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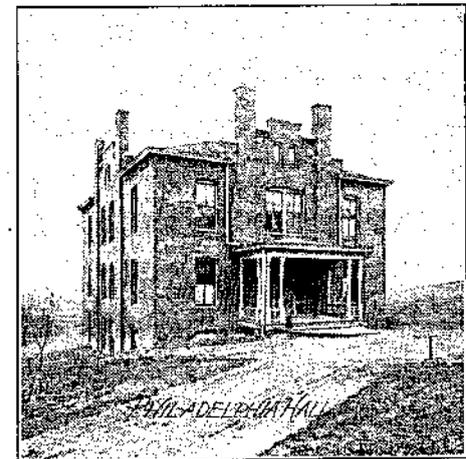
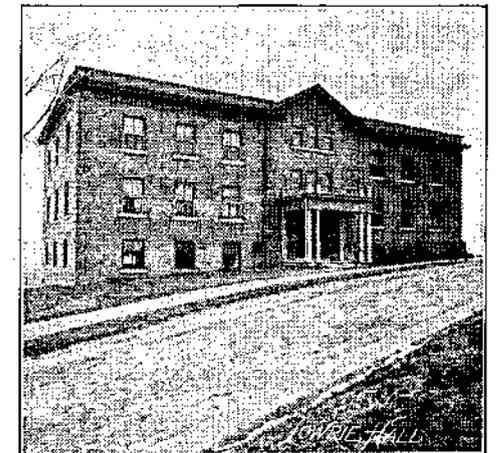
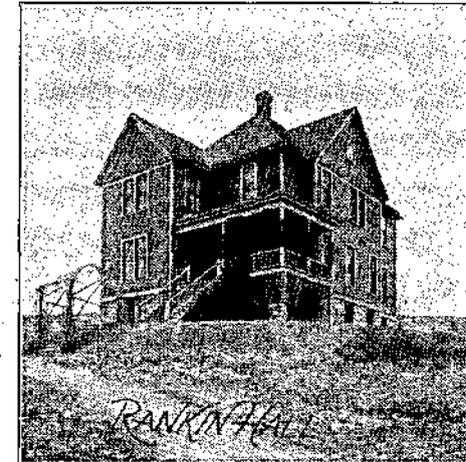
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OMAHA

High School Register

Vol. XVI.

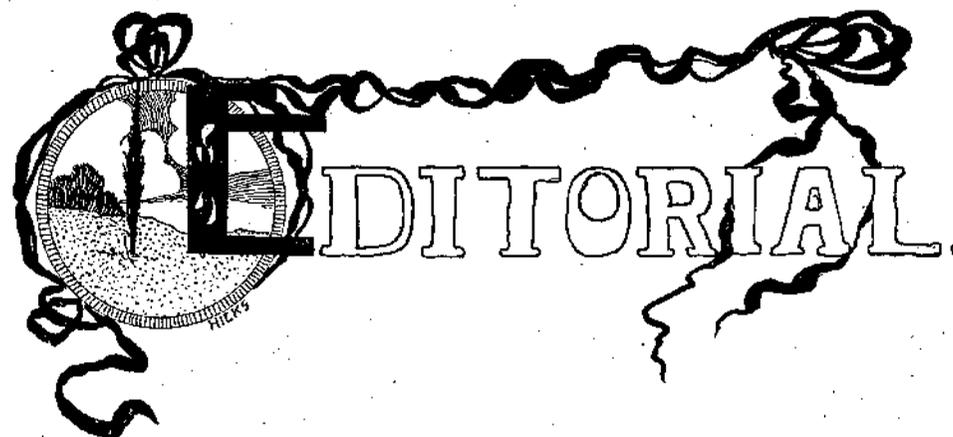
OMAHA, JANUARY, 1902.

No. 5.

Published every month from September to June, in the interest of the Omaha High School. Subscription: Fifty cents in advance; by mail 60 cents; single copy, 10 cents.

STAFF.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....EMMA SCHREIBER. BUSINESS MANAGER.....AL. GORDON
Society—Marion Connell. Athletics—Webster Sutherland. Exchange—Fay Towns.
Sponsor.....Miss Sullivan.



This double issue of THE REGISTER is devoted to the Senior contest, the White section editing one issue and the Red section the other.

The idea of a Senior contest was first carried out by the class of 1901. They arranged for an entertainment, at which orations, essays and other selections were given by both sides. Each section tried to sell more tickets and to display more artistic posters than the other.

The contest was very close and the Whites carried off the laurels of the day (and their White successors are earnestly trying to follow their noble example). The money obtained in this was used for class day.

But this year the class of 1902 is pur-

suing a different course. Each side is striving to edit the better REGISTER, considering stories, poetry, squibs, essays, artistic covers and arrangements. Each side is also trying to sell more copies of THE REGISTER and to display the more artistic posters than the other.

The object of this contest is to encourage more literary work for THE REGISTER and to work up more spirit in our class. This object has been attained, for almost everyone in the class has done something to help his side, and every member of the class is intensely interested and anxious as to the outcome. As THE REGISTER is now owned by the school, any extra subscription money will be turned into THE REGISTER treasury.

