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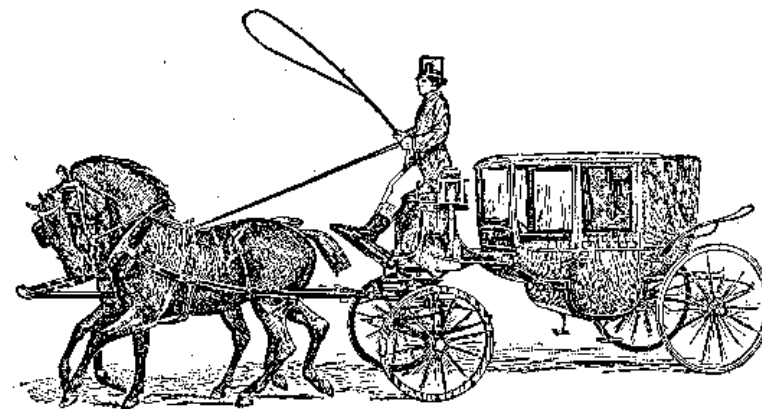
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The High School Register

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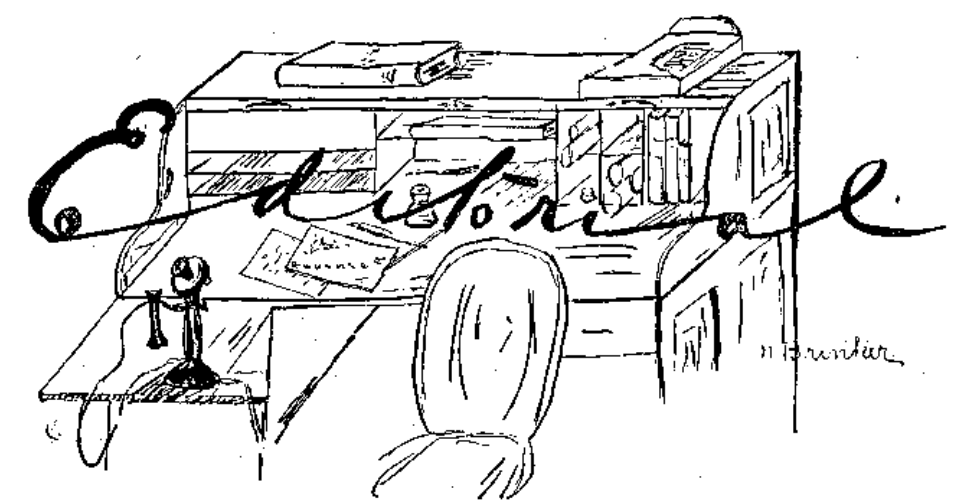
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ARTHUR REMINGTON, '04. CURTIS LINDSAY, '05. LESLIE TROUP, '06. HURBERT OWEN, '07.

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Alumni.....Florence Mason Locals.....Lew Ella Hine
Drama.....Madge Mayall Music.....Clara Gratton
Exchange.....Charlie Copeland Staff Artists.....Burleigh Withers and H. Webb
Staff Photographer.....Alex. Dyer



Again we stand on the threshold of another school year. The pleasant days of vacation have quickly rolled by and once more we find the dear "old" High School crowded with students eager to resume work. A great number of these have already shown their interest and loyalty to the school by sub-

scribing for the REGISTER, but we hope that many more will do so before long. Last year the paper was transferred from private hands to the school and it shall be our aim this year to have it represent, not certain individuals or certain societies alone, but the High School as a whole. This we cannot do without the

co-operation of the school, and we feel that we can count on the support of all patriotic High School students in our endeavor to raise the standard of the REGISTER.

Our school is larger and better than any other school in the west and there is no reason why the paper representing this school should not be of equal comparative high standard. And it is your duty as a member of the school and as a part-owner in the REGISTER to do all you can to increase the reputation of the same.

First, see that you are a subscriber. It ought not to be necessary to remind you of this, for every student who has any High School spirit at all should be interested in its affairs and as a consequence be a subscriber to the REGISTER.

Then, we need your support in literary contributions. This we hope to get from all the classes, and not only from the Seniors or Juniors, as has been the usual trouble heretofore. But judging from the general appearance of the ninth grade students this year we are convinced that there are many in that

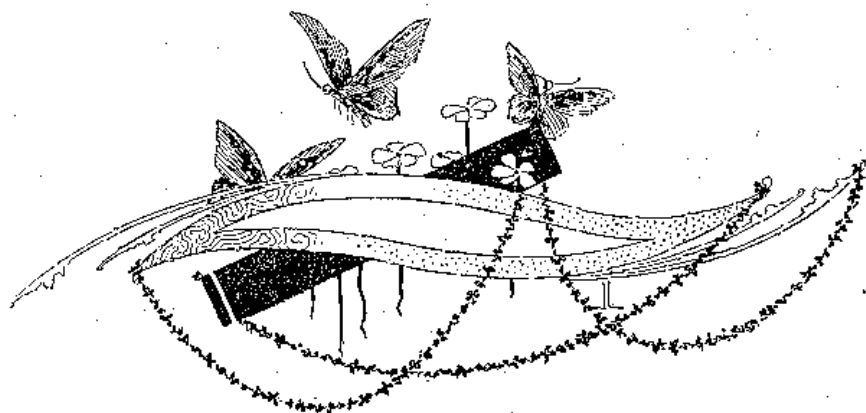
class who are fully as bright as any lofty Junior or dignified Senior, and we only hope that their work in the way of literary contributions to the REGISTER may prove our contention.

In addition to the above we ask you to patronize our advertisers as far as possible. The financial success of the REGISTER depends almost entirely on the amount of advertising we receive each month and this in turn depends on the patronage given the advertisers. Therefore, all should remember to patronize those who advertise in the REGISTER.

Hoping that these hints and suggestions will be followed, we can see nothing which could bar the success of our High School paper and guarantee that the subscribers will be well satisfied with each successive issue.



We regret to say that we had to use some of the old cuts for headings, as the drawings for the new ones were too late, but next issue will contain all the new and artistic headings.



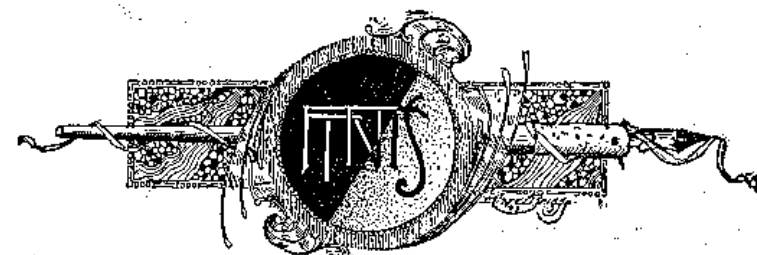
LOCALS

On coming back to school one notices very few changes on the outside of the building but several changes have taken place inside. Perhaps the most noticeable of these changes are the newly painted walls of the old building. Several new rooms have been made.

