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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER



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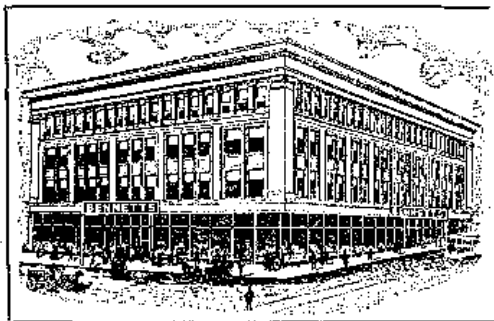
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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER



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IF YOU APPRECIATE the efforts we make, and the pains we take, to improve every detail of our vast business; if you appreciate values, sound values, incomparable values; YOU WILL WANT YOUR FRIENDS to participate in the same appreciative feelings. Get them to visit us, to look at our stocks, get our prices and have things described to them; if our responses do not bring immediate business to us, WE WILL, AT LEAST HAVE THE SATISFACTION of knowing that we did something TO HELP YOUR FRIEND IMPROVE HIS OR HER TRADING, wherever he or she chooses to trade.

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High School Register.

Vol. XIX.

OMAHA, NOVEMBER, 1904.

No. 3

The Magic Key.

By IMOGENE McCAGUE, '05.

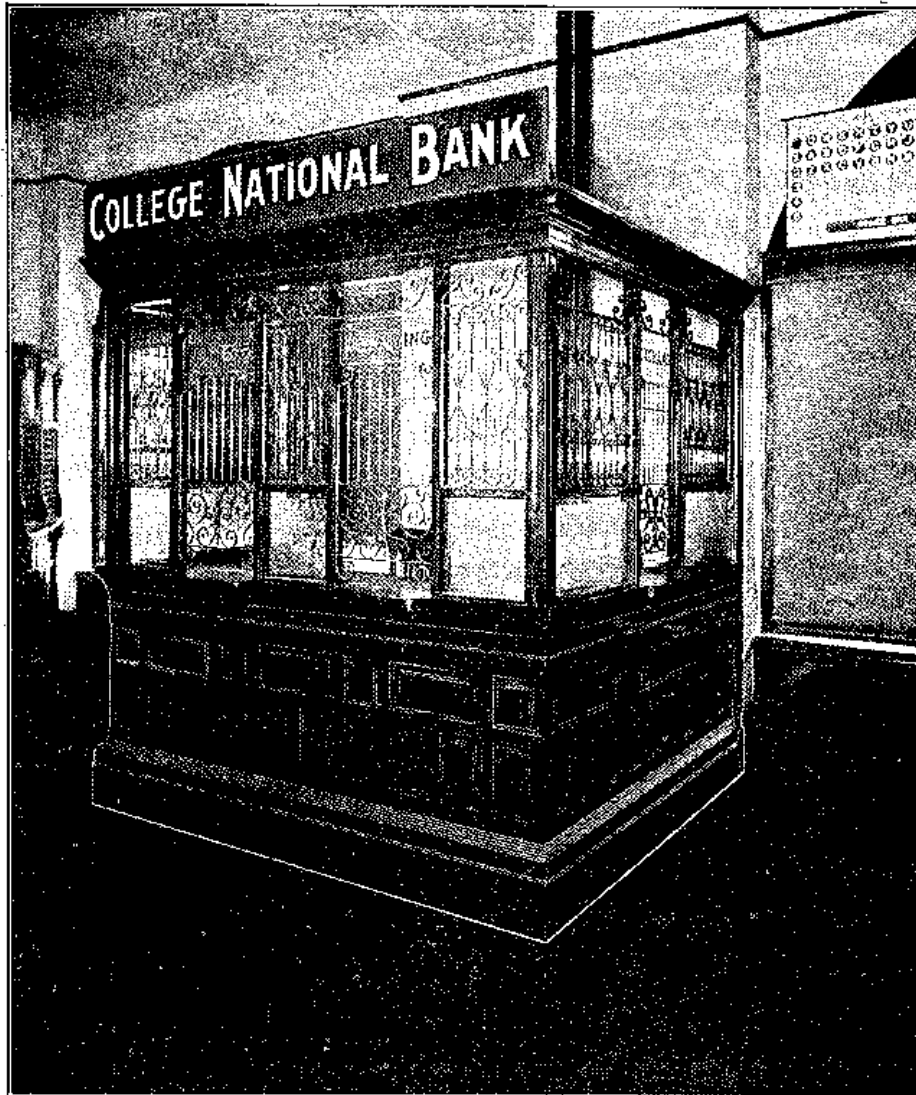
Once upon a time in a far away country there lived a girl. She was a timid little child with dreamy eyes and a sensitive mouth and a mass of golden curls which looked as if every sunbeam that had ever fallen on them was imprisoned in their depths. She had no brothers or sisters, so most of the time she wandered about in a beautiful garden with only the birds and butterflies for playmates.

But one day as the child was playing in the garden a beautiful fairy appeared before her, who held in her hand a glittering golden key. Her face was so kind and gentle that the child was not afraid, but joyfully allowed the fairy to take her by the hand. The fairy led her to a door in the garden wall which she had never noticed before, but which opened easily when the fairy turned the golden key in the lock. The child passed through the door joyfully and looked around her in amazement. Everything was wonderful. She seemed to be in a great garden and to be surrounded by countless forms. She turned to the fairy, but she, with a smile, only pointed forward.

So the child wandered on over the soft green grass past beds of beautiful flowers, past fountains glittering like jewels in the sunshine, under trees where birds were singing as they had never sung before, and everywhere she met the forms she had noticed at first. Some were beautiful, some droll, but all

friendly. There was a handsome prince who seemed to be extremely fond of his wife, who was very beautiful and wore glass slippers on her tiny feet. There was a wee dwarf who wore seven-league boots and who walked around arm in arm with a cat which had on fine top boots. There was a boy named Jack who was very solicitous about a bean plant he owned, and there was any number of other odd figures, besides elves and fairies galore. The little girl enjoyed it all very much, but suddenly she heard her mother calling and ran quickly back to the door and so into the old garden again. But from that time she spent all her time in the new garden, for the fairy had left her the key to go whenever she pleased. So she wandered about with the elves and fairies and was very happy.