School spirit is the love for one's school, the passion to serve one's school in maintaining its institutions in vigor and in helping to raise its standard in athletics and intellectual progress. It is as essential to a successful school as patriotism is to a progressive country. With a school spirit we work in unison and harmony and have a few common aims which cement into bonds of union. If two horses were hitched to a heavy wagon and first one started forward and then the other much progress would not be made; but when both horses start forward together what a difference. So, if we would accomplish anything, let us pull together. Animated with this spirit, athletes strain every nerve and muscle to bring trophies of victory to their school; thrilled with this, orators vie with Demosthenes in eloquence when representing their school. Although this spirit is found almost altogether in colleges and in universities, I see no reason why it cannot flourish in a High school. Our school is the largest in the state and its graduates have distinguished themselves in every field. It now remains for us to emulate the example of our predecessors and to develop the school spirit which will guide us unto success.

Great interest is shown by the students of the High school in the girls' gymnasium in the new building. Nor is this

interest displayed by the girls alone. It is to be a part of our school that we may well be proud of. It covers the entire third floor. The length is $71\frac{1}{2}$ feet; the width at the broadest place at the entrance is 60 feet. The roof is high and arched. It is well lighted by large skylights. There is a fine hardwood floor, two dressing rooms and three shower baths. All in all, it is a place where a gymnasium can be made an example for others.

A gymnasium director will be appointed. Regular classes will be formed. The girls will receive credit for their work the same as the boys do in drill. The girls will have their "uniforms" also. In every way it will be much like a college girl's athletics. There will probably be the drill, running, jumping, clubs, pole work, rings, ladders and—basket ball, everything to delight the heart of an energetic school girl. Many girls will be both surprised and delighted at their undiscovered ability in the different parts of the gymnastic work.

On account of the unfinished condition of the building until so late in the season, little can be done this year in comparison to what will be accomplished when everything is ready at the beginning of the coming year. But those who pass out this year will expect to hear of the splendid work being done at the "High school girls' gymnasium."



not only had this richness, but they had also a little place boxed off in the hall for Pat's one pet, a nannie goat.

On sunny days Pat tied his beloved nannie to the door handle outside the building, so that it could get fresh air. Its tether allowed it to go under Mrs. Calahan's window. One day the rug was hung in the window and the pet nannie was tied to the door handle. When, after a couple of hours, Mrs. Calahan went to take in her rug, it was gone and only an innocent looking nannie gazed up at her from the street below. If she had looked she might have found a few eggs blown down the block. But she couldn't look. She was heart-broken. When Pat came in, he knew nothing about it, but since he had just finished the quarrel with Mike, it suddenly occurred to him that it was Mike who stole the eggs, yes, he remembered seeing him run upstairs with something hidden under tory jacket.

Mrs. Doolan received a visit that night from Mrs. Calahan. Both ladies became excited, so that little was accom-

plished. Finally Mrs. Calahan departed, changed so that Mrs. Doolan would hear amidst of this. Mrs. Doolan said she hurried she would, and bade Mrs. Calahan everyone affectionate good-night in tones. But what had she frozen the visitor if she had been so heated as to be beyond talk and peace.

When they had parted, Mike told Mike about it when and tall, sleek and it roused his ire and ready to crumble to fix "them tony Callies." This was the fault of Pat unfortunately and Fanny followed innocently downstairs a feeling of approval of his nannie's pen.

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Just as he finished this he looked up to meet Mrs. Calahan's wrathful blue eyes fixed upon him.

"Faith, but I'll fix you!" she cried, and forthwith gave chase. Of course, like any other boy who has no father, he rushed upstairs and sought protection from his mother. Mrs. Calahan followed as fast as possible and Pat bravely brought up the rear.

Mrs. Doolan stood drying her hands upon her apron, while her wash water still stood in a pan on the chair by the door.

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Just at this point the neighbor's boy, Jimmie, appeared in the doorway with a few rags of the precious rug in his hand. He needed no more than the faces before him and what he already knew to explain the whole thing.

Holding up the few pieces, he said briefly: "The goat done it."

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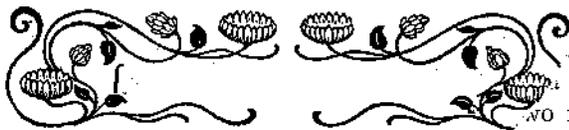
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Mrs. Calahan and her furniture around the space left in the two feet square. That is Mrs. Calahan's one of her neighbors. They



not only had this richness, but they had also a little place boxed off in the hall for Pat's one pet, a nannie goat.

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Mrs. Doolan told Mike about it when he came home and it roused his ire and he determined to fix "thim tony Callies." The next morning Pat unfortunately left open the door of his nannie's pen. When Mike came innocently downstairs there stood the nannie goat peacefully feeding. With the quickness of his race he saw that if that nannie was only tied with its head the other way it would

never get anything to eat, because, in the first place, it had to come out to turn round; and, secondly, supposing that it could turn around, the tether would be too short. So, backing the nannie out, he backed it in again and fastened it to the little gate.

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little mirror quite overcame her. She laughed until she shook, and Mrs. Doolan, glad to find that the storm had blown over, joined in. The boys stood not upon the order of their laughing, but laughed at once, and the little room rang with merriment. Several times Mrs. Calahan tried to speak, but every time she had to stop so that she might finish out her laugh. Peel after peel filled the landing and floated down the stairway. When they paused for breath they could

PORTIA AND HER FATHER.

