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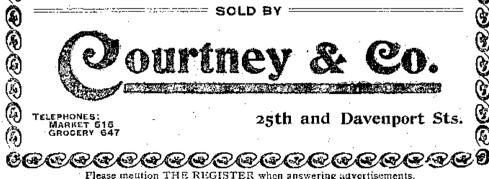
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Omaha High Hehond March, 1905

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LETTER

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I wish to thank all connected with the Omaha Commercial College, for their kindness to me, during my course there. My position obtained for me, by you, is an exceptionally pleasant one, and I have held it very successfully, I think, for nine months. Particularly, I

wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Mosher for their kindness, in teaching me to be thorough and careful in my work, and for the many advantages they gave me, to perfect my knowledge of Short-hand. I consider Mosher Shorthand THE SYSTEM, in regard to speed, legibility, and adaptability to all kinds of work. To those con-

templating a business course, I would say "Attend a College, whose name means something to the Business World, and make yourself worthy of using that name as a recommend." And to

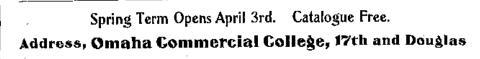


Омана, NEB., Aug. 3, 1904.

those about to take a position, "Be bonest and careful, write Mosher Shorthand, and write it right, and you can have no fear for the safety of your position." Long life and success to Mosher Shorthand, and to the O, C, C.

Very sincerely yours,

S. ANNA GIDLEY, Stenographer, Merriman & Holmquist Co.



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And, depend on it, it would not be teaching it unless it was in a position to procure practical telegraphic operators-men and women who can "send" and "receive" with "chain lightning" rapidity and unerring accuracy.

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Boyles College Building, X X X Omaha, Nebr,

Mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

High School Register.

VOL. XIX.

OMAHA, MARCH, 1905.

No. 7

The Old Grad's Story

BRET L. M'CULLOUGH, '06.

When I stopped at Bob's on my way to school his mother rushed excitedly out.

"For heaven's sake, have you seen Bob? He didn't come home last night and we've been worried to death about him."

"Not come home?" I cried, incredu- Evans didn't show up. lously, "Surely, you're mistaken,"

town after dinner last night and we haven't seen him since. Something dreadful must have happened. His father is down to the police station now to inquire about him."

"Why, I was with the crowd he was in last night and we left him at Twentieth and Dodge. We went north on Twentieth and he went across the school grounds to go home. It is only two blocks over here. What could have happened?"

I went on to school in an anxious frame of mind. Here it was Thursday and the big game with Lincoln Saturday. Bob Evans, the star athlete of the school and the strongest man on the team, missing-disappeared-completely vanguished, as if the earth had swallowed him up. Impossible! He must be found.

I went in the basement door and imparted the news to the football "bunch." Most of them took no stock in the story. saying that he would be there that night for practice, sure.

But it looked much more serious to me. Something was wrong when Bob

On going toward room 3 I was at-"No," she went on, "he went down tracted by some books and papers that were scattered under the lunch table outside the door. Stooping to pick them up, I looked in the back of one of them to see who the owner was, when -horrors! My eyes were surely deceiving me. They were Bob's books and papers. And the remarkable thing about it was that both the books and the floor where they lay were spattered with blood!

My first impulse was to get the principal, janitor or anyone else who would help explain the mystery. But on second thought I gathered them up and went into the room to think it over. My natural detective instinct was aroused and I determined to tell no one of my discovery.

It came back to my mind with start ling clearness that Bob Evans had taken ⁴ no books from school the night before. And yet here were his books, taken from his locker, and scattered over the hall floor since ten thirty the night before. What could it mean? this: "If Bob had forgotten some books which he needed in order to get his lessons for the next day he might have gone in the basement door with a

At noon I met the janitor and as we were pretty good friends we stopped to talk over Bob's disappearance. He said that it was runnored among the pupils that a gaug of Lincoln boys had kidnapped Evans in order to keep him from going into the game Saturday. With my secret purpose in mind I asked if he had seen anything of Bob crossing the school grounds late the night before.