Upon entering the library one notices a great change. Instead of using it as a study room, this year it has been made into a reference room. Through the kindness of the class of 1903 and the art department the walls have been made much more attractive by the addition of several new pictures, one of which we are especially proud. It is that of our principal. Miss Florence Parmelee will again have charge of the library.

We cannot but regret the loss of some of the teachers of last year. Mr. Congdon and Miss Pfeiffer are teaching at the University of Nebraska this year. Miss Macomber, Miss Farnsworth, and Miss Green, are trying there hand at domestic science. Miss

Evans has also left us. Mr. Bracelen has been appointed to take Miss Pfeiffer's place as head of the history department. Before coming here he taught in the Lincoln High School. Miss Higgins, a graduate at the University of Nebraska will succeed Miss Macomber. Miss Hanting takes the place of Miss Evans. Last year she was at the Chicago Art Institution. Miss Lemon, will take Miss Valentine's place until she is able to be with us again. Miss Lemon formerly taught at Sturgis, South Dakota. We are glad to have Miss Borglum and Miss Mansfield again with us. Last year Miss Borglum taught at Fairbury, Nebraska. Mr. Barber formerly county superintendent at Albion, Nebraska, teaches writing. Miss Brandeis, a graduate of the University of Chicago is teaching German, and Physiology this year. Mr. Dasenbrock is teaching German. Before coming here he taught in the University of Nebraska. Miss Crane is another new teacher. Last year she taught the seventh and eighth grades at the Cass school.





Each class in school with the exception of the freshman, has a literary society for the girls and this last class will not be long in following the example of the others. The Alice Cary Society of the senior class has a brilliant record of three years and hopes to make its final year a climax of excellence. The junior girls are proud of the Elaine Society, whose interesting programs of last year were enjoyed by many. The sophomores

have two societies for its girls, the Hawthorne and the Browning, which have three more years in which to continue the fine work of last year. As yet nothing has been done in any of these societies but all will elect officers and begin work in the near future.

The "Q. Q. Q." were delightfully entertained by Dorothy Petherham on Saturday, September 26th.

The sophomore boys have a society organized for debating. It is called the Lincoln Society and has high aspirations for the future.

On June 19th last term Joseph Swenson, Ben Cherrington and Richard Hunter, representing the Demosthenians, met in joint debate three debaters selected from the High Schools of Chicago. They were Morris Burr, Paul Moser and A. M. Meyer. The question under discussion was, "Resolved that the Municipalities should own and operate their Street Railways." The O. H. S. had the affirmative and Chicago the negative. Although the decision was in favor of the negative, we know that our boys will win next year.

LITERATURE

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

I.—AIRSHIP TRAVEL.

Special by Wireless.

Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 25, 1975—"The Overtown Limited crashed into the White Flyer when 5,000 feet in the air going at the rate of 90 miles per hour. Both machines were wrecked and all perished but one, who jumped with a parachute in time to avoid the crash. The accident was due to—"

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The poor horse will be of no use as a means of conveyance and so not being able

to work for his board he will inevitably die and thus become extinct. The trains making no more than 60 miles an hour will lose all traffic, for in an airship 100 miles an hour can be made, void of danger from spreading rails.

The eastern millionaire wishing to reach his dying son in the West need only to push a lever and he will reach there 36 hours sooner than any special train he could buy.

And what about our streets? No car lines, no wagons! Then why any streets? Even the firemen approach from the air. It would seem wise to do away with the streets and make the business portion of the town one single building with openings at the top for the tenants to get in and out of.

In this advanced age we will find openings in the tops of all houses where the meat man, the grocer, the mail man and the baker can put their supplies and sail on to the next

house. This will save time and we can have ten or twelve deliveries of everything, even the mail.

And girls! Just think of the pleasure of going to a hop in a flying machine. The only trouble is that the time occupied would be very short. You may even have the pleasure of making dresses for your children to wear at a flying machine party instead of a hayrack party.

Just think of standing on the thirtieth floor of a building and then by hailing an air car as you now do a street car they will stop and take you aboard. Then in a few moments

they will carry you anywhere you wish to go. When you see away below you the house to which you are going pull the bell and the car will stop on the landing of the house and you can alight. As soon as you are off two bells ring and the car sails away as if shot out of a cannon.

Now you imagine yourself 5,000 feet in the air and then to hear a voice say, "Take parachutes and jump from the car. The engine has broken and the car is falling!"

Such is our outlook for the future business and pleasure of this world. H. B., '04

A CELESTIAL FAD.

We, in our latter day egotism, pride ourselves on being strickly up to date. It seems that Saint Peter has caught the fever and become enamored of Indian bead work. And from what I hear, is considered quite an expert at it. His first question, on seeing a youth through the bars of the golden gate, is a demand to see his watch fob. On the quality of its construction depends the young man's hopes of paradise. "Too loosely woven—one month probation" he says to the possessor of a flashy green and gold arrangement.

"One bead gone, three months below." This to a boy having a weary looking blue one protruding from his pocket.

"Too wide for beauty, interview Meplusto." is the crushing blow delivered to the proud holder of an O. H. S. fob, resplendant in purple and white.

And so on through the whole list of green, white, red, blue or gold fobs St. Peter wends his way ruthlessly, condemning some, praising others. It matters not to him that "the-girl-who-made-the fob" has toiled hours, nay, sometimes days, in its construction. Little does he care whether or not a fob is made in the most fashionable colors or not. If he likes the general appearance of the work, the applicant be he youth or man, may enter the heavenly gates.

By a weary worker '04.

A WESTERN ADVENTURE.

In the west among the mountains of Colorado is a little settlement of log cabins,—a delightful summer resort. The skies are always sapphire blue and the rain of rare occurrence. The rugged mountains form a protecting guard around the little clump of cabins which nestles down by a little crystal-

clear stream like a jewel in a rare and unusual setting. All around the cabins are tall pinetrees and pasturage of shimmering golden green.

It was to this village that Sidney Phelps and Harold Clyde had come with their fathers to hunt. On this particular afternoon the

aforsaid fathers had gone out for that purpose, as there was good game and bears often were found on the snow capped peaks. So it follows that the boys were left to their own devices and it was not long before their fertile brains devised some form of entertainment.

They were lazily swinging, in two luxurious hammocks under some large trees near their cabin. "Say Sid," sung out Harold, "Let's go up Eagle Cliff after bird pictures." Sidney hesitated: "Well, only we'd best be careful as I heard Father say that the overhanging shale ledge was getting dangerous."

