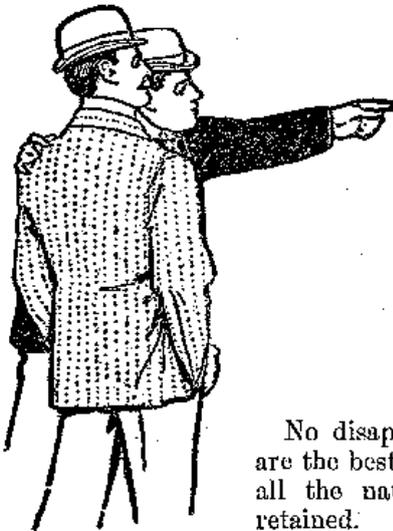


Arthur C. Thomas '05

VOL. XVI. No. 6.

FEB. 1902.



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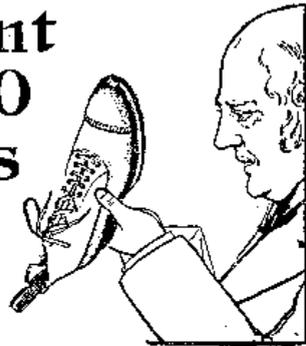
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High School Register

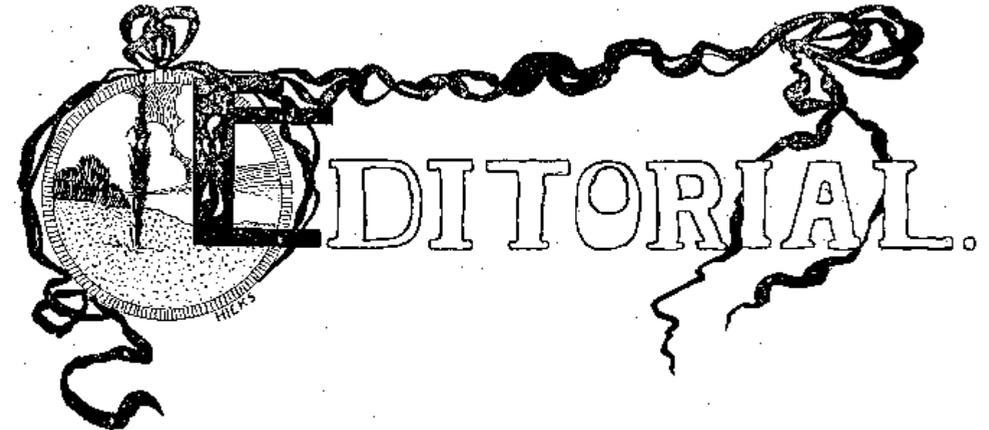
Vol. XVI.

OMAHA, FEBRUARY, 1902.

No. 6.

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.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF A. A. KELKENNEY
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What an O. H. S. boy, animated with the right spirit, can do has been clearly shown by Burdette J. Lewis of last year's class, who is now attending the State university. Burdette, in the first place, was elected to the office of president of the Freshman class. This, however, was a mere preliminary honor to that which he received a short time ago. Lewis, with about forty-nine others, nearly all of whom were men of very high rank in the university, contended for a place on the three interstate teams. Burdette was one of the fifteen selected for their excellence in debating. This is saying a great deal when we consider that his judges were men of great ability in this line, Prof. Caldwell, for example, and that his opponents were men of high ability. THE REGISTER takes this opportunity to offer

to Lewis the hearty congratulations of the entire school, and the fervent wish that he continue in the path of honor and success which he has so fittingly begun.

The recent entrance to the new High school came so suddenly upon some of us that we do not yet seem able to fully appreciate the advantages which are offered to us and the privileges which we enjoy. The exquisite finishings of our new school, its well-ventilated, finely-lighted rooms, and its conveniences make it one of the finest schools in the west, while our present system of free text books make it as liberal as any other institution. Let us congratulate ourselves upon these two facts and endeavor to use our privileges to the best of our ability.



A LITTLE KNIGHT.

Ding, dong! Ding, dong! clanged the ambulance bell as it raced down State street, always a crowded thoroughfare, but now, at noon, unusually so.

The people paused in their hurrying and looked after the ambulance with a disinterested air. "Wonder where it's going?" said one man. "Let's ask one of these kids," pointing to a crowd of scurrying urchins, but they were in too much of hurry to say anything but "Jonesy run over, back broken."