"No," he replied, "I didn't see anything of him. But a queer thing happened last night. I was on my eleven o'clock round on the first floor of the old building when I thought I heard a noise as if something had fallen on the floor of the basement below. When I went down I could find nothing unusual except that the outside door was unlocked. I thought I had locked it earlier in the evening, but I must have been mistaken."

After school I went to the football locker room, where I found a great commotion. Bob Evans hadn't been seen and everyone was angrily discussing and denouncing his kidnappers!

"What's all this talk about kidnapping?" I casually asked the quarterback, Tom Coleridge.

"Why, haven't you heard?" he replied quickly. "They say that some Lincoln boys were in town yesterday and it is all over the school that they caught him on his way home last night and have him hid until after the game Saturday. We'll make it hot for them if he isn't found."

This seemed the general opinion of the pupils, but I couldn't accept that explanation. With the clues I had in my possession I was certain that Bob had by some means or other entered the building the night before to get his books. Whether or not he had left the building since I did not know, but I was inclined to believe the latter.

I waited until most of the pupils had gone home before I began my search. I had reasoned the case out something like

this: "If Bob had forgotten some books which he needed in order to get his lessons for the next day he might have gone in the basement door with a key that happened to unlock it. At that time of night it would be very dark in the building and he would have had difficulty in feeling his way over to his locker and back. But, I asked myself, why would he go in the south hallway toward room 3? In feeling his way back he might have got mixed in the direction and gone down the south hallway instead of out the west door, as he intended."

All this led me to the place where I had found the books and papers. I saw at a glance that he might have stumbled and fallen, dropping his books. If he had been hurt in the fall that would account for the blood on the books. Then, hearing the janitor on the floor above, he would have started for the door and gone out the south door instead of the west door, where he came in.

I now went to this south door, and to my great surprise it did not open outdoors, as I had always supposed. Instead of this it was boarded up on either side and opposite the door was the brick wall supporting the stone steps that descended from the south entrance of the first floor directly above. In this brick wall was a door that evidently led to a small room under the south steps. I found that this door was locked when I tried to open it.

"Now," I thought to myself, "if Bob had come out this door he would have been very much startled and surprised at finding himself in a strange place. He might have found this door in the brick wall and in his haste to get out he might have opened it and gone in."

As I have said before, this door was locked, but on closer examination I found that it was a spring lock that opened only from the outside. If a person had gone in there and the door had closed after him there could be no escape.

Not wishing to be laughed, at by my friend, the janitor, I did not call him to go with me, but went in alone, and there in that damp, dark place I found-nothing.

It was as if I had come in contact with an absolutely blank wall. All my fanciful theories came to naught. My eager expectations were dashed to pieces. It was awful. I went home discouraged and disheartened.

That evening after a hard struggle with my Latin I was looking over some old plans of the High School that my father had kept from the time it was first built. I had found the little room under the south steps, when suddenly I saw something on the plan that startled me. It was a diagram of an underground passageway leading from this room to a larger room under room 3. On the explanation of the plan it said that the original intention was to have the engine room at the south end of the building, but that the plan was changed to have it west of the building.

Even at that late hour of the night I was filled with an insane desire to solve the mystery of that passage. I seized my hat, left the house quietly and without a word to anyone I hurried to the school house. On nearing the dark and forbidding building my pace slackened. The thought of the passage, the silent hour of the night and the intense darkness, all combined to make me fearful.

I waited until I saw the janitor's light disappear on the upper floor of the building on his hourly round. Then I silently opened the basement door with my skeleton key. I went in, shut it noiselessly and with a loudly beating heart and fevered pulse I made my way around through the south door into the low, dungeon-like room.

In my haste I had forgotten a lantern, but by lighting matches I discovered a trap door in the farther corner. Grasping the handle firmly I pulled it open. A blast of cold air shot up through the opening, blowing out my match and leaving me in complete darkness.