(As seen in the Casket Story.)

From the casket story in the "Merchant of Venice" we learn many things concerning Portia and her father, for on this story hinge many of the main parts of the play. The author has used the fine touch of an artist in giving us many details, which to the superficial reader are mere nothings. He gives us traits of character in the seemingly most ordinary platitudes. Of Portia's father little is told us, but we infer several things.

We know from the chat between Portia and her maid that he was a good man and that he loved Portia dearly. If he had not loved her he would hardly have taken the interest he did and exerted his ingenuity to form some plan by which he might be sure she would be happily married. He had a keen insight into human nature. How well he knew that some Morocco or some Arragon would come to win his daughter. He well knew how to test human nature, and prepared for all the kinds that Portia might meet.

First, he made sure that none but those who loved Portia for herself alone would ever try his fortune with the caskets.

hear the nannie laughing downstairs, "Baa-a-aa-a." Then they of necessity must laugh, too.

Finally they were quite spent with their mirth and the visitors thought they had better go home. When they had gone Mike turned to his mother with a gusty sigh, "Faith, and nannie goats do get little boys into lots of trouble."

Mike was quite right, except that nannie goats sometimes get little girls into trouble, too. E. C. ROE.

"If you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward,
In way of marriage."

This would bar all the class of fortune-seekers, for none would care to risk living in single blessedness unless he loved Portia for herself. This was, therefore, an important provision.

He was a man of few friends, we may say, for so stern a judge of character would find few who would come up to his ideal, and whom he would care to have as friends. Without doubt, few cared for him for himself, for those severe judges of human weakness are seldom pleasant companions. He had wealth, which would gain for him many retainers, but could never be the means of his gaining friendship.

It has been said he was a shrewd judge of character, but, like all shrewd men, he had a petty weakness. It was not that of telling jokes, which characteristic is prominent in nearly all shrewd men today, but that of writing poetry. As one reads the scrolls contained in each casket, one instinctively wishes they were different. Was he such a good judge of others and yet did not know himself? The

scrolls remind us of the old rhymes we used to say:

"Roses red and violets blue,
Sugar is sweet and so are you."

For example—

"Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold."

We feel he had better written them in prose, for though we may not all be poets we can all, to some extent, master prose.

Let us look for a moment at Portia and see if she inherited her father's weakness. We find no instance of her writing poetry at all, and we give a sigh of relief. But there is no doubt that Portia's language had a weakness. She has a lavish indulgence in metaphors, some of which, it must be confessed, are rather far-fetched. Her intense imagination is, perhaps, responsible for this.

"My eyes shall be the stream
And watery deathbed for him."

Nearly all we know of Portia is brought out by the casket story. In the first that is told of the caskets Portia appears to good advantage chatting gaily with her maid. From this conversation we learn that she is very witty; but, more than that, she inherited from her father his excellent knowledge of human nature. Her sarcastic criticisms of her suitors show that she is not only a judge of character, but knows the peculiar traits of the different nationalities.

Portia was the soul of honor. Shakespeare does not wait long to inform us of that fact. In almost the opening lines she says:

"If I live to be as old as Sibylla,
I will die as chaste as Diana, unless
I be obtained after the manner of my
father's will."

We agree with Portia that it is hard

for a daughter to be "curbed by a dead father's will." But down in her heart Portia knew that none but the right man would choose the right casket, for later she says to Bassanio:

"If you do love me, you will find me out."

Then some may ask: why did she hesitate and try to keep Bassanio longer before he chose? Portia and her lover had enjoyed life exceedingly the two months he had been at Belmont. But Portia was a womanly woman and, true to woman's nature, she was anxious to prolong the engagement period and to put off the day when she would be more to Bassanio—even his wife. He, on the other hand, true to man's nature, was anxious to hasten the day, and it was only a question of which would have his own way.

Portia has always a certain dignity and courtesy of manner—no affectation, but "to the manner born."

"Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood
as fair
As any comer I have looked on yet for
my affection."

This little speech, though it presents an ambiguity of meaning entirely lost on the prince, was said merely out of consideration for him, for Portia has that tact to make all her suitors as happy as possible in their failure.

How different is Portia's attitude to Bassanio from that toward the other suitors—as, indeed, every woman should be toward the man she loves. Where she was politely considerate of the others, she was beautifully so toward her lover. It appears constantly in her conversation with him, but what loving thoughtfulness is displayed in the words "First go with me to church and call me wife."

She saw what Bassanio in his grief

for Antonio did not see—that he would dislike to take her money for his friend's bond unless she was his wife.

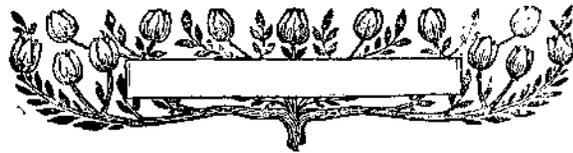
She was capable of intense feeling. While Bassanio surveys the caskets one can see her watching his every motion, listening to every word as he speaks to himself. At last he chose the leaden casket and her heart went wild with joy. We can measure her passion by her words as she prays:

"O Love, be moderate;
Allay thy ecstacy,
In measure rain thy joy."

