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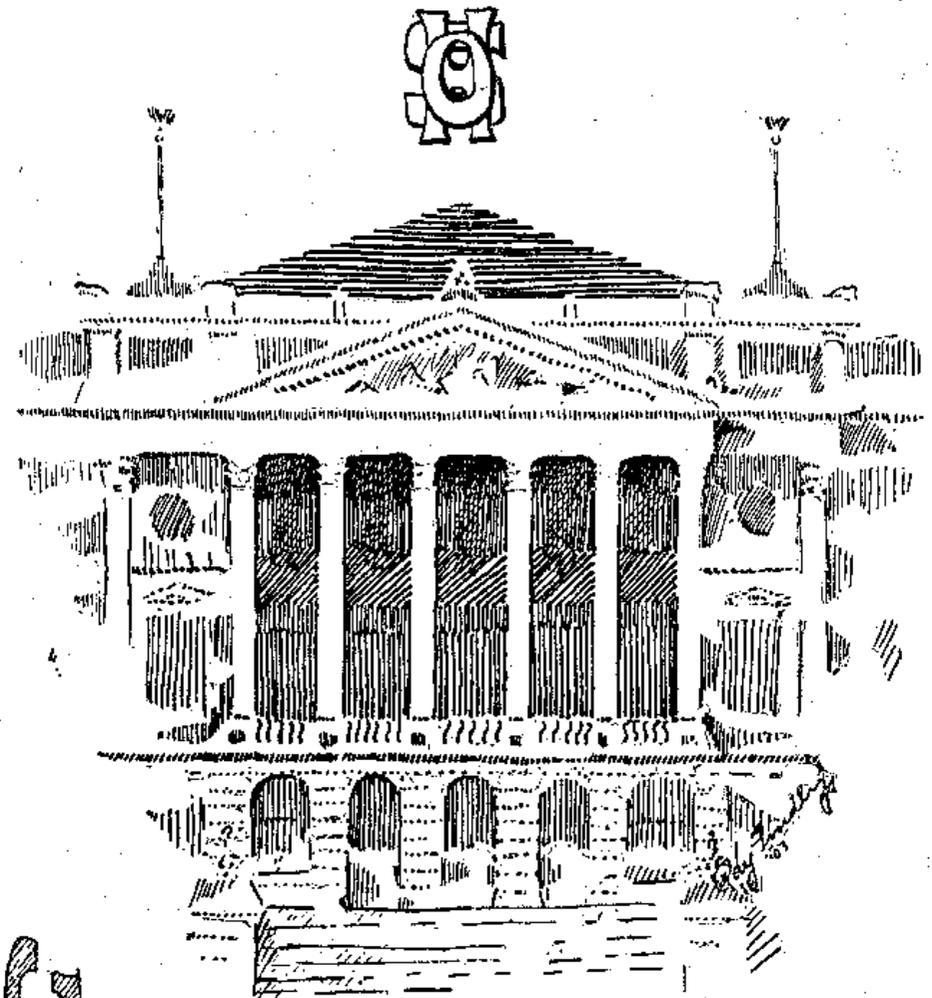
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REGISTER



October, 1902

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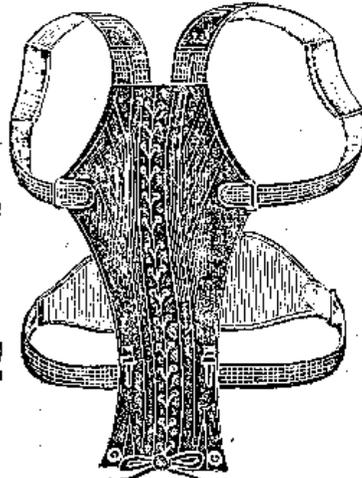
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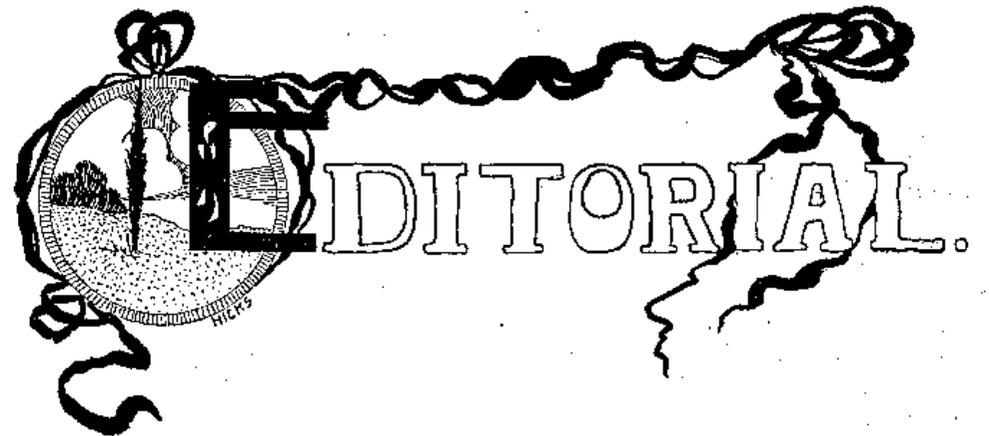
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TEMPORARY STAFF.