With my heart in my throat from very fear I descended the creaking stairway. Hark! What was that noise? I stopped and listened, but could hear nothing. With a lighted match I stumbled along the uneven passage. It gradually en-

larged so that the light from my match failed to reach the walls. Loathsome rats fled in front of me and sticky cobwebs clung to my face and hands. There! That noise again. In my fear I forgot my errand and in vain I hunted wildly to find the passage out. It seemed as if I was wandering in some noisome cavern and that hidden forms were waiting to spring upon me.

I reached in my pocket and found that I had but one more match. I lit it, went toward the place where I thought I had entered. In the light of its last flicker I saw a black form start out of the darkness toward me. It sprang forward and as we clinched we feel. The struggle went on in the darkness and we rolled and pitched in the slime of that awful floor.

Almost unconsciously I let out shriek after shriek. The janitor came hurrying down the passage with a lantern. My powerful opponent turned his attention to the new comer. In one rush he was upon him and the lantern was hurled to the floor. He fought and tore with a demoniacal fury.

With the action of the fight my wits returned to me and quickly picking up the lantern I hurried to separate them. As they saw each other's faces in the dim light they ceased struggling and the assailant fell unconscious to the floor.

In an instant we recognized the dirtcovered figure to be Bob Evans! He had become so crazed with fear and thirst that he thought us to be some of the foul creatures whom he had imagined were tormenting him in this hole.

We carried him carefully upstairs into the janitor's room and worked over him until he recovered consciousness. He was weak and faint from thirst and hunger and his recent exertions. We took him home and a doctor was called.

The next day there was a great jubilee meeting. Bob Evans had been found! He recovered strength enough to go in the game Saturday and the High School won a great victory.

(Editor's Note.—This true incident happened several years ago and was probably never heard of by present High School papils.)

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

Palace of Sona

WALTER HOFFMAN, '06.

There are many times in our life when we are unable to express the deep emotions which some great master work of art or some soul-stirring selection of music will arouse within us.

8

be the most poetical, because it requires the most imagination. When a sound comes to our ears we interpret it and try to transform it into a picture within our minds.

Browning shows this in his wonderful work, "Abt Vogler," in which he portrays the infinite yearning to reach a higher plane through the figure of a magnificent palace. But he leaves us when he has shown us merely the external view of that massive structure which rose higher and higher until this earth could no longer contain it and it reached to the heavens.

I would that I were Browning. I would not have let that magnificent structure fade away until I had shown you all the minute details of the interior which are as great and soul-stirring as those which he has pictured to us, and lend as much to his meaning as do these parts which he sent "hell deep" in order to have a firm foundation.

But I am not Browning and cannot show all the minute details of the interior of this grand structure. However, with the reader's permission I will lead him through this palace and point out a few of the most interesting points.

I will lead you into the palace, through a door which has on either side of it massive columns, with bases of marble that would seem to be able to sustain almost any castle, while the top has a beautiful embroidered arch of mosaics and is lightened up with small trills of many heautiful colors so blending with each other that we can hardly tell where one begins and another ends.

Within is a wondrous variety of melody. In the center of the court is a merry little fountain, now rippling, now

gentle, now merry and wild. At the sides are many more pillars upon whic rests a beautiful frieze of many designs. All this is made more beautiful by the soft sun rays shining through the dome Of all our senses, hearing seems to of multi-colored glass, casting beautiful reflections upon the sides of the court and in the water falling from the laughing fountain.

> As soon as we are able to tear ourselves away from this beautiful scene we may see how this palace of music is constructed and how it has been separated into many parts.

One of the first compartments which attracts our attention is the department of chivalry, in which the clash of arms and roar of cannon may be distinctly heard. No far on the right is the armorer's room, from which the clang of the forge issues and on the left the jovial sailor with his rollicking ballad.

As we mount higher in this castle we are attracted by the sad appearance of an apartment, which proves to be the retreat of the grief-stricken, who are driven away from the stir of life in some other part of the castle on account of the loss of friends or through disappointment in their hopes and aspirations.

