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# HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

FEBRUARY

1903

Vol. XVII

No. 6



# Merchants Hotel Barber Shop and Bath Rooms

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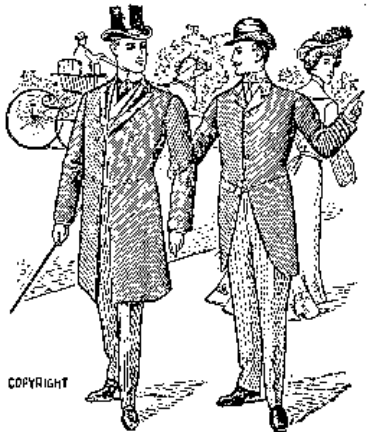
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# HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

Vol. XVII.

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No. 6

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Mary Morgan, '03	Elizabeth Kiewit, '04	Nona Townsend, '05	Anna Bourke, '09



How ABOUT our Battalion promotions? Are they made with justice to all? The custom has been that when a vacancy occurs in one of the companies, the captain recommends some cadet for the office; his qualifications are then looked into by the commandant and the principal, and if found to be all right, the appointment is made. This insures a capable man getting the office, but is IT FAIR to the other cadets? There may have been five cadets in the company eligible to the office; one of them might have been a personal friend of the captain—he would naturally be the one to get the recommendation. Again, there are some offices that are filled by recommendations made by some member of the staff. Here again friends of that member would receive the recommendations to the great injustice of all cadets eligible to the office. Promotions and appointments should be made in the Battalion the same as they are in the civil offices of our government—BY COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

MORE GOOD articles were handed in to THE REGISTER this month than any preceding month this year. Was it entirely because of the cash prize? We know now that some of us can write good articles, and those of us who can do this should have the interests of the school enough at heart to contribute to the literary value of the paper as much as they can—prizes or no prizes.

\* \* \*

THE READING of the Oracle at the Browning Society's second program was one of the most enjoyable features of the entertainment. The wise hints offered both boys and girls and the gentle "slams" to all classmen in general and a few in particular, were well chosen,

#### The First Graduates of the Omaha High School.

Nearly thirty years ago the first graduates left this High School. In the year 1876, eleven pupils were graduated, nine girls and two boys. To the following belong this honor:

Stacia Crowley, Blanche Duel, Ida M. Goodman, Addie H. Gladstone, Esther Jacobs, Bertha M. Isaacs, Margaret McCague, Nelia Lehmer, Fannie E. Wilson, Alfred Ramsey, and Henry C. Curry.

Miss Crowley taught for many years in the city schools, but is now teaching in Chicago.

Miss Blanche Duel, a very talented and promising musician, died a few years after graduating.

Nelia Lehmer is the widow of Mr. Richard Carrier, who died a short time ago.

Ida M. Goodman is teaching in the public schools of this city.

Addie H. Gladstone is now Mrs. D. Gross.

PUPILS DO not know the amount of good it does THE REGISTER to mention it when patronizing our advertisers. We have had advertisers say, "If one customer will say that he saw our add in THE REGISTER, we will take it again next month." Kindly remember this and help us all you can.

and besides proving amusing for the time being, will, it is to be hoped, do untold good in the future. This promising paper has a mission in life which we hope in time to fully understand and appreciate.

Esther Jacobs is the wife of Mr. A. Rosenberg of Schuyler, Neb.

Bertha M. Isaacs married Mr. F. R. McConnell of this city. Their son Lyman attended this school part of last year, and is now at Exeter.

Margaret McCague is now Mrs. Albert M. Gordon.

Fannie E. Wilson married Mr. S. F. Woodbridge, city editor of the *World-Herald*. Their son Carl is in his sophomore year in this school.

Henry C. Curry has the distinction of being the first colored person to graduate from the Omaha High School. He studied law and was admitted to the bar. It is to be regretted that after leaving the city and going West, his practice was insufficient to support him, and he finally became a barber.

D. KENNEDY, '05.



#### To the Music of the Violin.

(Suggested by the coming of Kocian).

(This poem was awarded first prize in the contest this month.)

