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VOL. XVI.

NUMBER 7.

High.. School Register

MARCH, 1902.

Published Monthly in the Interest of the
Omaha High School

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...Bellevue College...

A T BELLEVUE COLLEGE student spirit and interest have risen to a still higher point during the past months. The Oratorical Contest in which there were representatives from nearly all classes and departments brought out the class spirit, and class flags were secretly put up only to be contended for until they were no more. The contest was won by a member of the Sophomore class. Everything that belongs to a first-class college is to be found at Bellevue, and the breadth and grade of education is equal to the best colleges and universities in the U. S.

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OMAHA

High School Register

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Our friends will no doubt be glad to hear that complete success is not far from the grasp of a member of that famous Class of '99." Carl Heinrich who has been attending the University of Chicago since leaving the High School has recently completed a work, which has been accepted by a large publishing house in New York. The book is entitled "Moods and Moments" and consists of Songs, Ballads, Satires and a few Dramatic Studies, the product of untiring energy and noble ambition.

Several of Mr. Heinrich's poems have appeared in former issues of this paper and have been read with great enjoyment. Those who have had the privilege

of knowing him personally have been watching his progress with interest, and the "Register" extends its hearty congratulations to him.

During the past few weeks the Cadets have been greatly discouraged by the resignation of Com. A. S. Pearse in whose charge they have been for the last year. Efforts are being made to secure a new Commandant in the person of some retired army officer but thus far have met with poor success. The matter is being "pushed" as much as possible though and it is hoped that something definite will soon be known. In the event that such an officer is secured the 250 guns of which

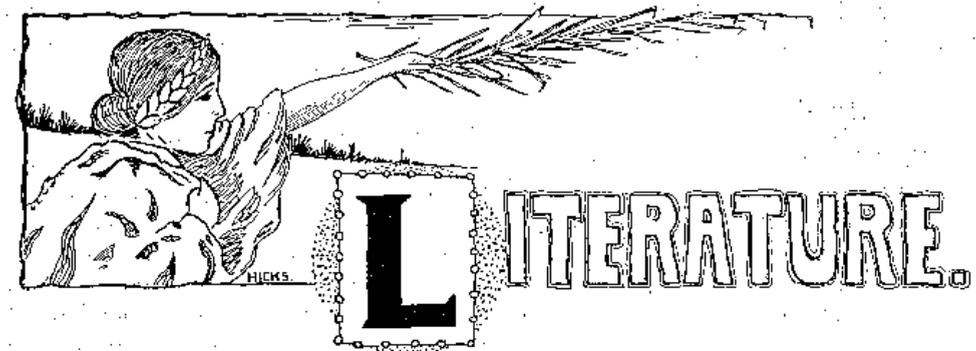
we are so greatly in need will be forthcoming from the government together with equipments and sidearms for the men and swords and sabres for the officers. Opportunities for target practice will also be presented though whether they will be used or not can not be said. Nothing will be hailed with more pleasure by the Cadets than the announcement that a Commandant has been engaged and that he will soon take up his new duties.

The loss of Com. Pearse is greatly regretted by the Cadets. His interest in them and earnest efforts for them are much appreciated and the loss of these keenly felt. Under Mr. Pearse's leadership last year the Cadets had a very profitable year's work ending with a week at Camp and a Competitive drill of high standard. The benefits which they have received from his instruction are fully recognized by all of the Cadets. He has their best wishes for the future without exception.

THE BASKET BALL TEAM.

Perhaps the reason for our renewed determination in athletics is the recent defeat of our basket ball boys at Lincoln. They have had a hard time this winter in getting together and when they did no one seemed to care what happened to them. The woeful results have opened our eyes. Here we see an important part and more important because of the part the girls take in it, sadly neglected. Perhaps we have been too busy studying or admiring the new building but now that spring is here let us lay aside our petty cares, our just pride in our building and pitch in to make the boys "basket ball" team a success and the girls' team even a better success.

Scholarship in Local Business College for sale at a discount. Apply to Register management.



A CLASS MARTYR.

"O, come on, Bob, you can, you must, you are the only one that can carry their play through successfully. We've got to make the money for that statue and this is the last chance we'll have."

"But, Will, I can't. You know I've gone into too many things already. With my paper route and other work outside of school I have all I can do now. I have either got to flunk or attend to business and I had better do the latter."