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IT IS NOT generally conceded that all men are born equal, yet what a man becomes in life is largely the result of his own efforts. Many a babe has been born with a silver spoon in its mouth, inheriting from its birth the stamp of Royalty, who, in manhood, became but a puppet, a dissipater and an idler—while sons of commoners have risen from lowly positions to places of affluence, gaining the love and veneration of nations. Opportunities and application are important factors in the making of the man.

* * *

IT SEEMS STRANGE that in a Senior class there are but a few, that is comparatively few, members who became the so-called "popular" students, who lead the sentiment of the class and are known by

all. Why is this? Is it because they had advantages that the others did not have, or are they brighter scholars than the others? It is neither of these reasons; there are many brighter scholars who are almost unknown by their class-mates. It is because from the moment these "popular" ones entered High School they became a part of every school organization they were able to, and they helped support the High School institutions; they showed from the start a school enthusiasm and an interest in their class affairs. The result of this is the popularity and the honors gained in their Senior year.

* * *

WE HAVE a number of school organizations; this year, more than ever be-

fore. We have debating societies, literary societies, scientific societies, and athletic societies. Beside these, there are the class organizations and—the Register. Suppose all these honorary positions are filled now: when the present officers advance and graduate, who will take their places? Freshmen and Sophomores, its up to you. There is an opportunity here to gain something besides an education, during your school years, and those of

you who go at it in the right way are going to gain it.

* * *

WAKE UP and show an interest in school and class affairs; join some of the societies, subscribe to the REGISTER and attend your class meetings. Start right now to become something in your Senior year. Work for the highest position. Don't number among those who only get half way up; be "the" one at the top.

THE CLIO SOCIETY.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

"Fellow members of the Clio Society: We are here today at our first regular meeting. We have set upon its feet a new society which will grow, and which, even after we are gone, will greatly benefit the pupils of our high school.

We are not imitators, nor reformers, we are originators. We are covering no old ground. As an organization we are starting out along new lines with no rivals in our own field. No other society covers as broad a subject as we do nor gives as great opportunities to its members for improvement in every way.

We have undertaken this because we desired to study history in all its branches. The idea which we have built upon originated among pupils who felt a gap between the ancient history of the first year of their course and the modern history which came later. They disliked studying the subject in this fragmentary way. They realized that history is a unity and that for its clear understanding no link in the chain can be omitted.

We are told in the preamble of our constitution that we have a fourfold purpose: First, to promote an interest in the study of history: History is to those

who appreciate it the most interesting as well as the most instructive of all subjects. It is the story of mankind. It tells us what our forefathers have done before us. It holds up for our admiration and emulation men of action, men of knowledge, men in every land and in every age, who have accomplished things—who have succeeded. It tells us their mistakes that we may profit by them.

In our land it is the duty of every man as a part of the government to think of the affairs of his country and cast an intelligent vote. History should be his guide. How is he to struggle with these problems or reckon on the consequences of his actions if he cannot learn from the story of the past? History is the textbook of statesmanship and every citizen should be a statesman. So it is the most instructive of all subjects and surely all of us find it interesting. What could be more interesting than the stories of our own and other nations? We all want to know what other people have been and wherein they differed from ourselves; what they did, or knew, and how they succeeded or failed. This natural curiosity adds interest to our work.

Our second purpose is the promotion of general culture: History is not, as some seem to suppose, a mere mass of dates and a record of great events; it contains every branch of knowledge. When we read of artistic people we learn of their art, when we study nations which have produced great orators or writers we learn of their literature, and when we learn of nations whose systems of governments were well nigh faultless, whose codes of law were perfection in their iron justice, we may come nearer the ideal in our own laws and government.

We are told that our third purpose is to learn the art of public speaking: Of all objects, this to the individual is the most practical. In our time the man who succeeds is the man who can express himself. The power of persuasion, of deducing logical conclusions from evident facts is becoming a necessary accomplishment. One does not need to be a public man or woman, although to them it is most essential, to require this. The person in professional, business or pri-

vate life will never regret time spent in the acquirement of confidence in his own voice and thoughts. There should be no man or woman anywhere who could not if called upon to address an assembly, acquit himself or herself creditably; interest the listeners and leave them something to remember.