Portia appears to the best advantage of all in her address of surrender to Bassanio, sweetly yielding her will to his.

"Yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times more
fair, ten thousand times more
rich."

There is no conceit, no false under-estimation, but a simple consciousness of herself as she really is. This is remarkable in Portia, that a woman of such wealth and virtue should not be, in a measure, spoiled by her friends and lovers. She is the most admirable of Shakespeare's heroines in this surrender. She does not passionately throw herself at him, as it were, as did Juliet to Romeo, nor is she so extremely practical as Miranda. She was admirable for this, but she was more admirable for another reason. Portia was every inch a woman.



THE REDS AND WHITES.

Two heralds, one of red and one of
white,
Passed through our High School at the
Christmas tide,
Calling the loyal one to standards bright,
Arranging the bannered hosts on either
side.

The one with sword and armor bright
Strode on with eager feet and joyful
air,
Seeming to think that he alone was right,
Because he wore the badge of courage
fair.

The other forward went with thoughtful
mien,
Steadfast and firm, to win immortal
crown,
For Purity's white wings of snowy sheen
Wafted her on to glorious renown.

The day was come, the lists with heroes
bright,
Spectators all were ranged about the
field;
The king at end to see that all went
right
Was cheered by reds, whose fate was
surely sealed.

At side and opposite the vulgar crowd
Sat beauties with aristocratic grace,
Who dressed in satin and with silks en-
shroud,
Were prizes worthy of a harder race.

The Whites and Reds came in with song
and shout,
Approaching center like a wind storm
loud;
Spear shattered spear in eager, anxious
bout,
Hurrah! the Reds retreated, strangely
cowed.

Ascending shouts from all the eager
crowd,
The winner urge to claim the well won
prize,

And bowing low before their sponsor
proud,
Receives the wreath and with the law
complies.

"Well done! Well done!" the shouts
came long and loud,
And homeward went the crowd in
happy mood;
The victors also were as well content,
And left the Reds defeated where they
stood.

The evening came, the stars shone clear
and bright,
But on the battlefield were many dead,
Red pennons torn were strewn about the
field,
And round were hovering many a sor-
rowing Red.

"ODE TO WHITE."

Thou, emblem of all purity,
We write to chant thy glory,
And, incidentally, condemn
Thy sister, stern and gory.

You breathe of peace and love divine,
And stem the tide of war,
While thou, O Poppy, with thy hue
Inflames the mind for more.

Thy fragrance from the gates of pearl
Floats on the evening breeze,
While round the poppies writhe and curl
The odors of Chinese.

And when the storm's dark banners
spread,
The western sky flings out the Red;
To sight, 'tis danger; to the watchful,
woe;
'Tis shame's companion on the cheek of
snow.

Shalt Thou whose symbol is the dove,
Who tremblest not at evil,
Be overcome or vanquished by
A crowd that flaunts the devil?

—Alletta Stewart.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

(A True Story.)

Many of the large towns in southern Africa are inhabited by English people, who have settled there for different purposes, principally to gain wealth.

John Bronson, the son of an English officer, had come to Africa, not in search of wealth, but to benefit his health. One of the drawbacks of living in that beautiful climate was the poisonous snakes, which at that time abounded there. This danger was especially prevalent in the hot summer days, when those wishing to go any distance from town had to travel through the hot sand or in the high grass, where nests of snakes were hidden.

Mr. Bronson married a beautiful English girl named Mia, the daughter of a clergyman. After a wedding trip to England they returned and settled in Pietermaritzburg, one of the cities in southeastern Africa. At this time quite a colony of English people resided there. They had erected a beautiful Episcopal church, which was surrounded by a large plot of well-kept ground, and was situated some distance from the settled part. Mr. Bronson, although a physician by profession, had, for the sake of pleasure, studied music and had become a proficient musician, especially on the pipe organ. Therefore, he became the church organist.

On the morning of Easter Sunday in 1880 the church was filled with worshippers. The music was especially fine. The services were concluded and the congregation was bowed in prayer, while the organist played softly. Suddenly his attention was attracted to something moving back and forth in the chancel window. He glanced upward and saw an immense cobra swaying to and fro from

the top of the window, keeping perfect time with the music. The creature seemed entirely fascinated, but with each movement its body slipped farther into the church. If it did not spring it would soon certainly fall, causing a great panic, for the cobra is the most deadly of snakes.

As the organist looked over the kneeling congregation he realized that something must be done at once. But the warning must be given quietly, in order that the snake's attention might not be attracted. To his wife in the choir near the organ he quietly said: "Mia, snake!" She understood, and to the next she whispered "Snake!" which each in turn whispered to his neighbor till the entire congregation knew the danger.

The information caused no commotion, as they knew the nature of the snakes and understood how to act. Silently everyone moved out upon hands and knees. During this time the organist softly played the beautiful strains, still watching the enormous snake as it gradually slipped farther and farther into the church. Finally all had left, except the organist, who now must make his escape.