"Alright," said Harold, "Come along, I'm ready. Don't forget the camera." And they shortly set off on a tramp of a few miles to Eagle Cliff, a rocky and overhanging ledge, extending over a precipitous fall of about ninety feet. There, a little shelf extended making a sheltered place upon which were several eagle's nests full of young ones which the boys had discovered the week before in their rambles. Pictures of the young ones were the object of their tramp, for the boys hunted with the camera and not with the gun but were keen sportsmen. I will tell you a little more about them. Sidney and Harold were chums of long standing. Harold was seventeen and Sidney eighteen. Harold was dark and impetuous, while Sidney was light and generally kept his wits about him being by far the cooler of the two.

Their path was winding and rocky, but the trail was well defined and they had no trouble in following it. "Phew! This rope is heavy." Exclaimed Harold, stopping in one of the shady turns to rest and casting down his burden, a coil of strong rope.

"Well," commented Sidney "You would bring it, and I don't see that it will be at all necessary." "Why of course! It will be just the thing to get down to that ledge for a snap at the young eaglets." Sidney looked doubtful, but said "Its none of my funeral! I'm not lugging it!" And they resumed their tramp in high spirits, pointing out the most beautiful scenes and now and

then stopping to take a particularly magnificent view. All round them were lofty mountains with green clad flanks and snowcapped tips sharply silhouetted against the cloudless sky.

"What did you bring for a luncheon Sid?" inquired Harold interestedly for he had lunched lightly at noon and dinners were late.

"A box of sardines, a dozen or so sandwiches, a couple of pies and—Oh other little matters like that" said Sid smiling at Hal's delighted look when he said "pie."

"Whew its hot! Let's find a shady place to eat! Aren't we getting a fine coat of tan? We'll be like Indians before we get home," exclaimed Harold as they sought the solacing shade of an immense and spreading pine tree.

"We'll leave our lunch here, and tie my red silk scarf here so we won't loose the place" said Sidney, suiting the action to the word. "I'll carry the rope a while and now we'll head for that eagle settlement." Harold made a wry face at the postponement of rest but cheered up as he thought of the dandy lunch under the pine tree.

"Here's that cliff father spoke of," said Sid as they came to the rocky shelf. "How much do you weigh, Hal?" he asked.

"Wha-what's that got to do with it?" exclaimed Hal, astonished. "Oh I weigh about three or four hundred. Don't I look like it?" he added airily. Sidney sat down disgustedly.

"Now see here Hal! Stop your fooling! There's some dandy eaglets down there and we want to get their pictures. Tell me, what do you weigh, for the lightest can go down on the rope and snap them. It may mean a lot! See how the rock trembles when we step on it. It may slide over into the valley any moment," said Sidney earnestly.

"Oh I guess about a hundred and fifty," Hal answered.

"Well I'm the heaviest then" said Sid, and going to a tree he wound the rope around it once and let Harold down.

"That's enough," he shouted up, as Sidney

felt the rope slacken. "There is a dandy nest here and I'll take a picture of the valley too. There! Oh! Look out Sid!" he yelled in horror as the big overhanging rock trembled, the strain suddenly released it and it slid slowly down and fell with a crash on the ledge where Harold was standing close up against the cliff, severing the rope. Sidney rushed to the edge and lay flat down to look over. He saw a dizzying sight through the top of the little cell the big boulder had made. There lay Harold, his brown face pale and still, with a little stream of blood trickling from his forehead. "Hall oh Hal" he called but no answer. His face blanched underneath its tan as he saw his erstwhile so merry comrade lying still and white. He called again, but received no answer as Harold had been hit in the head with a flying piece of rock, and was for the moment stunned.

Sidney rushed off to the nearest cabin, a mile and a half off, and electrified its inmates by the startling announcement "Harold killed! Come quick! Up on Eagle Cliff! At the Boulder! Bring a rope, mine's busted!" And he rushed back before anyone could get anything more coherent from him.

Meanwhile Harold had slowly recovered and was in despair at his plight. Suddenly he noticed that the opening above his head seemed big enough to squeeze through. He slung the camera by its strap over his shoulder and braced his hands and knees against the side of his cell. Laboriously and carefully he climbed up to the opening and crawled out drawing the camera after him. He sent up an exultant yell at being free, but in a moment was assailed by the strong wings and beaks of the parent eagles, striving to get to their young. He beat blindly at them and attempted to free the rope but the big boulder on which he sat tottered perilously

when he tried to pull the rope out from beneath it. So he took out his knife and slowly cut the strands of the rope in two. Then with care not to break the precious plates whose exposures had been so dearly gained he climbed up the rope hand over hand with difficulty as his wrists were torturing him and his hands torn and bleeding.

When he reached the top he was nearly exhausted and the wound on his head was making him dizzy. So he dragged himself to the cool spot where he had left the lunch, and lay down to recover his senses.

Soon he heard Sidney's excited voice, tense with feeling, and called out but his voice was not sufficiently loud and they failed to hear him.

"He went down here. I tell you let me down on the rope."

"Oh he's not here," Sidney suddenly called out in horror struck tones and he gazed fearfully at the bottom of the cliff for evidences of a torn and mangled body. Presently he noticed the red scarf and mechanically went to get it, thinking of his dear chum and how he would miss his—"Rubber" said the irrepressible Harold faintly, "Don't count me gone yet old chap, I'm better now, and alive and kicking. Only I've got a nasty blow on the head—makes me dizzy when I try to get up."

"Sidney without warning suddenly collapsed. Harold, who had quite recovered his voice called out: "Its all right, I'm up here," to the men who had followed Sidney up to the pines stunned by the calamity.

"Here are the old exposures I went down after Harold said, handing the camera to Sidney who gazed at it in astonishment. Well said Hal, "you didn't think I was going to have all that larky business for nothing, did you?"

MARGARET E. WHITNEY '05.



ARE WE HAZED?

Perhaps some High School people would enjoy knowing the method of introducing Freshmen, or as they are called "Plebes," into the Naval Academy.

A plebe entering the Academy quarters for the first time meets an upper classman and a conversation similar to the following is likely to occur:

Upper Classman—"Plebe! What's your name?"

Trembling Plebe—"Richard Roe."

U. C.—"Use sir, when speaking to me. Now what's your name?"

T. P.—"Richard Roe, sir."

U. C.—"How old are you?"

T. P.—"Seventeen, sir."

U. C.—"You're mistaken; you're eighteen."

T. P.—"I think not, sir."

U. C.—"I said you were. Understand? How old are you?"

T. P.—"Eighteen, sir."

U. C.—"Did I ever see you before?"

T. P.—"I think not, sir."

U. C.—"We don't go by thinks here. Answer yes sir, or no sir."

T. P.—"No, sir."

Such a conversation as this will continue, covering all points of the plebe's history.