Our fourth purpose is the promotion of a feeling of goodfellowship among the pupils of the High School. We meant, of course, in stating the object in this work, that every pupil in the school should become a member of our society.

Everything should be done in the interests of peace; it gives a feeling of good will toward a person to know that he is a member of your society, a student of your subject and a master of your difficulties.

So with these objects, for these purposes, we have organized the Clio Society with over half a hundred members and which is to be the best, most helpful society in the Omaha High School."

LYMAN L. BRYSON, '04.





AN IMPROMPTU SPONSOR.

It was with "mingled" feelings that Walter Andrews climbed the stairs and made his way to the "Sparks" office. To interview his captain concerning a sponsor, or rather a sponsor-to-be, was a dangerous undertaking and had he been other than first lieutenant of Co. G, his courage might have failed him. For "girls" (a topic which includes sponsors) was not a strong point with his superior officer, and he was likely to gain nothing from the interview save, perhaps, a frown or a yawn denoting cynicism. But he entered the room boldly and returned the goodnatured smile of Captain Dickinson.

"Have you brought anything for 'Sparks'?" began the 'Pride of Co. G.' "we're depending on you for something this month. Even some of your stale jokes would be acceptable." Andrews offered no reply, but began on the all-important subject: "See here, old chap, you'll have to get a sponsor pretty soon; I'm having a deuced pleasant time playing private secretary for you though you don't know it. The pompadoured beauties give me no rest, surround me in the halls and pelt me with notes in study hour, trying their best to find out the name of your intended sponsor. Here's a sample for you," and he smoothed out a very rumpled sheet of note book paper

which had lodged in his pocket since second hour, and read: "Am dying to know who 'our hero captain' is going to have for sponsor and am convinced that you are in possession of the desired information. Loyalty to your captain is an admirable trait, but surely you do not mean to tantalize us to the end? Some one said that Virginia Van Sant (she's only a sophomore!!) had attracted his highness, but I doubt it."

Hastily,

K. D.

Dickinson had listened with a vague expression on his face; he had never bothered himself about girls and it never occurred to him that he could prove of any interest to them. "Ye gods!" he exclaimed when Andrews ceased reading, "I've never even heard of Virginia Van Sant, nor yet of your correspondent 'K. D.,' but you may tell her for me that—well, you had better word my message," and then he burst into a good natured laugh. "It's too bad, old chap, but this is only one of the trials of life you have to bear. Be thankful that you are so well qualified to meet this misfortune; think how I should feel if one of your "pompadoured beauties" so much as addressed me. You're used to them and can surely quiet them some way. Do anything, say anything, only don't talk to me about

the matter. Why, I shouldn't know a sponsor if I saw one!" and the irrepresible Dickinson laughed again.

Such was the satisfaction that Andrews' brave complaint procured him.

By Monday morning his plans were made and everything necessary to carry them out was completed.

During study hour seven little notes in handwritings which he had grown to know fell upon his desk, but he was prepared to answer them now, so they did not worry him. Within the note book beside him were seven sheets of neatly typewritten paper, each bearing his signature. These mysterious manuscripts read as follows:

"Have every reason to believe that you are the destined sponsor of Co. G. Knowing as you do how "slow" Dickinson is where girls are concerned, you will not be surprised if his invitation is rather 'slow' in coming, and for Co. G.'s sake don't refuse when it does come. Dickinson is a fine fellow and—well, I admire his taste."

Yours very sincerely,

W. A. ANDREWS.

"P. S.—Keep this to yourself. The other six might be,—of course not jealous—but perhaps disappointed."

By seventh hour the seven answers had been distributed. "Something attempted, something done," mused Andrews, but the "night's repose" evidently didn't see it that way.

The following week was one of great surprises for him. No notes to be read during study hour; no more questions in the hall. Moreover the seven girls, better known as the "Stunning Seven" were together as usual which proved that girls can keep secrets after all. Andrews' peace of mind was restored; he forgot

his troubles and began to enjoy life, but the joy was not destined to last long.

The following Friday, just before fifth hour, he passed the "Stunning Seven" posed artistically before a flaming notice which read:

"Meeting of all commissioned officers at 2 p. m. Room 100. Sponsors please be present."

If the "Seven" felt any emotion they concealed it well. "Poor Co. G." said a girl with auburn hair, and then she turned her head and looked straight at Andrews. It was a very meaning look, but he realized that his only course lay in playing dense, and so her searching, questioning gaze met his bland, everyday smile. Then he dodged.

First bell had rung, but he dashed down a side hall and bumped into Dickinson: "Just a word," he began, "Get a sponsor before seventh hour or"—"Oh shut up" growled Dickinson, "I've some Greek to get before then. How much do you expect in an afternoon?" and he passed on. "Well I'm done with the blamed business," exclaimed Andrews, but no one heard him.