His gaze had become so riveted upon the monster that unconsciously his trembling hands dropped from the keys and the music ceased. For a moment all was hushed. The snake at once became restless and was now falling rapidly within. Mr. Bronson realized his extreme danger. He nerved himself to a last effort and once more softly touched the keys. The snake was soothed. He now moved stealthily toward the door, finally play-

ing with one hand, and cautiously withdrew.

A party of natives was quickly organized to return to the church and kill the snake, which proved to be a magnificent specimen of the hooded cobra.

This is only one of the numerous inci-

dents which foreign inhabitants experience in Africa. But as the towns grow in population this danger decreases, as it probably has today, for many of the snakes are frequently killed by the natives, for which they receive a large bounty. ETHEL PARTRIDGE.

EXCHANGES.

The *Helios* from Grand Rapids has a very attractive cover for the December number. There are some very good articles in it. The article on Booker Washington is very interesting. This paper has a girls' department, which contains a good story.

We think that the editors of the *Argus* from Harrisburg, Pa., have succeeded in their efforts to make the Christmas number as attractive as possible. The story, "A Christmas Flame," disappointed us a little. The stories are short and interesting. The exchanges are well written.

The *High School Bugle* (Converse, Ind.) is very well arranged and contains some good cuts. The article "Christmas in Many Lands" is very instructive as well as interesting. This paper lays particular stress on two departments: the review of late books and the review of current topics. The December number contains a very well written review of "Alice of Old Vincennes." The current topic department takes in all the leading events.

The *White and Blue* is a small but interesting paper.

"The Old Scout's Story," in the *E. L.*

H. S. Oracle, from Auburn, Me., is well worth reading. This paper gives only a small space to editorials and no space to athletics.

The editorials in *The Recorder* (Springfield, Mass.) are well written. "School Interests" is very good. The prize story, "At the Pan-American," is very interesting. We think it would be better not to mix the advertisements with the other part of the paper.

The *Mirror* of Indianapolis has a lively number for December. Its criticisms of the exchanges are rather snappy.

The *Orange and Black* contains a very pathetic story, "The Whistling Newsboy."

"How an Xmas Was Found in the Snow" and "Xmas Story" are two good stories in the *Lake Breeze* from Sheboygan, Wis.

The *Interlude* is a well arranged and interesting paper. "A Modern Boston Tea Party" is a college story true to life.

Our Willie now has left us,
We ne'er shall see him more;
What Willie took for H₂O
Proved H₂S O₄.—Ex.



THE EVOLUTION OF HIS MAJESTY THE CAPTAIN.

Great oaks from little acorns grow, and in like manner does his Majesty the Captain spring from humble beginnings. From the time when as a mere private he entered the battalion to the time when he blossoms forth a mighty captain, what a step! How far off seem the coveted stripes; how he envies their proud possessors and wonders if the time will ever come when he also shall attain to the bliss of wearing them upon his sleeve! But with determination he shoulders his gun and marches in the ranks until patience and perseverance have their due reward and he shines forth a corporal.

The days fly by and soon July comes and the summer vacation is on. When September appears how gladly he rejoins his comrades. At last a sergeant! No, the time is not so far off after all. It may yet be, and then there is always the consolation of bullying the privates when matters go wrong. Meanwhile the sun is revolving his great year, as Virgil says, and every day brings him closer to the goal.

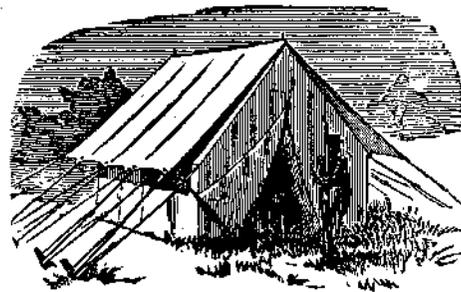
A Junior and a lieutenant! Surely no one can wonder that his head is slightly turned! It would be too much honor for any mere mortal, and our hero is but of earthly parentage. The golden days slip past and he is carried along faster and faster toward the turning point of his High school career. Competitive is near at hand and mightily does our hero bluster and brag of the prowess of his company and the splendid discipline of the men. The night has come and gone and the youthful hero, lulled by the pleasing sleep of the just, sinks back into ordinary life with a sigh.

Once more he treads the halls of the

old O. H. S., no longer a Junior to be scorned, but a Senior to be revered, a captain to be obeyed! How mighty the condescension of his majesty to a mere girl! How nobly he bends his back deigning to carry a pile of contemptible books! What secret glances of ecstasy he casts upon the chevrons ornamenting his coat sleeve, and how patronizing he is to his unfortunate friends who are merely lieutenants and whose souls he fills with bitterness.

Oh, the blindness of some teachers! The old adage, "None so blind as those who will not see," certainly holds true in this case, for what mortal could otherwise fail to recognize the brilliancy of such a man? And not only this, nay, more, they even threaten him. Observe the clemency of his majesty. He endures their sarcasm and instead of crushing them to the earth with his sovereign displeasure goes out and bulleys the privates of his company.

And yet after all how affable is our friend. How pleasing his conduct when we view him at the luncheon hour. How very human he is! And how nobly he does his duty, which truly must be a painful one to judge from the expression on a certain face which we know well,



but deem unnecessary to further designate.