In a day or so the plebe is assigned his quarters for the year. Here his trouble begins in earnest. A few upper classmen go through the halls and on seeing a plebe who has no first classmen "calling" on him they enter his room. The plebe of necessity must jump to attention. The first classman begins by saying, "Sing a song, mister." The plebe may start on any piece, but he gets no farther than a start when the upper classman breaks in and exclaims, "Oh no! Not that. Sing something pretty."

If the singing does not suit they tell him to take his wash bowl and sing it to sleep. Of course, at this, if not before, the plebe is likely to crack a smile. This is his undoing, for the first classman says tersely: "Wipe that greasy smile off your face." If the plebe is not instant in his obedience the order comes: "Get down on your head twenty times." He is then obliged to put his head on the floor and kick his feet in the air. After he has finished doing this he is told to do "the spread eagle" (the military leg exercise, full bend down, etc.) fifty times to start his blood flowing again. After these exercises the plebe is compelled to give his family history. If it happens that the plebe has been "written up" by his home town paper and the academy boys get hold of it, the unfortunate plebe has to memorize and recite it whenever and wherever told to do so.

At mess if a plebe neglects to eat his pie, no matter how hard or difficult it is, he is forced to eat it, before he can leave the table, if a first classman so wills.

Many other tricks and "stunts" are practiced on the plebe before he becomes a "youngster," but I have space for only one more. It is called a Sammy race and is performed only on board ship. In this they strip two plebes to the waist, blindfold them and between them is set a bowl of molasses. Each is given a tablespoon and they are then told to feed each other. Imagine if you can the dobbing of the molasses on each boy as his classmate endeavors to place a spoonful in his mouth. It is very amusing to the the bystanders but the joke is too sticky for the plebes to see through it.

Any freshman or ex-freshman of our High School thinking he has been badly hazed would profit by reading this and finding out what he does not get. H. B., '04.





While the editor of this column was preparing for the first issue, she suddenly bethought herself, that there had been no meetings to criticize this month, yet she could not let her part of the renowned Register go unrepresented. So she scratched her head and tried to think of something to scold about (for all critics scold so I have been told.)

Now, let all the school, both those who are musical, and those who are otherwise, take notice, for herewith, is begun a crusade against the rattle-trap, I blush to call it a piano, which has long been disgracing Room 204 of our beautiful new building.

Having looked into the matter somewhat, I find that the school-board does not feel able, at this point to buy us a new piano forte, so it seems we must do what little we can with the old one.

But up to this time, we have not even done that little. At least, the piano might have been kept in tune, and the stool have been repaired, so that one could sit on it without risking one's neck.

How many times have we heard people say, "well I would love to sing for you but I

can't seem to keep on the key with your piano?" Surely no one has forgotten the time when the band had to play without an accompaniment, because the treble was too high and the base too low, to cord with their instruments. If our piano was tuned at least once every six weeks, we would have fewer of those remarks and better music from the band (if indeed, that were possible.)

Now, in all my faultfinding, I want to make one big exception, in the case of the P. G. S. girls. In my opinion we, who have benefited by their thoughtfulness, should have tendered a vote of thanks to Miss Valentine and Miss Hillis, the president, for the conscientiousness with which they kept the piano tuned. Here endeth the first article of the crusade.

I understand that Mr. Charles Cocke, who was once a pupil of the O. H. S. has become quite prominent in musical circles, having received the appointment of organist at St. Matthias Church.

Miss Helen Sadilek, seems to have been born under a lucky star. Mr. Thomas I. Kelley, a prominent vocal teacher and a full player has offered to prepare her to be a professional accompanist. I believe Miss Sadilek accepted the offer.



Heretofore this department has been composed of a record of events in this line almost without comment. With due reverence for the sincerity of our predecessors, we cannot but criticize them for not putting forth a greater effort to stir up more interest in athletics in this school. We have here the largest and best High School in the state—nay, in the West. Why should we not lead all others in athletics?

As the football season is now on, we shall speak principally concerning that. Lincoln has a much smaller school than we have, and yet they compete with us successfully. West Des Moines High School has an enrollment of about one-fourth as many as we have and yet the last score reads, West Des Moines 18, Omaha O. York, a mere village somewhere out in the prairie, whipped us last year to the tune of 29 to 0.

But without losing sight of the fact that we had an exceptionally weak and unlucky team last year, there are still greater reasons why we were unsuccessful. Last year when Des Moines came here they had at least twenty "rooters" with them. When we went over there, there were fourteen players and a coach in the party—not a single rooter. As our lonely little squad trotted out on the field just before the game, we were greeted by a "Go Way Back and Sit Down" from a chorus of a hundred girls. They had taken possession of one end of the grand stand, decked themselves abundantly in their school colors, and with the aid of countless megaphones they started in fifteen minutes before the first whistle blew, to win that game. And they certainly did their duty. Not a minute was

permitted to pass that they did not cheer their boys till the final whistle blew. We had them outpointed at almost every place in the game but we could not dodge the fire of that battery of girls. When their boys fumbled or missed a punt they cheered them till they forgot it. With that flimsy team and that loyal crowd of girls they kept their goal uncrossed till the last minute, when we scored on a fluke.

Lincoln brings three to four hundred students every time they come up here to play. How many go with us to Lincoln? Sometimes ten or twenty. Sometimes not so many. The only time in the past two years that we have made the Lincolnites seek shelter was in 1901, when Mr. Benedict spent every afternoon of the two preceding weeks drilling a cheering corps. During that two weeks every boy on the team knew, when he went out to practice, that there was a great throng inside singing and cheering and working in the same spirit that he was, to win that game. The consequence was that our confidence gave the haughty capital city lads a drubbing that day that they cannot, and we wish not to, forget. Oh, for another Benedict!

Fellow students, think seriously of this. Take your share of the responsibility. "Get into the game" in your own way and help us and we'll once more enjoy the glories of a winning football team. Girls, you make up the majority here. There are about a thousand of you in school. Surely there is one in every ten who wants to see us win. If so, all you need is a leader and we have a cheering corps of one hundred girls. Now for a

loyal girl to organize and drill this fair battalion.

A little more athletic spirit stirred up among the students in general would cause a surprisingly sudden growth of the amount and quality of that now evinced by the present wearers of the head harness and padded jersey.

Arrangements for the reopening of the gymnasium were begun on Friday, September 11, after a long vacation. The girls were all glad to get back and are ready for work in good earnest. This year the work will be

divided into two grades, those having had one year's experience and those just beginning. The second year's pupils will take the work twice a week as they all did last year, but the girls who are just beginning will have gymnasium three times a week. There are about three hundred girls taking gymnasium, so the time so far has been taken up in arranging the classes and measuring those just coming in for new suits. The new instructor, Miss Higgins, comes from the University of Nebraska very highly recommended and already has the work in excellent order.