"Hub! nothing but a common kid," said the man, and passed on.

By this time the ambulance had reached its destination, and soon returned with a pale, curly-headed little boy on a white stretcher, several of his intimates hanging on the back with his papers.

When they reached the hospital the matron, a kind-hearted woman, took charge of him and placed him in the children's ward, where he lay unconscious. A great deal of whispering went on among the occupants of the various beds as to the identity of the new patient, but they were not to be satisfied, as the doctors placed a screen around his bed and stood talking in low tones.

When "Jonesy" recovered consciousness he looked about him in a mazy cloud of bewilderment. "Why, wh-where am

I?" he said to the pretty nurse who was leaning over him?"

"Hush, dear; don't talk; you will be worse. This is the hospital."

"Why, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed as a sharp pain shot up his back, causing him to lay back on his pillow out of breath. Then his nurse explained what had happened and how he came to be here, and that he would have to stay for some time. Thereupon "Jonesy's" eyes filled with big tears. "How—who's goin' to take care o' Nellie?" he sobbed. Being questioned, he said Nellie was his—well, he jus' tuk care of her, and she'd be lonely 'thout him, and she cudn't get her supper lest he uz there, and then the poor little fellow burst into tears, which could not be controlled. The nurse promised that "Nellie" should be found and he went to sleep in that confidence of a child who has never been deceived.

Out in the hall two of "Jonesy's" little friends were waiting, their ragged hats in hand, to hear 'bout "Jonesy's" back." The matron told them his condition and was touched to see one of them wiping a furtive tear away with his coat sleeve. She asked them about him and was told "Jonesy" was the mascot o' de gang; he tuk care o' Nellie, a baby girl three years old, and de fellers called him de baby

angel 'cause he didn't swear or do what de udders did. The matron asked them to bring Nellie to her so she would be taken care of, and thanking her, they "silently stole away," promising to bring back Nellie in an hour 'n' half.

Upon "Jonesy's" awakening he was told that Nellie was being taken care of and would come to visit him often.

Upon the following Wednesday it was visitors' day and a fair-haired lady in black came into that ward with flowers. The children hailed her with delight, for their "Wednesday lady" was a favorite. She passed around to all the cribs and cots, giving each a lovely nosegay. When she came to Jonesy's bed she seemed to be overcome with emotion and asked him his name, looking into his eyes earnestly the while. "Arthur, 'm," he said, and she looked at him with a pale face, saying: "Who was your mother?" "Never had any; I just happened, I guess," he said with a feeble smile. "Arthur, do you remember anything about when you were a baby?" she said excitedly. "'Member 'bout a big house with a lovely yard, and I used to play 'ith a white pony, 'nd—" "Arthur, do you remember anybody that lived there?" "And old black lady that cooked and a tall, dark man I uster call papa." "Oh!" she exclaimed, opening a locket, "did he look like this?" "Yes," said Jonesy, excitedly, "and I 'member a lady 'th light hair that he called Marie, 'nd—" "Arthur, I believe you are my little boy; he was lost or stolen when a baby and we thought he was dead. Your remembrances make me sure of it! My name is Marie, and the white pony still grazes riderless."

Here the nurse interposed for quietude, and Mrs. Slandes resumed: "When you are able to be moved I will take you

home—" "But," Jonesy interposed, "what will Nellie do?" Upon being told who Nellie was, and how he took care of her, she said, with tears in her eyes: "My brave little knight, we will take her with us. There is room in the big house for one more baby." Here Nellie was brought in, her chubby face blissfully sticky with a stick of candy given her by "de fellers" and her hair in curly ringlets on her little head. "Jonesy" showed his progeny with pride and Nellie, looking up into Mrs. Slandes' face with beaming blue eyes, said: "Pitty yady, me 'outs a kiss." Mrs. Slandes took her up on her knee and, hugging her, explained as well as she could how "Arsur" and she were going to live in a pretty house with a big yard and a lovely pony to ride. "Lovely pony to ride," hummed Nellie, "'n' a big house 'ith a lovely 'ard, and lots of candy?" she said, looking inquiringly into Mrs. Slandes' face. Upon being assured of the fact she said: "Let's do now!" But the nurse, who had been a delightful participant of this quick establishment of relation, said that they must wait till Jonesy got better, and that would not be long. She was reassured by this and spent the rest of the afternoon by Jonesy's bedside, humming to him in delighted ecstasy.

