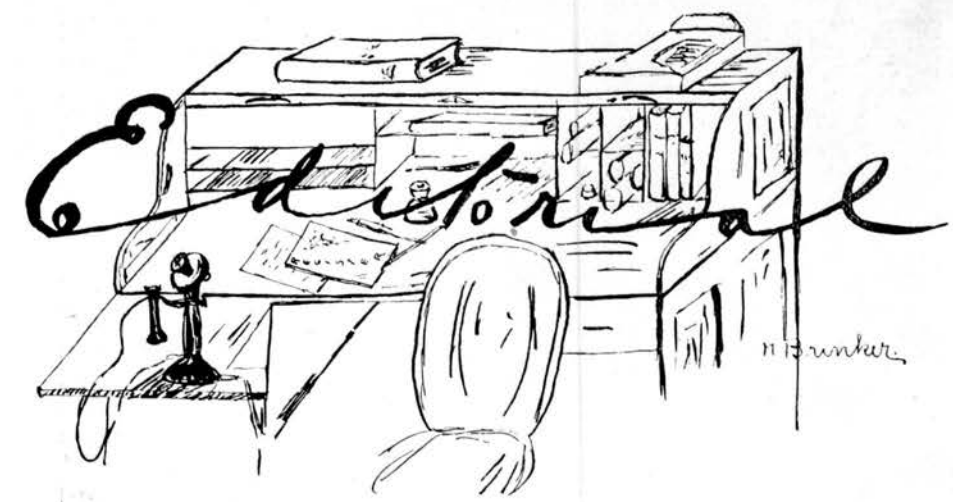
LAURA CONGDON CLYDE MOORE MARION CONNELL WALTER STANDEVEN

CLASS EDITORS

Harry Kelley, '02—Mary Dallas, '02 Ernest Kelley, '03—Olive Carpenter, '03
 Arthur Remington, '04—Nathalie Merriam, '04 Donald Kennedy, '05—Irene Perfect, '05

JAMES FAIR, Assistant Business Manager

A. W. GORDON. Business Manager



To our eleven which has won for us the *real* championship of Iowa-Nebraska we cannot give enough praise. It is said that a school is judged by its athletics. If so, the Omaha High School is second to none. But is a mere word of thanks sufficient to give our gallant team? In other places it is customary to banquet the team after they have broken training. Ought we to be backward? Would it not also be a very pretty sign of appreciation if each member of the team was presented with a cap and sweater? Surely, they merit it.



The Register Staff



A. A. KELKENNEY, Editor-in Chief
Lieut.-Col., 1st Battalion



AL. GORDON, Business Manager
1st Lieut., Co. E.

AT LAST the school seems to have appreciated what it means to have a winning foot ball team. Any one who saw our jubilee would never accuse the High School of not supporting athletics. This outburst of enthusiasm is due to two things: Mr. Benedict's constant efforts and the team's successful playing. We cannot help but notice the difference since Mr. Benedict has taken active service in athletics. Before he came the Athletic Association was in debt; the sporting goods stores in town all had bills against the school. Now every debt is paid and a large surplus remains for next year. Mr. Benedict has always impressed the fact that it was not money which he wanted from the school, but school spirit. It is very evident from the attendance at this year's games that his wish has been gratified. Three cheers for Mr. Benedict and the work which he is doing.

In the issue of the *Lincoln Advocate* printed immediately after the Omaha-Lincoln game at Omaha there appears an article on the game. Every possible excuse (except the right one, that we had the better team) is given for not winning. The excuse is given that we played in luck, that the referee was partial, that we were in better condition than their team, that their best men were laid out. As to the first excuse, anyone who knows anything about foot ball knows that there is no luck—that it is purely team work and science that counts. In the second place, that the referee was partial, this excuse is easily dispersed when one mentions the name of the referee, Mr. Pixley. Then as to the excuse that we were in better condition, that is a necessary requisite to a good team. In admitting that the *Advocate* admits that our team has been managed better than theirs. For it is the duty of the manager to see that the games do not follow so closely as to prevent a good condition of the team. As to their best men being laid out, that is their fault. Even the *Advocate* does not accuse us of "dirty playing."

The trouble is that the *Advocate* does not want to admit the real reason we won; it would place their team in second place. To show the spirit in which the *Advocate* article appears it is only necessary to quote part of their opening sentence: "It is, indeed, hard to be beaten by Omaha, to whom victory comes as seldom as defeat comes to us." This sentence needs no comment. The writer evidently belongs to Lincoln (probably an inmate of the Insane Asylum).

The *Advocate* also claims the championship for the Lincoln team. We will admit that on a muddy field in a storm of rain we were beaten, 17 to 0. But was that a fair chance? At Omaha we had a dry field and we believe that the Lincolnites were treated fairly. If Lincoln gets any satisfaction in claiming the paper championship she is welcome to it. We believe that any one with common sense, after reading the comparative score of the two teams, will easily know which has the better team. At Omaha, York was defeated by Omaha on dry ground, 16 to 0. At Lincoln, Omaha was defeated, 17 to 0, in the rain and mud. At Omaha on dry ground Lincoln was defeated, 11 to 0, by Omaha. At York, Lincoln was held down to 0 to 0 on a dry field by the same team which we defeated 16 to 0. Who has the best team?



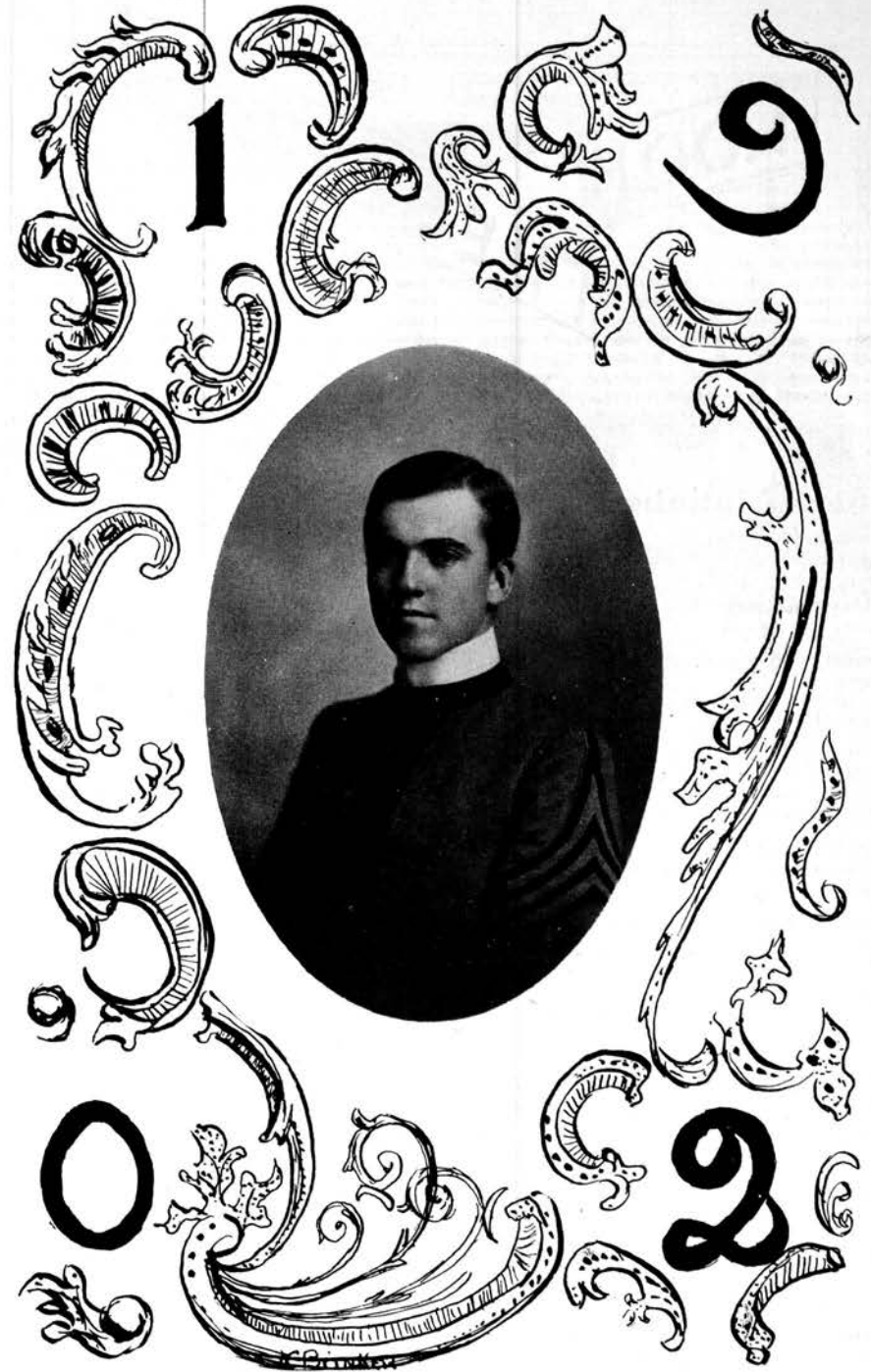
THE CLASS OF 1902.

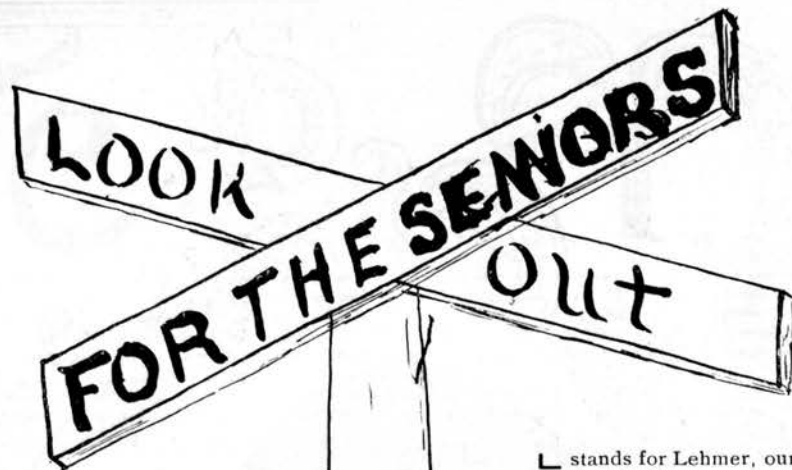
We started in bright and early one morning in September of '98, our hair neatly braided in two braids or brushed slick and smooth, according to our sex, with the usual air of importance of Freshmen, which was quickly lessened when we heard on all sides, "Hello, greenie," "Well, there's another Freshie," "Did you ever see such babies?" while the boys enjoyed sudden flights into the air, and we could never discover—until our Sophomore year, of course—how everyone knew we were Freshmen. However, as we were such a bright and promising class, the special privilege of holding a meeting in our Freshmen year was granted. The Sophomores, headed by their petite, but vivacious, president, tried to show their authority, but they were soon disposed of and we continued. After a long and heated meeting the officers were elected—Frank Coatsworth, president; Walter Cherry, vice president; Mamie Morrison, secretary, and Harry Montgomery treasurer. Red and white were chosen as the class colors and the motto, "Slow but sure." The class editors were Nathan Shiverick and Marion Connell.

How glad we were to return the next year to welcome old friends, missing, however, one face, Professor Leviston's, whose loss we regretted very much. On September 12 we held a meeting, the result of which was as follows: Arthur Kelkenney, president; Emma Schreiber, vice president; Fay Towns, secretary, and Walter Hughes, treasurer. The REGISTER was represented this year by Grace Thurston and Watson Smith.

When September dawned the next year we went back filled with the dignity of Juniors, which, being "the class of naughty two," was rather hard to maintain. The class this year was placed under the guidance of Will Coryell as president, Mary Dallas vice president, Zola Dellecker secretary and Al Gordon treasurer. Emma Schreiber and Arthur Kelkenney were class editors. Owing to the long sessions, it was impossible to have many meetings, but nevertheless the class spirit was kept up in several directions, and the class of 1902 was always heard from when there was any chance.

The class is very fortunate in its choice of officers for this year, who are: Watson Smith, president; Mary Bedwell, vice president; Zola Dellecker, secretary, and Walter Standeven, treasurer. The REGISTER is represented by Harry Kelly and Mary Dallas. We have witnessed our last foot ball game as members of the O. H. S. and the class of 1902, and so gradually we will see for the last time things which have interested us for the four years of our High School career. In June we will make our debut into the world, not, however, forgetting the O. H. S. and hoping, in our turn, that it will not forget the class of 1902.





Senior Alphabet.

A stands for Annual, with Arnold within;
He's always wearing the same old grin.

B stands for Bedwell, Barrett and Bess,
Who promised to make his guidons the best.

C stands for Christie, and also Connell;
And it may, as you see, represent Coryell.

D is for Damon, and Dallas the same;
And Deverell, too, a girl of some fame.

E stands for Emma; once president was she;
Not of "nineteen-two," but the C. T. C.

F stands for Fox, a lad quite bright;
And also for French, who Jack thinks about right.

G stands for Griffith, in football not slow;
And also for Gordon, with hair so like tow.

H is for Hiller, 'gainst whom there's no kicks;
And also our artist, by name, Leslie Hicks.

J stand for Jessen, and also for June;
(Her last name is Phelps, and from love she's immune.)

K is for Kelkenney, Kelly and Keck;
When anything's doing, they're always on deck.

L stands for Lehmer, our drum-major grand;
Who, when conceited, thinks he's the whole band.

M stands for McIntosh, Marsh and Clyde Moore;
We're all bound to listen when he has the floor.

N stands for Northrup, and also for Jess;
Christie for her has deserted the rest.

P stands for Phelps, the minister's boy;
And also for Porter, mamma's greatest joy.

R is for Jeanne (beg pardon) Riddell;
And, too, for the Roe girls, whom some know *too* well.