But one day as she was exploring she found another door in the wall of the old garden and it, too, opened easily when she tried it with her golden key. She passed through and found herself in a garden even more beautiful than the one she had discovered before, and better still, the people she met in this garden were even more interesting than the ones in the first garden. Every day after that the little girl slipped through the garden door and spent the time with her new friends. Sometimes she climbed up into Elaine's tower and watched her embroider the case for Lancelot's shield.



Banking Practice—BOYLES' COLLEGE.

She was with Rebecca, looking out of her prison window and reporting the progress of the battle to Ivanhoe. She met the gentle Evangeline in her tireless search for Gabriel, and Hiawatha and Laughing Water coming home on their wedding journey. But ever just as she was enjoying herself most her mother would call and she would be obliged to leave the beautiful garden and help her mother.

The child's mother was not satisfied, however. She disliked to have the little girl spend so much time in the gardens, so she finally called in a stern jailor into whose charge she gave the little girl. The jailor was tall and bony and severe looking, with cold, merciless eyes which seemed to be continually searching the little girl for faults. She took away the golden key and took the child instead into a gloomy prison which she opened with a massive iron key, and here for many a long day the child stayed. Here, too, she met many figures, but very different from those she had met in the gardens. Some were very grim looking, others more kindly in appearance. One made her arrange cubes and squares and

circles in every possible way, another had her mix liquids while in constant fear of an explosion, another made her pore over laws and statutes. But the child still yearned to go back into the gardens and once or twice she really did catch a glimpse into them, when she was in the room of the figure she especially liked. In this room was a glass door and sometimes she thought through this door she caught glimpses of the gardens and her old friends.

So she kept on for a long time, till finally one day the jailor told her she was free, but when she asked for the golden key the jailor said she had given it back to the fairy. The girl ran to the garden gate and while she was standing there longing to enter the fairy herself appeared. But when the girl asked for the golden key the fairy only shook her head and answered sorrowfully, "I cannot give it to you any more. When you gained the great key of knowledge you lost forever the golden key of childish faith." Then she disappeared and the girl was left mourning beside the door, for she realized that the gardens were closed to her forever.

x

The Adventures of Leslie.

MARGARET WHITNEY, '05.

PART III.

Lloyd Grantham was for a moment surprised out of his usual impassivity, but he was as courteous in bending over Leslie's hand as he always was in greeting the women of his acquaintance. His demeanor gave no hint of having ever seen her before and Leslie was a little piqued.

As they went out to dinner he talked with an ease which seemed to her a little

forced. Leslie determined not to be beaten in the conversation and appeared very unconcerned. Lloyd was seated at Mr. Wyclif's right and Mr. and Mrs. French were opposite. He started a conversation with Leslie.

"Tell me," Miss Grey, "do you have many improvements way out in your little town?" Leslie smothered a giggle as she replied, innocently,

"Oh, yes, we have horse cars and a mail box and brick sidewalks and a few of the houses have gas in them." She laughed merrily as though deploring the fact, as she thought of her own handsome home, with hardwood floors and electricity, and an elevator, and her father's two Wintons, which she ran herself.

"My word, I didn't, er—a—nothing like autos or electricity."

"No," said Leslie, demurely. "And the women all wear their hair down their backs, and sometimes the men go bare-foot." She smiled as she thought how easily Englishmen were befooled, and Lloyd could not suppress a quiet smile on the side.

"I wonder if she thinks I am a Puck or Judge Englishman, or if she doesn't know I've just come from a hunting trip in the Rockies. She thinks she's fooling me," he thought, and Leslie caught the tail end of the smile vanishing.

"Oh! Oh!" she exclaimed at the ignominy with which she had fallen into her self-laid trap. "You—you've been letting me make a guy of myself and you knew all the time! You knew!" she said in indignation and mirth.

"Well, you know, you shouldn't try to fool a fellow who's just returned from a trip through the West. Specially when I passed through your home town, too," replied Lloyd with a smile of amusement and enjoyment. "But now that you've found me out, do you bubble? Auto, you know," he explained in answer to Leslie's first blank look of perplexity and amusement.

"Well, I auto know how," replied Leslie, wickedly, unable to resist the chance. "Dad has two and I run them. Oh, auntie," she exclaimed with an abrupt transition, "can't we have that auto ride to Van Cortlandt that we talked about? Do, some Wednesday soon."

"Why, yes, Leslie," she replied calmly, used to her niece's transitions of mood. "We will all go and you and Mr. Grantham can play. You golf, don't you?" she asked him.

Lloyd replied in the affirmative and gasped inwardly. He was not as accustomed to across table conversation, for at the English dinners they had confined conversation generally to the tete-a-tete sort. This girl was refreshingly surprising, though. Really quite agreeable. Still he did not relish being disposed of in this off hand manner as she planned for the ride.

But Leslie soon recalled her social obligations and turned her face to him, all mischievous smiles.

"You'll come, won't you, Mr. Grantham; it will be such fun and there'll be plenty of room."

Lloyd acquiesced almost willingly and surprised himself by saying (quite like an American chap): "Well, yes, provided we can do the steering." He lingered over the "we" and Leslie tossed her head.

"Well, we'll see about that," she said decisively, and the ladies adjourned to the drawing room.

Lloyd did not feel disposed to linger over his after dinner cigar and caught himself wondering why the other two wouldn't stop their everlasting "Wall Street." Finally the men arose and when they went in Leslie was singing Grieg to her aunt's accompaniment. Lloyd paused, entranced with the clear throbbing tones. Though the men had entered, Leslie remained unconscious of their presence and finished her song with a passion and feeling which would have credited an older singer.

"Bravo!" "Splendid!" cried Mr. French and Mr. Wyclif, but Lloyd uttered no word of praise and Leslie was

provoked and refused to sing again, pleading a slight headache. She avoided Lloyd and was remarkably vivacious and merry with the others, considering her indisposition.

Finally as the French's took their leave Lloyd came and sought out Leslie. "I cannot tell you how much your singing pleased me," he said in a tense, earnest way.

"Old iceberg!" she exclaimed men-

(Continued.)

Parody on Marco Bozarris.

At midnight, in the farm yard cold,
The "turk" was dreaming of the day
When all the poultry, young and old,
Should tremble 'neath his sway.
In dreams through yard and coop he bore
The trophies of a conqueror.
In dreams heard his victorious note,
Saw fowls bow to him far and near,
Felt no reproach and knew no fear,
But sat upon his throne so dear,
And wore a monarch's coat.