Mrs. Slandes went home to tell her husband of the remarkable discovery, and the next day he came down to see his "little knight of the cross." When Arthur got better he was taken home with Nellie, whom Mrs. Slandes had adopted, to the big house, where he drove the white pony and gained in strength every day till he was as well as ever.

He said one day: "I am glad I got runned over, my Marie." "Why?" said his mother. "'Cause I might not have ever seen you and papa if I hadn't been

run over, and Nellie and I would not have been so very happy in the big house." "My precious boy," she said, kissing him, "you are my own little knight, and mamma only hopes you will be as happy as you always make others."

AN INANIMATE DISCUSSION.

"One, two, three," chimed the little French Clock on the mantelpiece.

"Fast, as usual," drawled the Grandfather Clock from the stairs in his deliberate manner.

"Well, I see something of life at any rate," ticked the French Clock in reply. "I returned only yesterday from the jewelry store, where I was in the very best of society; so, there."

"Here, here, stop your quarreling," spoke the Mistletoe. "I'm the member in this crowd who sees things. I'm sure I'm in a position to look down upon you all if I felt so inclined, but instead of that I am content to let you all look up to me."

"Listen to that green young thing boast," sneered the Lamp.

"Well, a fellow who smokes and goes out nights as you do needn't preach," retorted the Mistletoe. "Besides, I had a piece of news for you all, but I suppose you can wait till morning to hear it."

"Oh, do tell us now, dear Miss Mistletoe," said the French Clock. "We will all promise not to tell a soul."

"Well, seeing you urge me so, I will tell you. We're going to have a wedding in this family before next Christmas."

"How do you know?" snapped the Banjo String. "I guess it's my place to hear all the love making in this family."

"Oh, you're all right for summer even-

ings out on the front porch, but at Christmas time you're not in it with me."

"But where do I come in?" spoke up the Holly.

"Why, any old place until after New Year's, then you will be carted out to the ash pile, while I will be carefully taken down, wrapped in tissue paper and kept among milady's choicest treasures in remembrance of what I saw this evening."

"Well, hurry up and tell us about it before I go out," said the Grate Fire.

"It happened just this way," continued the Mistletoe. "Right after dinner this evening Miss Maude came in here and started to light the gas. 'Allow me,' said Mr. Charlie, 'but instead of lighting the gas he calmly put his arm about her and—'"

"Oh, that is what they were up to, was it?" interrupted the Lamp. "I was quietly having my after-dinner smoke when Mr. Charlie walked over here and gave me such a blow, I declare I was never so put out in my life."

"Time-to-go-to-bed," declared the Big Clock from the stairs.

"What! 5 o'clock already?" shrieked the Alarm Clock from the kitchen.

"Oh, ring off!" said the Lamp.

And it did.

JESSIE BARTON.

THE ADVENTURE OF A FRESHMAN.

"There will be a meeting of the Freshman class in the old chapel on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock for the purpose of electing officers."

This notice attracted very little attention, as it was only a type written slip tacked in a dark hall of one of the university buildings. One of the few who noticed it was Lewis Gibson. He called the attention of several of his former classmates to this notice, and they all immediately decided to attend the meeting.

At the appointed hour the old chapel was filled, but Gibson noticed that only about one-third of those present were Freshmen, the others being upper class men, upon whose authority the notice had been put up. The upper class men were pushing a Frat. man for presidency and one of their men, Warren Mulligan, a rather forward Freshman, went to the front and asked for nominations for temporary chairman, and he was nominated and elected to the position.

He took the chair, saying that nominations were in order for president. Gibson objected, asked on whose authority the meeting had been called, and said that they at least ought to have a secretary. It was moved and carried that the chair appoint one, and Mulligan appointed Gibson, thinking to silence him. Then Mulligan again announced that nominations were in order for president, and both Mulligan and Gibson were nominated, Mulligan's name being placed first on the board. An upper class man jumped quickly to his feet and moved that nominations be closed, and this motion being carried, a second man jumped up as quickly and moved that a standing vote be taken and the order in which the names were on the board be followed in

doing so. The upper class men thought that as there had been no thought on the subject that naturally the majority would rise at the first name, but before this motion could be carried an argument arose and it was stated that there should be no nominations, as there had been no class organizations and no constitution drawn up, and finally it was moved and carried that a committee of three be appointed to draw up a constitution and report at the next meeting. The meeting adjourned to meet the following Tuesday, and the Freshmen having gained their point went gladly home.