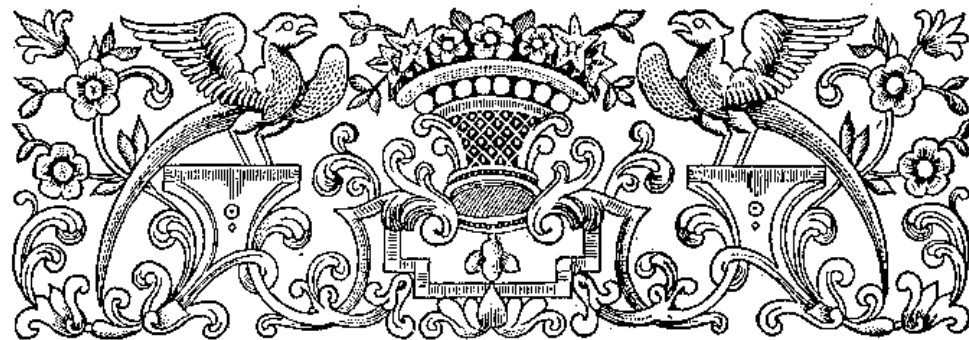
SNAP SHOTS.

Praying that to begin by regretting is to end in victory, we shall begin by expressing our regret at the loss of our old friend and coach, A. S. Pearse. Mr. Pearse has worked and hoped, laughed and cried, with the teams of the past three years and has probably done more than any other one man for football in the High School.

It is good to see the old warriors in their

tattered uniforms out again. Shields is there without those same garters that he didn't have last year. Burnett and Loftus are close behind him in their old positions as halves. Captain Thompson and Coach Marsh are working the boys hard and prospects seem good. Harry Putnam, the team's business manager, is still after the coveted position of fullback.

H. L. '05.



The class of '03 seems to be setting the example of a post-graduate course. The following members are still to be seen in the halls of the Omaha High School: Jessie Carey, Hilda Hammer, Clara Htemrod, Madaline Hillis, Clara Van Orman, Louise Parmalee, Elizabeth Stewart, Blanche Whitlock, Laura Rhoads and Mable Mould. Blanche Roe, '02, is also taking another year of post-graduate course.

The University at Lincoln receives its usual share. Among those who enter this year are: Raymond Beselin, Donald Bollard, Leslie Higgins, Richard Ivens, Montrose Lee, Elmer Lindquist, Frank Putnam, Denton Slaughter, Roy Sunderland, Paul Weimer, Sadie Bernstein, Rita Clark, Helen Glick, Helen Hendrie, May Hall, Edna McLaughlin, Ora Ogle and Mary Morgan. August Swenson is traveling for a correspondence school.

Nellie Barr, Cassie Campbell, Pearl Coakley, Ruth Marhoff, Eva Murphy, Esther Shearer, Patience Walker, Laura Wilhelmy, and Ela Coral will increase the roll of the Peru State Normal.

Florence Kohn '03 will spend the following year in visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Paul Blackburn '01, midshipman in the United States navy, spent his annual leave with his father and brothers in Omaha.

He has studied three years and after completing the next year at the academy he will begin a two years cruise after which as an ensign he will be eligible to land as well as sea duty. He had much enjoyment among his relatives and friends in Omaha.

Nathan Post '99, also midshipman in the United States navy, visited here the early part of September.

Ruth French '03 is attending Boyles Commercial College.

Edna Proctor '03 will study music at home. Lillian Quick '03 is teaching school at Blair, Nebr.

Ernest Kelly, Edward Meyer, and Adolph Sachs '03 are attending the Creighton Medical College.

James Fair '03 will attend the Boston Institute of Technology.

Hugh Wallace is yard superintendent at Caldwell and Brown Coal Dealers.

Ralph Hart and Stanley Rosewater are attending Ann Arbor University.

Arthur Kilkenney '02 and Frank Creedon '03 are at the Armour Institute, Chicago.

May Weeks '02 is at the Gertrude House, Chicago, a Kindergarten Training School.

Russell Bevins '00 has been admitted to the Bar.



CHICAGO DEBATE.

Extracts from a letter telling about the Omaha-Chicago debate:



"Mr. Hunter's argument, a set, committed oration, was convincing and well rendered, displaying a scholarly arrangement and logical deductions. His points were clear and well defined, language explicit and clear.

"Next to shy his castor was an abbreviated specimen of the Shylock fraternity, Paul Moser. He rattled off figures in flocks. Per cents. and interest, profits and loss, bonds and business were thrown at the audience in scoopsful. Such a mixture of miscellaneous mishaps and misfortunes were never grouped in the same cranium before. It was as little trouble for Mr. Moser to produce a collection of mathematical curios in proof of his position as it is for the son of Erin to wield his shillala on an Irish fair day. But his piece being committed, when he reached the punctuation mark he collapsed.

"Then came Cherrington, from Omaha. He had several advantages over the preceding speakers, appearance, dress, height and a well defined head and forehead. He started out carefully and slowly but soon developed a case of stage fright which, however, lasted but a minute or two. Recovering his composure he produced a chart by which he expected to demonstrate by figures and data taken from the records of several English cities, the worth of municipal ownership. But even though he had the figures in sight they were too small to be read by the audience, and instead of being an asset to his efforts proved worse than a deficit, for although the audience saw the impracticability of his chart, this fact did not seem to dawn on Cherrington.

"Then came Joseph Swenson, of Omaha. The first thing Joseph did was to refute some of the arguments of the negative and after fishing for adjectives and invectives reached down for his boot straps and pulled himself together. Then, after referring to his speech notes and getting his motor charged he slid along the route like a greased pig, and becoming wrapped in his arguments and anxious to transport his melodious voice to the remotest part of the hall, it rang out like the appeal of a colored minister shouting his way to Gallilee.

"Next came Hunter in a five-minute wind-up. Throwing on the speaker's stand five or six books of reference, he commenced an onslaught on the enemy that to which the bombardment of Rome by the Gauls was a mere plaything. Large patches were yanked out of the atmosphere, the air surcharged with gestures and unfinished sentences. He was badly rattled. The audience noticing this, laughed good naturedly, and above the din came a plea from Mr. Hunter to 'Keep still. I've only got five minutes and don't like to be bothered.' One would think the last boat for the peaceful shore was moving from her dock and Hunter was five minutes behind her scheduled time for departure.



Hunter would grab a book, whirl over a dozen pages, read a line or two and then repeat it, bang it on the opposite corner of the table and then grab another, all the time emitting a flame of syllables and jumbled mouthfuls of verbs totally unintelligible."

BATTALION

Once more drill has begun and every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons the Freshmen are startled by the sound of the bugle, and for the first time realize that their most ardent wishes have come true, and they are at last one of the O. H. S. Cadets. Most of the drill has been with the company. Commandant Wassell wishes to get as many new men as possible ready for the coming Ak-Sar-Ben parade. As a whole, drill has been fairly good, most of the new men are taking great interest in it, and learning fast.