"Oh you can do them both alright without flunking either. Think it over tonight and I will ask you again in the morning for we must have you. So long."

And Will started for home whistling, his cadet cap pushed well back on his dark hair.

Bob turned to go down town for his evening papers, his square jaw set firmly and a look of determination in his gray eyes. He was thinking as he walked along of how many such temptations he had yielded to. How he had given up his time in the fall for football when he ought to have been studying his Latin because the boys and even the principal had declared he was an absolute necessity on the team. How he had spent the time which he ought to have used on his geometry in writing and getting people to write for his side in the Register contest? And now

they were trying to get him to manage the play. They didn't know and most of them didn't understand how little he could spare the time for such things because they had all the time they wanted at home while he had to work outside of school in order to furnish his share toward the family support. And only in the spare minutes could he find time for study. By the time he had reached the Bee office he had fully made up his mind that he would absolutely refuse to have anything to do with the play.

The next morning at school Will came up to try and persuade him and while they were standing there arguing, Hazel Clifford a great friend of Bob's and a general favorite with everyone happened to pass. She stopped as she saw the boys.

"Well, what's up, what's all this dispute about?"

"Oh I am trying to persuade Bob that he can manage the play and graduate too but he says he's got to work or flunk. Can't you persuade him?"

"Why Bob, of course you can. You know we can't get along without you. Besides if you won't do it, I won't be leading lady and then the play will go to pieces without a manager or leading lady and think how dreadful that would be."

With Hazel's pleading brown eyes on him and his own desire to be in the play

especially as she was to be too he couldn't summon enough courage to stamp his pride under foot and explain the full reasons why he couldn't do it. Finally he said,

"Well, I know I ought not to and it may mean more to me than you think but I will do it rather than have the whole thing go to pieces."

"Oh good for you." And as the first bell had rung they all went off to their classes.

It was a month after this when Bob got a notice from the principal saying that he wanted to see him in the office after school. The play had come off on the preceding Friday and very successfully owing to Bob's efforts as he had worked unceasingly to make it a success after he had gone into it. He had let his lessons go, too tired after his day at school, his paper carrying and his work at home to study. His marks had been gradually going down and when the notice came that he was wanted in the office he knew what it meant. The principal told him that he didn't think he could graduate with his class owing to his low marks and poor work.

For the next month his old friends were busy with class pins, getting caps and gowns and making preparations for commencement. Their interests were changed since Bob was not going to graduate with them and they gradually paid less and less attention to him until he was left out entirely forgetting that it was they who persuaded him to give up his time to the class instead of his studies and who had in reality made him fail, working on his unselfish disposition and his class spirit.

The week before Easter was dark and gloomy and it had been raining almost steadily but Easter morning dawned in a burst of sunshine. The birds were singing as though to make up for lost time and the flowers and trees seemed to

be fairly jumping into life. Bob as he walked along delivering his morning papers filled his lungs with the fresh morning air and tried to throw off the cloud which had been hanging over his happiness for the last month as nature had thrown off her cloud this morning. His last paper had been delivered and as he was walking slowly home, his hands sunk deep in his pockets, he was thinking, thinking of all that had happened and from time to time he threw up his head and walked faster for a little while but he always sank back into thought. He realized it had been almost all his fault that he had failed, he ought not to have yielded to temptation but here it did seem so hard and now the worst of all was that he could not graduate with his class. This might be his last chance too to finish school as he would probably have to work the next year and places would be harder to get now that he had not graduated. The prospects seemed darker and darker, and he felt bluer and bluer and he had gradually slackened his pace until as he came in front of St. Luke's he had almost stopped and finally did stop, listening to the singing as the choir was practising for the morning service. There without fully realizing what he was doing he walked into the church and sank into a back seat. The choir had stopped singing and the church was quiet, the sun stole through the stained glass windows resting a moment in the lilies intensifying their beauty and purity and then passing on it touched the cross in the chancel. Bob sank on his knees and buried his face in his hands. The quietness and peace seemed so restful that he did not realize how long he stayed there. He only knew that he felt comforted, that it had not been all loss and no gain, that even if he had failed and was not going to graduate he had gained something, had learned some lesson that might do him more good than his gradua-

tion. Finally he was aroused by a gentle touch on his shoulder.

"Bob, wont you come home to breakfast with me, I have something to say to you." It was the principal of the High school who spoke and Bob, rising thanked him. As they came out into the fresh air again Bob took a long heath, feeling better for his hour of quiet and determined that he would make the best of things anyway.