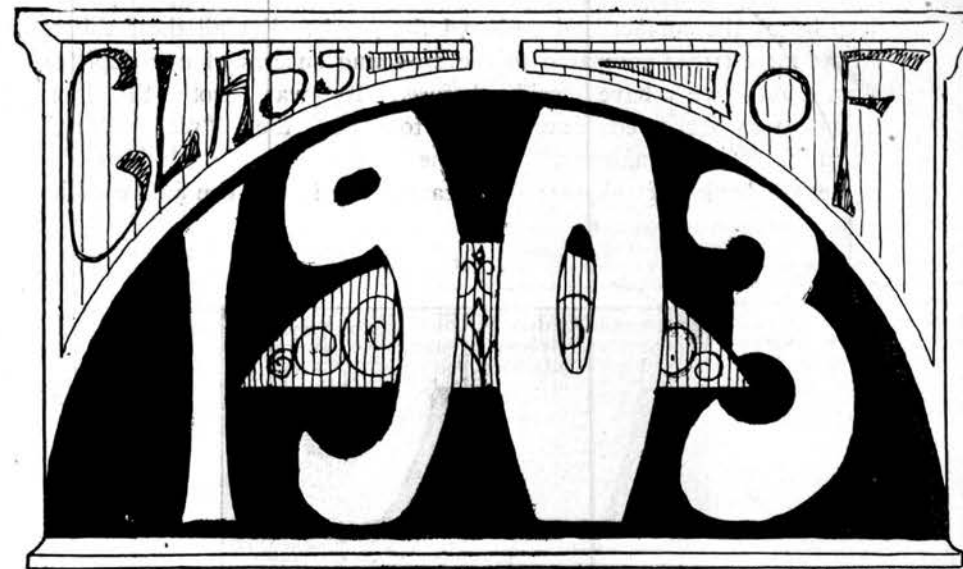
S stands for Sidwell, with figure sublime;
And also for Walt, who plays left on the line.

T stands for Taylor, and also for Townes,
Who always appear in the latest of gowns.

W's for Watson, our president cute;
And, too, for Mae Weeks, who declares "he's a bute."

X—for Exchange, which Laura does edit;
And, we must say, to her great credit.

Z stands for Zola, who, though not mentioned above,
With "Watson, the charmer," has fallen in love.



GREENLEAF

To tell with fitting phrases of the class of 1903 in these few lines would be absurd. No poet laureate could do more than pay us just tribute, no ancient bard could extoll us too highly, and although modesty prevents us from disclosing this to an admiring world, eternal praise awaits us at the hands of coming ages. There have been many classes before us, perhaps a few worthy of note; many classes will come after us, but the story of the class of 1903 will be handed down to posterity—our record will be made immortal, memory of us imperishable, and in future generations our descendants will stiffen with pride when they say that an ancestor of theirs "was one of the class of 1903, you know."

Since first we experienced pleasure in benefits derived from this beloved Temple of Minerva, we have shown ourselves to be no ordinary class. In far off Freshman days have we brought honor and renown upon ourselves by our wisdom and bravery; yes, indeed, many a time in our first days with our alma mater, after bidding friends and relatives an affectionate farewell, have some of us come to school and risked life and limb in trying the safety of the stairs for the benefit of our fellow men. We have been great and large in all things, and if a few of us have not been so in stature, that is because "brevity is the soul of wit," and we preferred wisdom to dignity.

When first we entered these walls, and for some time after, we

were naturally clouded in obscurity, but where others had merely skimmed over the Lake of Knowledge called the "First Year," we dived deep below the surface and gathered the pearls. But all these things are as mere trifles compared to the crowning success of our Soph(t) year. As we have said before, it was not till later that we showed ourselves to be the "real thing" (genuinium packagium). Ofttimes the sun is hidden by a heavy bank of clouds; we cannot see it, but can judge of its



ARTHUR SCRIBNER, President of 1903

whereabouts by the bright edges of the drifting mass; not until it breaks from behind this barrier and shines upon us, throwing light also upon the planets unknown of man, do we behold its bright glory and wondrous power. So did we come forth from the dim obscurity of our first year and shine with untarnished brilliancy upon the lesser satellites revolving open-mouthed around us. Then we entered into the very heart of school life. Under the kindly guidance of Miss Florence McHugh we organized, selecting as our officers Jack Dumont, president; Mada-

lene Hillis, vice president; Ernest Kelley, secretary, and Bernice Carson, treasurer. Although our meetings were few on account of the crowded condition of the school, we broadened in other lines and were well represented in the base and foot ball teams, in the High School orchestra and in the battalion. The "medal of honor" in individual drill has been taken by members of the class of 1903 for the past two years, first by Ralph Badger and later by Arthur Scribner. But since even the best of friends do part, we finally left old Sophistory behind us. With what flutterings of the heart and in-takings of the breath did we enter here the first day as full-fledged Juniors. Again, however, our indomitable spirit asserted itself, and stifling the more common emotions of pride and swell-headedism we settled down to work and reorganized. The result was that we now have Mr. Arthur Scribner as class president, Miss Edna Proctor as vice president, Miss Hilda Hammer as secretary and Mr. Raymond Beselin as treasurer. We also decided on blue and gold for class colors. To tell what we intend to do next year would sound boastful, and since to ever observe the rules of modesty is one of our mottoes, we must refrain. Rest assured, however, that we shall get there with "both feet," and we think we can safely promise that all will graduate—excepting those not having thirty-two points. In ending, we might quote sage old Homer and say that as in the past, so in the future shall we attempt

"To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honors to our native land."

What's the matter with the Juniors?
They're all right.
Who's all right?
The Juniors!

This is the cry that comes from the throats of every loyal and athletic Junior. Class spirit is something of which none too much can be said, and there is plenty of this in the class of '03. It has its class organization, its literary societies and its athletics. But do not think that the boys are the only ones interested in athletics, although the Junior class furnished some of our "star" foot ball players. The girls also display a great deal of enthusiasm. They have formed a basket ball team.

Not long ago a meeting of its members was held and Miss Cora Evans was elected captain. Surely, a better choice could not have been made. Miss Bernice Carson acts as center, with Clara Heimrod as second center. Madalene Hillis and Cora Evans take their stands as guards, while Ruth Beard and Louise Parmelee are the two forwards. Miss Hilda Hammer and Bessie Fry are "subs."

As yet the team has not had much time to practice, but they will surely make a good showing at the athletic carnival in the spring, and no doubt it has a bright future before it.



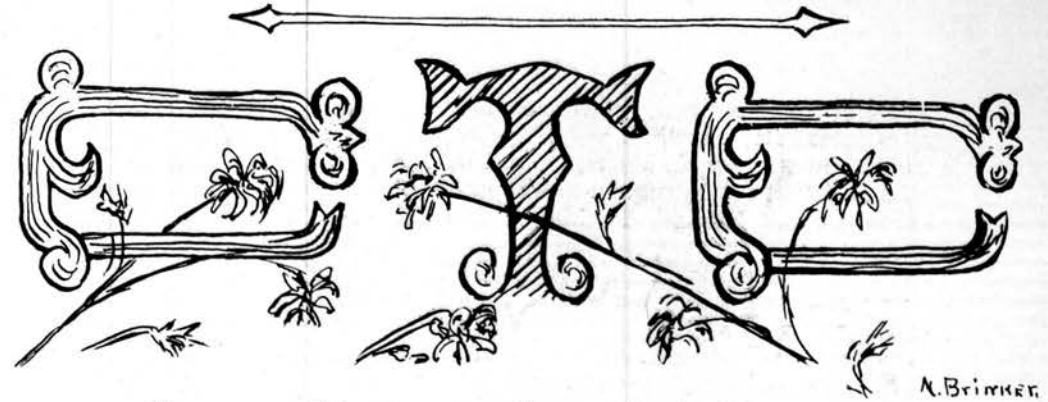
Sophomore Class

On Wednesday, the 13th of November, all the enthusiastic members of the class of 1904 met for the first time in room 43 for the purpose of electing the officers of the coming year.

Mr. Arthur Remington presided until Mr. Thomas Allen was elected president. After this followed the election of Miss Marion S. Hughes vice president, Mr. Arthur Remington treasurer, Miss Eloise Wood secretary, Mr. Murray French and Miss Jessie Willis sergeants-at-arms. The class teachers have not been chosen as yet.

Although this class has been organized only a few weeks, it has great prospects for the future and hopes to be in a short time the leading society in our High School.

Kazee-Kayzee, Kazee-Koozee, 'Rah, Rip, Res!
 Are we in it? Well, I guess!
 Hezakaiah, Zebadaiah, Tippy Tappy Tore!
 Omaha High School "Nineteen-Four"!!!



How many of the strangers who come to the O. H. S. go away without wondering who those noble-browed, bright-eyed, studious and wise-looking girls are whom they meet at every turn, promenading through the halls or rushing hither and thither on some seemingly important matter? Should they stop and talk with these girls they would find them conversant with all the topics of the day, such as the Boer war, the Philippine question, the Schley inquiry, the president's policy, the Omaha-Lincoln foot ball game, etc. At least they would find that the girls have heard of them before, and, indeed, they might find out a great number of things which they did not know before, for the girls are well versed in that most convenient art—the art of bluffing; so no wonder they excite a great deal of curiosity in the minds of people—as many men as women—who do not know them. But those who do know them know that they are the girls of the Current Topic Club, the flower, or rather flowers, of the Senior class.

This Current Topic Club was organized so long ago that it is hard for the present Seniors to remember the eventful day, but in the recording secretary's book it tells that "the Current Topic Club was formed by the girls of the Sophomore class to be a class organization until the graduation of the said class." Only the members know what





LAURA CONGDON, Pres. C. T. C.
Sponsor of A Co.

happened that year, as there were no open meetings, but the members—ah, that is quite a different matter! How well they remember the “short business meetings,” the “short programs” and the long discussions as to whether or not the club should have pins, and last, but far from least, the one or two “papers” on “topics of the day.” Although once or twice there was some danger of allowing the discussion to become too heated, a gentle reminder in the shape of a frown from the president, Emma Schreiber, or a short but vigorous speech from the ever-to-be-feared Miss Peterson, soon restored the meeting to order.

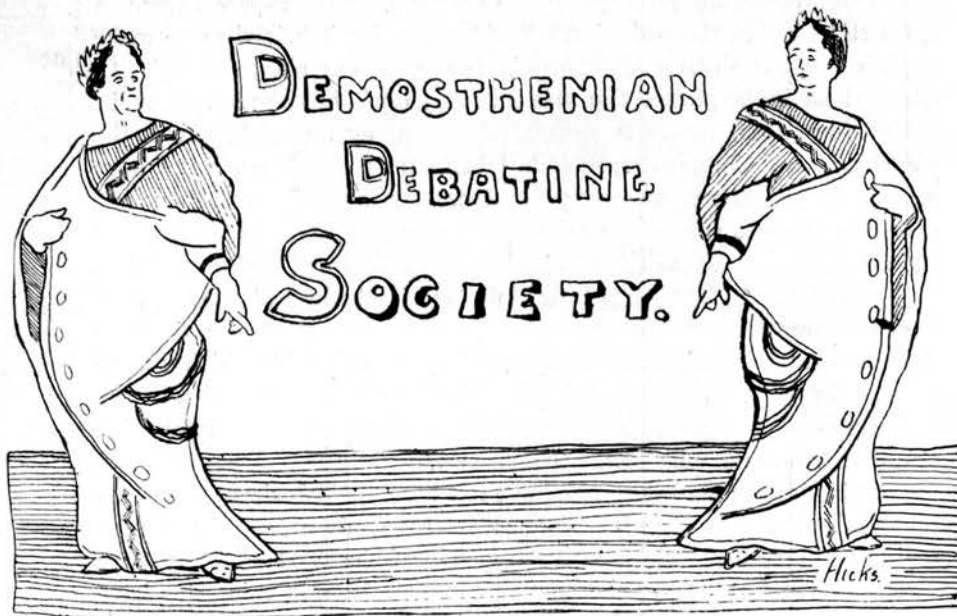


The practice the girls got in cultivating their voices stood them in good stead before the end of our Junior year, for it helped us to make ourselves heard all over the hall when we gave our play, the C. T. C. play. That is the phrase that was on every one's lips about two weeks before May 10th, 1900. It was the biggest thing any club, except the Cadet Officers' Club, had ever undertaken, and the girls could not have wished for a better outcome. Over \$100 was taken in, and every one got their money's worth, for Miss Peterson drilled the “actresses,” and did not drill them in vain. Besides, the audience danced after the play.

This year, the last year of the club, is to be the best of all the years. We have our pins—at least some of us have them, and the boys have the rest—and we have a nice little sum in the bank, with which we expect to pay for a big party, which is to be the event of the school year. It is rumored that it will be some time in February, and we know that all those who come will “enjoy themselves.”

Although the club meetings have not been *entirely* devoted to current topics, and although it is safe to say that only a *few* of the girls will become woman's rights enthusiasts (thank heaven!—Ed.), yet we feel that our time spent at the meetings has not been in vain. Nor have we been at all selfish in our benefits. We have benefited the youths about us by our good example and by allowing them to ornament their coats with our pins, and in years to come will not our practice in the C. T. C. meetings enable us to aid our husbands (if we get any) in their hard business propositions?





It has been the custom for the past five or six years to hold what is known as a series of interscholastic debates between the members of the league comprising the Crabtrees of Beatrice, the Ciceronians of Lincoln and the Demosthenians of Omaha.

A trophy in the shape of a neat banner and bearing the names of the victors and the initials of the different clubs is usually hung up, and the enthusiasm with which the clubs set to work and the intense rivalry which it creates is very marked.

The winners in the majority of these so-called combat de tongues are entitled to the banner, the winning of which is the source of as much pride and admiration as a victory in a foot ball match. The majority of these championship battles have been admirably and closely fought, and in the majority of the debates the victor has won out by the small margin of one or two points. Many times when we thought the might of the O. H. S. was to be demonstrated we have lost by the fatal one or two points. Such closely fought battles not only indicates to a marked degree the ability of the contestants, but it shows how deeply and thoroughly each topic has been studied and each point applied.

With Hillis, Jorgensen, Reed and Lewis in the field for the Demosthenes last year the Omaha High School proudly won the championship and a small banner hanging in the flag case in our lower hall with their names inscribed in golden letters upon it represented the prowess of the D. D. S.

Now that these men have all left us, it becomes necessary to develop a new line of speakers and thinkers. Every boy has an equal

chance. One is no better than the other. None that have spoken so far this year in our semi-monthly debates have spoken so highly or so brilliantly as to insure himself a position on our roll of honor. Nevertheless, the prospects for the future, are bright and it is the aim and determination of every member to add more glory, more honor, to the name of the P. P. S. Come, boys, drink to the health of the Demosthenians.
D. H. WAREHAM.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE D. D. S.

"Keep ye'er eye on th' D. D. S. Jaw'n. They're gr-reat people an' a gr-reat club.

"A ma-an be th' name iv Kelkenney, an Oirishman of th' old sod, was in to see me this mornin'. He said that this club was the foinest in Americky.