Companies, A. B. C. D. E. F. the Hospital, and signal Corps, and the Band, constitute the Battalion. All six companies are well filled, each having about sixty men, making them regulation size. Owing to the number of small men received this year, company "D" was made into a small company, the largest men being transferred.

The Hospital Corps which last year was an important factor of the Battalion, promise to be better than ever before this year. The Non. Com. officers have not been appointed for the coming year yet. It is understood that the corps this year will be an attractive as well as an instructive branch of the battalion.

The following are the list of promotions and transfers made so far this year.

Omaha High School Corps of Cadets.

Sept. 17, 1903.

General Order No. 1.

The following promotions are announced to take effect on and after this date.

To Be Cadet Captains:—Ben Cherrington, Tom Allen, Clifford Hine, Fred Thomas, June Brown, and John Kelley, Jr.

To Be Cadet First Lieutenants:—A. Mar-

riott, E. Pelster, Chas. Gardiner, Arthur Remington, Alex Dyer, Leone Callahan, and Howard Blackburn.

To Be Cadet Second Lieutenants:—Harry Counsman, W. Epplen, W. Austin, E. Meyer, J. Sorenson, and Burleigh Withers.

To Be Cadet First Sergeants:—George Wallace, Tom Bourke, Alex Charleton, John Olney, Curtis Lindsay, and Cedric Potter.

Company A—Captain Tom Allen; First lieutenant, A. Marriott; second lieutenant, Harry Counsman; first sergeant, George Wallace; second sergeant, W. Robertson; third sergeant, Earl Paulson; fourth sergeant, Frank Lundstrom; fifth sergeant, Will Talbot; quartermaster sergeant, Alfred Kocher; Corporals: Cheney Huntington, Earl Jorgensen.

Company B:—Capt., Ben Cherrington; first lieutenant, E. Pelster; second lieutenant, W. Epplen; first sergeant, Tom Bourke; second sergeant, A. Mould; third sergeant, L. Bexton; fourth sergeant, H. Searle; fifth sergeant, Lloyd Harris; Corporals: H. Koch, W. Davis, J. Clark.

Company C:—Capt., Clifford Hine; first lieutenant, Chas. Gardiner; second lieutenant, Wilson Austin; first sergeant, Alex Charleton; second sergeant, Paul Beard; third sergeant, James McCullough; fourth sergeant, Allen Lee; fifth sergeant, Martin Bush; quartermaster sergeant, A. Rosenbloom; Corporals: L. Motz, A. Potter, W. Rosessig, L. Smith, E. Christiansen.

Company D:—Capt., Fred Thomas; first lieutenant, A. Remington; second lieutenant, E. Meyer; first sergeant, John Olney; second sergeant, Roy Harberg; fifth sergeant, Andreas Peterson; quarter master sergeant, J. Wright; Corporals: John McCague, Ben

Wood, Earl Pierce, M. Rickley.

Company E:—Capt., John Kelley, Jr.; first lieutenant, Alex Dyer; second lieutenant, M. A. Arnholdt; first sergeant, Curtis Lindsay; second sergeant, Kenneth Murdock; third sergeant, Raymond Hayward; fourth sergeant, Guy Reese; fifth sergeant, Alfred Conrad; quarter master sergeant, Walter Kenner; Corporals: Sam Slaughter, Ware Hall, Henry Mullenburg, Robert Fleming, Herman Handschuh.

Company "F":—Captain, June Brown; first lieutenant, Leon Callahan; second lieutenant, Burleigh Withers; first sergeant, Cedric

Potter; second sergeant, William Klewit; third sergeant, Frank Willis; fourth sergeant, C. Nemic; fifth sergeant, W. Gross; Corporals: Clair Welker, R. Robertson; Clement Chase, Carl Coe; Chas. Cheney.

Staff:—To be first lieutenant and adjutant, Adolph Meyer; to be lieutenant and quartermaster, Roger Williams; to be lieutenant of Commissary, Tom Whitlock; to be sergeant mayor, Herbert Webb; to be battalion quarter master sergeant, Fred Flanders; to be color sergeant, Hugh Robertson; battalion clerk with rank of Corporal, Hugh McWhorter. C. H. '04.



R. HUNTER—Had the telegraph not been invented the United States would have encountered, innumerable, insurmountable vicissitudes and difficulties to prevent disintegration and—

MR. BRACELEAN—To sum it up, the parts would have separated.

I asked a maid what was a kiss,
Grammatically defined?
A conjugation sir she said
And hence can't be declined.

MRS. A.—I cannot read this writting it is Cliff—?

C. H.—Oh, it's me!

Miss HIGGINS—(In gym. to pretty freshman girl.)

How long do you sleep?

FAIR CREATURE—All night.

A P. G. slid down the gentle incline of the stairs. Freshman you have a companion in your misery.

Face Powders.

Our stock of all sorts of Toilet Preparations is not equaled elsewhere in the west—especially is this true with our line of Face Powders, which is being supplemented from day to day with the new articles. If we don't have what you want we will GET IT. But we generally "HAVE IT." Most of the powders listed below come in flesh, white and brunette shade. Mail orders given prompt attention.