Before Dickinson reached his destination, the very self-important captain of Co. A. called out to him from a short distance—"We'll know her this afternoon of course. Trust to your good taste."—and then the flaming notice at the end of the hall caught Dickinson's eye and he understood.

The "Stunning Seven" were visibly annoyed about something at the end of 6th hour. "I won't be able to walk home with you tonight," said the girl with the auburn hair, "I—I have 7th hour." "Why, so have I," said the most attractive member of the "Stunning Seven," "that is, Miss Templeton wishes to see me in

room 101." "I wonder where Walter is," a third one remarked and then they dispersed.

The different captains with their respective sponsors and lieutenants had assembled in room 100 when Dickinson arrived at the closed door. At the same time the door of room 99 opened and a girl stepped out into the hall. Then Dickinson did a wonderful thing.—"Do you know if the meeting in 100 has commenced?" he asked her.

"They're waiting for Captain Dickinson," she answered pleasantly. It was plain that she too knew him. "I daren't face them without a sponsor," he continued, half jokingly—It was wonderfully easy to talk to a girl! At the same moment Andrews opened the door of 100 and gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at

his captain. However, he soon found his voice, "He's here, she's here, they're both here! Welcome!" he cried out.

Dickinson realized that the others would soon be at the door. He gave his companion one quick questioning look. "I don't mind," she said simply.

Dickinson realized that others would soon be at the door. He gave his companion one quick questioning look. "I don't mind," she said simply.

Altogether the "Stunning Seven" bore up very bravely. 'K. D.' brought them the news. (Miss Templeton had not waited for her in room 101 and so she had seen the whole proceeding.) "I told you a long time ago that Virginia Van Saut would be sponsor," said the girl with the auburn hair.

ONLY A DREAM.

While working o'er some Latin prose,
Which was for me too deep,
In study room this afternoon
I slowly feel asleep.

I fell asleep and had a dream,
Which was by far more fair
Than all the other dreams I've had
Since I've been studying there.

I dreamed I'd not been called on
In Latin or in Greek,
In English or in History
For very near a week.

I dreamed that in a Latin test
I got a higher grade
Than any of the fancy marks
The brighter scholars made.

I thought for excellence in drill
I had been recommended,
And that my struggle for a pull
Was very nearly ended.

I dreamed in manual training
I was at last "in line,"
And had my tools "in order,"
And examples all done fine.

And still my dreams grew brighter.
I saw myself at last
Upon the high school foot ball team
And playing hard and fast.

I dreamed I was a millionaire
And life seemed quite a joke,
But some one shot a paper wad—
Ah me! then I awoke.

—H. E. W.

THOSE GIRLS! THOSE GIRLS!

Picture to yourself one of those delightful evenings of July where the air is heavy with the odor of the linden and—tobacco. An evening when the mosquitoes buzz and buzz about your ears and nose and the June bugs flying about, strike your face with their wings. Such an evening can seldom be wasted in idleness. There, under yonder spreading oak among its trailing vines, on an evening like the one just mentioned, a group of boys was hidden. They all seemed to have succumbed to the magical influence of the evening, for they sat together almost silently and could not decide how to amuse themselves.

As they sat there, a tall rosy-cheeked lass came running towards them as fast as her feet could carry her. She was a lass of about 18 summers, but in those good old villages who cares about the age! As she came nearer she burst into a hearty but pleasant laugh, and between her gasps for breath cried: "What a lark, boys! This is a good one. Won't we fix him?"

"Fix who? Do speak, Maizie."

You know old Sam, that baldheaded, bowlegged old blacksmith, down there by the Patrick's. You ought to have heard what he said. But I'll fix him."

The boys by this time were all attention and so impatient at her delay that one exclaimed:

"Maizie, for Sam Pat's sake, hurry up; don't keep beating around the bush till doomsday."

"Do you know that mouldy-haired old Sam, as old as he is, stopped me on my way from the mill and told me to sit down because he had something he wanted to tell me. But I knew what he wanted

to say—everyone knows that, and then I thought of you. Jumping up, I ran away and hollered to him that I would be back in a juffy and now—"

"Oh, I know, this is going to be the best joke of the season, and we couldn't think of anything to do," shouted Jack, jumping up and down like a boy of ten.

"You hush up, and let Maizie have her say. You always know everything." And this was accompanied by no gentle shove from the eldest boy of the group.