O, goddess fair, why sitst thou there so mute?  
Thine eyes are dim, thy cheeks, so fair, now pale,  
Thy locks unbound, thy girdle of sapphire gone,  
And e'en thy robe falls limply by thy side  
Which e'er before in proud majestic folds  
Did flow. Thy lyre unstrung, gives sighs of woe  
When thus unheeded, unattended left.  
Uplift thine eyes, and gaze on Nature's grief,  
As vainly she does strive to hear thy notes  
That for so long have ceased to give relief.  
Arise, shake off that melancholy mood  
And save thy sons from that fierce monster's clutch.  
That brute in garb of friendship true does come  
And charms his hearers with a metal's ring.  
Their hopes, their duties, all are cast aside;  
They seek but money, trade, or enterprise.  
But touch thy strings, then through the air, sweet Echo  
Will waft them on her pinions far and near.  
Thy lyre must thrice celestial strains give forth,  
Before the shadow of this curse is fled.  
Behold! Thine art, one of thy sons has waked.  
He starts, and with that graceful touch you teach  
He strikes a chord in every hearer's heart  
That must respond to his gold lyre's tones.  
And yet another son! Through foreign climes  
Doth calm, doth wake, and with a passion shake  
His audience, as countless as the stars.  
His music murmurs, whispers or doth wail;  
Or laughs, or sighs, with mighty anger shakes.  
Sweet Nature, in her joy, then sings and laughs.  
Her eyes like diamonds glitter, her graceful form  
No longer like a wilted flower droops  
But bubbles over with great joy and health.  
And e'en false Gain, with bated breath oft stops  
To wipe a tear that stole there 'gainst his will.  
Rejoice, sweet Muse, thy efforts are repaid!  
No longer wilt thou in deep sorrow brood!  
Thy sons have waked, their souls with rapture teem.  
And ne'er again wilt thou have cause to sigh!  
They bring the worshipers of thine exalted art.  
Art thou not proud to have such sons as these?

—Chechie, '03.

*The Phantom of the Tavern.*

(This story was awarded second prize.)

I am not a believer in ghosts, and hence ridiculed the stories told me by the inhabitants of a small village near my uncle's farm in New England, where I was spending my summer vacation.

Through a portion of my uncle's place ran an old seldom-used lane, which a century ago had been one of the prominent stage roads in the country; in fact, the famous highway between Boston and New York. Since the era of steam it had fallen into disuse; in some places it had been plowed up and was now under cultivation. At the time of which I write, a long strip of the original byway lay inclosed in my uncle's and a neighbor's farm. On this avenue, in a dark, tree-grown hollow, is a celebrated relic of those former days; a great weather-beaten, deserted tavern, still well preserved for its age, although slowly falling to pieces through neglect and decay. It was a dismal, lonely spot even in the bright sunshine, and a favorable theme for the wierd tales of the country folk.

One evening I attended a small party at a neighbor's. After it was over I took a pretty country lass to her home, which was several miles from my uncle's. As it looked very much like rain, I boldly struck for home over several fields into the old road, and so to the house. At first I walked briskly on in spite of the darkness but gradually the gloom affected my spirits, so that when I reached the old road I was really frightened, although I did not own it even to myself. The night was intensely black, neither moon nor stars were visible, and objects could scarcely be seen even at a short distance. As I trod along the deathly silence oppressed me. Every sigh of the wind in the leaves of the trees seemed to be the

wail of some spirit, the creaking of boughs sounded like their demoniacal laughter, and as I passed on spirit hands seemed to reach out and grasp at me from the darkness. Dull flashes of lightning revealed crouching shadows and ghastly forms. Afraid to linger—too proud to run—I walked hastily on, not daring to glance either to right or to left.

At a turn of the road I dimly beheld the Old Inn looming up before me. In each of its staring black windows I saw white skeletons and grinning skulls. With trembling limbs I hastened to pass. But suddenly, and without warning, a terrible roar issued from it's walls. My hair rose, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, my legs refused to move, my heart stopped beating, and a cold chill swept over me. Then a vivid flash of lightning disclosed at one window a great red body, with horns and glowering eyes, and a demonical expression. In an instant it was gone with a mighty crash and the sound of rending wood. Panic-stricken I waited for no more but ran blindly to the house and into my room, where I sank in a stupor on my bed.

Late next morning I awoke, pale and weak. After a dash of cold water, I felt better, and the sunlight cheered me greatly. At lunch, before I had gained courage to relate my harrowing experience, my uncle remarked that he had found our old brown cow which had strayed from the pasture lately, in the "Old Inn," where she had probably taken refuge from the storm, and, walking up the stairs, had been unable to descend. After hearing this I concluded not to tell my story.

DONALD KENNEDY, '05.

*The Man From England.*

(This story was awarded third place with honorable mention.)

Somewhere on the record of Troop C of the —th Nebraska lies the report, "Trevalyn, John W., deserted April 3rd, 1899, while at the front near Balagos, Philippine Islands." This man was a personal friend of mine and as I know that the above inscription in one respect does him great injustice, I write this narrative merely as an explanation.

Jack Trevalyn, the only son of a well known English lord, was still in his teens when his father selected for him a wife who possessed lands, money, titles and beauty. Young Trevalyn, who did not love her, had resigned himself to his fate as cheerfully as possible when, as ill-luck would have it, he chanced to meet Miss Helen Gifford of New York, who entrapped his heart with her first smile.

Lord Trevalyn, seeing that the happy future he had prepared for Jack was in a fair way to disappear, without waiting to be interviewed, ordered that all attentions between them cease. Jack pleaded with him, Helen pleaded with him, but the gray-haired old noble was as obdurate as an army mule. In the end young Trevalyn lost his temper, was disowned and fled to America with Helen.