Oh, for the pen of a Shakespeare to properly depict his grandeur! Reams might be written upon such a subject, but

I pause at the brink, satisfied if I have but roused up thought and brought before an admiring public the image of his Serenity the Captain.

LOUISE WHITE.

REGIMENTAL.

Three cheers for the sponsors! We give our captains the credit of having good taste if nothing else.

The general topic of discussion in Company C is Santa Claus. It is even hinted that some of these young gentlemen hung up their stockings on Xmas night.

A strange epidemic has broken out among the "Reds." The hospital corps' efforts to check it are unavailing and the surgeon reports that the whole tribe will be exterminated.

What's the matter with the band? It distinguished itself at its last appearance. It is now practicing a funeral march for the "Reds."

Last month the appearance of THE REGISTER was improved very much by the pictures of the officers and the companies, at least the officers think so. But the purpose of the regiment is not show; it is to give the boys practical training in

military tactics and discipline. Squad and company movements have been quite thoroughly learned and the use of the gun is now being taught. Our next instruction will be in guard mounting, which will be commenced the latter part of this month. A new interest has been taken in drill since the assignment of guns, and the Freshmen are rapidly developing from raw recruits into well-trained soldiers.

The band now forms on the campus with the regiment until after orders are published.

The government has again refused Senator Millard's request for guns for the cadets. He suggested that the old guns of the National Guard might possibly be obtained should the Guard be equipped with new guns. If this cannot be done the cadets will probably have to continue drilling as they now are unless the new school board can be persuaded to buy equipments. PORTER.



A SPONSOR.



O. H. S. VIOLIN QUARTET.

This quartet made its debut at the musical given for the benefit of the O. H. S. band on Friday, December 19, 1901. It was well received, and it is unique in the fact that its members are girls, while all the other musical organizations of the O. H. S. are composed of boys.

The club is independent, too, in its choice of music, playing only classical music or that of good standing and suited for the best programs. Its aim is not the amount of noise it can make, but purity of tone, good technique and harmony of sound.

The ex-officers' hop occurred at the Dellone hotel on New Year's night. The decorations mainly were flags, although the purple and white were also in evidence. About eighty couples enjoyed the evening in dancing, and delightful refreshments were served. The hop was in charge of Allan Hamilton, Warren Hillis, Arthur Jorgenson, Harry Reed, Frank Bryant and Frank Hughes.

All look out for the Senior fair at the opening of the new building the 3rd of February. It is to raise money for a statue for the main hall of the new High school and for class day. There is to be a basket ball game between the Seniors and Juniors, a literary program, a competitive drill and Mr. Senter will give some of his interesting experiments. From the departments of drawing and manual training there will be exhibits in

several rooms. All this will be for the small price of 25 cents, so all come.

BAND MUSICALE.

The High School band first played a march,

While Tommy Clark was gigglin';
It made the boys all think of camp,
And kept their feet a-wigglin'.

Then Lehmer sang about his stein
And felt much better for it,
The quartet sang "Ain't It a Shame!"
We wept—we couldn't help it.

The orchestra played such a waltz,
It were a shame if wasted;
The regulations say "No dance,"
So it could not be tasted.

But greatest was the "pie" debate
By Artie and Standeven,
And each one's points amounted up
About to forty-seven.

But all events must have a close,
Although applause is thickest,
And though no one was quick to leave,
The Seniors were not quickest.

—Harry Kelly.

On December 27 the dread future was revealed to several of the Senior girls at a pleasant entertainment given by Harriet Borglum.

Ruth Hammond entertained at a luncheon on January 3. The afternoon was spent in guessing games.

PUZZLE—WHO IS MARY?

Mary had a Billy goat,
Its hide was tough as leather,
And everywhere the damsel went,
The goat begged to go with her.

It followed her to "High" one day,
And made a great commotion;
The boys who tried to ride it say
It had an easy motion.

So the boys did tease him, pulled
His venerable beard,
But still he bore it patiently
And answered not a word.

Then a teacher took him in
Beneath his sheltering wing,
And said that they were naughty boys
To hurt the poor, dear thing.

Then as the bell for classes rang,
It lost its former fear,
And took a rubber from the hall
Home for a souvenir.

"What makes the goat love rubbers so?"
The question now will be;
"Oh, he has not been warned against
The petty thievery."

—G. H. Fox

The annual debate of the Interscholastic League occurred at Lincoln December 31 and the Omaha High School, represented by Harry Kelly, won. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved, That immigration should be restricted to those who can read and write their mother tongue and present good citizenship papers from their mother country."

Before the debate a business meeting of the league was held, at which Leslie Higgins, a member of the Junior class of this school, was elected president for next year. The other nominee was Mr. Kendall of Nebraska City.

On January 2 some of the Senior girls were entertained by Miss Zola Dellecker at a peanut party. Prizes were won by Miss Nell Carey, Miss Cora Evans and Miss Fay Towns.

Alice Towne, Lorraine Comstock and Mary Harris came home from the university for the holidays.

Alice Towne entertained a few of the Senior and university girls at her home January 3. The girls had an excellent opportunity for displaying their artistic ability by illustrating slang phrases and titles of books.

Some of the Senior girls were entertained by Minnie Hiller January 4.





All hail the O. H. S. foot ball team, champions of the state, having defeated Lincoln, the former champions.