At midnight in their cozy bed
The children dreamed of turkey
brown,
Of pumpkin pie and berries red,
The best in all the town.
The freighted table they behold
With savory goodies hot and cold,
Of glad Thanksgiving day,
And when they breathe the laden air
With open mouths and eyes' wide stare
You'd think Kris Kringle had been there
So happy then are they.

The morning dawned, the turkey woke,
That bright dream was his last.
He woke and all his feathers shook,
For there beside him was the cook.
He woke to die with squawk and croak

tally, "I'm so glad you liked it," she said aloud airily, and bade him good evening, unceremoniously shutting the door before he reached the sidewalk.

And Lloyd was silent on the way home, for before his eyes danced a tantalizing vision in black, with shining brown hair, and in his ears were ringing the refrain of Leslie's song:

"Ich liebe dich
In Zeit und Ewigkeit."

Midst cackling loud and hatchet stroke;
And feathers flying thick and fast,
As wise looks from a Freshman proud,
And heard the rooster crowing loud
To cheer the slaughtering band.
Strike till the turkey proud is dead!
O, drag him from his happy bed!
We'll stuff him full of sage and bread;
On legs he'll no more stand.

They fought like heroes, long and well,
They soaked with blood the frozen
ground,
They conquered, for the turkey fell
Bleeding from many a gaping wound.
Anon, the cackling poultry saw
Him sink, then midst their glad hurrah
And tumult long and loud,
He slowly closed his eyes to life;
The frosty air no longer rife.
Farewell to turkey proud!

Hail, turkey! On the platter grand,
Garnished with celery and spice;
No more thou'lt rule the poultry yard,
Thou'lt eaten be with dainties nice.
We tell thy doom without a sigh
And still they praise a nation sings—
One of the all-delicious things
That go with rich mince pie.

ON THIS PAGE will be placed every month the best work written in ordinary recitation. The material here represents from twenty to thirty minutes work by each pupil.—Ed.

COUNTRY LIFE OR CITY LIFE.

NARRATION IN RHYME.

ELIZABETH HAMLING, '07.
I.

"Won't you come to my home in the city?" said he.

"I know we will have a good time;
We will have ripe cheese and plenty of
tea,
Broiled quail and dinner at nine."

II.

"I thank you, kind cousin, I surely will
come,
And now I must go and prepare.
But before cousin answered he had
started to run
Toward his home to find something
to wear.

III.

When his toilet was finished and all was
complete
He started away looking fine.
He ran very fast (being light on his
feet),
And he got there just as it struck nine.

IV.

When the feast was spread out in a cor-
ner so snug,
And the mice had started to eat,
The host had poured tea into each little
mug
And each had a helping of meat.

V.

Of a sudden they heard a great racket
outside,
And they scampered with all of their
might.
They found a snug place in which both
could hide
And stayed there till late in the night.

VI.

"Now, let's finish our meal," the city rat
said.

Mr. Rustic replied, "Thanks, no more;
I'll not dine again at the risk of my
head."

And he made his way toward the door.

VII.

"Won't you come to my home in the
country?" said he,
"Where a good time does not cost so
dear,
And after you've been there I'm sure
you'll agree
That you once ate a meal without
fear."

LIFE IN TROPICAL COUNTRIES

B. L. McCULLOUGH, '06.

Life in tropical countries is death to
ambition, higher morals and civilization
of the people who live there. The ennui
that results from the overpowering heat
makes the inhabitants indolent, shiftless
and lazy. Hawaii and the Samoan
Islands are said to have the most even
climate of any countries on the face of
the earth. There we find a land of ever-
blooming flowers, perpetual sunshine and
summer. The natives, whom nothing
can kill but the cholera or a club, can
stand it all right, but such a life would
soon send an American to the United
States to mix a climatic cocktail.

Perfection palls on the appetite. The
biting blast of the blizzard gives us re-
newed vigor and a longing for the warm
days of spring. As the hills and valleys,
deserts and green spots, lofty plateaus
and low plains, are typical of the joys
and sorrows of our lives, the different
climatic conditions found here in our
own America are necessary to give us
the progressive spirit, the high civiliza-
tion and the high moral standard we
boast of. God never intended man to
live on the dead level and the unprogress-
ive life of people in tropical climates
shows this only too well.

Autumn.

LAURA WATERMAN, '06.

The sunset light in the golden west Falls red thro' the glowing trees On the earth, prepared for her winter rest, Enrobed in the dead brown leaves Bestowed by Autumn's hand.	The nuts fall one by one to the ground; On the path a rabbit passes, The rustling bush has an echoless sound And seems to be saying masses For the months of Autumn.
The red vine clings to the cold, gray wall Unharm'd by the waning year, But the shadowy pines seem grimly tall, For Winter is very near, And Autumn reigns.	The lake in the east in the deepening light Turns from blue to silver and gray, And mirrors a single bird in flight As he southward takes his way, While Autumn lingers.

Clifford Hart.

Whereas, It has seemed best to Him who ruleth all things to take away one of the well-known and faithful members of our class, Clifford Hart; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of the "class of nineteen five" do hereby extend their most sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the family in this, their great sorrow; and in addition, be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased; that another be placed upon the records of the class, and that another be published in the High School Register.

DORA STEVENS,
CURTIS LINDSAY,
MARION FUNKHOUSER,
Committee.

Aleck's Grit.

AVIS ROBERTS, '05.

"Mother!"
"Yes."

"Did you hear father? He said that if I would work hard on the farm this summer he would send me to Kerns to school this winter. Oh, I'm going. He did not need to say 'if.'"

The speaker, Aleck Summers, was a tall, rather homely, but earnest-faced lad of sixteen.

Aleck was a bright boy, quick to learn and ambitious. He had always longed for a good education and now that he had real hopes of getting it, seemed too good to be true. His father did not need to say "if" as far as Aleck was concerned, for no one could find fault with the way he worked that summer, early and late, hard and faithfully.