"When th' me-eting was called to ordther th' chairman, an Oirishman after me own hear-rt says: 'Gintlemen, we'll open proceedin's be havin' Hon'able Lawrence Sidwell from the imperyal class of Seniors lade off upon th' question, "Raysolved, That br-rickbats should be used exclusively aginst Or-rangemen.'" 'Mr. Chairman,' says a member from the Junior class, risin' an' wavin' his hends in th' air, 'if he is allowed f'r to spake I'll lave th' ro-om. We have,' he says, 'in our mi'st Hon'able Misther Rimington, whose words,' he says, 'falls as softly on th' ear,' he says, 'as th' droppin' iv snow 'pon the earth's grane mantle,' he says. 'Ye shall not,' he says, 'press down 'pon our manly brows,' 'this cross iv thorns,' he says. 'Ye shall not crucify the Juniors on this cross iv a or'tor an' major. I know not what the Seniors think, but as for me, give me fre-edom from the Seniors or give me de-ath.'

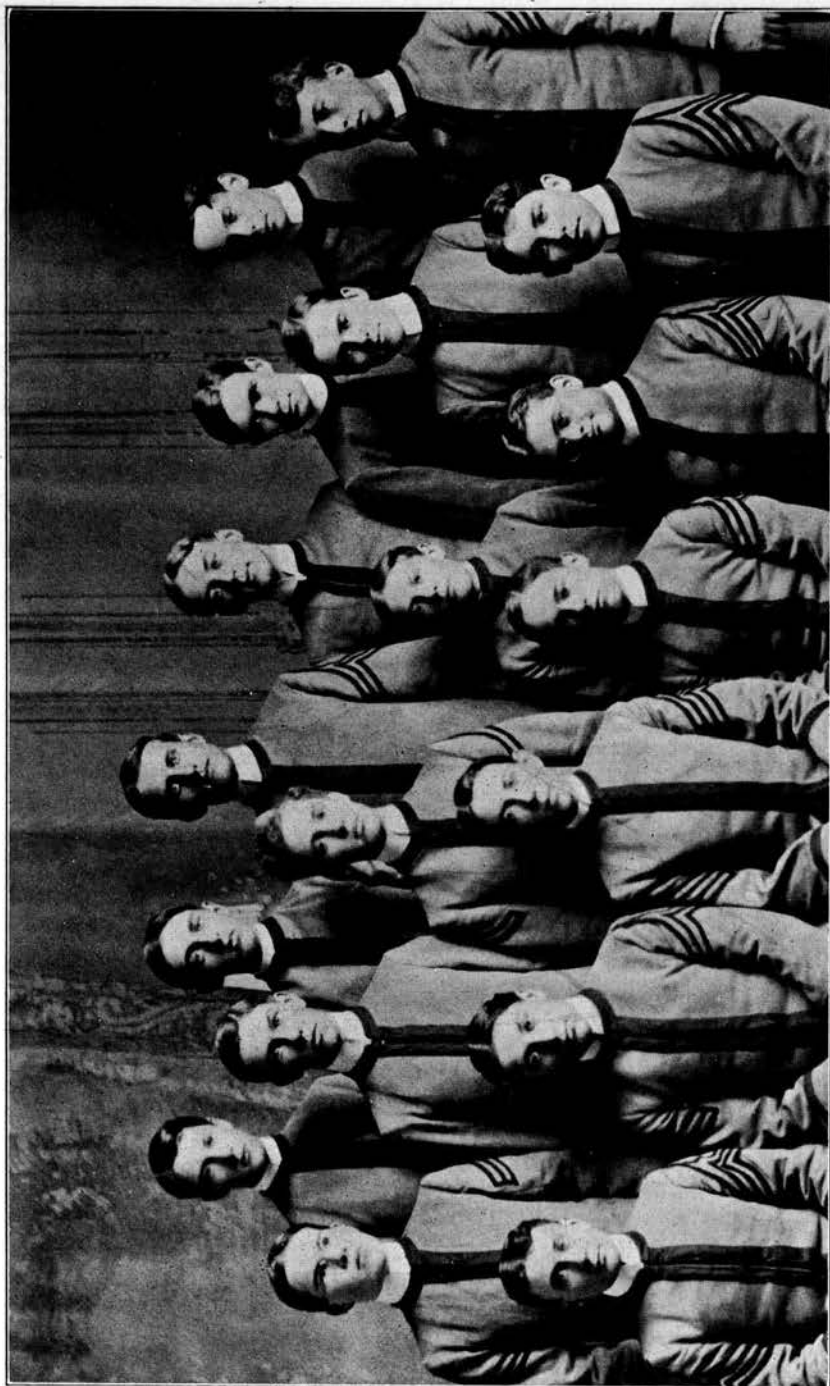
"Thereupon, says me frind Kilkenney, the Juniors left the room, pursued by the Seniors.

"'Ordher! Ordher!' calls the prsident. 'Mimbers who have differences iv opinyon on anny questions can excuse ex-helves be applvin' to th' sergeant-in-arms,' he says. The prsident thin says, 'Gineral discussion be in ordher.'

"The club 'rose as one man. Ordher was finally inforced by the sergeant-in-arms movin' around lammin' mimbers with a pointer. A tall man, a tailor (Tavor) me frind Kilkenney said, was seen standin' on a chair. 'Mr. Prsident,' he says, 'I want for to discuss a little mather.' Cries iv 'Throw him out!' and 'Hang him!' arose. 'Great excitement ensood,' says me frind Kilkenney.

"Be this 'twas gr-rowin' late an' th' meetin' adjourned. 'Before we lave,' says th' chairman, 'I have to announce thet on account iv th' chairman iv the comity havin' been court-inquired for mistookin' a hat and th' sicrivty havin' blown himself up with hydrogen, there'll be no meetin' iv the comity on rules till tomorrow night. The meetin' now stands on adjournment.'

MR. DOOLEY, JR.



Demosthenian Debating Society.

Behold, in the first year of the reign of good King Waterhouse, there came a certain man to him, which was called Lewis, saying, "Master, ought not we to have a debating society?"

And the multitude did come together in Room 37 in the festivity of October.

And Lewis spake unto them, saying, "What man will ye have to lead ye?"

And the multitude rose up and with one voice called him king.

And they likened themselves unto Demosthenes, as in the beginning they were small of power, but flourished mightily and waxed great.

Lo, it happened they had chosen a king wisely, for Lewis was strong of body and loud of voice.

And he did lead them against the barbarians from the west, and those who heard marveled greatly and said, "Say, those Omahogs are warm members."

And then there came a numerous tribe from out of the city of Lincoln, but, lo, they crumbled before our tongue like a line before the bucks of Englehardt.

But still another tribe did dispute the sway of the Omahogs, for they were the mighty Crabtrees out of Beatrice.

And the Omahogs were sore distressed and put to flight.

And in the next year they chose a man which was known as Hillis to lead them, and he also was strong of mind and mouth.

And he did lead them against the barbarians from the west even unto the Lincolnites.

But the Lincolnites were weak of heart and were driven back to the wilderness, and after this battle the Demos did chose another leader, and he was known as "Jorgy."

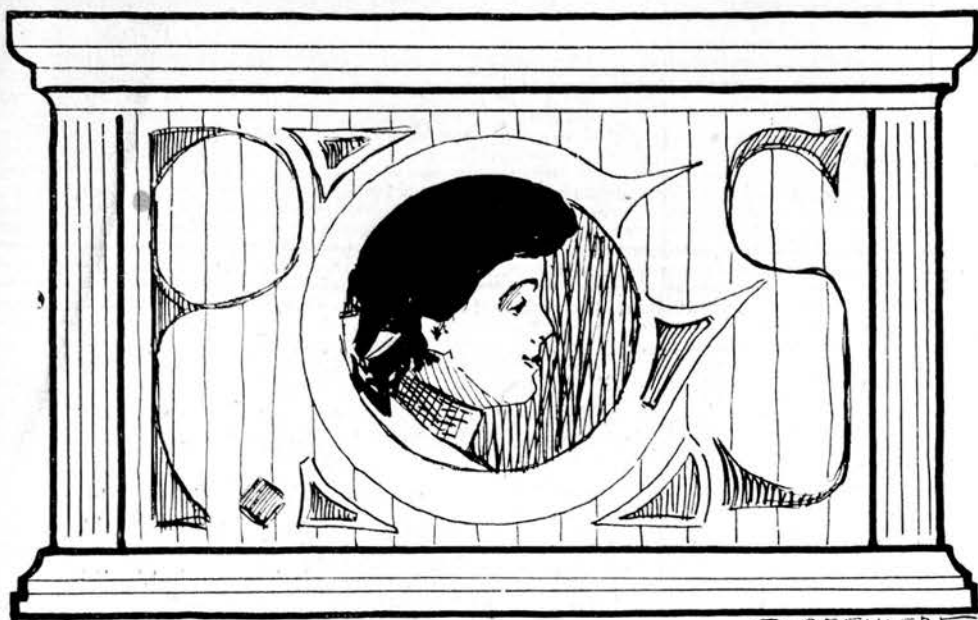
Then came the mighty tribe of Crabtrees, which had once subdued the Omahogs, and they were saying insolent things among themselves.

But the Demos had taken good advice unto themselves and had studied most diligently, and great was the struggle thereof, but in the end the mighty mouths of the Omahogs conquered and the Crabtrees were subdued like as the Ciceronians.

And the subdued tribes did fear the wrath of the Omahogs mightily and did send tribute unto them.

And it was in the shape of a silken banner, and the leaders of the powerful Omahogs were engraven on it in letters of gold.

And the Demos did place it high in their synagogue, where it hangeth even unto this very day like as a monument to the valor and wisdom of the Demos.



Toward the latter part of November, 1900, a number of Sophomore girls banded together under the leadership of Miss Philippi in order to form a literary society with a literary object, not one of a social nature, although this by no means meant that good times were to be barred, for the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," holds good for girls as well as for boys. At this meeting in November the officers were elected: President, Olive Carpenter; vice president, Mary Morgan; secretary, Louise Parmelee, and treasurer, Esther Cochran. Committees were appointed to draw up the constitution, to make suggestions for colors and to decide upon a name. That name which has caused so many sleepless nights for the inquisitive still remains unknown to all but the members, although girls are accredited with not being able to keep a secret. Many meetings followed, in which the talent and the various powers of the girls were brought out.

At one program meeting "Girls and Their Games" were presented, the girls doing very well for beginners. At another the "Famous Girl Characters of Dickens" was presented, in which the quaint old-fashioned costumes made up for the lack of correctness, if there was any. Just before this meeting Miss Phillippi, the society teacher, left us, not for any better (such a one would be impossible to find), but to sail for



LAURA RHOADES, President.

Europe. Miss Valentine was chosen to fill this vacancy and has done wonders to bring the girls up to the high standard on which they now stand. The other program meetings, excepting the last, were plain programs with no furbelows, but nevertheless good. The last meeting was a flower program; everything done concerned flowers. A chorus made up of girls representing flowers furnished the music. They succeeded well in their purpose, that for once a good chorus of girls' voices should be heard in the O. H. S.

This year the officers are as follows: President, Laura Rhoades; vice president, Clara Van Orman; secretary, Cora Evans; treasurer, Hilda Hammer. On account of the great inconvenience caused when meetings are held no program meeting will be held until next term; but then we will make up for last time and give something which will be worth coming a long way to see. During these two years of its organization the P. G. S. has not neglected the social side of its life. Last year the society was entertained by the Misses Carpenter, Parmelee and Evans; this year by Misses Laura Rhoades and Irene Bunker.



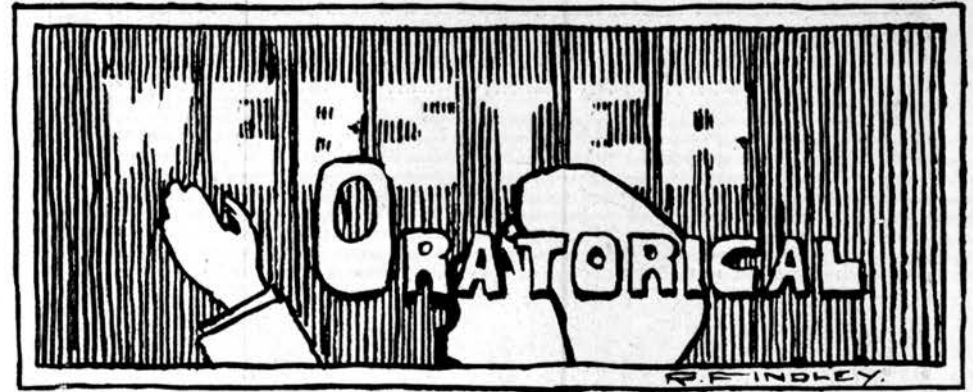
HUGH ROBERTSON.

OFFICERS OF W. O. S.

HUGH ROBERTSON, President. GEO. WALLACE, Vice-President.
MAURICE WALLERSTEDT, Secretary. THOMAS ALLEN, Treasurer.

OBJECT OF THE W. O. S.

The object of the Webster Oratorical Society is to develop oratorical talent and English composition among the boys of the Omaha High School who are classified not higher than the class of 1904.



It is doubtful if there is another society in the Omaha High School in which such a great amount of benefit has been distributed among its members, considering its short existence, as the Webster Oratorical Society. Although it has never made a specialty of "show programs," it has been giving programs for the good they did to the participants.

During last year programs were rendered on each "Literary Day." These consisted of debates, essays and orations. Probably the most noted of these was a "Webster program." At this meeting an exciting debate took place between the president and our present president, Mr. Robertson. The question was: "Resolved, That Daniel Webster was an ideal Statesman." The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Durkee rendered an oration and Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Lewis gave encouraging talks.

Although the society has not been remarkably successful in its encounters, it is not as yet vanquished.

It has been very fortunate in its selection of presidents. Mr. Durkee, the first president, served faithfully and well. Mr. Remington showed himself to be an untiring worker in the society, and our present leader, Mr. Robertson, shows, by the way he has taken hold of things, that he is the right man in the right place.



O. H. S. VIOLIN QUARTETTE.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and while no disrespect is intended to our brave boys in purple and white, surely in these days of punts and tackles, which at times almost seem to take us back to the barbarous age, a soothing, counteracting influence is needed.

With this in view, four girls of sweet sixteen (or thereabouts) met at the home of Olive Carpenter some time ago to organize a junior orchestra, the melodious strains of which should arouse lofty ideals and bring soothing effects to the young minds in process of High School training.

An air of such perfect harmony (?) prevailed that it was decided to form a violin quartette, with Miss Elizabeth Weidensall, who is well qualified for the position, as leader. The other members of the quartette are the Misses Shaddock, Cleve and Carpenter, with Miss Strawn as accompanist.