And how much better than he expected things did turn out. For as they started on their way to the principal's home he said:

"Bob, as I was one of those who urged you in the fall to give up your time to football I feel it is my duty now to make amends as far as possible. I think that if you give up all your time and energy to your studies from now until the end of the year that you can graduate with your class."

"But, Mr. Brown, you know I can't give up all my time as I have my paper route and work at home."

"I have provided for that. If you will only accept a small loan from me which can be payed back next summer you can give up your paper route now and spend all your time on your studies."

After this they walked on in silence for several minutes, Bob thinking, trying to decide what to do. It hurt his pride to accept the loan and yet he realized that his was the only way for him to get through.

Finally remembering that it was his pride that made him fall before he looked up, his whole face aglow with eagerness and said:

"Thank you so much for your offer, Mr. Brown and I accept it gladly as you know what a disappointment it was to me not to graduate with the class. I will do my best to return your kindness by working hard until the end of the year and graduating with as high honors as possible."

MARION CONNELL.



GLASS FLOWER MODELS.

During a recent trip to Boston and Cambridge, I visited the Agossiz museum of Harvard university, which contains so many things of interest. That which appealed to me most, was the Blaschka flower models.

The two men of genius who make these flowers are Leopold Blaschka and his son Rudolf. Now owing to the recent death of the father, the son alone possesses the secret of these marvelous productions. When preparing to make the models, rapid pencil sketches are made from the living plant, with slight washes of color, also a note-book containing minute details about each plant furnishes further information. The son works entirely alone, not on account of secrecy, but because the flowers are the result of painstaking experiment and study, and require great patience. The colors used are mineral colors, which are imparted to the glass while fused or while it is cooling, and some are applied afterward. Upon examination by noted botanists, the flowers are said to be entirely complete.

These flowers are exhibited in the Botanic displayed in plate glass cases, which bear labels giving names of the plants, and also details in regard to them, thus offering great advantage to the student. Although they are not arranged according to colors, yet the effect is most pleasing to the eye. The delicate white flowers mingled with those of brilliant hue produces perfect harmony of colors. Some of the models were of especial interest. A very complete study was that of Indian corn. The stalk was about three feet in length, showing the leaves and flowers. Then the developed ear in its wrappings of husk, and delicate plume of silk. On a shelf above were dried ears of ripe corn. Next these were glass jars, containing articles of commerce prepared

from corn. The formation and coloring of a spray of bluebells was perfect. A most natural example was a brilliant red geranium. The orchid models were most interesting and exquisite. But the model which is considered the best of the collection was a spray of wild roses, which was exhibited at the Chicago world's fair. The color was a most delicate shade of pink; set off by rich, green leaves.

Each blossom was modelled so as to represent perfectly its delicate perishable petals. The models were placed on cardboard, which our guide told us was gradually warping. In time this would cause the flowers to break. In order to prevent this, the models are being removed and placed on plaster casts.

These models render an immense service to science, and afford every opportunity for study. They are so arranged in the three exhibition rooms, as to illustrate plant life in various relations. First, in relation to soil, water, air and light. Second, in relation to insects and animals which benefit flowers. Third, in relation to insects and animals which injure flowers. In the second room are found plants in their relation to man, that is those used for food and clothing. The third room contains the flowering plants. They are true to Nature, not only in form and color, but even in texture. The faint veinings of each petal are clearly marked. The most minute details are perfectly carried out, and are enlarged, so that the plant can be studied without the use of the microscope.

The collection is known as the Ware Collection. The donors being Mrs. Ware and her daughter. The models cost from three hundred, to five hundred dollars each, and are sent over in two consignments each year. The collection forms a beautiful and lasting memorial to Mrs. Ware's son, a graduate of Harvard university. **ETHEL V. PARTRIDGE.**

DOOLEY'S OPINION OF KICKERO.

"The' top av th' marnin' to yez, Mr. Dooley."

"An' the same to yez, Mr. Hennessey."

"Now pwbat does ye thing av Kickero, Mr. Dooley?"

"Sure Oi don't know that indade, but my darter does, she does, fer she comes home an' she wr-raps th' lasht ind av a wit towel ar-round her head an' she says, says she: 'Don't nobody dare spake to me,' says she, 'fer Oi'm a-studyin' av Kickero,' says she, an' thin she rades some av it to us, an' indade its great sthuff."