Meanwhile a question arose in the minds of the Freshmen, How were they to elect their officers without the interference of the upper class men? Finally Gibson hit upon a scheme. He went to some teacher and tried to get a list of all the Freshmen enrolled, and when he was unsuccessful in this, he obtained permission from the faculty to place a registration table in the hall, where all the members of 1905 might register. He suspected that some upper class men would also register their names, so he placed a friend of his, who had known most of the upper class men by sight, if not personally, at the table and he had the Freshman sign in the front part of the book and the others in the back. Of course, there were a few mistakes, but as a whole the plan succeeded.

Tuesday came and the old chapel was filled with people from all classes. The secretary stood to call the roll and before he began he requested everyone to stand as his name was called. This was too much for the upper class men, as they did not wish to be classed as Freshmen, and so a complete enrollment was ob-

tained; but before anything could be done concerning the election the time was up and the meeting was compelled to adjourn to meet some day the following week.

On the day of the meeting, just a little before the time appointed, Gibson was strolling on the campus with the roll call and a couple of books under his arms. There was only one other Freshman in sight, but any number of upper class men. One of them passed Gibson, eyeing the roll suspiciously, and finally turned on Gibson as if to snatch it from him, and then Gibson began to run. The upper class men, seeing that something was happening, ran after the two and when Gibson felt that he was losing ground he called to the only Freshman that was in sight, saying: "The Freshman roll call!" and tossed it to him. The fellow then fell on the ground with the roll carefully pinioned in his arms. Pretty soon there was a stack of legs and arms such as one sees at a foot ball game. A few boys caught Gibson and threw him, but sec-

ing that it did no good they went to add to the stack, and Gibson being free ran to tell some of the faculty what had happened and get their help, but the first one he met said that it was useless and that the Freshmen were all standing waiting to get into the chapel. So he opened the door and let them in and quietly locked the door after them. Meanwhile the upper class men noticed that all seemed quiet and that there had been no attempt to regain the roll, so they went to the chapel and found the door locked, but they heard from inside that the election was going on. Then they were furious and pounded the door until it almost gave way on its rusty hinges. Gibson was elected president and the meeting adjourned. The other officers were satisfactorily elected without the assistance of the upper class men, but there is vengeance in the eyes of most upper class men and they vow to "get even with that upstart of a president at the Freshman hop."

ELOISE S. HILLIS, A. C. S.

A SENIOR FAIR EPISODE.

The crowd was beginning to deepen around the famous oracle's box and the tray held by one of the most graceful Grecians was being rapidly contributed to.

"Only three questions," said some one, "but many items thrown in voluntarily."

The young woman in the red jacket glided swiftly through the draperies when her turn came, as she was bid, seated herself upon the high stool all expectancy. That she was the only occupant of the somber apartment did not trouble her very long. With a scratching

sound the oracle made known his presence behind the curtain.

"What do you wish to know?" he asked in a low, confidential voice.

"What I am to become," she replied, wondering whether it would be discreet to ask more personal questions.

"At twenty-two," came the answer, "you will marry the person who now has a great influence upon your life" (she gasped; the oracle had told her that which she desired most to know) "and," continued the voice, "you will be a famous artist also." It added, after a busy

perusal of the Book of Fates, "you will write for Munsey's Magazine."

The listener sighed a disappointed sigh (plainly she was an ambitious person).

"Shall I travel much?"

"Yes," said the oracle, and then added, conscientiously, "after you die."

"Ah! and when will that be?"

"At the age of forty you will meet with a violent death," announced the all-knowing one; "a violent death."

There was a short silence, during which the young woman shuddered and reflected that her three questions had been answered.

"May I ask another?" she inquired, timidly.

"As many as you like," from behind the curtain.

"Very well. Shall I accomplish what I wish to in this world?"

"Part of it; only a part." The oracle's voice was sad. Telling the truth was evidently not always an agreeable duty for him. The pathos of his voice made an impression upon the fair one and she settled herself comfortably, regardless of the time she was causing others to forfeit. She seemed suddenly to have remembered something important.

"Have I any talent for music?"