Since this meeting the club has held weekly practice, and for the present, from force of circumstances which Mr. Waterhouse can explain, there will be few public appearances until January 1st. After that time the quartette will be happy to furnish music for the various program meetings, and it is said that they hope to make a tour of Europe as well as of America at some future date.

O. R. C.



ALICE CAREY

OFFICERS

FLORENCE MASON.....	President
EDNA HILLIS.....	Vice-President
VIOLET PATTEN.....	Secretary
BETH CONGDON.....	Treasurer
BRULAH BUCKLEY.....	Sargeant-at-arms



On the ninth day of September, in the year nineteen hundred, a band of Pilgrims sailed up the river Scho Ollife in their good ship, the Grad Eschools, and disembarked on the shores of a vast, unknown country of the Oma Hahig Hsch Ool. These wanderers found many small monarchies, which because of their union had taken possession of all the wealth and glory of this great land.

The wise men of the colony therefore decided that if their little colony wished to have anything to call her own, she must also establish a monarchy. For this purpose heralds were sent over all the small dominion to call the people together.

When the people had assembled in a large field called Forty Three, their leader told them what had been planned and asked their opinion. All willingly agreed to establish a monarchy. After a great deal of thought and trouble "Queen Ma Rion" was chosen ruler.

This queen had many trials, for this was but a young monarchy and many of its statesmen took no interest in the government. At last help came through a great wise god who watched over the little province as well as all the other provinces. He made known through his priestesses that the people who did not take more interest should be thrown into a huge, dreary dungeon for the last two hours of each day. This dreary dungeon was a horror to the people, for in here they were made to do very hard work. The dreadful punishment seemed to have a great effect on them, for interest soon began to develop. All went well after the king of a monarchy called the Webster Ora Torical thought best until the little colony began to spread out and cover territory which longed to him. This king became very angry, and after collecting all his best men, he sent a messenger with a challenge to the queen. She

was very much surprised and alarmed, for although she had seen that the people of the Webster Ora Torical were very much disturbed, she did not think for a moment that her people were the cause of the disturbance. But she called a council and selected those whom she and her people thought best able to fight. These poor, inexperienced soldiers went forth with heavy hearts, for they were sure they could not win when the enemy was such an experienced one. Right, however, was on their side and they came back victorious and jubilant.

After Queen Ma Rion had ruled for half a century a new queen was chosen to fill her place. This ruler was Queen Je An.

During her reign a new king from the land of the "Web Sters," embittered by the defeat of his ancestors, gathered a tremendous army and made an attack, but the colony had grown stronger and sent out warriors better able to fight. After a long and fiercely fought contest they came back victorious, giving their queen the glory of again beating a supposed much stronger enemy.

At the beginning of this new century it was decided that a new queen be chosen. This was a hard thing to do, for by this time the dominion was no longer a colony, but a large, active state, divided into two parties. A long struggle ensued. Orators spoke at the assemblies and the people went among their friends trying to persuade them to vote on the "right side." At last they chose Queen Flo Rence, whose fame for justice and strength had become strong throughout the land. Though these people called themselves a monarchy, they were always governed by a republican spirit and left the place crying, "Three cheers for the Alice Careys—the lucky stars, beside which all other stars are pale!"



"Go away back and sit down."

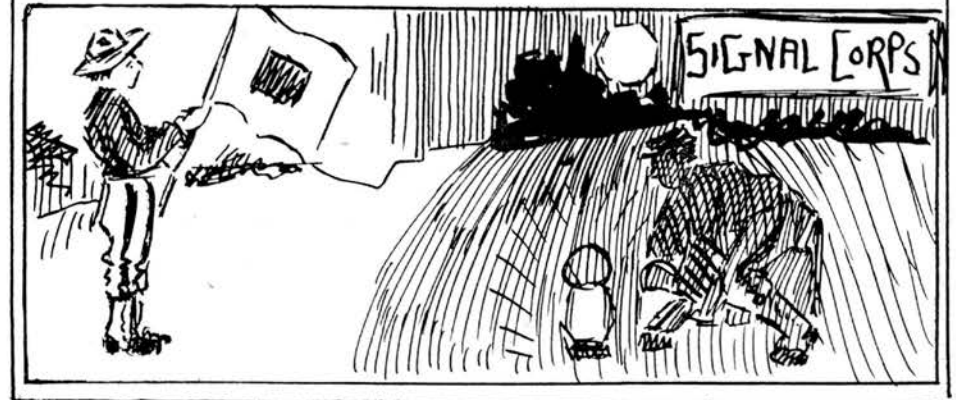
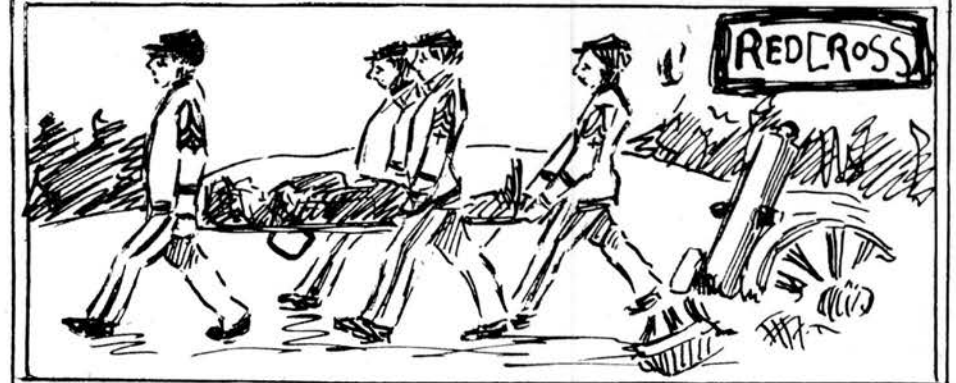


A TALE OF WO(e).

'Tis written in the annals
 Of our little club of late
 That the brilliant Alice Careys
 Once launched forth in debate.
 They won the palm of victory
 From men of much renown,
 And brought the noble opponents
 In humbleness low down,
 Who clamored they inherited
 Their ancestors first fall—
 To be beaten so by women
 Was great disgrace to all.
 So they girded up their loins again,
 This time, as sure as fate,
 They'd win a double victory,
 The shame to dissipate;
 Then under guise of gallantry,
 To make defeat the worse,
 They chose to champion woman's cause,
 And so remove the curse.
 For so they said, "If we be beat,
 'Tis woman's fault, you know,
 Whose lowly cause we champion;
 But wins our W. O.,
 What glorious fame is ours!
 Homage of a double kind

Is due our courtesy and powers."
 Alas, those sons of Adam
 A second time were beat,
 But with their Adam's reasons,
 They feel they've won a feat;
 And Alice Cary listens
 To boldness so profound,
 And wonders where an answer
 To such insolence is found.
 If man degrades the woman's cause,
 Then with what sort of face
 Does he heap blame upon her,
 Thus fallen in disgrace?
 If through the woman's effort
 The man evades a fall,
 Is it man or woman's victory,
 Or neither one at all?
 Will some wise Adam tell me,
 One worthy of renown,
 Whose was the cause that suffered,
 And whose that won the crown?
 Must woman exalt the men
 To loftier degrees,
 And in the effort perish?
 Do, Adam, tell me, please.

REGIMENTAL





Captain—Watson B. Smith.
 First Lieutenant—Irvin Stenberg.
 Second Lieutenant—Jay Fuller.

Company "A" was first organized in '94, with Ralph Connell as captain. This was a good year for "A," and by excellent work it won the flag at "compet."

Although it did not win the next year, it did well under the leadership of Joel Stebbins.

The year after "A" gained a fine reputation under Captain Holmes, a good officer and a fine tactician.

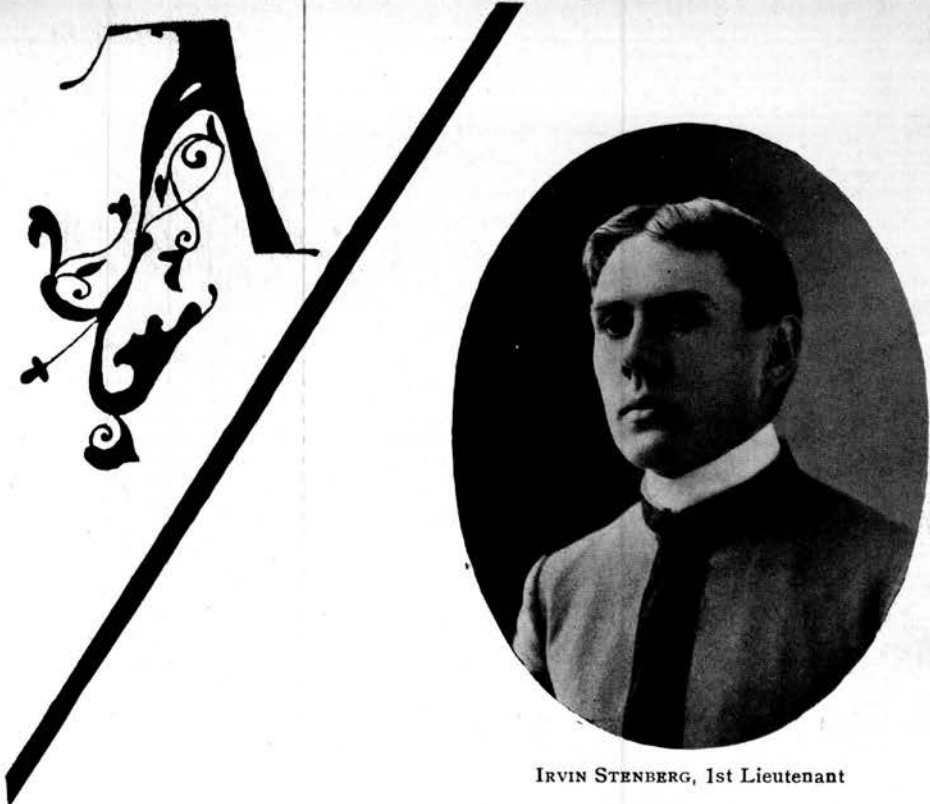
'98" was another bright year for "A." Under the able leadership of Captain Clark it won the flag and plenty of soda at Kuhn's.

Two captains commanded "A" in the following year, which was a great disadvantage. Captain Underwood worked hard to win, but being compelled to leave school before the competitive drill, gave up his position to Lieutenant Wherry. That year Sergeant Moore won the individual drill.

The next year "A" had a similar misfortune. Captain Godfrey did good work for the company while he was in school, but since he left before the end of the year, Irving Slater was appointed to take his place.

Last year "A" gained a good reputation under Captain Lehmer, but luck was against us and we were again disappointed at "compet."

This year "A" is working hard to redeem itself, and to every officer and man it is "do or die" at "compet."

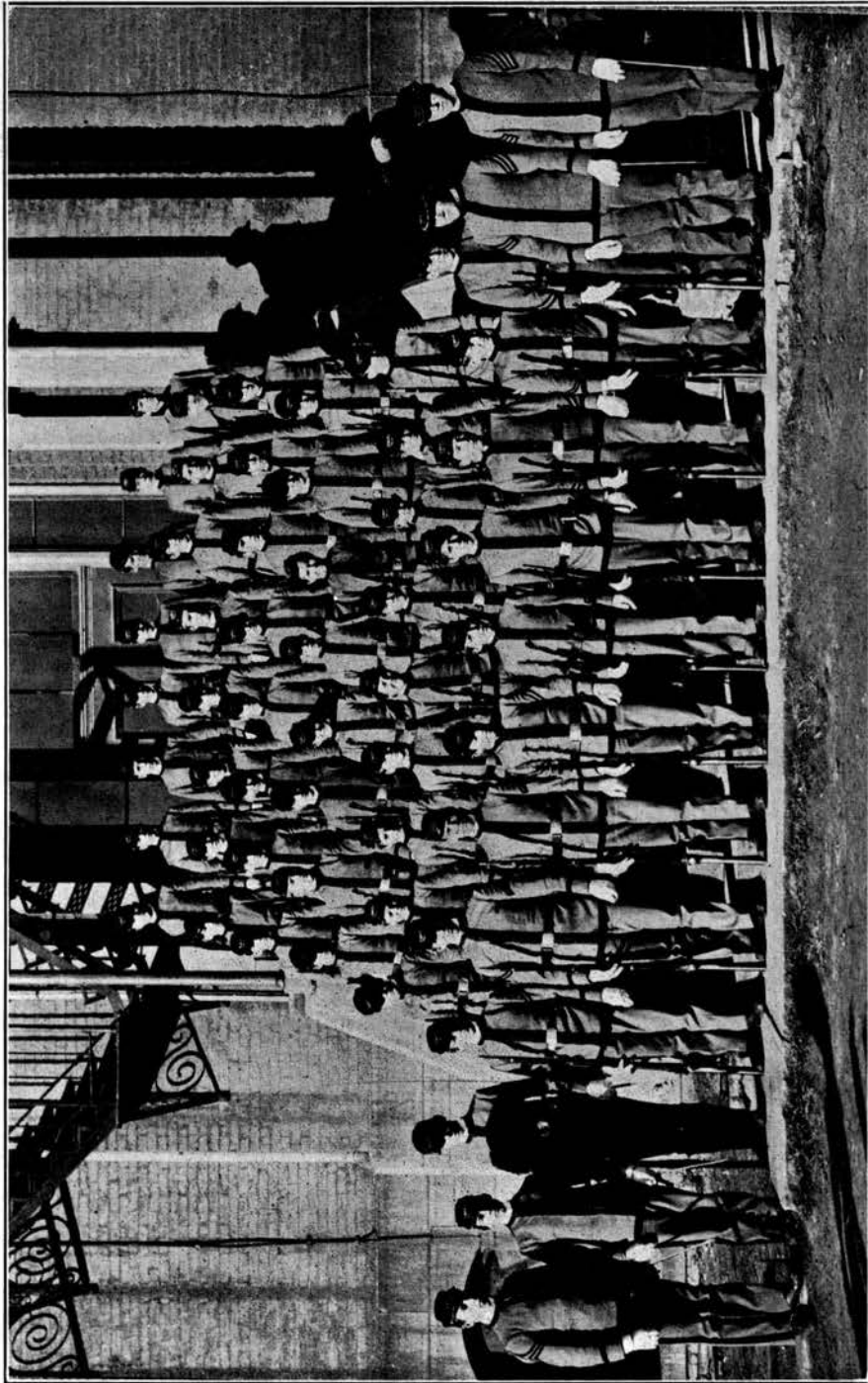


IRVIN STENBERG, 1st Lieutenant

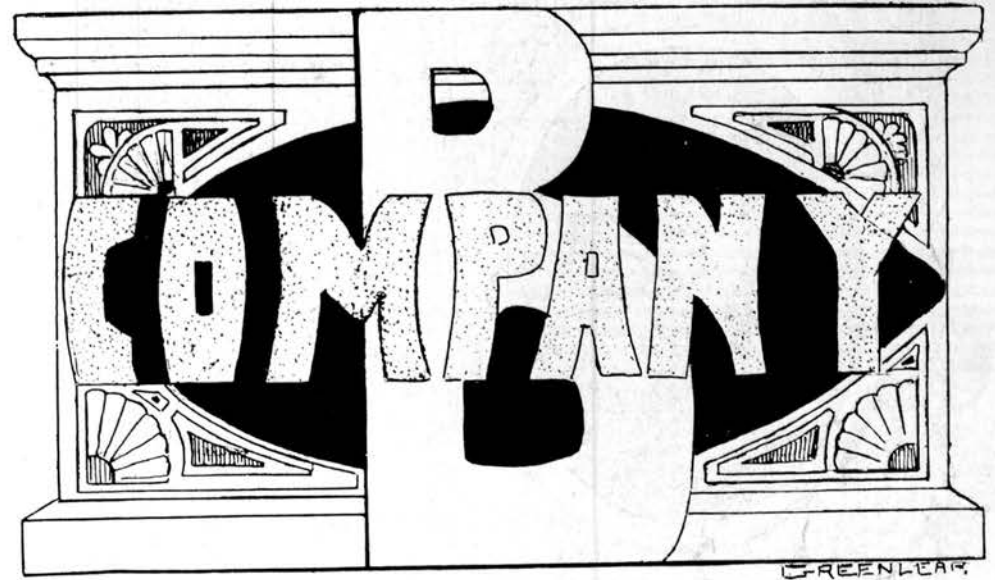


JAY FULLER, 2d Lieutenant





COMPANY A.