"Now Kickero he sthands up an' he says, says he, t' Cateline: 'You great murtherin' villain for pwbat space av time ar-re ye going to kape on of a-busing of our patience?' says he. 'To pwbat distance will that non compus mentes av yours carry yez? Ar-rn't yez scared by th' polacemen a-guardin' of th' Palatine? By the mobs a-thirstin' fer yer blood an' a-howlin'?' says he. 'Be jabbers, but th' morals is corrupted an' th' politicians bribed?' says he. 'The audjiance is on t' yez, yet they kape their rotten eggs: But we'll have ye yet, ye low down mugwump, an' we'll throw ye out fer we're tired av ye!' stys he."

"Thin he r-rubs it int' t' him calls him all th' names in th' calendar an' says, 'Go way back n' sit down.' So Cateline does,

an' Kickero says, says he: 'See how they avoid yez an' lave th' sates ar-round yez vacant.' An' there Cateline sits an' klow-ers at him, an' niver makes a divil of a shrap."

"Pretty low spirit, Mr. Dooley?"

"Indade it is, Mr. Hennessey. Begorra, he snakes away, niver sayin' 'God bless ye,' an' all th' spoorts follow him. Thin Kickero he's on his uppers, he is. He says, 'At lasht he's gone, th' pcst, an' he'll niver come back at all, at all; he's clane escaped an' broken away an' pwbat we do bechune times?' Thin Kickero sthicks out his chist an' says, says he: 'Oi've did this, remember; remember Oi've did this alone, all by myself, without nobody helpin' at all, at all, an' now yez must 'ave a than'sgivin',' says he, 'with turkey an' dressin' fer th' country is saved an' Oi did it,' says he. 'Oi don't want no statute wit' a goold crown or any reward at all indade.' Maggie says phat he wanted was to be embalmed in literachure an' be read by our sons an' darters. Bad luck to him."

"Maggie, she hunts fer hours t' find th' varb an' whin she does it don't mane nothin'. Well, well, Mr. Hennessey, we must excuse thim, fer ather all, t' loikes av thim didn't know much in thim days."



MODUS FAMINAE, OR FUDGE AND A JUNIOR.

CHARACTERS.

FRANCES, a fair Junior.

KATE, her chum.

GEORGE, Kate's brother.

JACK, another Junior.

Time—A holiday.

Place—At Kate's home.

Enter Kate and Frances. (They both wear aprons.)

KATE—I hope it will be good.

FRANCES—Which? The fudge or the dance?

KATE—The fudge, of course. But I thought you were not going to the hop.

FRANCES—Oh! I forgot. I'm not. I wish I had him by the ear, if I wouldn't—

KATE—Who?

FRANCES—Why, Ja—I mean George.

KATE—Why?

FRANCES—Oh! for—for saying we couldn't make fudge. We ought not to give him any.

KATE—I know one boy who thinks you can make fudge.

FRANCES—Do you? (Fanning herself with her apron.) I'm hot after working over the stove.

KATE—It is rather warm. But, Frances, you aren't really angry at Jack, are you?

FRANCES—No, just mad! Don't you mention him again. He isn't worth talking about. Just to think! I didn't really think he'd ask that horrid Jennie Smith to go to the hop with him. But since he did, he can go with her. I wouldn't go with him now for anything.

KATE—There is no telling what you would or wouldn't do. I wouldn't be much surprised to hear you had asked Jennie Smith to name the weapons. But, Frances, if you want me to help you with those problems, we had better get to work.

FRANCES—Oh! Those horrid things! You ought to have seen "Janice Meredith." She was too lovely for anything and her soldier lover was just grand.

KATE—Let's go and take off our aprons. George will be coming. He said he would bring over one of the boys.

FRANCES—All right. Come on.

KATE—I do believe you've got chocolate on your nose, Frances.

(Exit both.)

Enter George and Jack by another door.

GEORGE—If that is the question to be debated, I prefer the affirmative—but sit down, Jack.

JACK—Did you say Kate had company?

GEORGE—One of the girls—that's all.

JACK—Oh! That is plenty.

GEORGE—Speaking of girls reminds me.—What fair one are you going to escort to the hop? Something whispered in my ear that it was not to be Frances. That something was surely mistaken, wasn't it? There surely could be no other one.