Anthea Powder (Roger & Gallet).....	\$ 75	Le Trefle Incarnat Powder (Pivot).....	\$1.00	Ricksecker's Face Powder, 25c size.....	10
Aloha (Eastman's).....	25	La Saligneuse No. 4711 (Roger & Gallet).....	50	Robertine Powder.....	50
Ayer's Recamier Powder.....	1.00	Lablanche Powder (Levy), 50c size.....	35	Roger & Gallet several kinds—	
Alfred Wright's Face Powder.....	25	Lily White (Tetlow's).....	15	See list.	
Blanc de Perle (Dorin).....	22	Lotus Powder..... small 25c, large	50	Saunders' Face Powder.....	35
Blanc de Perle (Bourjois).....	25	La Jeune Powder..... 50c size	35	Satin Skin Powders.....	25
Coe's Eczema Skin Powder.....	25	Madam Lautier's.....	35	Shands' Velvet Chalk Balls.....	15
Cascarilla Powder.....	15	Meen Fun (Hobb's).....	25	St. Just Poudre.....	50
Crown Exquisite Face Powder.....	50	Madam Ruppert's Face Powder.....	50	Spanish Court Face Powder.....	25
Dabrook's Parisian Violet Powder.....	50	Milkweed and Nut Oil Powder.....	50	Sweet Sixteen (Tetlow's).....	25
Elite Powder (Lorenz)..... 10c and	25	Powder a la Violet (Hess).....	25	Tetlow's Swans Down.....	11
Euthymol Powder.....	25	Palmer's Garland of Violet Powder.....	25	The Imperial Powder.....	25
Empress Josephine Powder.....	25	Palmer's Fashion Powder.....	25	Tablet de Jouvence (Dorin).....	25
Ev-t-lo Powder.....	25	Palmer's Invisible Powder.....	25	Toujours Jeune.....	50
Exora Powder (Myers).....	40	Palmer's Snow White.....	25	Veloute de Lis (Roger & Gallet).....	50
Egyptian Complexion Powder.....	50	Papier Powder (in sheets).....	25	Vinaigre de Rougo (Pinaud's).....	25
Espoy's Complexion Powder.....	25	Pozzoni Powder..... 50c size	25	Velota Face Powder.....	25
Elderose (Tetlow's).....	25	Phantor Toilet Powder.....	25	Virgin Violet Poudre.....	75
Eugenie Powder (Graham's).....	50	Pearl White (G. A. Wright).....	25	Violette Sensation Powder (Pinaud's)	75
Freeman's Powder.....	25	Poudre Simon.....	75	Vinolia Powder (English).....	50
Gossamer's Powder (25c size).....	20	Primavera Violet Powder (Coudray).....	50	Woodbury's Facial Powder, 25c	
Haug's Medicated Powder.....	25	Roman Face Powder, Pinaud's).....	50	size.....	20
Hudnutine Powder (Hudnut's).....	50	Rouge De Theatre (Dorin).....	20	Wood Violet Powder.....	50
Hygienic Toilet Powder.....	50			Yale, Madame..... 50c size	40
Ivy Flora.....	10				

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Corner Sixteenth and Dodge, Omaha.

P. S.—If you don't use Powders, buy SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT of us. It's made for houses, and chairs, and roofs, and bath tubs, and every inanimate thing that needs paint.

J. H. Merchant, Prescription Druggist,

Telephone 846. Cor. 16th and Howard Sts., Omaha, Neb.

CUT PRICES ON DRUGS, GUNTHER'S AND LOWNEY'S CANDIES.

We save you money on Prescriptions. Goods delivered Free of Charge.

MRS. FLEMING—(In English Class.)

MISS BROWN—Miss Brown—is Miss Brown absent? When I called the roll I didn't notice that she answered "absent"

Quest? If you were lying on a table with your hands and feet tied, how would you get off? Roll off, of course. Wouldn't that jar you!

PERRY Mc.—(slightly mixed)—"Before the horses could eat of the water!"

FRED T.—Is it fun to steal peaches?

Sorosis Shoe Store,

203 SO. FIFTEENTH STREET,
With Exclusively Ladies' Shoes,
at \$2.50 and \$3.50.

—AND—

Decatur Shoe Company,

1521 FARNAM STREET.
With Men's Shoes Only,
at \$2.50, \$3.50, and \$5.00.

Are both under the management of Frank Wilcox.

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—AND—

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Advertisers.

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15th & DOUGLAS

Correct Dress for Men and Boys.

IN ALL THE WORLD NO SNAPPY STYLES

LIKE OURS.

For information concerning a red bandana ask either Fred or Minnie.

MISS WILSON—I hear some one talking?

MISS A.—It wasn't me!

MISS BRANDEIS (to Senior taking subscription)—"None of you freshmen spell my name correctly."

Why did Harry and Howard sit on the back seat? Ask Don.

Wedding Gifts.

Before deciding we would like you to inspect our elegant stock of Sterling Silver and rich Cut glass so suitable for Wedding Gifts. The low prices we have put on these goods cause many favorable comments from persons who know what this ware is worth. Our mirrored Cut Glass room in our basement is devoted exclusively to Cut Glass.

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Jewelers and Art Stationers. 15th and Douglas Sts., Omaha, Neb.

H. W. BOESE,

Fancy Grocer.

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Please bear in mind that THE PANTORIUM is headquarters when it comes to cleaning uniforms. We also make a specialty of ladies' work. Try us.

The Pantorium,

407 S. 15th St. Telephone 963.

FALL DRESS SUITS, TUX-
EDOS, OVERCOATS. The
best Ready to Wear Clothing
PEASE BROS. COMPANY,

Men's Outfitters,
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ESTABLISHED 1883.

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First-class Tailoring at medium prices. ALWAYS UP-TO-DATE and SATIS-
faction assured. Our FALL and WINTER WOOLENS have arrived. Give us a call.

Frank Vodicka & Co., 213 SOUTH THIRTEENTH ST.
TELEPHONE 3182.

MISS PAXSON—That is entirely far enough
Mr. Mc.

MR. FRISK—You may divide your face
into four equal rectangles.

The American History says that Eli
Whitney invented cotton gins it must be
"Extra Dry"

CLIFF—Where is room 49.

NEW TEACHER—I don't know, I'm green
two.

We Have All

The "GOOD" kinds of Perfumery.
Come and see them.

The Bell Drug Co.,
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For the Home.

THE RIGHT THING
FOR THE RIGHT PLACE
AT THE RIGHT PRICE.

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Carpet Company;
Furniture, Carpets and Draperies.

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That the MacCarthy Tailoring Co.
is the establishment for young men
in Omaha. We confess it! The
fairest of Fall fabrics fashioned into
Faultless Clothing—Suits, \$25 to
\$45; Fall Overcoats, \$25. to \$50;
Trousers, \$6 to \$14.

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PUT YOUR SAVINGS
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You Can Bank by MAIL.
METAL SAVINGS BANKS FREE
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Write for booklet, "Save and you
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ESTABLISHED 1884

FAYETTE COLE, OSTEOPATH,

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Phones: L-3321 and F-2776.

Oh, Johnnie went out and boozed
By this ten dollars he losed
He dreamed he's in Cape Nome
And that he could'nt get home
And then he rolled over and snoozed—

J. E.



A FOUNTAIN PEN

Would make a most acceptable birthday gift. We sell
the Waterman and Mercantile from \$1.50 to \$5.00. We
have a good warranted pen for \$1.00. Spend a few min-
utes at our store. LOOK FOR THE NAME.

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A WORD TO THE WISE. We save you
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S. 15.



Maker to Wearer.

Onimod

THE BEST SHOE FOR MEN AND BOYS.

\$3.50 AND **\$2.50**
At \$5.00 Value. At \$3.50 Value.

Said the great congregational preacher
To the hen, your a beautiful creature,
So the hen just for that,
Laid an egg in his hat
Thus did the Hen Reward Beecher.

All girls having belts and equipments will
form a company on the west side of the
building.

MISS McHUGH—What is the object of an
orator?

MISS PATTERSON—To start something.

MISS PAXSON—"Is it possible this class
has never heard the word "supine!" Translate
He is clinging supine to the empty chariot."

MADAME C. (as Freshman asks for 25)—
Poor little boy, I pity him he is almost crying.
Here Freshmen is sympathy.