"You have a lovely voice; yes, a lovely voice," was the gallant response, and there was another silence, during which the flattered one strove to recover her composure.

"How old do you think me?" she asked at length in a very friendly tone.

"About—ahem!—about—sixteen."

"Wrong!" she cried, exultantly. "Wrong!" but the wise oracle did not deign reply.

"Will—will—the person I marry be a writer?"

"That," said the oracle, seeing a chance to atone for his previous mistake, "will depend upon you."

Had any living person ever been so ready with complimentary speeches, she wondered.

"Oh, are you a *real, true* oracle?" she cried, all excitement, "and can you read palms?"

"Give me your hand and you shall see," was the prompt reply. And thus the oracle held her hand in his while he discovered two important facts—first, that she had a fate line, and; second, that she wore no rings, to which discoveries she assented with a sigh and drew back her hand reluctantly. But still she could not go.

"Do you think me a frivolous person?"

"Whew!" muttered the oracle to himself. "Really, I don't exactly—well, you are not *always* frivolous, but it depends upon circumstances and *all* girls are sometimes."

With a start the questioner recovered herself. Who was this oracle, anyway, that he should make such an assault upon her sex?"

"Won't you please tell me your name?" she pleaded.

"Tell me your's," demanded the one from behind the curtain.

But with a "Never!" she was gone.

PERSEVERANCE HAS ITS REWARD.

"Gosh ninety, Mary Jane, you're flyin' around as if somethin' real important was goin' to happen, instead of jest a reg'lar

dinner!" and Ezra Johnson, feeling duly proud that he had opened the conversation in a very praiseworthy manner, sat

down to wait until Mary Jane had placed his noonday meal before him. Ezra was a great, big, broad-shouldered fellow, a "hand" on Mr. Tucker's big farm, and he was said to be "sparkin'" Mrs. Tucker's help, Mary Jane Perkins. Mary Jane herself denied all knowledge of the report of Ezra's fondness for her, for "he was sech a bashful critter that she couldn't see where he'd find courage enough to spark a flea."

"Well, I *can* tell you one thing that's goin' to happen *soon*, Ezra Johnson, or I'm very much mistaken," she said now in answer to Ezra's remark. "Ned Ames stayed purty late last night, and I just see Mrs. Tucker and Miss Sue up in the linen press overhaulin' things, and it's my private opinion that things is workin' there."

It was well known that one of the young neighboring farmers had been very often to see Mr. Tucker's daughter Sue, and as Miss Sue blushed every time his name was mentioned people began to be suspicious.

"Well, well, you don't say so, Mary Jane!" Ezra replied. "When do you suppose it'll be—the weddin', you know?"

"Don't know can't say; a body can't tell these days whether fellers mean anything or not," and with this broad hit at the dilatory Ezra, whom all her previous feminine maneuvers had failed to bring to a declaration, she added: "But, then, I calkate Ned Ames ain't the feller that's forever and a day makin' up his mind. He ain't like *some* folks" (with a toss of her head) "dilly dallyin' round and never

knowin' nothing'. As soon as they *do* get married I'm goin' over to keep house for Sam Green. He can't do a thing with them children of his, runnin' wild ever since Mrs. Green died."

"Oh, no, you ain't! You ain't goin' to keep house for Sam Green, Mary Jane! Say you ain't," implored Ezra.

"Gracious Peter! what's the matter with you, anyway? Why ain't I goin' to keep house for Mister Green, I'd like to know?"

"Why, I don't know, Mary Jane, if you say so; but I did kinder hope that perhaps—mebbe—I thought—you know what I've been lookin' forward to, Mary Jane. Gosh ninety! I vow I'll go straight off and sell that new house I bought this summer, seein' as there's nobody to keep it for me."

Either Ezra's air of real sorrow or his determination to sell the neat little house that he had bought with his sown earnings, and in which Mary Jane had hopes of presiding as mistress, made her waver in her intention of keeping house for Sam Green, for, going up close to poor Ezra and laying her red hand on his arm, she said, soothingly: "There, don't act so, Ezra. How d'you suppose I knew you wanted me to keep house for you? And Mister Green called over two or three times—"

"Sam Green, go to thunder!" vociferated Ezra, grasping Mary Jane's hand tightly and springing from his chair. "Say, Mary Jane," he added, subsiding into a calm, "gentle as a baby," as Mary Jane afterwards told Miss Sue in confidence, and looking up sheepishly, "when do you calkate you can be ready to keep house for *me*? What do you say to settin' up airy in the spring—say about plantin' time?"