JACK—There might be.

GEORGE—No—that is impossible. You are as constant as—the drain on my pocketbook, for instance. When you forget to ask Frances to a blow-out like this, I will expect our Latin teacher to tell us we may rest for a week.

JACK—A fellow can't always take the same girl.

GEORGE—No.—But you will.

JACK—I'm not sure about that.

GEORGE—Why not?

JACK—I may not take Frances.

GEORGE—You are joking.

JACK—In fact, I asked Jennie Smith.

GEORGE—Is that a fact? Well! Well! But you're sorry now.

JACK—No. Because—Didn't I hear Kate then? No? Well, I'll tell you, Frances and I had a little set-to, and to pique her I told her I intended to ask Jennie Smith to go to the hop. She was sure I wouldn't, but I did and she found it out. There is nothing like making a girl jealous, George.

GEORGE—But you are not going to take Jennie Smith, surely?

JACK—Well! I—is that Kate?

Re-enter Kate.

KATE—Hello, Jack. I am glad you came over. Frances is here, but she wouldn't come in until I told her who was here.

JACK—She won't come in at all now, probably. Wait a minute—may I have a piece of paper? Thanks. (Writes) Frances will you do me the honor to allow me to accompany you to the hop? Yours, Jack. Give her that, Kate. (Laughs)

(Frances appears at the door unseen by others.)

GEORGE—But you asked Jennie Smith.

KATE—Yes, didn't you?

JACK—Yes. (Pauses) But—she wouldn't go with me.

(Frances disappears.)

KATE—Oh! (Exits.)

(Both boys laugh.)

Re-enter Kate with Frances who carries a plate of fudge.

FRANCES—Why, how do you do, Jack?

JACK—Very well, thanks.

FRANCES—(Offering plate.) Have some? (Aside to Jack.) You ought to be ashamed for writing notes.

JACK—Thanks. Have some, George. (Passing it.)

KATE—What do you say to a game of crokinole?

JACK—Nothing better.

KATE—Shall we play together, George?

GEORGE—Yes.

G. F.

A friend who was not with us last month, has sent us the following letter. "The OMAHA PLATING CO. is still in the Bec B'ld'g and will plate anything for you in gold, silver, nickel, copper, brass or bronze. Our telephone is No. 2535 Come and see us."





P. G. S. CANTATA.

The P. G. S. girls gave a cantata, well we all know that, but do we all know that it was a rattling success. Perhaps most of us do, but for the benefit of those who do not know we will explain.

Twelve of the Pretty Girls, who are so mysterious and therefore so interesting spent many weary hours in 204 after the doors had all been locked against inquisitive freshies, knowing Sophies and brilliant Seniors.

The freshies asked "for what?" The Sophies said "for a play." The Seniors stuck their noses in the air and did not deign a reply. So on the 14th of March all gathered in 204 with proud mammas, anxious friends and indulgent papas of the P. G. S. girls to witness "The Dress Rehearsal."

Excitement prevailed until the Junior violin quartette soothed the nerves of the wailing crowd with music "That sweet and gentle nurse of care" and the golden voice of Miss Grace Northrup pealed forth in honeyed notes of song and Mr. Kelly the able orator aroused patriotism and school interest by his vivid declamation. Then amid the applause of the audience "The Dress Rehearsal" began in earnest.

Everyone declared that Grace Buresh made an ideal principal and the French governess, Inez Bonnell, knew what love was all right and the boys vowed to go to Bernice Carson for illustration. The Prince was all that one could wish for in looks and manner—in fact several boys have been heard to inquire; "Was that

Clara's real hair?" Cinderella so perfectly characterized by Helen Anderson was the envy of all the girls, and, we must say we can't blame them. Ruth Marhoff as Miss Pinchebeck, the visitor, gave us a faint suspicion of how she will be in the sweet bye-and-bye as a Mrs. Pinchebeck—calm and dignified. If all "Humpies" were as jolly as Florence Cohn they would rival even the bashful little "Greedy-girl," Louise Parmelee, who won all hearts by her "innocent young maiden" style. The boys are so sorry that "hops" have been stopped as Ruth French and Ora Ogle look so charming in ball gowns. Many have asked Leila Shaw to be their "Godmother" and some naughty Freshies are very anxious that the "wings of the police" she sang about won't grow of the police" she sang well who acted as Mrs. Jarvey declares that she hasn't been married and "never was a Juliet," adding quickly "on the stage." We will take her word for it—our actress is privileged to keep her own secrets, since our Squib editor has not had time to interview her on the subject. As for the Committee they are delighted as it is whispered that after expenses are paid a handsome surplus will remain for the P. G. S. treasury. Success to the P. G. S.