But Maizie stopped the quarrel by saying, "Now, listen, here's what we'll do. You, Simmie, just put on these duds I brought along with me. They'll just fit you. This jacket so, this apron so. Now, put on this cap of mine. Now boys, could you tell us apart at a distance? "No, he won't see the difference, its kind o' dark, besides he's short-sighted. But don't you say a boo, do you hear? Just giggle and nod to everything he says. We'll be in the mill at the windows and at the proper—well, you'll see."

Off ran Simmie, very much like an ostrich, in his feminine attire, trying to escape the notice of the wayfarers by hiding his face in his apron. Then he stumbled because he had neglected to hold up his skirts. The rest of the party simpering and pushing each other over in glee, hurried by another way towards the mill with Maizie in the lead, continually ordering silence.

Upon their arrival at the windows, they waited on the alert to observe everything that should happen on the bench beneath.

Below the window Sam was impatiently pacing the path. Suddenly he halted, for evidently he heard footsteps.

He hurried to the gate, which he had previously remembered to oil, and there breathlessly awaited the approach of Maizie. He gently led her to the bench and they sat down upon it.

His face was screwed up into a very sweet and becoming smile. He kept up a continual flow of words and at every word moved closer to Simmie, who had all he could do to retain a modest posture.

As they sat there Sam apparently grew more and more nervous and excited until he finally clasped Simmie in his embrace, who, to make the picture more complete, did his share of the work.

The boys in the mill could keep silent

no longer, but throwing open the door, they burst into such a shout that even Mr. Sam heard, and clenching his fist, turned in anger. A flood of light fell upon him as he stood there. But behold! He stood as one glued to the spot, for, instead of Maizie, he had been embracing Simmie, who was laughing as hard as he could in that deep bass voice of his.

From that time what wonder that blacksmith Sam felt like throwing every boy he happened to spy into the mill-pond, for he never would believe that Maizie played that trick on him.

Ah! who can surpass the ingenuity of a woman? Not even a Man.

GRACE BURESH, '03.

A FRESHMAN ROMANCE.

I knew not whence he came nor where he went;

I did not care, I only saw his eyes;
One glance enough to fill me with content.

Ah! Blue they were, as are the summer skies.

I wondered once perchance if he saw me.

Oh, foolish one. Such thoughts were vain and wild.

As though he could attracted be,
By an aspiring, sentimental child.

And thus I dreamt my Freshman days away.

Adoring—aye, adoring silently.
The spell was broken only yesterday.
This much I heard, "A Senior, 1903."

Enough indeed, to make me cease to care
For him, whom I did yesterday adore.
Ah! he is tall, and most divinely fair—
But Wisdom whispers, "Think of him no more!"



The captains this year seem to be very slow, indeed, in selecting their sponsors. Of course, there are exceptions; Miss Bernice Carson has been chosen for Company E, and Miss Louise Parmelee, for Company D.

The members of Company D presented their captain of last year, Harry Kelly, with a beautiful sword; afterwards a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Miss Madeline Hillis entertained a number of High School friends at a delightful Ping-Pong party on last Friday evening.

A number of High School girls were invited to luncheon at the Kappa Alpha Theta House in Lincoln, October 18, the day our football team played the Lincoln High School.

As yet no girls have entertained the different societies at their homes. They are all looking forward to these meetings, for they prove a delightful afternoon's entertainment.

Miss Cora Evans has issued invitations to a Hallowe'en Party. A number of friends will be present and a very enjoyable evening is in store for them.

A number of Senior boys are planning

on another visit to Lincoln, Thanksgiving, when the University football team will play the Northwestern University of Chicago.

The time for a Senior Hop is creating much discussion among the Seniors.

By this time most of us have become accustomed to working after our long vacation, and we begin to look around for the pleasures obtained from our various organizations which go to make up school life. This year our societies have not been behindhand in their work. Most of them have reorganized and one new one has been added to the list.

This is the Clio Club. In Greek mythology Clio was the Greek muse who presided over history. The club met for organization on Friday, October 10th, and elected the following officers: President, Lyman Bryson; First Vice President, Carl Coe; Second Vice President, Ula Waterhouse; Secretary, Ellen True; Treasurer, Morris Taylor; Sergeant-at-Arms, August Swenson. The society will commence work by making a study of Medieval History, as it has been dropped from the High School course. The Club already claims sixty-three members and all others who wish to join will have

to go through rigid initiation ceremonies. Programs will be given every two weeks.

The D. D. S. met on Friday, September 26, and elected the following officers: President, Leslie Higgins; Vice President, Morris Taylor; Secretary, Ernest Kelley; Treasurer, Willard McEachron. At another meeting on Friday, October 17, the following question was decided upon for the debate with Beatrice, to be held November 28. Resolved: 'That organized labor is an injury to the Public.' Beatrice will have the choice of sides. For the interscholastic debate at Lincoln, three questions were sent for consideration to Mrs. Sudborough who has been elected critic for the D. D. S. The latter debate will come off sometime in January.