He enlisted in the —th Nebraska, to while away the time until he should become of a marriageable age, but soon after the regiment left for the Philippines. It was a sad parting, but Jack had Helen's promise to wait, and that gave him courage.

Trevalyn had enlisted for three years. For two years he fought and bled in the service of Old Glory. He wrote letters addressed to Helen F. Gifford every time he had an opportunity and he managed

to have them as often as possible. His record bears nothing but honor up to this point. Scars he had many and often the dispatches bore his name for conspicuous bravery at the front.

One the first of April, 1899, a private of the 3rd Ohio stationed at Manila, came galloping along the hot, dusty road carrying a fat mail bag. With a grunt he cast the pouch on the ground before the Colonel's tent, with a sigh he dismounted and stretched his legs and with a grin he entered a nearby tent, from which soon after issued strange gurgling sounds.

The mail was distributed. Trevalyn received a letter postmarked "New York" and bearing a special delivery stamp. He hastily tore it open and read it. Suddenly he turned pale and staggered slightly, but with a great effort he pulled himself together and walked quickly into his tent, closing the flap behind him.

Next morning the first sergeant called his name in vain. He had deserted during the night and has not reported to the —th Nebraska since, but this newspaper clipping which I quote from the contents of the letter that he received on the 1st of April, 1899, may help to explain the young Englishman's conduct:

—"An English gentleman, John W. Trevalyn, today was joined in marriage with Miss Helen F. Gifford of Brooklyn, New York. The happy couple left directly after the wedding for a long wedding tour in Europe. It is rumored that young Trevalyn had until last Monday been disowned by his noble father, Lord Richard Trevalyn, of Highland

Hall, England."

Below the clipping were scribbled these words:

"To John W. Trevalyn:

If this never reaches a John W. Trevalyn in the Philippines, then the man who married Miss Helen Gifford is really my client, but *if it does* reach him, it will be greatly to his advantage to return here

at once, or notify me so that I can apprehend the imposter who has robbed him of both wife and fortune.

Respectfully,

HENRY L. DETWEILER,  
Attorney to John W. Trevalyn in the  
U. S."

F. M. GREENLEAF, '03.

### Mrs. Cornrossel's Visit to the Omaha High School.

(This story was awarded fourth place with honorable mention.)

Mrs. Cornrossel of Caduact county, Nebraska, the wife of a most influential farmer in that prosperous locality, had just returned from a visit to Omaha, where she had gone to see if the High School in that city was good enough for her daughter, Letitia, to enter. On the way home from the station she told her daughter all about the trip.

"Yer mustn't think fer a minnit, Letitia, thet I wuz a bit scart cost I wazn't. When I went in, I axed to be interjooiced to the presidint of the instetution. So they showed me a little room where sot the presidint and his 'sistant. He wuz very busy, so he said if I didn't mind he'd have one of the young men show me around. So he went inter another room and when he cum back he brought with him one of the handsomest young fellers. I ever seed. He looked so much like your paw did when he wuz a-courtin' me, that I wuz jest going to faint when I wuz interrupted by the presidint, who said, "Mr. Smith let me interjooice you ter Mrs. Cornrossel of Paduact county, Nebraska. We both bowed and smiled and I knew by the pleased glances they cast at one another I knew I had made a good impression.

After explaining that he wuz to be my guide, we started off thro' the halls.

The furst thing I seed when we wuz in the hall wuz a figger made out of Paris paste. It's head and arms wuz broke off and I wondered what it wuz doin' thar—why, I wouldn't have had it in our cornfield as a scare-crow. My 'scort spoke up and sez, sez he, "That is Venice Day, Medicine. "Medicine," I interrupted, scornfully, "Medicine—did catnip tea and boneset hev thet demorilizin' effect?" I shed think stickin' plaster wuz what that poor critter needed," and I looked at Mr. Smith in my coldest manner. I don't believe I could hev fruz him any more ef I had tried. But he only put his hand up to his mouth and bowed his head an' coughed onct or twict an' got awful red in the face.

But I happened to look up just then and I seed er lot er boxes standin' erlong the walls, jest like my Jonathian built fer his squab pigeons. I axed my 'scort what them wuz fur and he says them wuz lockers. And then he steps up and opens one of them pigeon coops and what do you think I seed. Nothin' but three hooks, three lookin' glasses and erbout a

peck, more or less, of self-raisin' pancake flour. Jes' to think of buildin' all them things to stow away lookin' glasses and self-raisin' flour in.

But Letitia, I—a (accidentally) took a squint at myself in all three of them glasses to onct and fer a minnit I wuz real scart, coz the way them things wuz put up, I could see the front, back an' side of my face all at the same time. Now, Letitia, you know your maw isn't vain, but I kin jest tell yer those glasses made me out jes' the finest lookin' presidint our missionary meetin's ever had, and I don't wonder yer paw won't look at nary 'nother woman. Ez I wuz sayin' there is nothin' small about yer maw, so I jes' offered the presidint six bits fer them glasses, but he sez nit. "Hey," sez I. "Nit," sez he. "Don't yer sling any of yer Greek at me," sez I. "Come, now," sez he, "yer musn't git mad, cos them belong to the Board of Eddyca-shun."