Then mounting still higher we approach a room more beautiful and attractive than all the others of the castle. The floor is shining and smooth, while the walls and ceiling are decorated with brilliant frescoes and paintings and with chandliers of unique design. The draperies are of silk and gold, Nothing is omitted that might make this room more attractive, for it is the room in which the festivities are held,

Leading off from this room is another which seems to be the abode of Bacebus. We are unable to see why he should live in such a castle when there are other palaces more in harmony with his character.

Looking back from this point so high

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

from our starting place we see that we have passed one wing of the castle. On returning to it we find it is set apart for the nuptial vows of lovers, in which many young loyers are made bappy with the ties that bind them for life.

We also observe at every height about the court a great number of romantic balconies and stairways where happy lovers may converse undisturbed.

Another observation we make is that at every height of this palace a wing has been set apart with some religious suggestiveness about it. Sometimes a cross, then a picture of Christ, here a sinner clinging to the Rock of Ages and in all of these is an Ave Maria in marble.

This seems to have been a favorite in the religion of the builders of the castle.

When we retrace our steps through hall and corridor and return once more to the earth it seems that we have been enjoying a beautiful dream. We would rather sleep forever and have such dreams. But alas! We must return to the less interesting parts of the earth that we may the more enjoy the beautiful when once again we are permitted to see or hear it.

The Had Tale of Eddie Balloo

LAURA WATERMAN, '06.

This is a story, sad but true, Warning all Freshmen and Seniors, too, To shun the example of Eddie Balloo. Listen-do!

He came to High School in 'naughty two.

Full of the mischief he loved to brew In the devious ways he so well knew;

Not a few.

His cheeks were pink and his eyes were blue.

But he gave his English so lurid a hue That it broke the heart of his teacher true

In two.

He joined a rollicking, naughty crew Of roystering youngsters tried and true

In their endless pranks both old and now.

This Eddie Balloo.

And, oh! the things that he tried to do! His teachers in caricature he drew.

And posted them up for the public to view.

As everyone knew.

That one day, at least, he learned to rue, For the principal him to the office drew, Where strangest sounds then filtered through;

Too true!

At last to a close his Fresh days drew. With joy untold he bade adjeu

To his loving classmates and teachers true.

The principal, too!

But swiftly away vacation flew, While our hero older and wiser grew, Wasting his time as boys will do, The world through.

In his second year he changed his hue From a Freshman green to a Sophomore blue,

For his Latin marks quite grewsome grew-

A zero or two.

A classmate of his, a girl named Suc, He loved most madly a month or two, And he wrote her a poem whose refrain, "J'aime Vous,"

Seemed almost true.

But she, wise maid, his fickleness knew, So she told him plainly, "I'm weary of **VOII** :

Desist from your tiresome nonsense, do."

Eddie withdrew.

Now time sped on, as time will do, And a Junior became our Eddie Balloo. Physics he took, and Algebra, too.

And Latin! Whew! 'Twas a wonder to all when he got

through.

For the things that youngster found to do,

If told, would simply astonish you, So true.

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

His desks with a knife he loved to hew, He framed his maps with passepartout, He covered his books with ink and glue,

Old and new. He kept his chums in a perfect stew,

He gave them candy and gum to chew, He winked and whispered and hummed

in lieu

Of his studies few.

Then on to his Senior year he drew, And, oh! the parts of speech he slew, More and more careless he daily grew,

This Eddie Balloo.

In Chemistry class he thought he knew That which he called "a thing or two." He said, "I'll show them what I can do; This High School crew!"

He managed some powder and oil to accrue,

And smiled as he thought of the mischief he'd do.

He stirred them into a mixture blue, Time flew!

That afternoon he practiced through The act he intended next morn to do. He touched a match to the mixture blue, An awful explosion! The cinders flew And a silence followed; my story is through,

For this was the ending of Eddie Balloo. Boo-hoo!

Organizations

Elaine,

St. Valentine's day was duly celebrated by the Elaine society with one of the best programs given by that society this year. Perhaps the most pleasing number was the recitation by Ruth Robiuson, though the last number, some comic valentines written by Elizabeth Rolofson and Pearl Roberts, was highly appreciated by the audience. The second number was a debate, the question being the demoralizing effect of comic valentines, in which the affirmative was taken by Helen Best and the negative by Bessie Field.