The P. G. S. held a meeting on Friday Sept. 26, and elected officers as follows: President Madaline Hillis; vice president, Clara Heimrod; secretary, Isabel Ross; treasurer, Ellen True; society teacher, Miss Valentine. On Friday, Oct 24, a most enjoyable program was given. All

of the numbers on the program together comprised a book, as follows:

PrefaceHelen Sadilek.
Beginning of Amer. Lit... Louise Moore.
Song Julia Coburn.
Recitation Blanche Whitlock.
Quotations By Seven Girls.
Talk with Librarian Ida Smith.
Story Olive Carpenter.
Song Janet Marriott.
Review Hilda Hammer.

The Alice Carey Society met Friday, October 10. The result of the election of officers was as follows: President, Madge Mayall; Vice President, Therese Wallace; Secretary, Florence Tillotson; Treasurer, Dorothy Petheren; Society Teacher, Mrs. Fleming. Hereafter this Club will be called the A. C. S., instead of its full name. Renewed interest is being taken in the work this year, as is shown by the contest in which the members have engaged themselves. The society has been divided into two sections each trying to procure the most new members.
CORA EVANS, '03.



The Battalion is doing exceedingly well this year under the direction of Commandant Homan, and although many of the cadets have no uniforms, due to the fact that the supply of cloth was not sufficient to fill all of the orders, the appearance of the companies is very good.

The rifles are being repaired and will be issued in about two months, when the Manual of Arms may be studied indoors if it is too cold for out-door drill. A penalty of five demerits is fixed for absence from drill without excuse, and as a result the average absence is only about 4 per cent of the number enrolled.

The Signal Corps this year is composed of thirty men, who have already learned the Wigwag System. It is considered an honor to be in the Signal Corps for only the best disciplined men are chosen for it.

The Hospital Corps has also increased its membership; there are three sets of

fours composed of strong fellows who are well able to care for the sick and the wounded. A special study of bandaging will be taken up this winter.

The band started its work under the able leadership of Captain Fairbrother. There are a number of players who were in the band last year and so their progress this year will be more rapid.

In the future the commands in the battalion drill will be taken from bugle calls.

The "crack company," in about one month, will follow out the plan of work begun last year. The commissioned officers will be appointed. The men will appear in belts and leggins.

The Battalion deserves much praise for the results obtained so far; the new men have progressed rapidly and in a few weeks will be able to hold their own with the older men.

E. K., '03.



GRIDIRON NOTES.

Football practice began promisingly at the first of the year. A large squad turned out on the campus every afternoon and though composed mostly of new men, they showed up well under the direction of Coach Pearse and Captain Fairbrother.

September 27th the team went to Des Moines for their first game, and won with a score of 5 to 0. It was a hard fought game, and though we left the field victorious, we lost much in the fact that Thompson, full-back and one of the best men on the team, was injured and had to leave the game.

The next game on the list was with the Council Bluffs High School, with the best team they have had for years. Sterricker took Thompson's place and held it down well and Baxter filled the vacancy on the line. Our team easily won the game with a score of 10 to 5.

The next game was with West Des Moines on our own grounds. The trouble commenced early in the game when Sterricker's collar bone was broken; then Fleming was hurt and left the game, and later something happened which has never happened before. Fairbrother got hurt and had to leave the game. The team quickly showed the loss of four of the best men and though they played well

and fought hard, they lost the game, score 18 to 0.

October 18, the team went to Lincoln. Yoder took "Fairy's" place and played well "Young Putnam and Smith filled vacancies at fullback and guard, both doing good work. Although we lost, the team won many praises for the fine game they put up against a much heavier team. On the same date the second team went to Springfield and played a tie game with a team almost twice their weight. Score 0 to 0.

The team has brightened up considerably lately. Fairbrother, Thompson and Sterricker are again at work and everybody is getting in the game. We have one of the best teams in the state and they deserve the support of every O. H. S. pupil.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the value of good support. "Yelling" helps to win many a game, and we should remember it. Every student and teacher should attend the games and help cheer the boys on to victory. Here are a few yells, old and new. Learn them and come to the games and "yell" them.

O-O-O-M-A,
A-A-A-H-A,
O-MA-HA-HIGH SCHOOL.

Hurrah for the Purple,
Hurrah for the White,
We're from Omaha,
We're all right.

Hocus-Pocus-Dinky Daw,
Git there-Git there, Omaha,
End and center, tackle-guard,
All together, hold 'em hard. H. W. '03.

BASKET BALL.

There is a good outlook for a strong boys' basket ball team this year. Three of last year's first team are getting in line, and plenty of other good men are trying for places.