Captain—Howard E. Barrett.

First Lieutenant—Maurice S. Taylor.

Second Lieutenant—Bert Torguson.

Company B's first captain was George Purvis, a captain possessing rare military ability. Under his command the company attained a high drill standard, which it has maintained to this day.

The next year the company obtained rifles and equipments. Robison was captain and under his direction the company improved wonderfully. It was generally conceived by all that "B" would win the flag, but second place seemed to have been reserved for them.

Next came Alvison, senior captain. Few of the present Seniors now will forget what an excellent drilled company "B" was. Under his leadership the company reached a very high standard of drilling, but again was doomed to take second place.

Following him came Walters, also senior captain. It was in this year that "B" made up for all past defeats by capturing the flag.

Next came Captain Hamilton, a fine appearing officer and a conscientious worker for his company. Although "B" did not win the flag, they won the admiration of the audience at the "compet" by their snappy drilling and prompt execution of commands.

This year, under Captain Howard E. Barrett, the prospects are brighter than ever, and there is no doubt that all the companies with the exception of "B" will have to "go way back and sit down."



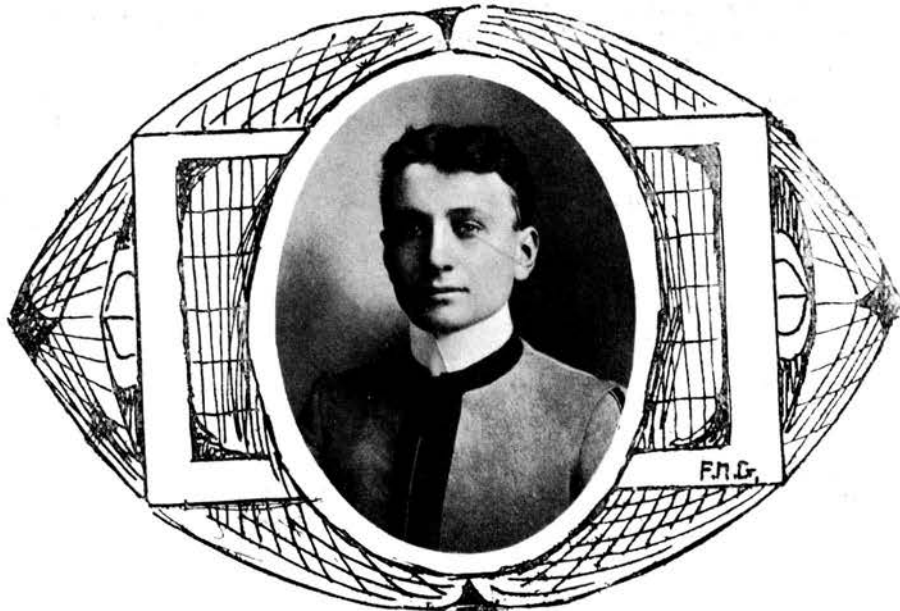
'05

MISS BESSIE MOREHEAD, Sponsor

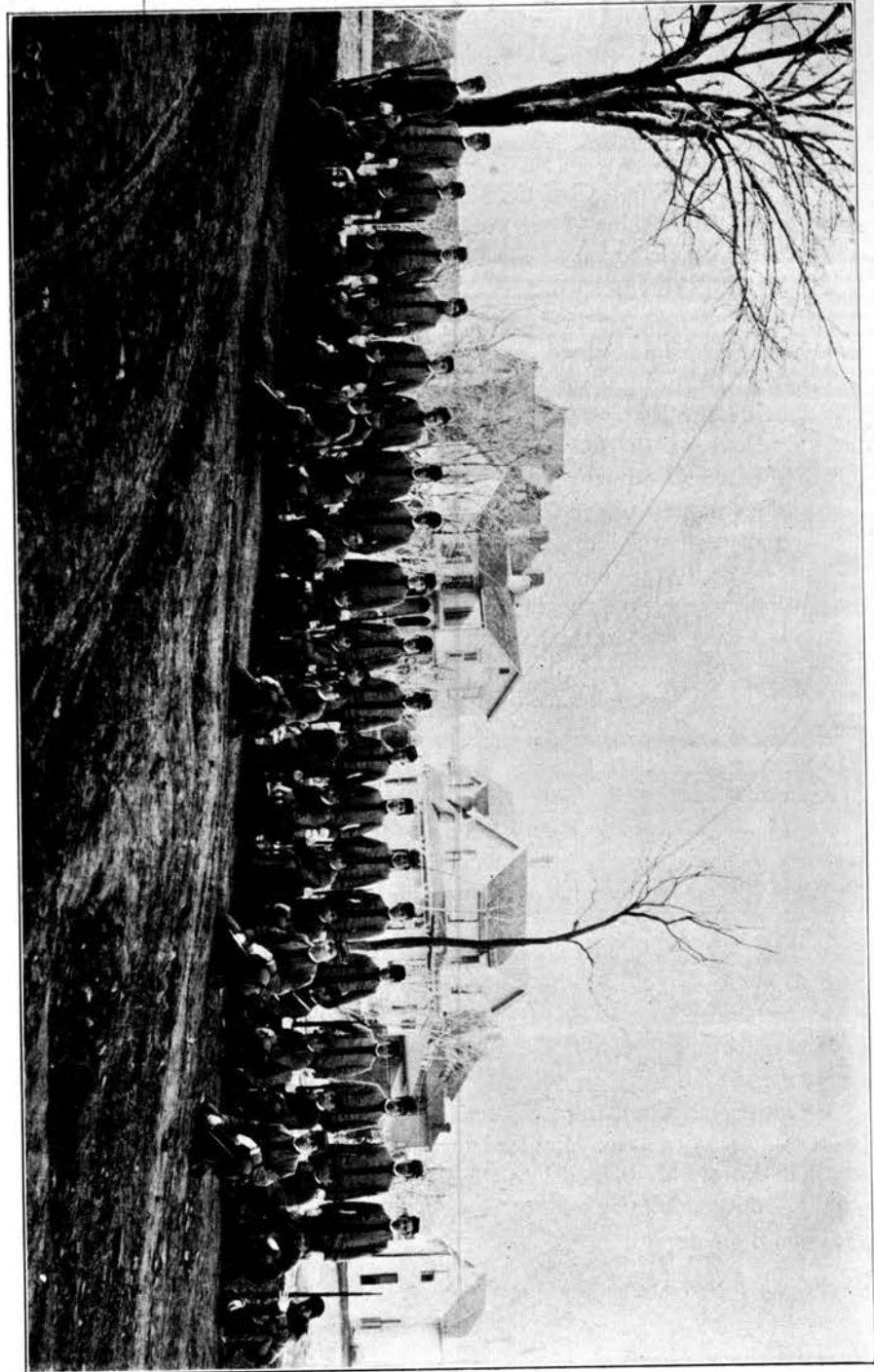
It is not to the butterfly,
 Nor yet to the bird,
 That my voice in a lay
 To sing shall be heard:
 I think of sweet honey
 And sing to the B,
 Sweet Bessie, the sponsor
 Of Company B.

CO. YELL

Ra! Ra! Ra! Sis-boom-zee
 High School regiment,
 Company B.



HOWARD BARRETT, Captain



COMPANY B

COMPANY C.

Captain—Ralph Christie.

First Lieutenant—Carl Porter.

Second Lieutenant—Sam Friedman.

Third Lieutenant—Harry Smith.

Company C for many years has been composed of the smallest boys in the High School, and for this reason has been "dubbed" the "Babies." We often read in musty histories of small men of old who conquered the larger men. As history repeats itself the "Babies" will surely carry off the flag next year.

1894 was Company "C's" first year, but notwithstanding this fact the new company under Captain Egbert secured second place in the annual competitive drill.

The next year the other companies were compelled to bite the dust and crestfallen leave the field of battle with "C" in possession of the flag and the medal in the hands of Sergeant Bowen of that company.

In '96 "C" generously gave up the flag, but not wishing to resign all honors, again took second place and sent Private Norton after the medal.

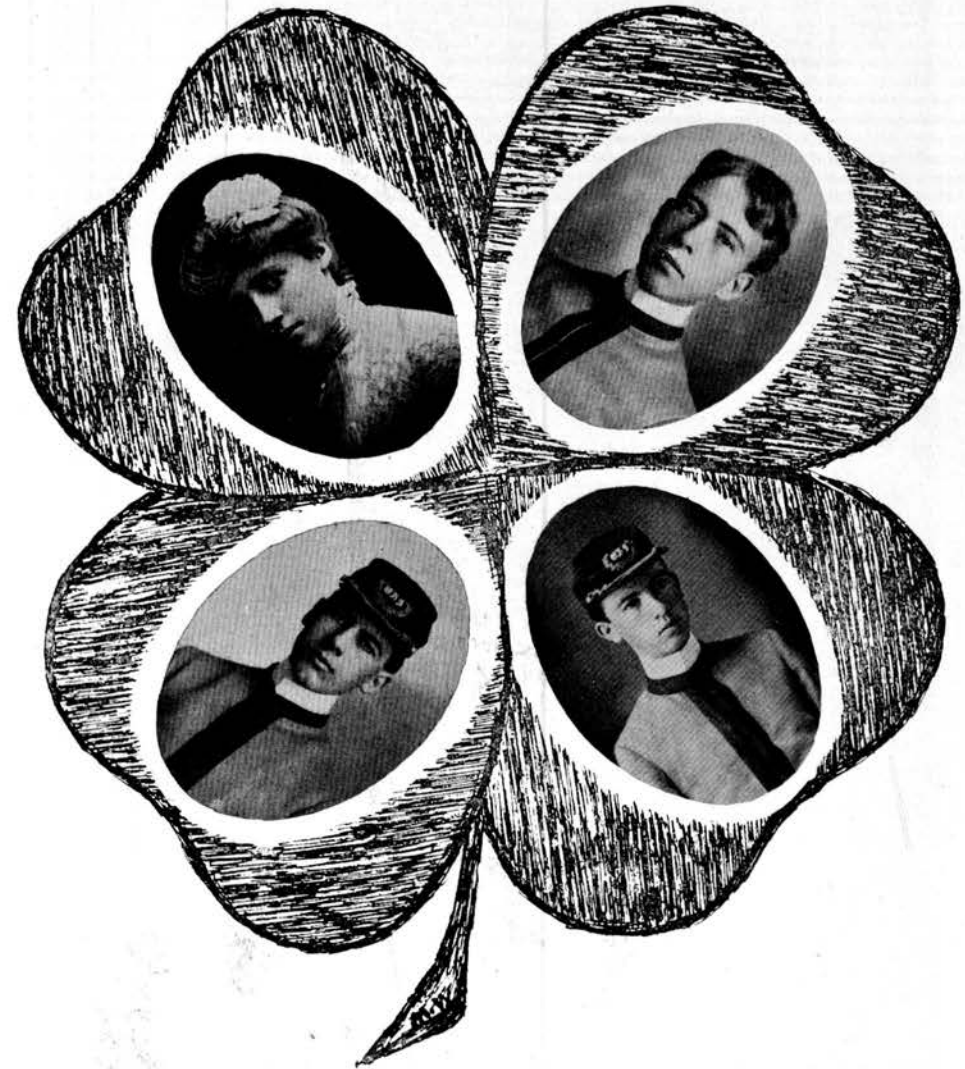
As great men and great nations have their dark days, so Company "C" in '97 and 98 was not so successful as before.

In the following year this remarkable company seems to have recovered from its hard luck. Since led by George Canfield it narrowly missed taking the banner and once more captured second place by a large margin.

"C's" next captain, Harry Reed, was so well liked by his men and displayed such soldierly qualities that he made Company "D" hustle for the banner, and as the next best thing cinched "C's" hold on second place. Fortune favored Sergeant Scribner of this company by giving him the medal.