It was in June when the contract was made and all went well until the middle of August. Then suddenly, after it had been almost unbearably hot and dry for a month, a big storm came up and proved to be a bad one. It literally poured for six days and nights. The crops instead of drying up for want of water began to rot from the excess of it. The land all about was flooded and as the Summers' farm was in a hollow the water stood right in the oat and corn fields and ruined the larger part of the crop. Mr. Summers looked grave and Aleck's hopes fell. He tried to console himself by thinking he could go the next year, but somehow he could not feel comforted. He had set his heart so strongly on going that to be disappointed was too much. He would have cried if he had been a girl, but as he was a boy of course he did not. Altogether it was quite a sorrowful Aleck who made his

way to the village grocery store to trade a few dozen eggs for groceries.

Now it happened that the rain had washed out a portion of the railroad track in Cole, the town where Aleck lived, and the daily train had to lay over while the track was being fixed. Among the few passengers on this train there was a short, dark, nervous gentleman of about forty-five. He went with the others to the grocery store, the principal attraction of the town, to wait until time to go.

When Aleck stepped into the store Mr. Rogers, for that was the man's name, was leaning against the counter, and as Aleck made his trade he noticed that the man was watching him, but he paid no attention and as soon as he was through began to gather up his parcels.

"How far do you live from here, boy?" asked Mr. Rogers, abruptly.

"About two miles south," answered Aleck a little surprised.

"Do you suppose I could get some dinner at your house?" continued Mr. Rogers. "I have to wait till 3 o'clock at least and I don't see any prospects around here."

"Why, yes," said Aleck promptly, "you can come right along with me."

On the way Mr. Rogers talked freely and Aleck soon found himself doing the same, and before he hardly realized what he was doing he had told all about his desire to go to school, his father's promise and the rain that caused all the trouble.

Mr. Rogers listened attentively and when the story was finished he walked on in silence for some time. Then he turned to Aleck and said:

"I never have done anything like this before, but I am going to experiment on you. I, myself, live in Kerns and am now on my way to Shoal to appoint agents to sell a certain book, an atlas, which is a wonder in itself. This book sells for five dollars a copy. Now I will pay your railroad fare to Shoal and your expenses for one week. If at the end of that time you have sold three books I will see that you go to school this fall. Don't think that I will support you, but I will lend you money enough to get started and will see that you have work so that you can support yourself after you get started. You may pay me back any time that you can."

Aleck's surprise knew no bounds. He was so astonished that he could not speak, but visions of a great city and a magnificent school filled his mind. "And all for selling three books," thought Aleck. "If father will only consent."

By that time they had reached the house. Of course his father consented. And so when the train pulled out it carried with it another passenger and one who was perhaps more excited than any of the others. While on the train Mr. Rogers showed Aleck the book and gave him a few pointers about selling it and when they reached Shoal he assigned Aleck to his portion of the city, gave him money to pay his expenses and said that he would return to Shoal the next Saturday for a report.

It was five o'clock, so Aleck hired a room, bought his supper and then looked over the atlas. The next day, Sunday, he spent in acquainting himself with the town and in preparing a speech about the book. Monday he was ready for work. So confident was he that he thought he would have three sold by night.

At the first house a fat, bald-headed, contented looking man answered the door bell and when he heard what Aleck wanted, invited him in, gave him a chair and listened quietly until Aleck was all through talking. Then he said slowly:

"Yes, it is a nice book and five dollars is cheap enough, but I don't want it."

At the next house the lady said she could not afford it. At the next there was no one at home. At the next the door was slammed in his face and so on throughout the day. Aleck was disappointed, but he felt that he had learned a good deal about book selling and was sure he could do better Tuesday. Tuesday came and went and still no sale. Aleck grew uneasy and determined that he must sell some Wednesday.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and cheerful and when night came Aleck had one order. He had grown bold by this time. No longer was he afraid to talk and he knew how to stand with his foot in the doorway. A sickening fear tugged at his heart when he thought of two more books and only two days more, but hope still reigned.

However, when Thursday went by and with it no order he was thoroughly discouraged. He threw himself on his bed and—well, when he got up his eyes were red and it wouldn't have taken an expert to see that he was winking hard.

At last he gained control over himself and sat up to fight it out, either to surrender and go home defeated or to make a last desperate struggle. Late into the small hours he sat there and when morning came it found him ready to fight. There was a smile on his lips and a resolute look in his eyes.

The people surely had a hard time to get rid of Aleck that day. He stuck closer than a brother and talked until he was hoarse, but fate seemed against him.

Late in the afternoon he mounted the steps of a large stone mansion and rung the bell. The servant said that his

master was out, but Aleck said he would wait and asked if he could come in. The servant yielded reluctantly and Aleck made himself at home in an easy rocker.

He had not waited long when the master came in, an old gray-headed, dignified gentleman.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Aleck, rising from his seat. "I am a book agent and would like —"

"Boy," interrupted Mr. Goodhorn, frowning deeply and motioning toward the outside door, "do you see that door?"

"Yes, sir," said Aleck. "This book contains a full —"

"Boy," cried Mr. Goodhorn, furiously, "do you see that door?"

"Yes, sir," answered Aleck, quietly glancing in that direction, "it seems to be a very fine door, but this book is better. It has one —"

"Boy," shouted Mr. Goodhorn, stamping his foot, "will you please get out?"

"Certainly," replied Aleck, starting slowly. "I am sure this book is something you —"

To Aleck's utter amazement Mr. Goodhorn sank into a chair and laughed loud and long. He held up his hand for Aleck to wait and when he had recovered sufficiently to speak he said:

"Sit down and tell me about your book."

Aleck lost no time in obeying. There was a far-away look in Mr. Goodhorn's eye and he smiled to himself several times. Perhaps he was thinking of his own boyhood days, who knows? Before Aleck had finished Mr. Goodhorn interrupted.

"Yes, I think that book is just what I want and to punish my temper I'll take two."

* * * * *
Ten years went by. The little village of Cole had grown to be a large city and not a soul was there who did not know and respect Lawyer Aleck Summers.

Locals.

This last month the O. H. S. has had a goodly number of visitors from Iowa towns. The visitors were all so pleased by the good order, excellent recitations and the beautiful building inside and out that they decided to come again speedily and bring others with them.