M. B. CALDWELL, P. G. S.

ALICE CAREY.

The Alice Carey Society has held two meetings during the last month. At the first one officers were elected as follows: President, Florence Mason; Vice-Presi-

dent, Ruth Johnson; Treasurer, Beulah Buckley; Secretary, Minnie Eldridge; Sergeants-at-Arms, Edna Hillis and Lizzie Kiewitt. At the second meeting it was decided that the club should adopt a pin. A circulating library was also started.

D. D. S.

The Demosthenians are planning for the debate with Lincoln on April 11th. The debate decides whether or not the D. D. S. captures the C. D. C. Banner so the interest of the members is very great. We wish our boys every success and hope that the enthusiasm throughout the whole

school will be as generous as is merited by the former successes of this Society.

The W. O. S. held its first meeting of this term on March 7, 1902. The officers elected for the coming term are as follows: President, Tom Allen; Vice-President, Arthur Remington; Secretary, Donald Kennedy; Treasurer, Howard Blackburn; Sergeant-at-Arms, Allan Lee. A number of new members were received, and it was decided to accept the affirmative of a debate with the Junior members of the D. D. S.

Among the less important business was the appointing of a number of committees.





THE BASE BALL TEAM.

Every afternoon the campus swarms with base ball players or those who hope to be base ball players some day. Some are at the bat some are pitching, some are running wildly about the diamond vainly trying to get in front of the ball while the fielders down by the Central school are chasing "flys" and often catching them. Capt. Fairbrother from catchers position, calmly surveys his team and issues his firm commands. Roby with a glove to match his size plays around first. Griffith of old has a contract with everything that comes his way while many have vowed to make the team or bust. With such a showing and such excellent financial support they will meet with as glorious a campaign as that of the last foot ball season. They have put out the pipe of peace and now let Lincoln, Des Moines, Wahoo, Calhoun or any other of those great cities beware.

TRACK TEAM.

The time for track athletics draweth nigh. Few there be of the old boys stand now with us. We must lift our eyes to an entirely new dynasty to champion the cause of the royal purple and spotless white. A new broom sweeps clean and our track record needs sweeping therefore it behoves every Freshie, Soph,

Junior and Senior to get out and work. If you are not a runner and not much of a foot at jumping try something else. Put the shot or throw the hammer or perhaps your early experience of eluding bulldogs by jumping the fence has made a good hurdler of you. It doesn't hurt to try and its lots of sport anyway. Our mast records need smashing, they are too old. Wareham promises to throw the shot out of sight. Surely some big broad-shouldered Soph can throw it a little farther. Roby is going in for the high jump and no doubt his long legs will help him but goodness there are others who can fly a little. Fairbrother will help out in the running contests, while Web will do the mile run in a fashion to make the rest of us freshmen hump. All that is needed to begin being an athlete is a pair of rubbers and a belt; we have all the rest of the apparatus and soon they will be out on the campus for use. If every boy in the school is not out for practice they should get extra drill for a year.

THE NEW GYM.

The rugged old foot ball players and the lads who play base ball can now all wander back to occupy the three rear seats. Their star of glory is dimmed, their claim to the inmost cavern of the

freshman's heart is set aside and all their hopes of fame are huddled into insignificance. No longer will the boys battle for their Alma Mater, it will be the girls who uphold our color to an admiring world. No longer will there be heard murmurs in the rank and file of the fairer students of our school. They are masters of the situation now. A little worn out locker room is all the boys can boast but the girls are proud possessors of a fine large gym. There the face of man will never shine. The foot fall of our boys will never be heard upon its polished floor but

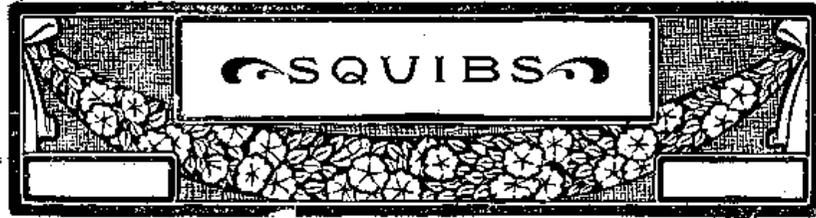
all in secret the girls will work and grow strong. Yes even stronger than the haughty boys. Then all will be peace and happiness.