This year, with a fine "gym" and as good a coach as Miss Maconber, we expect a strong girls' team. Several of last year's first team are back and we look for the state championship to come our way.

Already we are having rumors of the Athletic Carnival. This is an indoor athletic contest between the classes for the banner which hangs in the hall. It was won by "01" year before last, and by "03" last year. The classes have begun already to practice for the events and to hope for victory and the banner. The Carnival has always been a success, but we hope this year it will surpass any yet held.

HUGH WALLACE '03.

THE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.

The girls' gymnasium has come to be one of the most important institutions of the High School. If visitors were to come to the gymnasium any day, they

would see a long line of girls stretching from one end of the room to the other. The girls are all dressed alike in navy blue flannel bloomers and blouses with sailor collars. The "Swedish" slipper adds much to their appearance as it is much neater than the ordinary tennis shoe.

The girls are given ten minutes to dress and twenty minutes for actual work. During those twenty minutes they proudly boast that they can and do keep as straight a line and execute a command as well as the boys in drill.

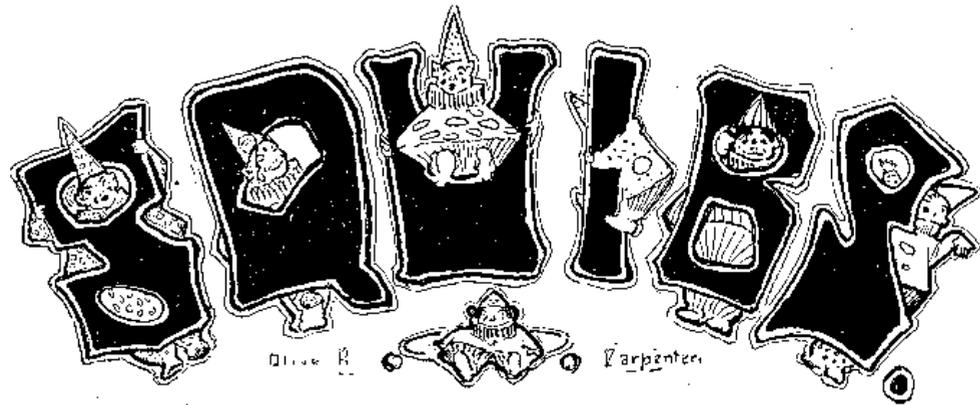
As yet nothing in the line of basket-ball work has been done but it is hoped the girls will start playing soon. It is probable that there will be no regular High School basket ball team and consequently no match games. The class being divided into six smaller classes, each in a different period, it would be difficult to pick out a team, or to practice together.

The greatest excitement comes after the class is dismissed, for then there is the shower bath. Judging from the shrieks and screams of some of the girls, you might think they had seen a mouse, while it is really nothing but the cold water.

There is only one thing the "gym" lacks, and that is lockers in which to keep the suits and slippers. As it is, each girl has a hook upon which to hang her things.

Considering everything, the "gym" is all right and it is no wonder that all the girls are so in love with "Jim."