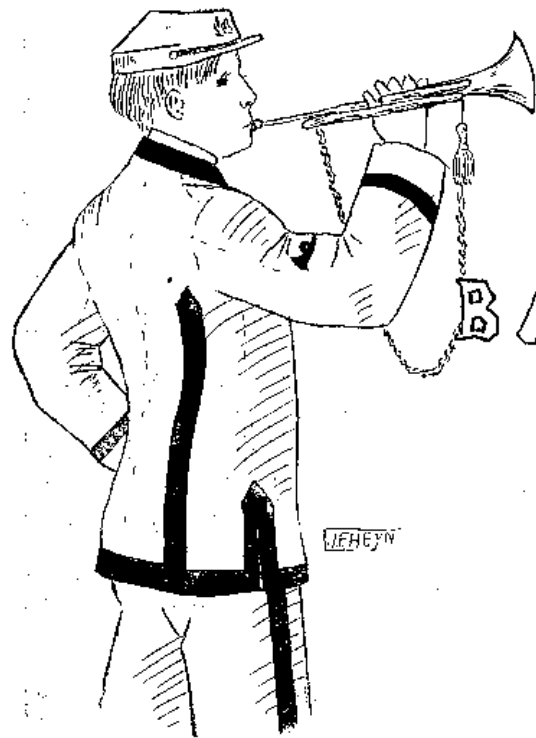
Have the relieved looks and joyful spirits of the pupils in the last week or so been fully appreciated? They are seen universally because the strenuous mid-term examinations are finished. When the legal cap paper was mentioned many were the groans that the very thought of it inspired. But on further acquaintance it was found to be not as bad as it promised.

If any orators come from the first hour American History class, due credit ought to be given Mr. Bracelen for the excellent start he gave election day to some boys. Wonderful, indeed, were the speeches delivered for the Republican and Democratic parties, and it was per-

haps for the best that many voters did not hear the arguments raised or it is doubtful whether the outcome of the campaign would have been the same as it was. The democratic orator waxed so eloquent that no one could help voting for the *opposite* party.

The new rule requiring a certain standard of scholarship before boys can represent the High School in various athletic sports has worked marvels toward improvement of work among the athletic boys. At the end of the second month the general average of all boys who are candidates for the foot ball team increased from 73 per cent to 79 per cent.

An effort is being made by Mr. Waterhouse to interest the boys and girls in parliamentary law and practice. In order more fully to develop this interest he has offered to form classes for those who wish to take up the work. The class of those who take up the work will meet once a week during the study hour of the pupils.



BATTALION.

very beneficial, as it brings about a uniformity in drill.

The cadet officers have organized their club and will begin very soon to make arrangements for the encampment for this year. It was thought wise to bring the officers together early so provisions and money can be raised in time. Other years a late start was made and in consequence found the officers unprepared. This time we hope to have everything in readiness before the time to start.

Organizations.

At a meeting of the D. D. S., held Friday, Oct. 28, the question was debated, "Resolved, that the president's term should be seven years and that he should be ineligible for a second term." The affirmative was taken by Arthur Procter, the negative by Walter Hoffman. The decision of the judges was in favor of the negative.

The Cadet Officers' Club held a meeting during the month and elected the following officers for the year: Curtis Lindsay, president; George Wallace, vice president; Walter Kenner, secretary; John Olney, treasurer; James McCulloch, sergeant-at-arms.

A mass meeting was called by the Athletic Association Wednesday, Nov. 9,

for the purpose of arousing enthusiasm over the game with Lincoln High School at Lincoln Nov. 12. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Congdon and Mr. Bracelen.

The Pleiades gave an Italian program Friday, Oct. 28th, in room 204. The following numbers were rendered: Piano Solo—"Cavalleria Rusticana" Frances Rosker
Paper on Dante..... Amelia Bowers
Original Story Lula Hunt
"Some Italian Masters".... Myrtle Cole
Reading—"Aux Italiens"
..... Georgia Ellesberry
Piano Solo—"Il Trovatore".....
..... Gertrude Kopald

The Margaret Fuller Society held a short but delightful program on Friday, Oct. 28. Miss Caroline Conklin gave a violin selection with her usual ability; Miss Rosina Mandelberg had a paper on the "Louvre, Paris;" Miss Ruth Yoder read a very witty paper on "Marching." Following this Miss Alice McCullough and Miss Marjorie Schram explained very proficiently the meaning of the frieze of Alexander's triumph to the society assembled in the hall of the second floor. On Friday, Nov. 4, the society enjoyed an impromptu program, followed by a short business meeting.

The Lininger Travel Club held the first regular meeting of the year Friday afternoon, Oct. 14. The meeting was devoted to the election of officers, the result being as follows. Grace Shaffer, president; Mildred Rose, vice president; Winifred Edwards, secretary; Mae Greene, treasurer; Bessie Davis, sergeant-at-arms; Mabel Huntley, club editor. Committees were elected for the coming year. Friday, Oct. 28, this society gave the following interesting program on London:

Piano Solo Grace Craig
"Interesting Spots in London".....
..... Anna Carruthers
"The Churches in Paris".... Mabel Nelson
Recitation Ethel Lewis
"The Louvre" Anna Roberts
Piano Solo Mildred Rose
"The Boulevards of Paris".....

..... Hulda Anderson
Debate: Resolved, That London is a more interesting city than Paris. Affirmative, Bessie Davis; negative, Mamie Edling. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

The Thorcau Society, composed of '07 boys, has been changed to the Webster Society. The officers for this year are: President, Lane Summers; vice president Ralph Sweeley; secretary and treasurer, Jack Welch; sergeant-at-arms, Hubert Owen.

Exchange

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

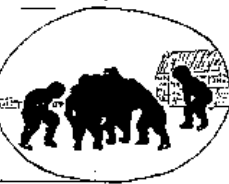
The Quill, Trenton, Missouri.
The Comus, Zanesville, Ohio.
Advance, Central City, Neb.
Town and Gown, Mackenzie School, Debb's Ferry, N. Y.
Orange and Black, East Waterloo, Iowa.
The Dragon, Greenfield, Ohio.
Scarlet and Green, South Auburn, Neb.
The Academy Student, Weeping Water, Neb.
Heraldo, Denver, Colo.
Argus, Harrisburg, Pa.
Herald, Holyoke, Mass.
The Lever, Colorado Springs, Colo.
The Tabor Talisman, Tabor, Iowa.
The Retina, Toledo, Ohio.

One of the most unique exchanges we receive is the Retina. It had a very clever cover for the month of October.