P. S.—Here the study room bell rudely awakened Fredrica and she hurried on into the old building to forgive and forget what the Board had so wisely done.

Scholarship in Local Business College for sale at a discount. Apply to Register management.

Our Soda is the best. Try it. Beaton-McGinn Drug Co.





Chevrons cover a multitude of sins. See Goldsmith. If the hat fits take it.

Books received.

Senior Life in the High school or \$200 for nine feet of plaster-paris

A Spring Chase for Three Maids or Why Web is no Longer a Bachelor.

Love-letters of a High school Girl or who read Zola's notes.

Charles I. ardently "pressed his suit" for the Princess of Spain. We hope it was well creased.

All who think that moist air is dryer than dry air raise their hands.

We serve punch for parties. Sample it at the "Hoboes" dance. Beaton Mc-Ginn Drug Co.

Scholarship in Local Business College for sale at a discount. Apply to Register management.

In Vergil: "The boys coming in reminded them of their ancient ancestors" and still Darwin gets the credit for that theory. A Latin embrace: They delayed a day and a night embracing each other.

Will some one tell Dr. Senter why the class laughed when he said "This is just as I told you one hundred years ago."

Boys' faults are many.
Girls have only two.
Everything they say
And everything they do.

Ask Bess Taylor if she knows any more new good ones.

They divided the members of the Senate into three parts. Am. His.

Mrs. J. Benson

Gloves for Easter.

Perrin's Kid Glove leads them all for Durability, Beauty and Style. Prices \$1.00, 1.50, 1.75 and 2.00. Street Gloves, \$1.00 up to the best genuine Dent's Glove at \$2.00. Light or heavy weight Mocha \$1.00 and \$1.50.

A large variety in new styles of Neckwear in Automobile—Gibson—Raglan—Scarfs—Turnover Collars—etc.

DON'T FORGET--we are showing the handsomest line of **Children's Cloaks, Jackets, Capes**, etc., ever shown in Omaha. Sizes from the first long cloak up to ten years.

Comparison Case, crush, smear. Examples in previous issues.

How Miss Paxson must love Web.

Little speck of powder,
Little spots of paint,
Make a woman's freckles
Look as if they aint.

Have camels corns?

Lets have a statue with a head.

Headquarters for Cadets. Beaton-Mc-Ginn Drug Co.

The rhetoric says we should have a major of huge dimensions.

For men only! It's really unfit for publication. I asked the printer to destroy it but he set it thus:

If she had to stand on her head.
We know she'd get at it somehow
This poem she has read.
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing
If she gets the least kind of a show.
But you bet she'll find out anyhow
It's something she ought not to know.
If there's anything worries a girl

Standeven---The wind was so strong it blew an old man's nose which hadn't been blown for thirty years.

Rosey hasn't rolled any two hundred lately. But he has an awfully good excuse don't you know.

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"THE STORE WHOSE GOODS ARE SOLD BY WEIGHT."

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Gold Medal Bon-Bons..

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60c Per Pound.

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CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

EXCHANGES.

The Recorder, Springfield, Mass., is as good as usual this month. The pictures of the Hockey and Basket Ball teams add interest to the paper.

The N. S. Panorama from Binghamton, N. Y., contains three delightful stories.

The literary value of the Sioux Falls H. S. Sparks is much higher than usual.

The Pedestal from Walla Walla High school is a complete, up-to-date paper.

Allow us to congratulate you, "Ladies"

of the Shamokin High school. Your Review is very good this month.

We extend a hearty welcome to the Thyme and Lavender. Let no one say that girls can't do as much as boys. Beside the literary value of the paper, its "get-up" is so attractive that one likes to linger over it.

The "Imperial Tax" is the only thing of interest in the Indianapolis "Mirror" this month.

Mrs. Mont—Hostess Friday night.