"Legendary Women" was the title of another program given February 24. The program was based upon Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women." In this the great poet tells of a dream in which he met and talked with such famous women as Helen of Troy, lphigenia, Joan of Arc, etc. At the close of the program some very helpful criticisms were made by Miss Brandels.

PLEIADES.

The interesting liftle people of Japan formed the subject of a very entertaining program given by the Pleiades society this month. 'The program opened with a vocal solo by Ethel Rector, who possesses a very pleasing voice. Following this Charlotte Hendrikson read a paper on the life of Japanese women, Georgia Eilsberry delighted her audience by a well rendered piano solo, Ula Waterhouse gave a recitation on Japan and the program closed with "Two Japanese Fairy Stories" told by Beth Abbott and Nellie Rance.

BROWNING.

The Washington program given by the Browning Society February 24, showed the result of the work spent on it by those taking part. Recitations, with the "Father of His Country" as the theme, were given by Ruth Byers, Ruth Hammer, Coralie Meyer and Ellen Patterson. A number which was very delightful was the reading of an old letter describing the first inaugural ball,

HAWTHORNE.

At the last meeting of the Hawthorne Society, the time was devoted to the study of the poet, Robert Browning. To this end Elsie Johnson, Richie Clark, Helen Monroe and Eva Murphy gave recitations selected from Browning's poems, and a paper on Browning's life in Italy was read by Florence Dean. The Hawthorne chorus, which is rapidly becoming one of the foremost musical organizations of the High school, gave two selections, and Lucy Dietrich showed her ability as a violinist with a very beautiful violin solo.

MARGARET FULLER.

"Dr. Cure-all," an original dialogue, was presented by the Margaret Fuller girls February 24. The various parts were taken by Frederica Dellone, Clara

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

Barnes, Bess Gould, Muriel Johnson and Margaret Kennedy. A number which was very popular was that given by the High School octette.

LININGER TRAVELING CLUB.

A very instructive program was given by the Lininger Travel club on Greece. Athens and the Acropolis were discussed in an interesting manner by Hulda Anderson and Helen Hudspeth. Appropriate recitations, "Maid of Athens," and "The Greek Boy," were given by Esther Devalon and Mabel Sautter. A very entertaining number consisted of the reading of a letter which was supposed to have been written in Athens.

PRISCILLA ALDEN.

The program given by the Priscilla Alden Society contained the following numbers: Reading and interpretation of selection from "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Bessie Stevenson; essay, "Colonial England," Bessie Stevenson; "Two Little English Children," original story, Blanche Marshall; debate, "Resolved, That the Pilgrims were wise in coming to America;" affirmative, Ruth Hoffer and Jessie Spence; negative, Ruth Best and Helen Wright.

D. D. S.

The usual program was given by the Demosthenians February 24, consisting of two numbers, "Current Topics," discussed by Arthur Procter, and a debate, "Resolved, That the closed shop is injurious and should be resisted." The affirmative was defended by George Weidenfeldt, the negative by Carl Van Sant.

LINCOLN.

The first public program given this year by any literary organization was presented by the Lincoln Society, composed of Juniors, March 10. It was so thoroughly enjoyable that we cannot help wishing that there might be more of them.

Alumni

Harry L. Swan, '04, has been elected president of the Freshman class at Nebraska university. Florence Tillotsen is vice-president, and Hugh Wallace is class attorney.

Margerie McEachron, 'oo, and Edna Walworth, 'o1, are teaching at Clarks.

Hugh Robertson, '04, is taking a postgraduate course at the High school.

May Edholm is assistant in the physical training department of Chicago university.

Rose Mary Langdon, '03, who was at Notre Dame last year, is now at home.

Esther Cochran, Edna Sweeley and Edith Patterson, '04, are also at home this year.

Margaret Calwell was married this month.

Louise Parmalee, '03, has gone to Denver for her health.