"Jes' then I spied some of ther school-marms comin' out ef one ef the rooms. Why, Letitia, you jes' out to see how them teachers dress. It's no wonder the Board air runnin' behind every year. Paris, South Omaha and Council Bluffs fashions are all run together until it is jest simply grand. I told one of them school-marms ef she'd come out ter our place and shew me them fashions, I'd let her go ter singin' school with our hired man.

Then my 'scort sez perhaps I'd like to go up stairs. He had ter go up one stairs and I tother one. He sed thet wuz ther rule, but I suspicioned he didn't want ter help me up the stairs. I know I'm hefty and I don't deny it. He met me at the top, but I wuz so out of breath thet I had to sit down on the steps

till I caught it again. While I wuz sittin' thar, I seed lots of boys fightin' over some green and yaller cheese cloth. Some of the boys swared and kicked. My 'scort sed they wuz seen-yers, but them boys what acted manly and respectable wuz junyers. An, now, Letitia, ef I should let yer go thar, yer mustn't have enny thing ter do with the seen-yers, but if they should wanter, the junyers can come ter see yer.

An' now, Letitia, wot with climin' so many stairs, an' wot with gazin' at all the stylish teachers, an' wot with havin' these big-footed seenyers gawpin' at me as if they'd never seed a good lookin' woman afore, I kinder hed a sorter faint feelin' in my stommick. I realized thet I would have ter go ter one ef these stylish hotels and put up four bits fer a meal and I wuz jest a wishin' I was back in Paduact when I got er sniff er something thet kinder revived me and jes' then I spied a young feller comin' down the hall so I axed him what that smell meant, an' he lifted his hat and sed thet wuz the lunch room. "Gee, whiz!" thinks I, "do they have lunch rooms in a school house?" I wuz thet taken back thet I fergot the holler feelin' in my stommick. So I jes' turned to this young junyer (I knowed he wuz a junyer cos he wuz so nice) an' in a beamin' sort er way axed him ef he would 'scort me to the lunch room. An' then he offered me his arm an' I tell you we were a poem as we sailed inter thet lunch room. But land o' Goshen! what a sight met my eyes! There wuz a passel o' young men an' women havin' a regular scrimmage fer the grub counter. Why I never seed sich acshuns in my hull life; them seen-yers acted jes' terrible, but my 'scort cried out in a high pitched treble tenor

voice fer al! the world like yer paw's when he leads the choir, "Make room et the catin' trough fer Mrs. Cornössel of Padunct, Nebraska." You should hev seen them ranks open, like Paroah's army passin' thro' the Red Sea, and yer maw havin' the seat of honor.

On a whole I fared pretty well, 'cept when they passed me a piece of pie. I looked at that measly little piece of pie, kinder suspishus, cos yer know, I took

the premium at the fair on my pies an' cakes. I put on my loftiest look an' I sez, sez I, "What do yer use for shortenin'?" "Cottylene," sez she. "Hey?" sez I. "Cottylene," sez she, kinder stuck up. "Caught-it-lean," sez I, in my freez- ingest manner; "I shud think it wuz lean enough ter give yer cold chills, an' with that I sailed majestically out of the room.

CLAIRE GRATTON, '04.

### Cureka.

(This story would have taken a prize but it was not entered in the contest.)

Past ages sought for perpetual motion, but it was too much for the minds which existed in the generations that have fallen asleep. The great Newton tried it, but all machines finally settled down to rest. The skillfully arranged magnets would not perform the task of keeping up unending motion. It was left for the glorious nineteenth century to produce the wonder, which dropped down as unsought as a wandering comet. Why should a people who have realized some of the wildest dreams of Jules Verne not have perpetual motion in their midst? Indeed it confronts one on all occasions, and the difficult question which arises is, where may a spot be found into which this movement has not penetrated?

What is this untiring action? The cattle sometimes cease the swing of the under jaw, but the full-fledged American gum-chewer—never. He, she, it, which is the proper pronoun? Suppose we treat the being as a machine, and proceed to say that it has become omnipresent and hence rises before one at all times and in all places. The machines are not entirely noiseless, being accompanied by a cer-

tain indiscrible rustling sound. Some are more noisy than others. These operate by the constant opening and closing of a certain cavern, so to speak, which leads into the interior of the machine. The quiet kind operate without opening this cavity, and these latter form the more pleasing spectacle, if any of them may be said to be pleasing.

Some business houses have adopted these machines and placed them behind the counter to attend to the wants of customers. You step to the counter, make your request known to the perpetual motion apparatus which confronts you, and a sound is thrown back which seems to say in almost inarticulate sounds:

"Chew! Chew! Chew with care—  
Chew in the presence of the customer."