We think the Quill of Trenton, Missouri, has made a good beginning and have best wishes for its success in the future.



ATHLETICS



In spite of the fact that our foot ball team has not been able to play games at home, being unable to secure grounds on which to play, they have played so far four out of town games and will have played the fifth by the time this issue of the Register is out. The games played and the opponents to our team, with the scores of each, are as follows:

Council Bluffs H. S.....	11
O. H. S.....	0
Peru Normal.....	7
O. H. S.....	6
Lincoln Academy.....	0
O. H. S.....	22
Tabor College.....	11
O. H. S.....	0
Lincoln H. S.....	?
O. H. S.....	?

It will be noticed that our team has won one game and lost three. The O. H. S. will undoubtedly win in the game with Lincoln.

To secure success more surely on our side of the card in the Lincoln game Mr. Congdon is endeavoring to secure organized rooting. Rooting has been proved to be one of the chief backings of a team in the winning of a game and because of this there is a great desire that there be organized help at all of the games.

The foot ball team, through Mr. Congdon, is endeavoring to secure at least one game at home. In all probability this game will be played with Lincoln some school day, of course, after the close of school, which, we hope, will be at noon. If this is the case everybody in school should make it his business to attend that game and show his loyalty to the team and school.

At a meeting of the members of last year's basket ball team Earl Cooper was elected captain for the coming year. This was no doubt a wise selection and let us hope for a championship team this year. For us to have such a team is possible, for there is plenty of material from which to pick an excellent team. All those who wish to compete for a place on the team will either see Earl Cooper or go to the Y. M. C. A. "gym" at 4 o'clock any Thursday. The sooner the better.

Extra!!!

33 to 0

Wait till next time

High School Register

Vol. XIX

OMAHA, NOVEMBER, 1904

No 3

Published every month from September to June by L. L. BRYSON and ROY A. RALPH, at the Omaha High School.

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Editor-in-Chief.....	LYMAN L. BRYSON	Business Manager.....	ROY A. RALPH
Assistant.....	FLORENCE TRUE	Assistant.....	HARRY A. KOCH
Athletics.....	Dora Stevens, '05, Curtis Lindsay, '05	Locals.....	Ula Waterhouse, '05
Organizations.....	Adelaide Clark, '05	Squibs.....	Lillian Shears, '05
Music.....	Walter Hoffman, '06	Art.....	Sidney Mandelberg, '06
Battalion.....	Addison Mould, '05	Exchange.....	Jerome Heyn, '06
Alumni.....	Ruth Mackin, '06	Staff Artists.....	Kenneth A. Patterson, '06
Society.....	Marion Funkhouser, '05		Alice McCavock, '05
			Homer Conant, '05
Class of '05.....	Margaret Whitney James McCulloch	Class of '07.....	Margaret Kennedy Gilbert Barnes
Class of '06.....	Marian Cochran George Percival	Class of '08.....	Margaret Lee Edward Felker

THIS is the season when the small boy scents with rapture the manifold preparations for the year's gala-feast, when the farmer shyly whets his axe as he waches the strutting of that king of fowls, the lordly turkey, and when old and young, rich and poor, surfeit themselves with the good things of this world and raise in common chorus a mighty anthem of thanksgiving to the Giver of all.

doubt the new way is better than the old. Every teacher who has been watching her pupils can grade them within five or ten of what they deserve, but it is scarcely possible to do more. There are many, many factors in the problem which the teacher cannot know and hence an approximation is much fairer and should be much more satisfactory than absolute figures.

WHAT A delightfully indefinite system of marking is the one which we have just inaugurated. One pupil proudly asserts that all her marks were very high Bs, insinuating that another's As were "awfully" low As. Every A pupil believes that his A represents more than anyone else's and there is consolation even for the flunker since it is impossible to fall below D. But we shall soon cease to compare with the numerical system; the symbol will place us in a class and with that we will be satisfied. Beyond a

IT SEEMS apropos of the recent election that we should consider how important politics are to the high school student. If this is a dry subject to any of us it is our duty to overcome such apathy. This advice is old and oft repeated, we know, but the indifference of many of our intelligent citizens to affairs of state is one of the crying evils of the time. Information is plentiful and easily accessible. No one should be ignorant. The welfare of the next generation is in our hands. Let us not be ill prepared.

Alumni

The Register extends its congratulations to Miss May Somers, '03, who was recently awarded an honorary scholarship at Wellesley for last year's Freshman work. Since these scholarships are based, not upon competitive examinations, but upon an absolute standard of class work, the distinction is of especial importance. Reports of a less public nature tell us that Miss Somers has frequently been complimented by her German teacher for her excellent preparation in that subject. All honor to Miss Somers and to our German department.

Rhoads Breakey, '03, is assistant librarian at Grand Junction, Colorado.

Beth Congdon, '04, is at Rye, N. Y., attending boarding school.

David Patterson is at Annapolis.

Cecelia McCaffery, '03, has returned to Trinity College for her second year.

Nell Brinkner, '02, and Olive Utt, '00, are at home.

The following former Omaha High School students are now attending Armour Institute of Technology:

George Walters, '98.

A. A. Kilkenney, '02.

S. C. Singer, '03.

Joe Withrow, '04.

J. L. Wright, '04.

Ed Rasmussen, '04.

Vincent Vacek, '04.

Mr. Harry Putnam of class '04 is married to Miss Irene Bunker, also of the class of 1904.

May Edholm, '00, has received an appointment as assistant in the physical training department of Chicago University.

Miss Alice Towne of class '00 is edi-

tor of the Senior Book at the Nebraska State University.

Leslie Higgins is the president of the Glee Club at Lincoln and Fred Sweeley is secretary. This fact may encourage our Glee Club to greater efforts.

Jack Dumont, '03, and Rodney Durkee, '04, have been pledged Phi Si's at Lincoln.

Mac Harding, who graduated last year with honors, is now chief chemist of the Harding Creamery Co. He intends to go to Harvard next year.

Ralph Pritchard, '04, has won a scholarship of four years in the Stevens' Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J. This scholarship is given to those who wish to study engineering.

Ingrid Pederson, '02, has been in Chicago studying music and is now teaching here.

Kathryn Cortelyou, a '95 girl, whose home is in Los Angeles, is at present visiting old friends in Omaha.

Meta Neilson, '04, is teaching a school of forty pupils at Hampton, Nebraska.