REMEMBER, BOYS, THAT

ALBERT CAHN, THE MEN'S FURNISHER,
Sells SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, NECKWEAR, ETC.,
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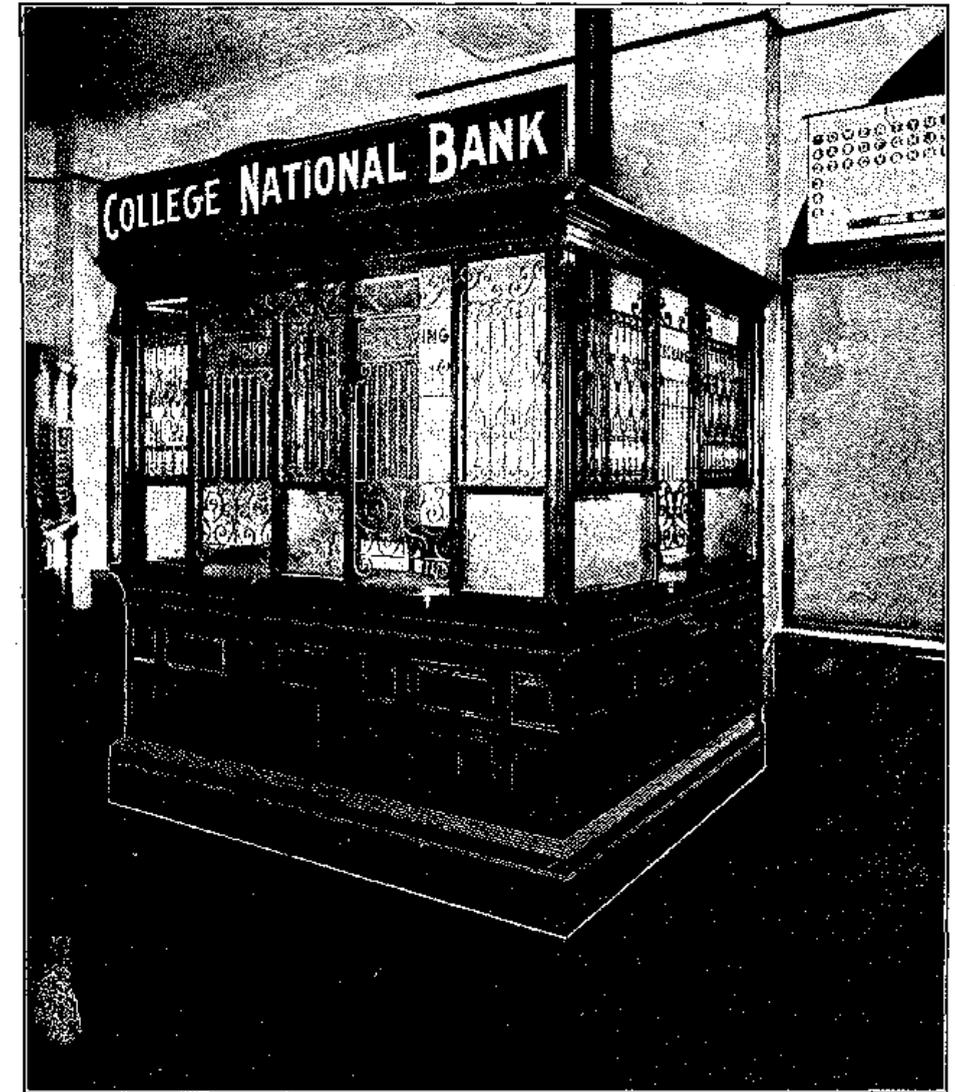
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Apply for catalogue.

Deutschland über Alles.

Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles,
 Ueber Alles in der Welt,
 Wenn es stets, zum Schutz und Truge,
 Brüderlich zusammenhält,
 Von der Maas bis an die Memel,
 Von der Elbich bis an den Belt:
 Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles,
 Ueber Alles in der Welt!

Deutsche Frauen, deutsche Treue,
 Deutscher Wein und deutscher Sang
 Sollen in der Welt behalten
 Ihren alten, schönen Klang,

Und zu edler That begeistern
 Unser ganzes Leben lang.
 Deutsche Frauen, deutsche Treue,
 Deutscher Wein und deutscher Sang!

Einigkeit und Recht und Freiheit
 Für das deutsche Vaterland,
 Danach laßt uns Alle streben
 Brüderlich, mit Herz und Hand!
 Einigkeit und Recht und Freiheit
 Sind des Glückes Unterpfand.—
 Blüh' im Glanze dieses Glückes,
 Blühe, deutsches Vaterland!

—Goffmann von Fallersleben.

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