Customers are not partial to any kind of perpetual motion machine, but are becoming accustomed to it and are learning how it is to be treated.

Not long since during a lecture delivered by a learned professor, in the midst of well-arranged sentences and logical arguments, a rustling sound was heard at the left. It proved to be com-

ing from one of these open-cavity gum-chewers. Why the machine was there no one knows, but the question of perpetual motion was solved.

How the sight might have delighted the eyes of Newton!

In the opera house, a few evenings ago, one of these same gum-chewers moved down the aisle in the form of an usher. The perpetual swing kept time with the footsteps and seemed to say,

"Sweet Yucatan!  
I chew all I can.  
Chew! Chew! Chew! I declare;  
Chew right here in the theatre."

Like the horse-car poetry, the gum-chewing carries everything before it, and the people were surprised to find themselves unconsciously hobbling down the aisle in the measured time of the swinging jaw in advance.

As has been said, the gum-chewer is everywhere—upon the public highway, within the private dwelling; even the church doors are not closed against the vibrating jaw, nor have the massive doors of the new High School building been able to close so quickly as to exclude this ever moving jaw. Various classes have been invaded and even the King's English has suffered. The question has been thought of so serious a nature as to be considered in a meet-

ing of the High School faculty. When the offensive object of the swinging jaw appears in a class, if the teacher will place her finger upon her lips and fix her eye upon the unwelcome sight, the jaw might cease to swing, the medium which excites the motion will miraculously disappear and the gum-chewer will be transformed into a pupil. This is the only known means of stopping it—and that only for the time being.

Are we right in interfering with this form of tireless energy? We denounce this form of perpetual motion because we are not wise enough to see its great value. Steam was before man's eyes many ages and no one knew its worth; electricity flashed in the clouds and no man looked upon it save with fear.

Now if some fertile brain would only invent a delicate attachment by which the swinging jaw could be made to move machinery, what a blessing might be conferred upon humanity. There are machines not run by steam and a delicate touch may set in motion heavy machinery. Why may it not be so arranged that the tireless jaw may perform useful labor?

Perpetual motion is before us, but we know not how to use it. The Temple of Fame has a seat of honor waiting for the one who will demonstrate to the present age how this vast amount of waste force may be utilized.

A STUDENT.

# Dramatic

## Criticisms on our School Programs.

### D. D. S.

The last debate between the O. H. S. and the L. H. S. at the City Hall was particularly interesting as it decided the state championship.

The delivery of the Omaha boys was excellent, but each one made the mistake of repeating the points made by his colleagues instead of spending his time in bringing out the new points in his own argument. Their arguments also seemed to be committed to memory. It was a praiseworthy debate, however, and one of which we may well be proud.

### THE BROWNING.

Another excellent program was given by the Browning Society. Although a Freshman Society, it promises to surpass any other society in the High School. The reading from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was very pleasant. The second edition of "The Oracle" was read and as it is something out of the ordinary it was very acceptable. They have an originality and "freshness" which a great many of the other programs lack.

### THE ELAINE SOCIETY.

One of the best programs of the year was given by the Elaine Society Feb. 6. The story, which was written and read by Miss Whitney, was very good. Miss Whitney has a great deal of talent in this direction and her efforts are always appreciated. The solo by Miss De Graff

was fine, as she possesses a very sweet voice. But the number of the afternoon was the recitation of Miss Funkhouser. She speaks with a charm and vivacity that is irresistible.

### A. C. S.

A program of unusual character was given by the A. C. S., the songs and recitations being entirely in Scotch dialect. The selections were all very pleasing. One fault that might be found, however, is the repeated appearance of a certain few in all the programs. If more would take part in the programs it would give a variety which would be very acceptable. The solos by Miss Hughes and Miss Congdon were very good. Both sang in a very pleasing manner. The recitations were all good. Taking the program as a whole it was excellent and the applause which followed each number showed the appreciation of the large audience.

### CAMP LIFE.

The enthusiasm and patriotism of the High School was certainly shown by the number of pupils who attended the benefit for the boys' encampment. All of the music was well rendered and the appropriate song, "Don't Mind Me," sung by Mr. MacDiarmid, was fully appreciated. The audience was well entertained by Mr. Greenleaf's Chalk Talk, for he exhibited a great deal of skill, and every-

one thoroughly enjoyed it. Although the boys had a short time to prepare this program, it was very good throughout, and they deserve hearty support in their next adventure of this kind.

### THE P. G. S.

The P. G. S. Lohengrin program was very good. The opening number, an instrumental solo by Miss Strawn, was very enjoyable. The "Story of the Opera" was beautifully written and well read by Miss Clark. The violin solo by Miss Cleve was one of the finest numbers of the afternoon. Miss Cleve has a great deal of talent and from present indications has a brilliant future before her. The "Motives and Explanations of the Opera," by Miss Rhoades and Miss Ogle, was something out of the ordinary and was well executed. It was an excellent

program and every one there surely appreciated it.