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

"Say, fellows," called the inventor, appearing at one end of the hall into which the doors of the rooms of the foot ball team opened, "the manager has a note from the hotel proprietor."

"Oh, go hang yourself or talk to the porter!" yelled one fellow, throwing a bar of soap at the inventor through a half opened door.

"Hold on, there; you think I am joking; listen here."

"Ask the manager if any of his men took from the table by mistake seven forks, five spoons, two salt and pepper sets and one pair of sugar tongs. The manager feels bad about it, and I told him I would see what I could do. Of

course, we don't want to be written up about it or anything like that. I think a good scheme would be for those who borrowed anything to drop it in the hall. No one would then know what did the borrowing. I'll be back in a minute," and the inventor disappeared.

Several of the more timid dropped spoons in the hall at once and were slowly followed by the more reckless. Returning, the inventor gathered up the silverware and went into his room, where he packed it in his grip.

"I never could bring myself to steal outright," murmured he, slowly winking at the manager, who was snoring soundly.

REGIMENTAL.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 24.

Headquarters of Cadets.—Hereafter there will be a seventh company, which will be known as Company G. Company A is transferred to the First battalion and will drill on Mondays and Wednesdays.

The following promotions are announced, to take effect this date:

To be cadet captain Company G, Cadet Lieutenant Al Gordon.

To be cadet first lieutenant Company G, Cadet Lieutenant Jay Fuller.

To be cadet first lieutenant signal corp, Cadet Private L. Hicks.

To be cadet second lieutenant Company A, Cadet Private M. Arnold.

To be cadet second lieutenant Company G, Cadet Private A. Heimrod.

To be cadet sergeants, H. Montgomery, J. Dumont, L. Kennard, J. Fair, C. Nelson, B. Hamling, H. Johnson.

Cadet Sergeant Montgomery is as-

signed first sergeant to Company G.

Cadet Sergeant Dumont is assigned second sergeant to Company G.

Cadet Sergeant Fair is assigned third sergeant to Company G.

Cadet Sergeant Nelson is assigned quartermaster sergeant to Company G.

Cadet Sergeant Kennard is assigned fifth sergeant to Company A.

Sergeant Hamling is assigned to the band.

Cadet Johnson is assigned fifth sergeant to Company F.

To be cadet corporals, T. Chambers, A. Myer, F. Putnam, L. Myer, J. Wallace, W. Eppelen, W. Aarons, M. Mace, G. Maguire, T. Whitlock.

Corporals will be assigned as follows: Corporal Chambers, Company F; Corporal A. Meyer, Company A; Corporal F. Putnam, Company B; Corporal L. Meyer, Company G; Corporal G. Wal-

lace, Company G; Corporal W. Epelon, Company A; Corporal W. Aarons, band; Corporal M. Mace, band; Corporal Maguire, signal corp; Corporal Whitlock, bugle corp.

Cadet Sergeant Drefold is transferred to Company G.

Cadet Sergeant Patten is transferred to Company G.

Corporal Bourke is transferred to Company G.

Corporal Bexten is transferred to Company G.

Corporal Gillespie is transferred to Company G.

By order of A. S. PEARSE,
Commandant of Cadets.



Was the Senior fair a success? Well, just ask any of the numerous Freshmen who attended if they didn't enjoy it and they will all with one accord answer, "Yes." From a financial standpoint, it was very much of a success, and a beautiful statue for the new building will be a good evidence of that fact at the end of the year. The program was a very good one, consisting of a piano duet, Misses Bedwell and McIntosh; a recitation, Miss Hiller; a selection, the O. H. S. Male quartet; a selection, the violin quartet; a debate, Mr. Kelly, White, and Mr. Kelkenney, Red.

Dr. Senter's experiments were certainly all very interesting, and the one in which the outlines of the new and old buildings were illuminated was extremely pretty.

The spell-down resulted in Leslie Higgins of the First battalion winning in the first and Paul Werner of the Second battalion winning in the second spell-down. In the final one Paul Werner won. Three cheers for Paul!

Although the gymnasium was rather crowded and many could not see the basket ball game, still it proved to be rather an exciting one. The Seniors won with a score of 10 to 4.