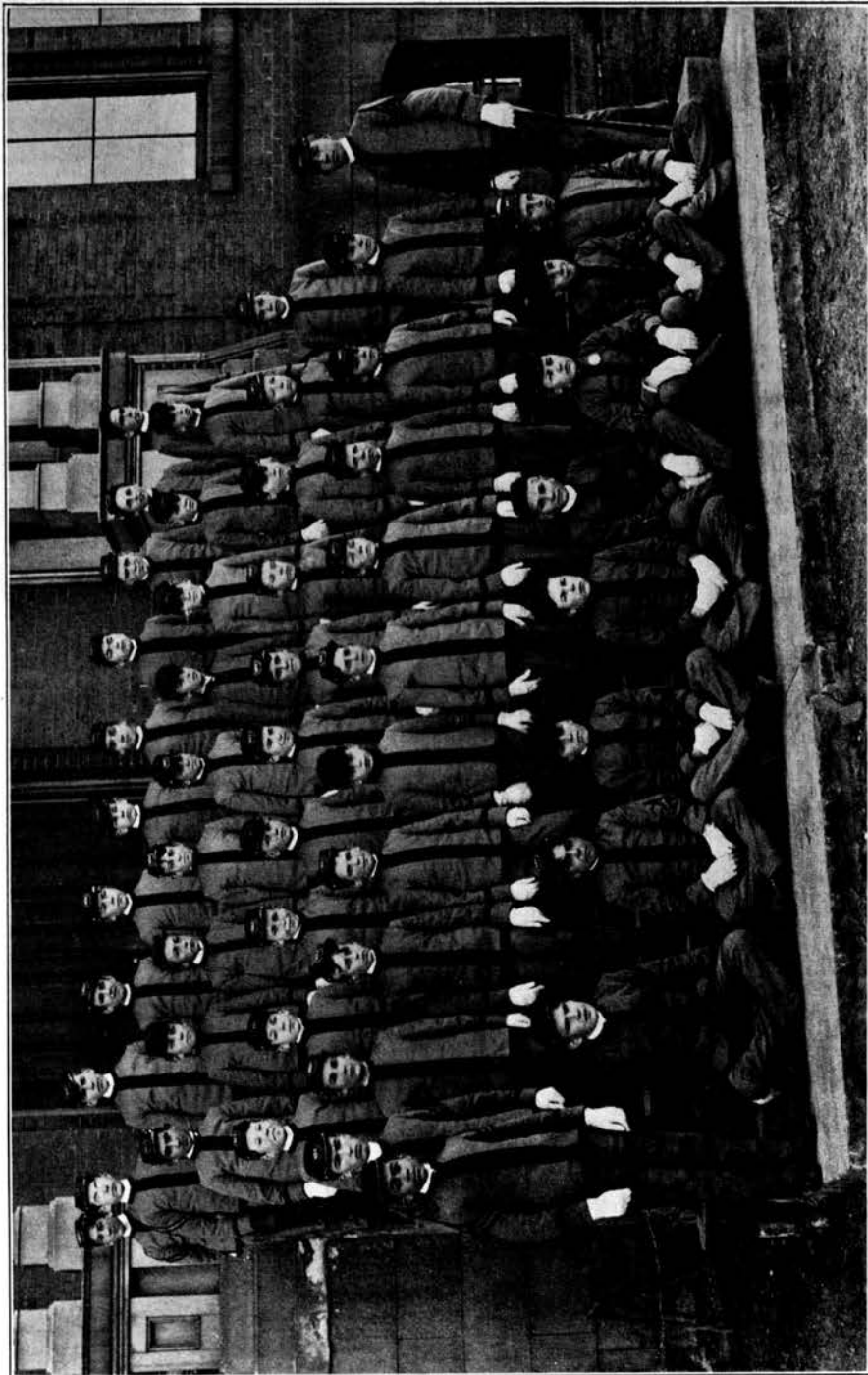
This year Company "C" is indeed fortunate in having Ralph Christie as its captain. Believing that "a good start is half the battle," he has thoroughly drilled into the new men the rudiments of drill, and if "C" does not take honors next June Captain Christie will not be blamed.

"GOOD LUCK"



Sponsor, JESSIE NASON
LIEUTENANT FRIEDMAN

CAPTAIN CHRISTIE
LIEUTENANT PORTER



COMPANY C



Boom-a-la-ka, boom-a-la-ka, bow-wow-wow,
Ching-a-la-ka, ching-a-la-ka, chow-chow-chow,
Boom-a-la-ka, ching-a-la-ka, H. S. C.,
We are the people of Company "D."

This yell has been given so often by the victorious company in the Omaha High School that it has become a symbol of the best.

"D" has a history to be proud of, for during the seven years war we have been awarded the flag three times.

In '97 Captain George Morton first led the company to victory. In '99 under Russell Harris we drilled without rifles until late in spring, and because the others had such a start were thought to have no chance. At competitive, however, the disadvantage was so well overcome that the flag came to "D" again. In 1900, under Paul Robinson, however, the flag was lost on account of circumstances entirely beyond our control. Last year, under Warren Hillis, the company drilled so hard that they captured all honors, from catching the largest fish at camp to winning the flag at compet.

This year every one has as his highest ambition the winning of the flag for the fourth time.

The officers are all competent and to be depended on at all times. We are proud, too, of Miss Mabel Christie, now our sponsor and always our loyal friend.

With our record behind and a brilliant future before, we are working with our utmost energies to make the wearers of the red and white as proud as ever of old "D."

Oh! my Dolores,
 Queen of the eastern sea,
 Fair one of High School,
 Watch at compet for "D;"
 Our star will be shining
 When "Web" reads out the judgment calm,
 So be waiting for me,
 Wearing colors of "D,"
 'Neath the shade of a fan of palm.

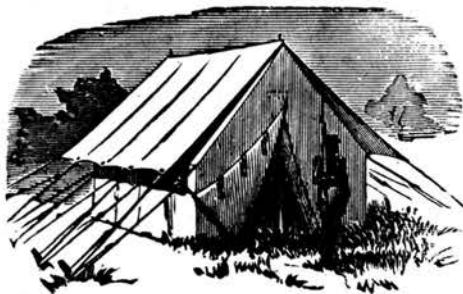
COON, COON, COON.

D-D-D with a red of the prettiest shade,
 D-D-D with a white that never will fade,
 D-D-D the red and white will be,
 These colors will forever stand for D-D-D.

COMPANY "D."

You can talk about your mother,
 You can talk about her friends,
 You can run down all the alphabet
 From beginning to the end,
 But the letter most important,
 And the one most talked about,
 Is the fourth one in the column—
 It's "D" beyond a doubt.

You can talk about your companies,
 You can guess which one will win,
 But the red and white forever
 Is the most prominent of the "tins;"
 It's the colors that's most important
 And the most talked about,
 That's the color of a company—
 It's "D" beyond a doubt.



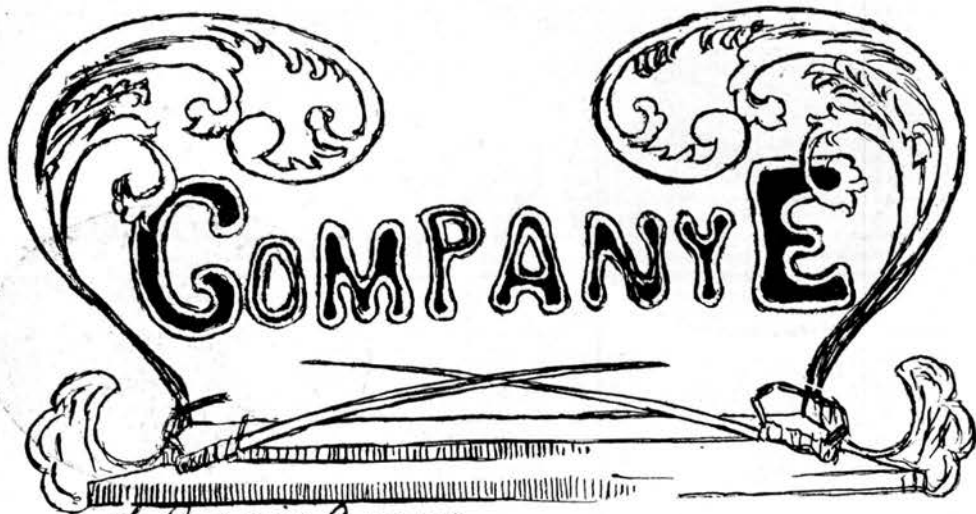
HOWARD WAREHAM.
 1ST LIEUT.

MABLE CHRISTIE.
 SPONSOR.

GRAYDON FOX.
 2ND LIEUT.

HARRY KELLY.
 CAPTAIN.

HICKS



L. Bernice Carson.

Captain—William Coryell.

First Lieutenant—Al. Gordon.

Second Lieutenant—William West.

Company "E" at the first of the school year was made the senior company by having the senior captain, William Coryell, assigned to it, and it can well be proud of him, for not only is he the captain of this company, but he is also one of the best foot ball players the High School has had since the beginning of its athletics.

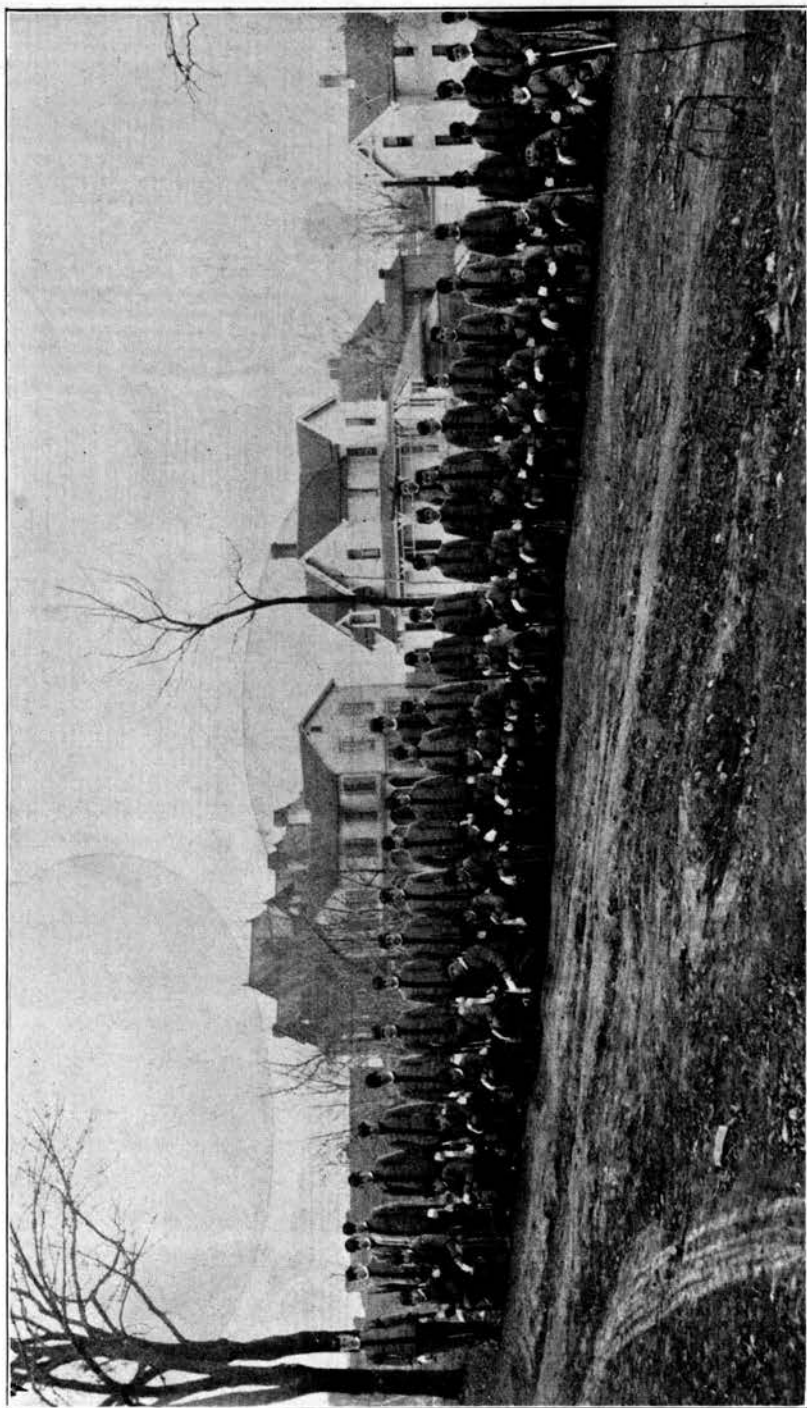
As for the other officers of the company, they are all of the best and have certainly a way of their own for handling the men. The corporals Company "E" has are the best looking set in the battalion. (There's McAvoy, for instance.) Last year the men of this company were not allowed guns, so not much interest was taken, but this year all the men have uniforms and the guns are expected soon.

The company has been in command of First Lieutenant Al. Gordon, as the captain has been helping to defend the honor of the O. H. S. on the gridiron. With the officers and men Company "E" has got Company "D" will have to drill a good deal better than it did last year to hold the flag.

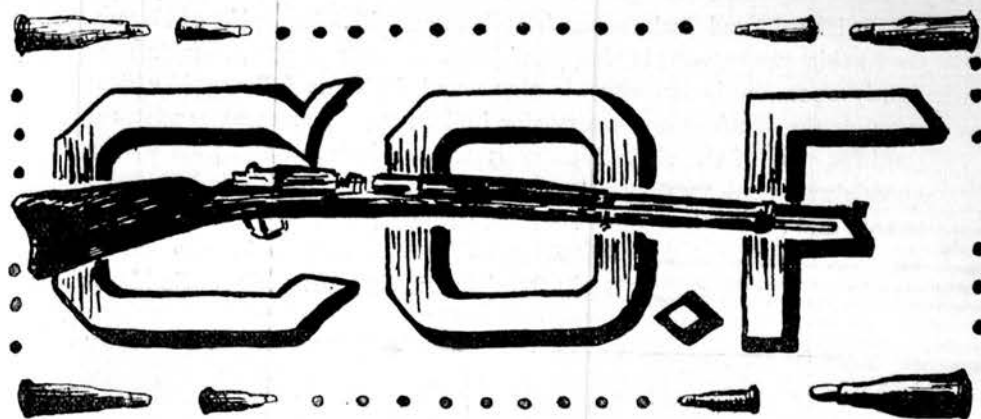
Last year Company "E" was looked upon as a thing from which nothing good could come, but this year it has opened a few eyes, and it is hoped that in the near future Company "E" will have a color sergeant.



L. Bernice Carson.



COMPANY E



This is the third year of the life of Company "F." "F" company was organized in 1900, or rather in the fall of '99, Gay Hardy being the first captain. Captain Hardy has perhaps done more for the company than any other one person, as he succeeded in obtaining equipments for the company.

The next year the company was commanded by Captain Jorgensen, who, by his military ability, obtained second place at the annual competitive drill.