### CLIO SOCIETY.

The Clio Society gave a program January 30, and although the historical topics discussed were not as interesting as those of some of the other programs given by this society, it was probably due to the fact that some periods of history are not as interesting as others. It is a new society, but has a very promising future.

A number of the students who take part in the programs are not heard farther back than the middle of the room. The room is very large and it takes a full, strong voice to travel the length of it. Those sitting in the rear should hear just as much of the program as the ones sitting on the front seats. It would be well if those who take part in the programs remember this.

# O. H. S. Society

One of the prettiest affairs of the season was the Senior Prom given February the sixth at Metropolitan Hall. The hall was elaborately decorated with pennants and bunting.

The Juniors will give a hop March the sixth at Metropolitan hall. It is rumored that it will exceed the Senior hop in magnificence. Let's all go and see.

For the benefit of the encampment fund, an entertainment was given by the C. D. C. The room was filled to overflowing and an excellent program was rendered.

1. Omaha High School band.
2. The double quartet sang "The Maiden With the Dreamy Eyes."
3. Messrs. Fairbrother, Harris and

McDiarmid sang "Politeness is a Gentle Art."

4. "Don't mind Me," Leslie McDiarmid.
5. A chalk talk, Miles Greenleaf.
6. Selection by the Mandolin club.
7. "The Little Dutch Band."
8. Zither solo, L. Henshaw.
9. A drill by the crack company from Fort Crook.
10. Wigwagging, by the Signal Corps.

The Alpha Omicron, a High School fraternity, will give their first dance at Chambers' Academy February twenty-sixth. All are invited to be present.

The second Senior social is to come off in the near future. The parents of the Seniors are to be invited.



## Exchanges

One of our new exchanges is the Talisman, from Tabor College, a well gotten up paper in all respects but one, and that is it has an exchange editor but no exchange column.

From the Aegis we take the following remark in regard to criticism, "We wish to remind exchange editors of the fact that an adverse criticism without a reason for such is valueless." There are some exchange editors who do not have this opinion on the subject; we entirely agree with it.

The Opinion contains an interesting article, entitled "Life at the University of Wisconsin," with some fine cuts of some of the buildings and a bird's-eye view of the grounds.

The students of the Richmond High School, both boys and girls, show a great deal of interest in basket ball.

We extend a hearty welcome to the Occident from New Mexico and hope to see the subsequent issues.

The High School Sentinel published an article entitled "The Amusement

Question," in the last issue. This is a question which has been argued upon for a long time and we give the writer credit for having a broad opinion of the subject.

The Opinator for January 20 contains two good stories and shows an enthusiastic spirit in regard to athletics.

The Record this month has an interesting article in regard to "Nonsense Literature." The writer has endeavored to show us how much logic and philosophy there is in the nursery rhymes.

We are very much interested in the continued story, "The Guilford Case," and always look forward to the arrival of The Gleam.

The Pedestal contains a number of interesting stories this month. The article entitled "The Mound Builders," gives us

an excellent idea of the first inhabitants of America.

We have only just now received The Latin and High School Review for December; but as it is an interesting paper and one which we hope to receive again in the near future we will say, "Better late than never."

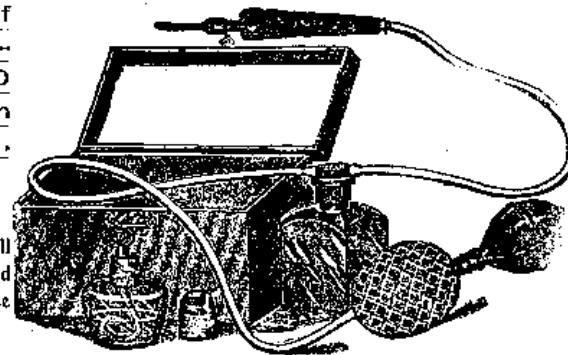
"Do you believe in fate, Pat?"  
"Sure, and that would we stand on without them?"—Ex.

Never fold down corners or leaves to mark a place. Dog's-eared books are an abomination. And never wet your fingers when reading or turning over the pages of a book. Fortunately, however, the latter crime often carries its own punishment with it, for fatal diseases have been conveyed by books to those who indulge in this filthy habit.

## Omaha Pyrographic Supply Company

Rooms 438-439 Paxton Block.

The greatest line of novelties for PYROGRAPHY (OR WOOD BURNING) ever shown in Omaha.



We give a cordial invitation to all lovers of the art of Pyrography and the Public to visit our rooms and see the attractions we are offering.