HOWARD—What is the history lesson?

FRED H.—Digest chapter 1.

MISS STEVENSON—How did you work this
proposition Adolph.

ADOLPH—Oh, I took the hint in the book.

Myers-Dillon Drug Co.,

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HAVE THE BEST

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fade the most delicate articles. All mail
orders are promptly attended to. Work
called for and delivered.

2701 Leavenworth St. Tel. 531. Omaha, Neb

High School Maxims.

A little sophomore is a dangerous thing.

A lie in time saves nine.

Points shall cover a multitude of sins.

If cadets are to drill with out arms,

Can anyone suggest a place for the
chevrons?

MISS McHUGH—How shall I divide this
class according to deportment?

BEULAH B—Industrious; and boys.

THIS IS NO "SQUIB."

We have the only automatic coal screening device used in
Omaha and therefore put out all coal in the best possible condition.

This makes a big difference, for clean coal is cheaper than
dirty coal—ours is clean.

We Have our own Big Yellow Wagons and Heavy Draft Teams.

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FASHIONABLE TAILORS,

Suits from \$28.00 up. Trousers from \$7.00 up.
Largest Assortment of Woolens in the City. 1507 FARNAM ST., OMAHA.

LATIN PUPIL—The mountain soars above
the city.

Who held the dentists hand? I don't
know. Ask M. E.

FIFTH HOUR VIRGIL CLASS—Is Rhesus an
ally or a lie?

E. C.—Lyric poetry is sung to a liar.

MISS PAXSON—When Cicero's daughter
died, a great lawyer wrote and congratulated
him.

Thompson, Belden & Company,

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

Is a good place for High School
boys to buy new and desirable . . .

Gent's Furnishings.

We carry Reliable Goods
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High School Boys,

Buy your Hats and Shirts from

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Styles Up-to-Date. Qualities Good.
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Nervous diseases a specialty. STUDENTS suffering from headache, failing eye-
sight or overworked nervous system, will find this treatment very efficacious.

Co. C—Babies in arms.

BLANK VERSE—a pad of paper.

Ask Minnie about the fatherly conductor.

TEACHER—Was the Indians mode of war-
fare offensive or defensive? It was very
offensive.

F. H. (In English class) —Pastoral poems
are about pastors.

FRESHMAN—How much do Captain chev-
rons cost.

Before Going to the Hop

Get your shoes polished at one of
Mogy's shining parlors, at 1416
Farnam; 318½ N. 16th; 220 S.
15th; 101 N. 16th.

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Semi-Anthracite, Kan-
sas and Missouri Coals.

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Flowers are no more a luxury than is education.
They add to the sweetness and light of life—to the
joy of living. They are an inspiration. A bunch of
carnations on your desk will help you to write that
essay. A few roses will help your sick classmate to
recover. We always have fresh cut flowers on hand.
Our store is but four blocks from the High School, or
you can call us up by Phone 977.

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INDIAN BASKETRY

Is the latest and most fascinating kind of fancy
work. It offers the greatest opportunity to show your
originality. The baskets are useful. They are also
highly ornamental, ranking almost with Navajo
blankets in this respect. Their rich colors make them
desirable additions to the decorations of den and
room. The materials are inexpensive. We sell
everything that is used in the art.

STEWART'S SEED STORE,
119 North 16th St., Opp. Post Office.

NOTES OF THE
**Omaha Commercial
 College.**

The Omaha Commercial College, located at Seventeenth and Douglas Streets, had the largest opening it ever had for its Fall Term, September 1. Many new students from all sections of the country have entered. The attendance this year promises to reach high water mark. All departments have been re-organized and the work is now moving on in the very best possible shape. Night school also opened with a large attendance. Classes in all the commercial branches, also in Shorthand, Typewriting, and Telegraphy, were organized. It is in session on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights of each week.

The Omaha Commercial College Foot Ball Team promises to win victories this year over its competitors. It is strongly organized and well disciplined. It is open for dates. Address the manager, in care of the Omaha Commercial College.

A "Rod of Positions," published by the Omaha Commercial College, is a unique advertisement. Send for it.

Mosher Shorthand is rapidly coming to the front. No system ever devised has aroused so much inquiry and favorable comment as this system is now doing. It is an improvement upon the Gregg system, recently so popular but which has become unsatisfactory because of its illegibility and long, preposterous outlines. The revised text-book now upon the market is one of the finest ever published. It will pay any one desiring to learn shorthand to investigate this modern up-to-date system.

**EVERYTHING YOU WANT
 FOR FOOTBALL AT
 TOWNSEND GUN CO., 1514 FARNAM ST.**

Mr. and Mrs. Morand.

Classes in Dancing, Creighton Hall, Fifteenth and Harney, are now open. Lessons for children Saturdays. Beginners, 10 A. M.; advance, 3 P. M. Adults, Tuesday and Friday, 8 P. M. Assemblies, Wednesdays, 8 P. M. Pupils from High School taken at half price.

PHONE 1041.

Latin.

All the people dead who wrote it,
 All the people dead who spoke it,
 All the people dead who learn it,
 Blessed death; they surely earn it.

Seen in an English composition:
 "He boughed his head." It would have
 been better if he had "barked" his shins.

MARRIOTT—It is dangerous to play a "love"
 game even in tennis.

OUR YOUTHS' CLOTHING



Maybe only a little better than that of some manufacturers, but it is a great deal better than most of them can make. We have the advantage of making it ourselves, and that is why you can get it for no more than is charged for the cheaper make of suits that most stores offer you. There is a matter of style, too, on which we pride ourselves. That appeals to the young man. To him it is "as good to be out of the world as out of fashion."

WE MAKE THE YOUNG MEN GLAD

They are in the world, and especially so if they are in one of our FALL SUITS—and it isn't every store that carries such a complete line of FURNISHINGS for young men. We have a large line of Blue Flannel Shirts and Black Satin ones and the variety of Sweaters is truly bewildering. In fact we anticipate the wants of "Cadets" and are prepared to supply the demand.

No Clothing Fits Like Ours. Hats and Caps for all Occasions.

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R. S. WILCOX, Manager.

Mrs. John R. Musick,

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

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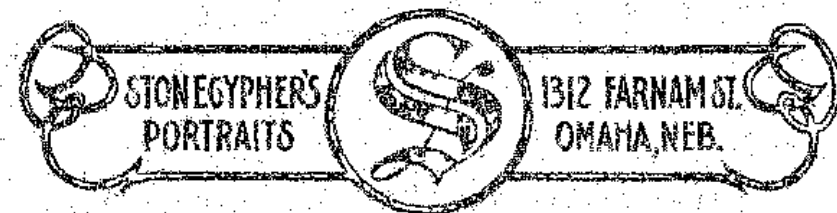
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