We mean no offense to the other companies when we say that Company "F's" rating in efficiency in drill is at present second to none. A certain corpulent person and walking tactic book combined, who, though he may appear strict and unbending, is in ordinary life a most admirable fellow is the chief ruler. Lieuts. Crowley and Standeven act as prime ministers. Their motto is, "First in war, last in peace and always in the hands of the camp cook." Several other things might be said of them, but it is quite unnecessary. Lieutenant Groetschell is a German soldier of high ability. He is a quiet fellow and never expresses himself forcibly except in his native tongue. This quality has endeared him especially to the students of the rear rank. The first sergeant marches through anything from a Cuban trench to a sham battle. An equal amount of praise might be given to all the rest, but time, space and money forbid. Still, we must make this request, that when you are thinking of the fine officers, do not forget that "it is the man behind the gun that does the work."

A DREAM.

It is night and darkness enshrouds the world. The spirit of Dreamland holds sway over his sleepy subjects. He comes and, touching me lightly upon the brow with his airy wand, bids me follow. We float through the window and over lofty buildings. Soon we reach the southern part of the city. He slowly waves his wand and then with a quick downward sweep calls sharply, "Aperi!" The darkness seems to split and the spirit stoops down and gathers the gloomy curtain to one side. A dazzling sight is before me—Vinton Street Park, with grandstand and bleachers a mass of glittering and fluttering color. Suddenly



CAPTAIN MORSMAN



MISS DAISY FRENCH, Sponsor

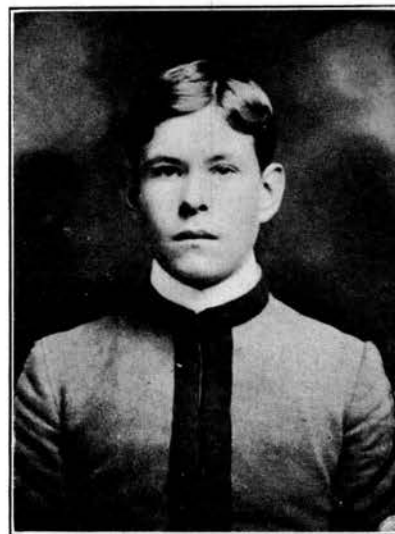
a shout arises that rents the very heavens; canes with purple and gold are waved frantically in the air. I turn to the spirit in bewilderment. "What is the cause of this?" I ask.

"Wait and see," he responds. The noise and excitement increases. Suddenly above the whole tumult, in clear, metallic tones, the command. "Fours right, march; guide right!" is heard and Company "F" marches into view, every man in step and with a perfect line and cadence. "Halt!" is the next command, and every rifle strikes the ground at the same instant. The captain receives his orders and the drill begins. Every movement is gone through in a manner that would have been

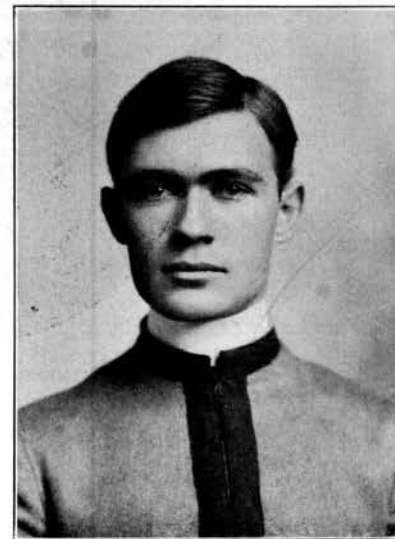
creditable to Napoleon's veterans. Soon the drill is over and the captain marches his company in company front up to the grandstand. Again the crowd rise in their seats and shout so frantically that the spirit mutters, "How noisy these mortals be." The spirit waves his wand again. The scene has changed. All the companies are in regimental formation. In breathless silence I hear the adjutant command:

"Attention to orders! Special order No. 7. The judges of the competitive drill have decided that the companies have won the following relative rank: Company 'F,' first place, 99 per cent."

An awful shout arose at this announcement and I could not hear



FIRST LIEUT. CROWLEY



SECOND LIEUT. STANDEVEN

the rank of the other companies. I turn to the spirit and ask, "How did Co—"

"John, are you never going to get up? This makes the third time that I have called you."

'Twas but a dream, and yet from that day I have had the strong conviction in my heart that the spirit had shown me what will actually take place next June, and the sight of Company "F" drilling so finely under the able management of Captain Morsman and Lieutenants Crowley, Standeven and Groetschell adds strength to this conviction.

J. CLYDE MOORE.



CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND, Regimental Adjutant

CADET OFFICERS' CLUB.

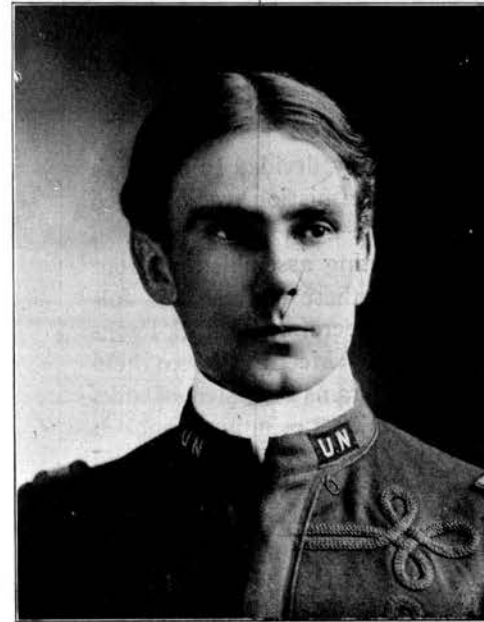
WEBSTER SUTHERLAND	President
JACK MORSMAN	Vice President
HOWARD E. BARRETT	Secretary
WILLIAM CORYELL	Treasurer

The first meeting of the Cadet Officers' Club was held in 1895, a year after the organization of the cadet battalion. The commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the four companies, A, B, C and D, composed the club and Captain Ray Wagner of Company D was elected president.

The object of the club was to transact the business of the battalion, discuss tactics, and to have the officers better acquainted with each other. Every year a musicale was given, followed by a "hop," which in every case proved to be the crowning event of the season.

Last year the "non-coms" were dropped and the club consisted only of the commissioned officers. A musicale was held and the proceeds were devoted to the cadet encampment.

This year we have a regiment, and the Cadet Officers' Club has been strengthened on account of increased membership. On October 31, Webster Sutherland, captain and adjutant of the regiment, was elected president, and under his able management the club will no doubt be an important factor in regulating the affairs of the regiment.



LIEUTENANT A. S. PEARSE
Commandant



MAJOR LAWRENCE SIDWELL
Second Battalion



LIEUTENANT CLYDE MOORE
Adjutant, 2d Battalion



LIEUTENANT WILSON BUCHANAN
Adjutant, 1st Battalion

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

In the fall of 1899 the students taking biology decided to establish a society for a further study of living things. Permission was obtained from the Board of Education to use a fine room in the City Hall, and one Friday evening in November the first meeting assembled. About seventy students in biology were present, and these selected the following officers: President, Arthur Schreiber; secretary, Mabel Packard; curators, Reid Hanchett and Bert Lynn. Meetings were held every two weeks throughout the year. The programs consisted of talks by the members, illustrated by examples of the plants or animals spoken of. Most of the work that year was on the lower form of plant and animal life. According to the rules of the society, no visitors were admitted. An exception was made to this rule when Colonel Daniels was invited to address the society, and as a result of his inspiring words the enthusiasm of the society was increased.

The fall of 1900 found the society meeting in the biological laboratory. The officers elected were: Frank Creedon, president; Fay Hooten, secretary; Pearl Lester, treasurer, and Arthur Knapp, curator. Meetings were held at the end of the sixth period, and the same kind of programs presented as in the preceding year. It has been the leading idea of the society to learn about the plants and animals which are their neighbors in Omaha. Simple descriptions of plants and animals are practically worthless unless specimens of them are used to illustrate the description, and this condition was carefully complied with in the presentation of the programs. Numerous collecting trips in connection with the work of the society were made. The society has succeeded in being placed on the distributing list of the Smithsonian Institute and the Agricultural Department of the United States, and has received from these sources many valuable books, making the nucleus of a fine library devoted to biology.

The society will not organize this year until the new building is in use, in order to hold its meetings under comfortable circumstances. Then the work will be taken up with renewed vigor and the many plans of the society pushed forward to fulfillment.

ATHLETICS.



IN

THE



NOTICE	
O.H.S.	11
CREIGHTON	5
O.H.S.	17
YORK	0
O.H.S.	17
DES MOINES	0
O.H.S.	11
LINCOLN	0

O.H.S.

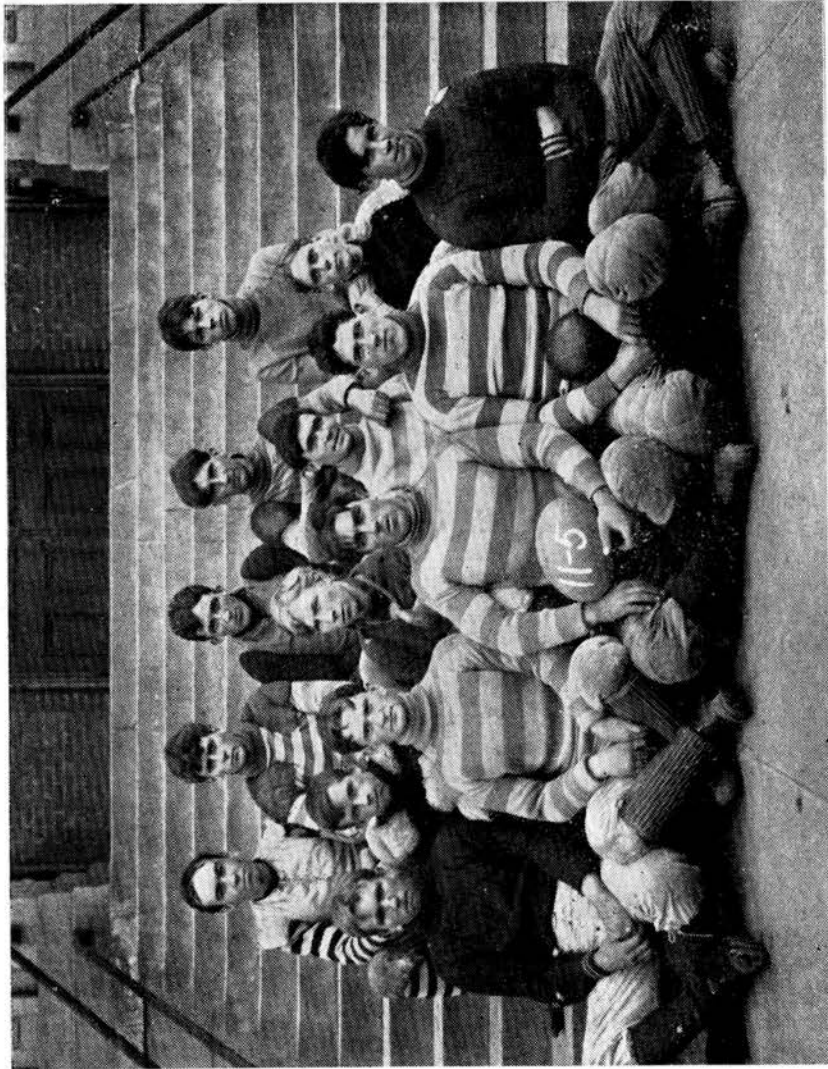


MARION ARNOLD, President Athletic Association

Generation after generation shall repeat those tales of heroism and bravery done upon the foot ball field by our own Captain Billey. He was fitted by the gods to be a foot ball player, and he has proved a credit to his teaching. What loyal heart but has swelled with pride and happiness as he has led the way to victory and immortal fame? How true this sweet saying: "Plays may come and plays may go, but Billey goes on forever." There are managers who do nothing but manage, nor do they manage to do that well, but there are other managers who, beside managing, also manage to play. Such a one is Griffith. He has not only led the "A. A." to financial success, but the dear old veteran (when ever sufficient gearing can be had to keep this mortal frame together) has entered the ranks and, like Hector of old, has swept whole armies before him. He has never been awarded the palm for beauty, but a more perfectly developed lad, both in brain or muscle, has never crossed the Missouri. What is fame? Fame is Marsh personified. Who has not heard of Omaha's right halfback? If any speak, him have I offended. Marsh is not what you call a giant. No, no; far be it from so; I would say rather a Jack the Giant Killer. He takes great delight in end runs, for, as he says, it gives him an appetite; but occasionally he varies the program by butting the line, and whenever he does it is time for the linesmen to move up. The left half is no other than our beloved Coryell, soldier, politician, author and foot ball player.

occasionally he varies the program by butting the line, and whenever he does it is time for the linesmen to move up. The left half is no other than our beloved Coryell, soldier, politician, author and football player. He has taken a classical course, and he certainly does some classic playing. Some people when they laugh they laugh all over. But he goes beyond this; when he moves, he moves all over. He has such a way of wiggling through the line that has caused Omaha to rejoice more than once. Mullen is the one player who always plays. If Omaha drops in some dire pitfall, it's up to Mullen to pull them out. He is best on the offensive. The moment his signal is called every muscle is at its highest tension; every nerve is afire with a fierce determination, which always results in good gains, and often in touchdowns. On the defensive he is impassable—that is, cannot be passed. He is like the bulwark of a fort behind which the soldiers safely plan for victory. Side by side, like two birds upon a fence, are Mullen and Fairbrother. They are birds of a feather and flock together, except when Fairy with his eagle eye sees an end run coming his way, then taking leave of his mate he pounces upon his prey, pins him to the earth and calmly resumes his place upon the fence to readjust his feathers. Every once and awhile, or oftener, a streak of purple and white shoots around the end. If you see such a thing happen don't be frightened; it is only Fairbrother making a forty-yard run. He has only one drawback, and that is his love for music. He often stops while carrying the ball to correct some discord in the singing of the audience. But he beats the band, anyway.