LOUISE H. PARMELER '03



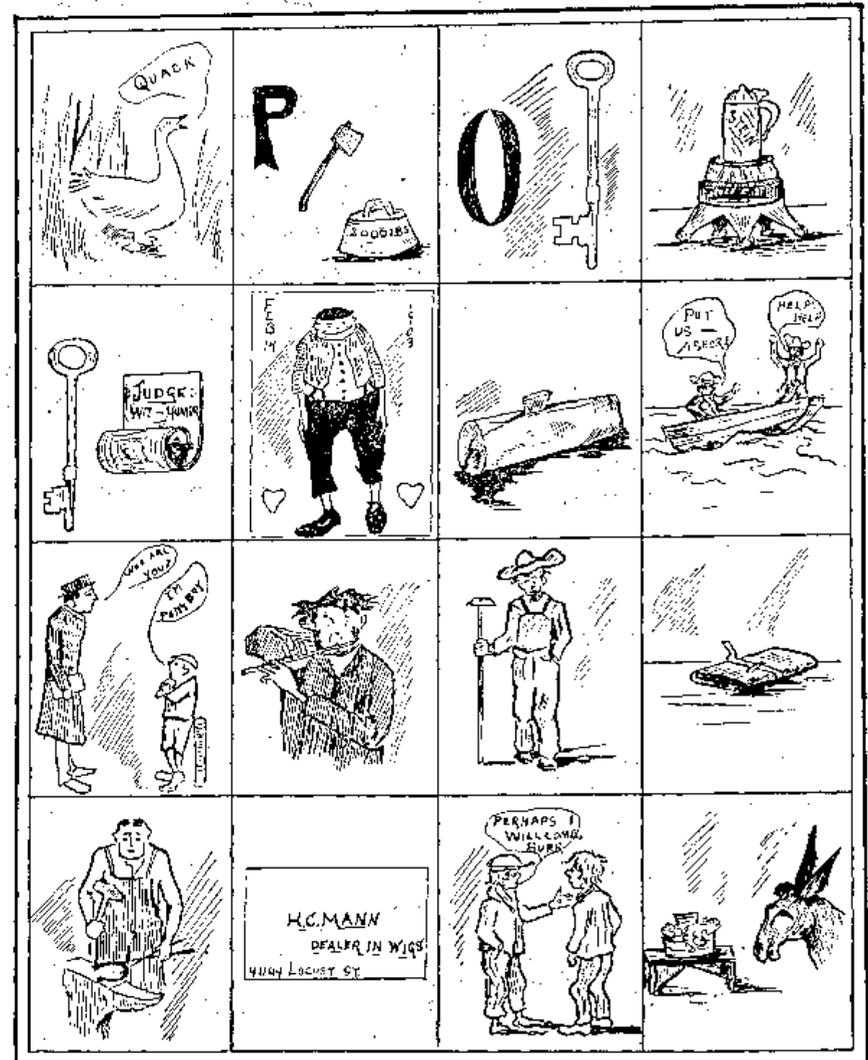
Have you found one yet, Harris?
 12th A English.—“The idea in “Resurrection” is similar to that in:
 1st A Skyrocket (Stanley.)
 2nd A Balloon Ascension (Mary.)
 3d A Cannon Ball (Author Unknown.)
 4th A Bug (Cork.)
 (Girl writing home)—“Papa: I’m having a lovely time and I’m just infatuated with Ping-Pong!” Papa,—(writing back) “Come right home, I won’t have you galivantin’ with any Chinaman!”
 “Is your mother home, Lee?”
 (Lee U.) “No’m, my mother isn’t home.”
 Miss Morgan to Freshie—“Do you take the Register?”
 Freshie—“No, honest, I didn’t take it, you must have the wrong fellow.”
 Willie is so swift of foot that as a dog-catcher he would be A-1; or rather K-9.

Do you suppose Harry Reed is still working in that second hand store?
 Art Scribner is industriously sawing wood down at Lincoln—*Alumni Notes*.
 Gene Harris—“Well, we’ll let the matter drop.”
 Have you heard Dick Patterson’s latest song, entitled: “Mary Dear”?
 Algebra Teacher—“Now, Archie, pay attention. What does 3 x mean?”
 Archibald Stilla Freshman—“Pillsbury’s Best, ma’am.”
 Some-one—“Are you going to comb your hair this year?”
 No-one—“Nope, there’s nothin’ in it.”
 May Hall’s Latin translation—“This is Priam’s finish.”
 Joint debate. Harris vs. Sudborough. Subject: “Distribution of Species.”

Here is a verse from a poem written presumably by Miss Beeman, Forsooth, tis most touching:
 “I have come across the sea,
 And have went away from thee,
 Would’st have did as much for me?”
 Why is the O. H. S. a warm place?
 Because the “Registers” are well distributed.
 The Seniors have many grievances, and but one Joy—that’s Sutph (en) icient.
 She needs a guardian—Miss Ward.
 Well named—Miss Caldwell.
 Escaped from a menagerie—Lyons.
 Above the common level—Robbie.

A hindrance to progress—Miss Barr.
 Devoted to fashion—Mr. Taylor.
 The happiest boy in school—Joy.
 The sweetest boy in school—Rose-water.
 The only lady mechanic—Miss Carpenter.
 Lee (picking up warm glass tube in chemistry)—!—!—!—!
 Dr. Senter—“Don’t get nervous, keep cool.”
 Dr. Senter—“What is the absolute zero on a thermometer?”
 Swenson—“It is the lowest point you can you get without getting any further.”

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3. Never attempt to talk with a mouthful of food, having no ears, it might not understand.
4. Never leave the lunch counter unless the others have finished the meal. If you must go, take the counter with you.

Harris—"I was nearly killed once by the bursting of a shell."

Creedon—"Who threw the egg?"

Van Kuran (translating German)—Benjamin Franklin was the seventeenth son of a family of seven.

New scholars here may come and go,
And e'en the rocks may disappear,
The centuries may ebb and flow,
But Cathers and Taylor are ever here.
B. Miner (rushing wildly into Dr. Senter's sanctum)—"Oh, Doctor, I've just swallowed some mercuric oxide!"

Dr. Senter (calmly)—"Spit it out."

About time to call up 59, Joe.

A goat ate up our other squibs
And then began to pun,
"I cannot help it," he softly said,
"I feel so full of fun."

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