Grace Conant is studying music with Gahn.

Eva Norton of class '01 is teaching in the city.

Eva Pulver, '04, has taken a school in Osceola, Iowa.

William Johnson, '96, is traveling for the Hammond Packing company of Fremont, Nebraska.

Ruth Johnson, '01, is at R. G. Dun's Mercantile Agency.

Lulu Robertson, '01, is at a ranch in Wyoming.

Miss Emily Cleve is staying at home to resume her musical studies. She often appears at important public musicals.

Music

Looking over some letters which I received several years ago while attending the Omaha High School I found one dated November, 1904, which read as follows:

"My Dear Friend: The Omaha High School has become a conservatory of music instead of a high school. The music and its influence is appreciated not only by the pupils of the school, but by the people of the entire city.

"Different institutions of the city apply at the school when desiring some very good music for a program. The First Congregational Church has asked for a few numbers from the school by the male octette and the mixed quartette, to be sung on November 11th.

"It was not known sometime ago why so many pupils wished to study in the library after school, but now it has been explained. The boys' Glee club occupies room 204 on Monday, the orchestra on Wednesday and the Girls' Glee Club on Thursday. The music has become so great an attraction that the library teacher, Miss Maynard, is compelled to close the door except on the half hour. This is the general reason given for closing the door, but it is whispered that Miss Maynard does not wish to be disturbed while enjoying the music from above.

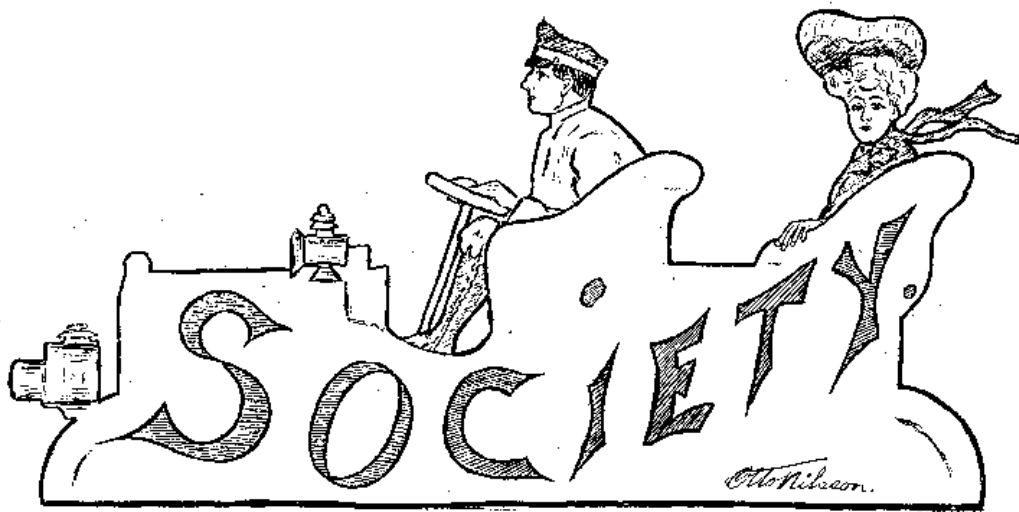
"Friday, October 28th, while passing room 204 I caught strains of music, so I paused for a moment to listen, and immediately I was transported to a scene in a rustic village of northern Italy. Turridu had just bade his mother a last farewell before going to fight a duel with Alfio. Sanatussa, having betrayed her lover, was lying prostrate on the ground, overcome by her sense of guilt. The Pleiades Society was giving an Italian program. At that time the grand intermezzo of 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' which is the foundation of Mascagni's fame, was being played.

The musical editor in the October number of the Register made a statement to the effect that the girls were slow in taking up the musical spirit. The girls have forced him to retract this statement, for they have turned out so strong in numbers that the boys feel ashamed of the small effort they have made. The officers of the Girls' Glee Club are: President, Elizabeth Hamling; vice president, Hazel Cahn; secretary, Mattie Bliss; treasurer, Agnes Cooley; accompanist, Dora Stevens; sergeant-at-arms, Adele McHugh and Ethel Eldridge, and society editor, Margaret Kennedy. The girls say they are rivals of the boys just now, but will soon outstrip them.

The orchestra held a business meeting and election of officers November 9th. Those elected are: President, Walter Hoffman; vice president, Robert Switzler; secretary, Bret McCullough; and treasurer, Caroline Conklin. The orchestra seems to have a most brilliant future before it, but the members will not disclose their plans.

The band has been improving wonderfully under the able leadership of Mr. Loyal S. Mole, who has won the hearty co-operation of every member.

The assistant accompanist of the Denver Choral society, Miss Pauline De Witt, while stopping in Omaha a few days on her return from St. Louis, where her society won one of the prizes, visited the high school and the Boys Glee club. After the rehearsal she stated that the inclination of the society was as great as any society at the exposition.



School has been in session for two months and by this time the pupils seem a little more socially inclined.

In spite of the fact that Hallowe'en happened on Sunday this year, Monday and Saturday evenings proved very convenient and we find that there were many different celebrations.

Miss Margaret Riggs entertained some of her friends on Saturday, Oct. 29th.

On Saturday, Oct. 5th, Miss Nicholl and Miss Hunting chaperoned the girls of the Hawthorne Society on a hayrack party to Florence.

Miss Ula Waterhouse delightfully entertained a number of her friends on Saturday, Oct. 29th.

The Cadet Officers' hop will be held at Chambers' hall Friday, Feb. 17th.

Friday evening, Oct. 28th, Homer Conant entertained a number of Seniors and Juniors at a large Hallowe'en party. The evening was spent in dancing and Hallowe'en games.

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 29th, Miss Irene Jaynes entertained in a most

delightful manner the Margaret Fuller society, of which she is president. The afternoon was spent in many and interesting Hallowe'en games.