O. H. S.—0.....	Woodbine—	6
O. H. S.—11.....	Creighton—	5
O. H. S.—17.....	York—	0
O. H. S.—16.....	Des Moines—	0
O. H. S.—0.....	Lincoln—	17
O. H. S.—0.....	Des Moines—	2
O. H. S.—23.....	Y. M. C. A.—	6
O. H. S.—11.....	Lincoln—	0
O. H. S.—11.....	Genoa Indians—	6
Totals....89		to 42

It is not necessary to go into detail of the work done by the heroic foot ball gladiators of 1901. Every loyal student knows it by heart. Who can say that Englehardt was not a very cyclone? If there is anyone you may rest assured he has never experienced the sensation of one of Billy's tackles. Ah! many times have I seen the runner stop and hand Billy the ball rather than allow himself to be mangled. But let us go on, for there is yet much to be said. Methinks I see a tiny, little fellow away off in the distance. Yes, it is Shields. What a sight to see him dump the big fellows, who see nothing before them but a touch-



down and think they must have tripped on a weed. We have only spoken of two of them, and yet we might speak at length on the way Robby handles his opponent; of Griffith's elbow exercise; of Marsh's line bucks; of Coryell's interference; of Mullen's opinion of how the line should give way before him; of Stertcker's excuses to get out of practice; of the reason Thompson is so quiet during a game, or of Fairbrother's runs, and last, but not least, of the invincible Standeven's stunt of being everywhere at once.

Now that the foot ball season is over, we should begin to prepare for field events. Last year our track team was a failure, simply because those in the school who might have broken previous records would not help. This year let us begin at once, every Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior, to prepare for some event.
W. J. S.

If you've got anything old that you want made new bring it to the OMAHA PLATING CO., Bee building, city, and they will plate it for you in gold, silver, nickel, copper, brass or bronze. Skates sharpened, 15c. Try us.

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

Every pupil in the High school
Could do a mint of good,
And it would be better for him
If he only, only would.

Why not have some public spirit
Here at school before we go?
Then perhaps from these small sowings
True democracy will grow.

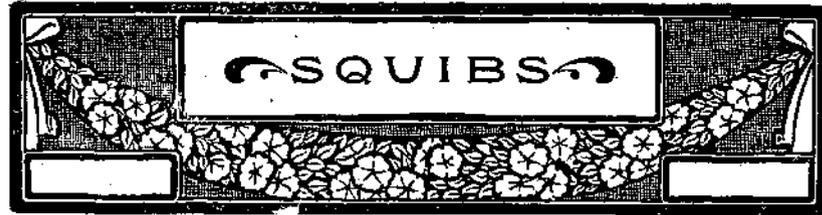
We want men and women nowadays
Who are statesmen every one,
Then our country; all republics
Will advance and will have won.

Could we not support things better,
Which are for the good of all?
For the best in every school will
With the pupils rise and fall.

Everyone support debating,
"Register" and basket ball,
Then one reaching for our laurels
Must be very, very tall.
—Harry Kelly.

The Harney Street Stables
1307-9-11 HARNEY ST.

CARRIAGES FOR ALL OCCASIONS A SPECIALTY.
Telephone 106. R. V. COLE, Proprietor.



Fredrica—"I'll throw you head first, as I did Captain Christie."

It is reported that Addison said "Pay," but Steele said "Repay." Again "Dodo" is outdone.

Hamling—"The angle is a complement."

Miss Green—"No compliments, please".

Hamling (aside)—"Those bum jokes will be the death of her yet."

Jack M.—"Make two words from 'enough' which would not be enough."

Watson S.—"One hug."

L. C.—"Give it to me, Watson."

Spring Shirts For 1902 are now in. The variety is extensive and decidedly handsome.

SHIRTTWAISTS FOR LADIES A SPECIALTY.

ALBERT CAHN, SHIRT TAILOR AND MEN'S FURNISHER
219 SOUTH FOURTEENTH STREET.



A GOOD RESOLUTION
"I will do all my Trading in the jewelry line at Lindsay's jewelry store this year. He carries such a beautiful line, you know."

LOOK FOR THE NAME.
S. W. LINDSAY, the Jeweler
1516 Douglas Street



This issue of the Register is printed by

NATIONAL PRINTING COMPANY

PRINTERS OF EVERYTHING
IN ALL LANGUAGES

509-511 South 12th Street. OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Ex-officers' hop. All of the committee wore C. O. C. (Come on, cuckers.)

Miss Green—"This is a spherical triangle. All the greatest mathematicians admit it. Even Mr. Woolery says it is."

Miss Peterson—"Never mix the words for 'grandfather' and 'bird.'"

Kelkenney—"My grandfather was a bird."

Great storm, electrical and spasmodic.

Sweet Bessie translates: "She had loving eyes a military beard and stripped corns."

No, Maude, Marion Arnold is not a girl. (2) We do not know Miss Copy Brinker. (3) A "major premise" has nothing to do with Sidwell at all.

Mibbs and Daisy, Cherry sisters and complexion artists (mostly latter).

He—Our ther. says it was ten below last night.

She—Arthur who?

He—Our thermometer!

Have you heard about the Freshman pouring a cup of water in Wallace's hat at camp last year?