Last Saturday night the Metropolitan was the scene of one of the prettiest and most enjoyable parties of the season. The C. T. C. gave a colonial ball, and one could almost wish that we could go back a hundred years to have seen the pretty costumes, as powdered hair is certainly very becoming to some people. The hall was decorated in hearts, being so near St. Valentine's day, and pennants in the club colors, pink and light green, while the class and High school colors were also seen in various places.

The Senior contest is at an end and the Whites at least are overjoyed at the outcome, as they won fourteen points, while the Reds only won four. The debate, the selling of tickets and nine of the *Register* points were given to the Whites, while the Reds won only four of the *Register* points. Miss Schrieber is certainly to be congratulated as the leader of the White side.



Just as the son went down (from 204 to the office).

Such noble generosity. You are invited to the C. T. C. We are short of boys.

Morsman rented a costume, also three rolls of cotton.

A stitch in time is the noblest work of God.

An honest man gathers no moss.

Lazy folks come home to roost.

Curses, like chickens, take the most pains.

Miss Towne says smack is an imitative word.

Latin—May they fight themselves and their ancestors.

L. C.—Watson has a mouth which should be on a girl's face, and if you were the girl you would not mind it, either. (This is inserted after consulting Watson.)

Standeven—We ought to be able to get a little president for ten dollars.

Chorus—Get the Sophomore for nothing.

Tell S. B. to call up 175. (Look it up.)

Fredrica—Give me my half back.

From Virgil—Fickle and inconstant always is woman. Never trust to complexion.

Everyone use Christie's cold water cure.

Chase couldn't go to the C. T. C. It was Lent (the costume).

Mrs. Caldwell—Ernest K. stayed very late last night.

Margaret—But, mother, he left at ten.

Mrs. C.—Oh, no. Just before he left he said: "Just one."

A. L. P.—If Mercury were with Dido he would say "Haec." Pigebit me in nec.

Phelps—Piggy bit me in the neck.

TO MY VALENTINE.

Blood is red,
Cold steel is blue,
Revenge is sweet,
And so are you.

Mrs. Waterhouse—"Now, your first recitation does not begin until third hour; you may go out on the campus."

Freshman (pleadingly)—"Where is the campus, Mrs. Waterhouse?"

"Outside, anywhere."

Chorus of Sophomores—Ha! ha!

Miss Hillis hurt her jaw and Fred hurt her ankle. Would that they had changed; Fritz needs it.

Wanted—A megaphone and telescope for study room teachers.

How appropriate to be excommunicated for communication.

Duffer Christie stuck Rosey for three straight games. Such a headache.

We can't appreciate, so says Miss Sullivan.

Lost articles found in the register room.

There was a boy from Omaha,
And he was wondrous wise,
Whene'er he wished to win a girl
He bought a stock of pies;
But when the boy was busted,
The others got a show,
And as he is my "steady,"
Of course I ought to know.

In dear old Lincoln
They have a little school,
They are so proud
They strut around,
And never can keep cool;
But here in this town,
Our building is so grand,

Bernice's way of turning on the water,
"take some water out of the pipe."

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EXCHANGES.

We wish to tender our sincere apologies to our exchanges for not sending them copies of THE REGISTER last month. Owing to the fact that the publishing of the paper was unavoidably delayed, we were not able to conform with the postal laws.

would take pains to have pretty covers on their papers, as all those of special artistic merit are honored by being added to those in the frieze in THE REGISTER room.

The cuts in the *Seattle Whims* are especially fine and appropriate.

It would afford THE REGISTER staff much pleasure if all their exchanges

The *Record*, from Evansville, has a very attractive cut at the head of the ex-

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change column. There are too many clippings in it. For a commencement number, there is a lack of original articles.

The *Lake Breeze* comes to us with its usual good story.

The *Sioux City Record* is full of interesting reading.

The *Oklahoma College Paper* has two interesting stories and a fine exchange column.

We congratulate the students of the

Washington High school, Cedar Rapids, upon their *Pulse* staff. With such a staff we no longer wonder at the great merit of the paper.

The prize story in the *Springfield Recorder* is up to its usual standard. We always read it with a great deal of pleasure.

"Some New Peterkin Papers" in the *Aegis* are very interesting.

The exchange column of the *East Orange News* could be improved.

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