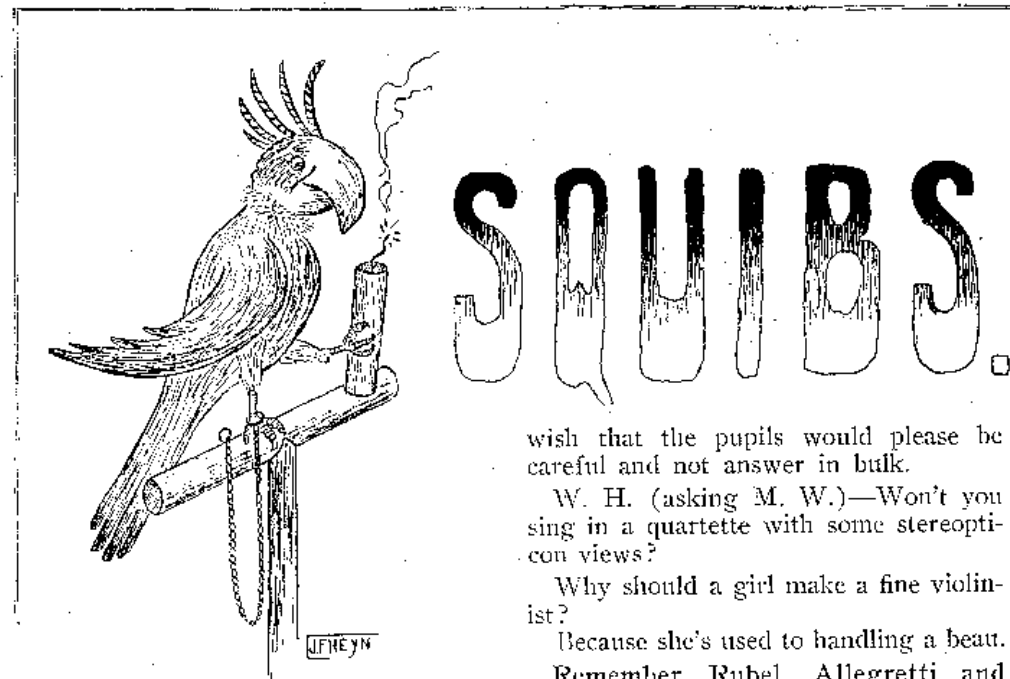
Miss Elizabeth Sweet entertained a number of her friends on Saturday, Oct. 29th.

Some of the Senior boys gave a progressive Hallowe'en party on Monday evening, Oct. 31st. All arrived home safely.

LOCALS.

An effort is being made to interest more pupils in the High School in real literary society work. There are at present about fourteen literary societies, but in these only about a third of the school finds opportunity to do society work.

"The Bunch" is an organization of Senior boys whose object is the furtherance of all things for the credit and honor of the High School. This organization is self-pledged to stand always for clean athletics, manly conduct and good school work. Long may the spirit continue!



D. D. (Trans. in Fr.)—Miss Neril left the window blushing.

L. W. (watching boys drill)—But where is the commandant?

Freshie—Oh, there's a teachers' meeting tonight.

Soph.—He was sorry he was his own son—

Adele (Trans. in German)—Berlin is on a Spree and Cologne is in the Rhine (Wine?)

N. Martin—The priest came in a bronze tunic.

What is the difference between opium and Abraham?

One is the juice of the poppy and the other is the "poppy" of the Jews.

Pupil (in Latin class)—Why did they station this so great mass of a horse?

The Squib Editor has received no answers to his request in the September Register. There is time yet, girls.

H. Crow—I never had feet until I studied Senior English.

Sherlock Holmes said that our Hot Soda was the best on earth; Beaton Drug Co.

Miss Stringer (to geology class)—I

wish that the pupils would please be careful and not answer in bulk.

W. H. (asking M. W.)—Won't you sing in a quartette with some stereopticon views?

Why should a girl make a fine violinist?

Because she's used to handling a beat.

Remember Rubel Allegretti and Lowney's Chocolates, always fresh at Beaton Drug Co.

M. Standish (to hospital corps)—You fellows will never learn anything. Remember to always halt where you stop.

Fresh. (after examinations)—Are we going to have two hours of drill, too?

Miss Crane (in English class)—What is the Nancy Lanometer and Godfrey Cass from part I to part II?

F. S.—In part I they were two, but in part II. they are one.

E. G. (Fresh.)—Oh, I've got Miss Lemon and she's a peach.

Mr. Woolery—Didn't you use wooden blocks in learning cube root?

Curtis—Yessir, we used our own.

Fresh.—And they distinguished the flames.

LUNCH COUNTER RULES.

1. The boys will please keep their faces closed while in line.

2. Do not keep the person behind you waiting more than ten minutes while you hunt for change.

3. While standing in line keep your head up, hands to your sides, heels together and your mouth closed.

[Continued on page 23]

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MILTON ROGERS & SONS GO.

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 We can give you your choice of a variety of leathers and lasts. When you put on a pair of Regent Shoes you will not be ashamed of your feet.

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4. Boys while waiting to sit at the table should not spill their coffee down the necks of those already seated.

5. Never say "weecee" for sausage.

6. Never say "spagetti" for macaroni.

7. Never carry small change with you; drop it in the "Squib Box." We need the money.

N. B.—The boys will kindly walk on their own feet and not the girls'.

Try our Club House Friday. The latest in hot Drinks, Beaton Drug Co.

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Wanted—An expert translator. Address D 64.

Wanted—A lunch table for the boys in room 3.

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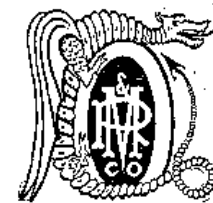
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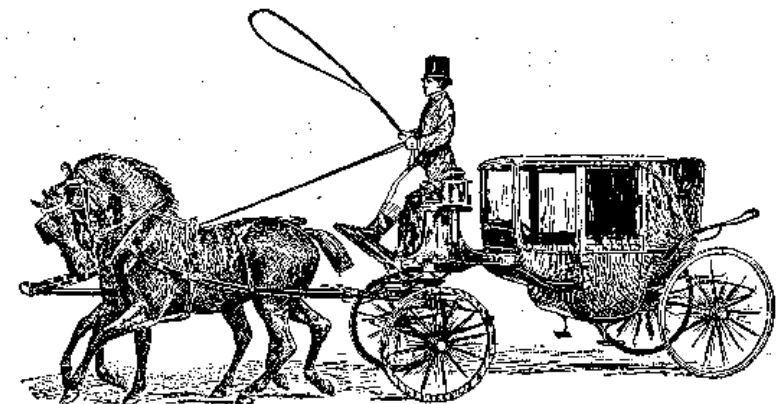
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