Well, it hasn't leaked out yet.

Al Gordon, the star boarder of Miss Peterson's class, says the order is out of motion.

Over the 'phone: What? Bessie Morehead was? Last month? Gracious, how time flies!

How are the mighty fallen!

Miss Marion Connell wants to know what that little Reed boy's name is.

Robt. Smith & Bro., Grocers

1403 Douglas Street.

"THE STORE WHOSE
GOODS ARE SOLD
BY WEIGHT."

SEE THE CHOICE NEW

GOODS FOR

SPRING
...1902...

DOLLARS DO

DOUBLE SERVICE



UNDERWEAR, FURNISHING GOODS,
TOILET SETS, TRAVELING CASES

ALL VERY MUCH REDUCED.

xxx

Thompson, Belden & Co.,

DRY GOODS

S. W. Cor. 16th and Douglas Streets.

THOMAS - KILPATRICK CO.

Seniors at "Macbeth." Scene—McDuff lying prostrate and moaning for murder of his family.

Morsman—"Brace up, old boy, and die game."

Scene—Macbeth is killed after a fierce (?) conflict with McDuff.

Standeven—"Oh, did he kill Macbeth? I thought he was only scratching him."

Grand finale.

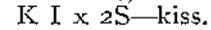
Malcolm—"I am king of Scotland!"

Chorus of Gallery—"But there is no king like Dodo!"

Company E, bring your face to parade rest!

Coryell advocates public ownership of the Waterhouse.

By a recent experiment it has been found that potassium iodide (K I) unites with sulphur (S) (under pressure) with the following reaction:



Care should be taken to perform this experiment in the dark, as some of the material is explosive and the reaction very violent.—Ex.

Teacher—What is the largest river in Italy, Leo?

Leo—The the the—

Leo's Sister—Say Po, Leo.

Leo (quickly)—Sapolio.—Ex.

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray, do not mention such a trifle."—Ex.

WE ARE CLOSING OUT ALL

PECK & SNYDER SKATES REGARDLESS OF COST...

\$5.00 Grade at \$8.00. \$1.00 Grade at \$2.50. \$3.00 Grade at \$2.00. \$2.50 Grade at \$1.50.
\$1.50 Grade at \$0.90. \$0.75 Grade at \$0.50. \$0.60 Grade at \$0.35.

TOWNSEND GUN CO. 116 South 15th St.



Balduffs...

Gold Medal Bon-Bons..

The most delicious confection manufactured. In one-half, one, two, three, five, and ten pound boxes, at

60c Per Pound.

W. S. Balduff,

1518-1520 Farnam Street. OMAHA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Will supply you with Refreshments of all kinds for parties, receptions and weddings. No order too small or too large for our prompt attention.....

Our Engravers...

Baker Bros. Engraving Company, of Omaha, is the house that will at all times give the proper attention to your engraving. Groupings for class books and annuals can be executed with neatness and artistic taste. You will find their half-tone work will be equal to the best, and special estimates should be asked for on this kind of work.

Having the best mail service at their command, and being so centrally located in the middle west, and having one of the best equipped plants in this country, why should they not have a chance to estimate on your work and make your personal acquaintance?....

TABLE TENNIS during the past year has made a perfect furore in England; so much so, that "Punch" has made it a subject for caricature on their first page. It is only necessary to play one game and be convinced that this is really the most fascinating indoor game ever placed on the market. A room full of people may be kept interested in the play, thereby increasing the pleasure of an evening party, besides creating a diversion for the players themselves.

Call and see them, in price from \$2.50 to \$10.00.

Schmelzer Sporting Goods Co., 1521 Farnam Street.



POST HOLIDAY PRICES



The closing months of 1901 witnessed a most successful season in our business.

Active selling means broken lines.

For the rest of the month we shall close out our Suits and Overcoats at prices calculated to clear the decks for an early Spring.

Browning, King & Co.

To the High School Girls....

JOIN THE

Young Women's Christian Association

AND ENJOY THE

GYMNASIUM

Basket Ball
Regular Gymnasium Work
Out-Door Sports

HOME CULTURE TALKS

SOCIAL EVENINGS

REST AND READING ROOMS, ETC.

For particulars apply at the

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Artistic Cleaning...

of Fine Garments

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319 South 15th St.

TEL. 1521.

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TERMS MODERATE

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Merchant Tailor

Suits Made to Order from \$18 Upwards. Trousers from \$4 Up—Repairing Neatly Done.

1510 Harney St. OMAHA, NEB.

CHAMBER'S

DANCING ACADEMY

17th and Douglas

Classes now forming for last half of season.

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Hair Cut 25c

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OTTO MEYER, Propr.

First Class Service and
Satisfaction Guaranteed

220 So. 17th St.
Bee Bldg., OMAHA

Williams...

1406 FARNAM STREET,

Opposite Paxton Hotel

PHOTOGRAPHER

We will make you the Regular \$5.00 Photo for \$3.00
Smaller sizes in proportion.

There are no better Pictures made

Call and see them

See the Seniors Fair

at the Seniors' Fair.

Fare 25c

February 3, 1902,

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Expert Watchmakers and

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Diamonds, Watches, Clocks,
Cut Glass and Sterling Silver

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