Although most of our team are dwarfs, yet we have one giant, and that is Robertson. Volumes could be written upon this subject, but, in short, we can say his ability is in direct proportion to his height. He is not as most centers are, only a machine for passing the ball, but he manages to put his six foot two directly in the path of the opposing forces and stays there, while the rest of the team with a calm assurance quietly walk away with the ball. At defense he is a marvel. He is in every play, stopping end runs as easily as center rushes, breaking through the line and seizing the quarter before he has time to say Jack Robinson. To the right of this fine fellow is his faithful bodyguard, Thompson. This is Tommy's first year, but it will not be his last. A guard is supposed to do enough if he can hold the line. Tommy does more; he makes a snug little hole through which Billey or Marsh trot peacefully. He is a very handsome fellow—perhaps the most handsome on the team, but he has that do or die spirit which always makes a true foot ball player. On the other hand is Sterricker. He is the comedian of the team, but it was not for this quality that he was selected to fill one of the most important places on the team. He is strong, quick and at times funny, but the funniest thing is the way he gets through the line to tackle or carry the ball; either is all the same to him. After he has gone thirty or forty yards and is downed he exclaims: "Damn it, if I hadn't stopped I could have made a touchdown sure." But we can forgive him this unaccountable love for the goal posts when we remember that it is all for the dear old High. In our enumeration of stars we cannot leave out one of the most important, namely, the planet Shields. This planet is a new one just discovered this year by Coach Pe :



H I G H SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

later observations have proved it to be a most important one. The chief point of interest is the fact that no telescope is necessary to see its good parts. Shields and Standeven vie with each other for the title of smallest foot ball player in the prominent foot ball teams, but size don't count when it comes right down to business. Rolley is a quarter in a hundred. A team must have confidence in their quarter, and the Omaha team has a world of confidence in theirs.

VICTORY.

Oh, welcome sweetest victory,
Thou gentle nurse of care,
Come dwell with us upon our-hill,
And be our goddess fair;
When strife and foot ball battles
Have bruised each weary limb,
Then show us your affection—
Sweet goddess, let us win.
We know that you are noble,
But noble, too, our cause,
'Tis for our school we struggle
And fight by honor's laws.
So ever may you smile on us,
As in the years now past,
Our name shall ever echo,
And ever shall it last.

On the morning of November 23rd those who were near the Burlington depot saw a great crowd of students, all wearing black and red and betting with each other how high the score would be. Down Tenth street they swarmed and took possession of the town, with the Y. M. C. A. as their headquarters.

After each one had purchased a megaphone and dropped all their stray pennies in the lung testers around town, the Lincolnites betook themselves to the restaurants to refresh themselves for the great strain of yelling in the afternoon.

On the street cars going to the game the conductors, after hearing the Lincolnites talk, wondered how the Omahogs dared to think of holding the score down to anything under fifty; and the conductors all wished they could live in Lincoln—it was such a great town!

At the grandstand the most conspicuous part was occupied by the black and red, who settled down and took out pencil and paper to keep track of the score. Then came the Lincoln team on the field. How mighty they were. Such talkers had never been heard in Omaha before; and the Lincolnites in the grandstand were just as mighty. One Lincoln man actually thought that he could wear ribbons on his shin guards. Oh, to what hopes will not youth aspire! Where are those rib-

bons now? (Ask Robertson.) The battle had commenced. Ever and anon the Lincolnites would stir uneasily and say, "Is this the same team that played in the mud and rain at Lincoln?" Oh, how the Lincolnites did pray for rain.

Some of the wearers of the black and red began to think that purple and white were not such bad colors after all, and they looked a little bit pale and began to tremble when Mullen bucked their line; but their hair stood on end and cold shudders chased themselves up and down the back when "Billy" began to carry the ball. At the thirty-yard line Englehardt took the ball and when he stopped—oh, sad day for Lincoln, for when he stopped the deadly deed had been finished and the Lincolnites were seen taking off some of that black and red that had been so conspicuous. Goal was kicked, while Omaha was wondering why the Lincolnites did not count the score, as that had been one of their favorite pastimes in the morning.

In the second half both teams were determined "to do or to die." For Omaha it was "to do;" for Lincoln it was "to die." This half even more than the other showed the marked superiority of the Omaha over the Lincoln team. The ball was constantly in Lincoln territory, but Omaha's goal was never in danger. Several times the ball was on Lincoln's ten-yard line, and once on the three-yard line, but it was decreed that Lincoln should be kept on the raw edge a little longer. With a scant half minute to play Englehardt took the ball and again Lincoln wondered why they ever came down to Omaha, and the black and red had all disappeared; no one could be found wearing them. Going home from the game one car held all the Lincolnites, whereas it had taken six to bring them out.

That night at the train a crowd of Omaha students sang, "Be It Ever So Humble, There Is No Place Like Home," to which Lincoln thoroughly agreed; and as the train pulled out of the depot the Lincolnites put their fingers to their ears to shut out the yell of

L-i-n-c-o-l-n mud,
L-i-n-c-o-l-n mud,
The day was dry
For Omaha High,
The fates were with us, we
Won two-three-four-five-
Six-seven-eight-nine-ten-
ELEVEN!!

High School headquarters have been moved to the Beaton-McGinn Drug Co., where you will find just the thing you want for Xmas.

50 art prints for 25 cents, the world's masterpieces, at Chase's, 213 South 16th street. Calendar pads by the 100.

GIRLS' BASKET

BALLO



At the High school girls' gymnasium,
We were down to see one day,
One of their great basket ball games,
Which we hear of day by day.

First, we heard Fredrica's foot falls,
As she rushed across the floor;
Then the crash of Laura Congdon,
In collision with the door.

Now, there is an intermission,
For Nathalia wants a drink;
And now Marion asks a pardon,
For a toe trod on, I think.

But the game goes on in earnest,
Like a forward, backward, race;
With a dropping, dropping, dropping,
As the side combs lose their place.

Foul is called on Mabel Christie.
"O! I only jumped," she cries;
Ada Brush, however, differs,
Then the referee decides.

Now, the second half is over,
Eight to eight the final score;
But with courage born of heroes,
They all vote to play some more.

LINCOLN VS. OMAHA.

In ye latter parte of November, of ye yeare of our Lord 1901, a set of prettye gyrls, somme six or so, betook them to ye Turner Halle on Harney street, there to meete ye similar number of gyrls from ye towne of Lincoln.

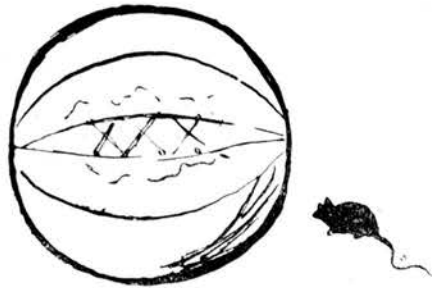
Ye floore was marked in ye fashionne peculiar to ye tyme, ande ye Omaha gyrls were readye to do theyr best that ye Lincoln maydens might be beaten ande ye Lincoln rooters (a species of wilde anymal now unknowne) made sore. When ye whistle of ye Highe ande Mightye Pearse resounded through ye classick halles ye yellinge for bothe sydes magickallye ceased, ye balle was throwne highe in ayre and descending was met withe an heavye spat to starreborde, ye which forced it unto nighe proximitye to ye Lincolnites' goal. A shorte period of excitinge playinge followed ande then from ye chaos of bloomer suits and outstretched arms ye balle appeared with a darte ande landed in ye basket, ye landeing beying accompanied bye a yelle from ye Lincoln rooters.

Hereat ye teams agayne formed and ye Omaha Captayne Fritz exclaimed: "Oddsbodikins, an we do not make ye nexte score maye I funke in Latyne." Anon ye balle was passed ande battered about and soone agayne landed in ye basket—which of ye two it struck maye be judged bye ye facte that ye Omaha captayne flunked not for manye dayes.

So ye gayme continued withe close score, ye Omaha maydens doinge splendid worke, ande ye Lincoln gyrls, ye which had had muche more of practyce ande experience in playinge, were hard put to keepe with ye defenders of ye purple and whyte. But science, ye crippled olde manne, is ever befooled bye lucke, ye fickel rover, so ye Omaha gyrls were beaten, for ye balle three tymes consecutively rose toward ye basket, rolled entirelye ye roughe circuite of ye hoope and felle back whence it came. Goode playinge, bothe teame and indivydual, abounded and ye gayme was moste close at alle partes.

Thoughe ye Omaha teame was beaten, stille are theye commended for theyr fine worke and backed bye ye whole schoole. Thus it cometh that we say unto all: "An ye, poore deluded mortalles, wishe no longer to lyve, come ye, forsoothe, unto our Highe Schoole ande make somme disparageinge remarke aboute ye basket balle gyrls. Deathe wille be sudden ande payneless.

SIR OLIVER DOOLITTLE, '02.



HIGH SCHOOL BASKET BALL TEAM



SQUIBS.

I nominate Miss Morris Taylor.
Standeven thinks Coryell is selfish.
Where was Hector when the light was out?
A new verb: Drillo, drillere, skipi demeritus.
Did the captains write up their company histories?
Taylor was at the "gym" all day Saturday night.
Why is it that so many think the C. T. C. is a boys' club?
The girl in Zeke's story was more of a heroine than the boy.
The chemistry sheets remind Standeven of "Holy, holy, holy."
Mr. Waterhouse would like to see the Seniors join the choir above.
Inez left for home Saturday night on an excursion—rip! Salt Creek!
The boys at the game should let it be known that they are under captains.
The girls furnish excellent interference on the stairs. Let the foot ball team take notice.
"All newspaper carriers may leave now."
Exit cadet battalion.
At twenty-five Henry married Margaret of Anjou, who was by far the better man of the two.
Miss Julia Officer, teacher of piano, Leschetizky method, used by Paderewski, Karbach block.
Freshie—Doesn't "P. G. S." mean blind pigs?
He hasn't recovered yet.
Who says: "Borrowing is all right if you pay back, but stealing is a crime, so I borrow kisses?"
Say, girls, do you know Beaton-McGinn Drug Co., 15th and Farnam, sell Allegretti's candies?
The basket ball team wants a little "jumpy" dog for a mascot. Poor little Teddy died of a chill.
Ask M. M. and E. B. who waits for them at Thirtieth and Davenport when he should be Miles away.
R. Christie, captain and bowler, was talking so sweetly over the phone, and then he found out it was his sister.
Mr. Van Matre says: "All things propelled by paddles are not boats." I wonder if he knows from experience.
The men kept their caps on at dinner in Shakespearian times.
Inference—They were troubled with petty thievery.

Wanted—A bottle of Anti-Kawf for Mr. Greenleaf.
Miss Ure, 2nd hr., R. 31.

Jimmie—Are you going bowling?
Jas. Fair—No; I had to break open the missionary box to go to Des Moines.

C. O. C.—A committee is appointed to take the president's picture.
Taylor—I suppose I have no right to talk, but—
Vox Omnium—You are right; go—

Miss D. L. F-ch—I wish there were more captains, so I could be more sponsors.
"I sit behind the girl who sits in front of me."

A DUSKY SOLILOQUY.

The morning sun was shining brightly down upon the wooly head of old Aunt Chloe as she was washing the last few pieces of the washing and chuckling audibly.

"I 'clar t' goodness," she said, "de supahfishul ignunce uv sum pahaties is scanlus. T' think dat de young missis didn' know whah t' go foh de bes' platin', when ev'body else knows it's done by de OMAHA PLATING CO., Basement Bee Bldg. Tel. 2535.



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EXCHANGES.

If you want to read some good stories, read the *Guard and Tackle*. "You don't need to be an acrobat to tumble to the fact that the *Review* is all right."

"Pickups" in the *High School Review*" is extremely bright. We agree with the following, which we quote:

Certainly the management of the *Teck* were very wise in deciding to change its make-up. It is now one of our best exchanges.

The school that can publish as good a daily as the *Echo*, and can get out such an attractive Thanksgiving number, may certainly be proud. We wish to compliment you, Shortridge High School.

We have received so many exchanges this month that we are unable to make special mention of many which are deserving of praise, so we will say to all, "You are good, but continue to improve and you will be better."

HAVEAHAWES?

THE BEST HAT MADE (THE HAWES). YOU CAN PAY MORE THAN \$3.00 FOR A HAT AND NOT BE AS WELL SUITED. \$3.00 IS THE PRICE OF THIS ONE. JUST TRY IT ONCE. WE SELL MEN'S FURNISHINGS, TOO. OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE. SEE OUR CHRISTMAS THINGS FOR MEN. STEPHENS & SMITH.



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CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

Old Hughes is as good as ever.

The *Orange and Black* is well worth reading.

The *E. L. H. S. Oracle*, from Auburn, Me., has an exchange column, but it merely enumerates its exchanges and does not criticise them at all. Is the exchange editor too busy, or won't the editorial board give him room?

The exchange column of the *Le Roy* (N. Y.) *High School Record* is the best department of the paper. If the management would hustle a little and get more "ads" they would be able to print the *Record* on better paper, which would greatly improve it.

The editorial of the *Black and Red*, from Watertown, Wis., contains views on subjects outside of the school life. The department is interesting, but would be more so if it said something about the school also. There is a very good article on "The Newspaper" in this number. The *Black and Red's* exchange column is always good.

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Benson**

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The English High School Recorder, from Lynn, Mass., is a bright, well edited paper.

There is a very attractive cut of a "basket ball girl" in the *Helios*, from Grand Rapids, Mich.

Cherry and White. Really, you can always be depended upon for a good story. "A Game of Blindman's Buff" deserves the highest praise.

The literary department of the *Binghampton* (N. Y.) *Panorama* is very interesting. The cuts heading the various fraternity and society columns add a great deal to the paper, for they are all so appropriate.

We enjoyed the *Academy Monthly*, from Germantown, Pa., very much. The cuts are fine and add much to the paper. The story "Chine's Crossing" is one of the best we have seen in a school paper.

The Gleam, from Cincinnati, is made very interesting by the stories it contains. The "Poetry" column is something new and very bright. The arrangement of the paper could be improved upon, however.

Buy your Christmas presents of Albert Cahn, the Shirt Tailor and Men's Furnisher, 219 South Fourteenth Street, Omaha

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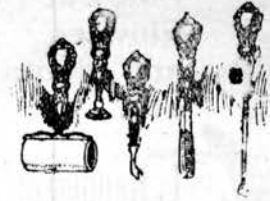
Drex L. Shooman was a cadet himself once, and he found out just what kind of a shoe the boys needed, so when he went in the shoe business he had a shoe made that he calls his

High School Cadet Shoe,

box calf uppers and oak sole leather soles, with as much style and comfort about them as the ones your father wears, while the price is much less, only..... **\$3.50**

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At Townsend Gun Co.

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STYLES IN
BOYS' KNEE
PANTS & LONG
PANTS SUITS
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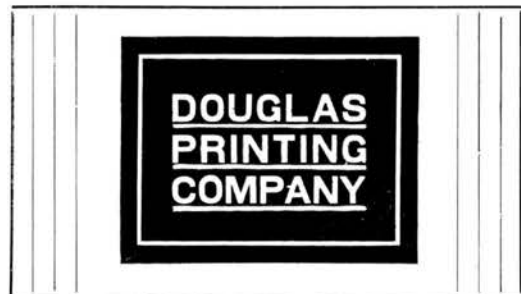
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