To secure a visit from you we will offer the following genuine

### BARGAINS IN WOOD

Napkin Rings, regular 25c value. Our price, stamped, 15c, plain, 10c.  
Fruit Plates, 6-in., regular 40c value. Our price—stamped, 30c; plain, 25c.  
Shirt Waist buttons—quite a novelty—stamped, 8c; plain, 5c.  
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Nut Bowls, 8-in., regular 90c value. Our price—plain, 60c.

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Nut Bowls, 9-in., regular \$1.10 value. Our price—85c.

We are showing hundreds of Picture Frames—prettily designed and ready for Pyro work. Prices 25c and 18c.

Our special outfit—strictly first class and guaranteed in every respect—your money back if wanted. Sold in Chicago at \$5—to introduce it, \$3.50.

Free lessons any time during business hours. Call and see us. Mail orders given special care.

RIGHT OF ELEVATOR.

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

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

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Who is your rosy-cheeked little Freshman friend, Hugh? It's naughty to smile at girls you don't know, especially Freshmen.

Ralph Hart (taking great responsibility on himself in translating English into German: "The poor German girl would have answered my letter, if she could have written English."

It's a shame to take the "mon," but we need it in our "biz."—J. S., J. H. and F. C.

They tried to short change her at the lunch counter. You can't play a "Cahn" game on Hazel.

B.—Lean off of me!!! What do you think I am, a pillow?

F.—No, not exactly; but you're as soft as one.

Miss McHugh: "Prove that Caesar was a strong man."

Byron E.: "The text says he threw a bridge across a river."

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As the... } PUREST  
WHITEST  
CLEANEST  
AND BEST

IT HAS NO EQUAL

If You Try It, You Will Like It.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

**ROBT. SMITH & BRO.**

1403 Douglas St.

Tel. 1019.

Please mention THE REGISTER in answering advertisements.

"She said it so politely, Rachel, Rachel, don't mind me."

Some nightmares make you feel wicked and sad.

While others give impressions happy and glad.

So Effie says.

A horse is an animal. Irene is a horse. Therefore Irene is (a) hoarse. Axiom I.

Ask Rosey when he intends to give his next "Free Lunch."

"Eugene Meyer hat grosse Rosinen im Kopfe."

Lowney's and Schaff bon bons, perfumery, etc., is at Beaton & McGinn's drug store, 15th and Farnam.

Paul Werhner is thinking continually of a certain high school girl. He says Grace three times a day.

For Sale—A uniform, almost new; age 16. Apply, Lysle Smith, High School. Tel. B2657.

Special rates to all High School students this month at Beaton-McGinn's drug store.

Dr. Senter: "Can you stand up for that?"

Claude R.: "Yes, sir."

Dr. Senter: "You may sit down."

It will pay you to trade at Beaton & McGinn's drug store, 15th and Farnam.

The place to get hot and cold soda,

Jim Jam Fair and Jack Jill Dumont were out for inspection, but returned unclaimed.

Miss P.: "Give the three principal parts of "schlagen."

Van-K.: "Schlagen, schlug, ge-schlagen."

Miss P.: "Raten. (No, I don't mean you.)"

When your flour bin is empty, telephone No. 1019 and ask for a sack of Highland Flour.

Pearl Opera Glasses

**\$2.75** and upward

**GLOBE OPTICAL CO.,**

218 South 16th Street,

**BLACK,**

THE \$2.50 HATTER

Any hat in the house, \$2.50. No more, no less. A full line of up-to-the-minute Men's Furnishing Goods.

107 SO. 16TH ST. OMAHA, NEB.

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Northeast Corner  
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**SHOES**  
For Men and Women  
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Latest Styles. Lowest Prices

**Stephens & Smith**  
SOLE AGENTS

Hawes \$3.00 Hats  
Youmans \$5.00 Hats  
Manhattan Shirts

109 North 16th Street  
307 South 16th Street

Please mention THE REGISTER in answering advertisements.

Donald Kennedy has made arrangements to tour with Mansfield next season in "Sons of Ham."

Nona T. received a beautiful H(e)art for a valentine.

K—y: "The best bread is made from the best flour, therefore, use Highland flour."

Madge M. seemed to be intensely interested in the letters received on the double quartet. Letter alone.

Direct from Paris, Fayette's new Frenchman. Monsieur U Jean de La Roi C. Horribly nice.

Ask Miss Gunner and Miss Chapin if the sale was long enough.

When love by a HART

Is made to two,

The lovers will part,

For the love is not true.

Mr. Bernstein's physic classes have appointed Etta Beaman as authority on hot boxes.

Good housekeepers should read the advertisement on page 19 carefully.

Come and have a dance with Miss Alpha Omicron—"She's a dinger."

As I was going to "Sudborough,"

I met upon the way,

A "Pfeiffer" coming toward me—

For a "Nickol" she would play.

I took the coin from out my "Pearse,"

And she began to "Friske" and play,

And, as "Adams" would "express" it,

The music then came "Okey."

Then I "Senter" down the road,

The dust in which was "Brown,"

When she returned to her dismay—

She found I'd Congdon "Towne."

Miss—: "Now, Clarence, I don't

want to, but I will have to permit you

to take your study over again."

Tom V. K. (thoughtfully): "I will

excuse you if you don't want to."

Who rented the cozy corner at the

Alpha Omicron?

Congratulations—the Juneteenth of

June.

Utterly destroyed—416,375 oyster

cocktails by the Park bunch. (New oys-

ter plants are being imported.)

Ask L. M. to prove it by Axiom 3.

Van Kuran had to pay a dollar for

the rent on that black suit he wore at the

Senior's. He met a nail.

## ...A Novel Scholarship...

To the boy and girl having the highest average for the school year ending in June 1903, we will present a year's laundry work free.

Students, brace up and make as clean and perfect record in school work as we do in laundry work.

**City Steam Laundry Co.,**

R. R. EVANS, Mgr.

Tel. 254.

211 South 11th St.

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## New Shirt Waistings

The choicest line of novelties ever shown by us in white and colored wash fabrics for spring of 1903.

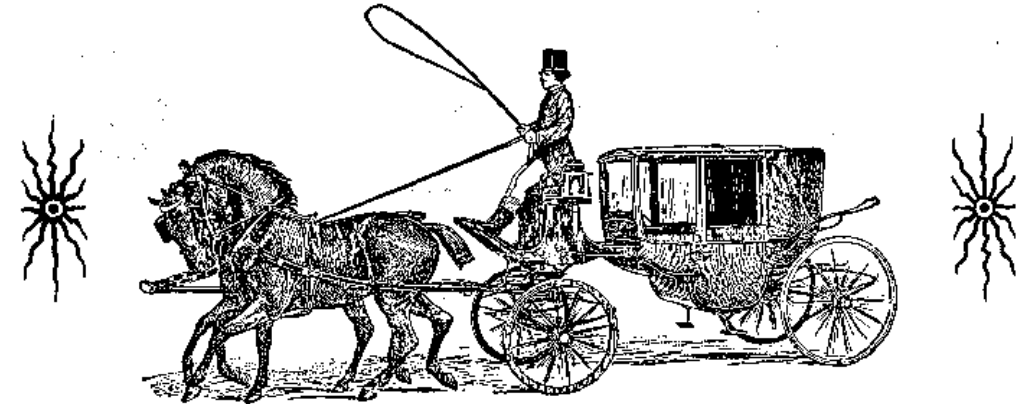
**Thompson Belden & Co.**

Southwest corner of 16th and

Douglas Street.

## Harney Street Stables

1307-9-11 HARNEY STREET.



Livery and Undertaking.

Tel. 106.

R. V. COLE, Prop.



**H**AVE you heard about the Cecilian club. By becoming a member and paying \$2 a week you can get a Cecilian Piano Player almost immediately. Call at the Piano Player Co.'s parlors or write for information.

Cecilian Piano Player Recitals at Piano Player Parlors every Saturday evening from 8 o'clock.

All music lovers are invited. Seats free.

**PIANO PLAYER CO.**

Arlington Block, 1511-1513 Dodge St.

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# Merchants Hotel Barber Shop and Bath Rooms

ADAM MORRELL,  
Proprietor  
1512 Farnam St.

Largest and Finest  
in the City.




## ARE YOU INVITED

to the wedding? You know this calls for a gift from our stock. Cut Glass, Sterling Silver, Fancy Clocks, Baking Dish, Chafing Dish, or some other appropriate piece. Spend a few minutes in our Store. Look for the name.

S. W. LINDSAY, The Jeweler.  
1516 Douglas Street.



Telephone  644		1508  Howard St.
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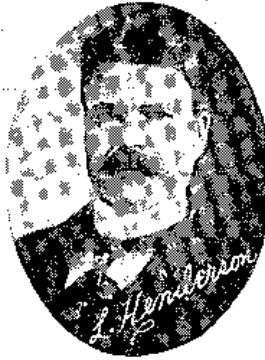
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LIFE SIZE.

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For Fine Cut Flowers  
and Plants go to  
L. HENDERSON

The  
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OMAHA



# Berg-Swanson Co.

1514 & DOUGLAS

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Popular Prices

New Management

SHAVE 10 CENTS  
HAIR CUT 25 CENTS

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OTTO MEYER, Prop.

First-Class Service and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

220 South 17th St., Bee Building  
OMAHA

Latest Styles

TERMS  
MODERATE

## A. KODYM

Merchant  
Tailor.

Suits Made to Order from \$18.00 upwards.  
Trousers from \$4.00 up.  
Repairing Neatly Done.

1510 Harney St. OMAHA NEB.

Take Time  
Now



To come in and examine  
our superb collection of  
Jewelry, Watches and brilliant artistically cut  
Water White Diamonds. In buying we pay  
particular attention to style and quality, and are  
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Jewelers and Art Stationers, 15th and Douglas, Omaha

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Everything at Prices That Talk

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