Richard Baker has been at home from college since Christmas.

Adelene Fagan, '04, was called from Chicago a few weeks ago by the death of her father.

Louis Bexton is at Armour institute.

Cora Evans has been at home from Monticello this year.

Daisy Trible, '04, has gone to Oregon to live.

Leon Callahan, '04, is attending the State university this year.

Walter Loomis, '04, is employed with the Omaha Electrical company.

Henry Johnson, '04, is attending Creighton Medical college.

Alice Rance, '03, is teaching at Kellom.

Gertrude Waterman, '97, is studying at the University.

Bessie Waterman, '01, is teaching in Lunaha.

Art Kilkenny is editing a school paper at Armour institute.

Aileen McAechron is at the State university.

Nell Guild, '04, has gone east for a trip.

High School Register

Vot XIX

OMAHA, MARCH, 1905

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Class of '05 Margaret Whitney	Class of '07 Margaret Kennedy
James McCulloch	Gilbert Barnes
Class of '06 { Marian Cochran	Class of '08 Margaret Lee
George Percival	Edward Felker

THERE IS ONE thing to which the attention of the school has often been directed, but we always seem to forget it after a short spurt of care. That is the cleanliness of our halls. It is such an easy fault to overcome that we ought not to be slow in ridding ourselves of it. The untidvness of scraps of paper lying around is not so evident when the halls are crowded with pupils, but when the building is nearly empty the appearance is by no means what we should wish to have it. Papers lying loose in the lockers very easily find their way to the floor and it is not strange that we often do not notice them. But though it is easy to be careless in the matter it takes but a small effort to be careful. It is a little thing for each one of us to be careful and we should be willing to make a slight sacrifice, for it will cause a considerable improvement in the appearance of our school. * * *

IN THE FEBRUARY issue the Register announced a contest for articles on manual training and domestic science, the

prizes to be given by Mr. Wigman, This offer has received some response from the girls, but the boys remain silent. It cannot be because there are no O. H. S. boys interested in manual training, because the classes are large and enthusiastic. What reason is there then that none of them are willing to support the cause? When there are so many boys in the O. H. S. who could write if they would, an interest like manual training should not be permitted to suffer for lack of a champion. The time has been extended and the successful papers may be printed in the Register if in before April 20. The concession ought to be taken advantage of by all those boys who are convinced that they know a considerable part of what can be said in favor of manual training. In accordance with the promise of February the Register staff wishes to know which, in the opinion of the subscribers, has been its best story published in the Register this year. The picture of the author of the winning story will be in the annual. Votes may be polled in front of the library door Monday afternoon dur-

ing the social hour.

No. 7

FOR THE SENIOR pictures in the annual | lesen und verstehen koennen, dem Vewe want the best writeups we can get. Any suggestions personal or general

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

fully considered.

dropped in the squib box will be care-

Tocals

Mr. Friske is now rapidly convalescing from his long illness and will be, ere long, in his accustomed place observing the stars.

Mr. Chadsey of Denver was a High school visitor this month. He visited the chemistry and physics laboratories, and several recitation and study rooms. He mentioned the order in the halls and the business-like manners and methods in the highest terms.

Mr. Davidson and Mr. Waterhouse were in Milwaukee this month attending the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational association.

The first of the social hours which began on Monday, February 27, seemed much enjoyed by all. Some of the older classmen entertained their admiring lower classmen by very fine classical selections sung as duets, octettes and even as whole choruses. If the spirit of music does not soon prevade the entire High school it will not be the fault of the social hour.

Captain Stogsdall is again with us, having returned from his trip to Missouri.

Der Deutche Perein

Der Deutche Verein hat dieses Jahr einen ausgezeigneten Anfang gemacht und wenn man nach diesem urtheilen darf, steht nichts im Wege dass er nicht eben so kracftig werden wird, wie die anderen Hoch Schul Vereine.

Zum ersten mal seit er gegruendet worden ist, hat der Verein eine Constitution angenommen. Dies ist feur den Verein ein sehr gutes Ding. Die Constitution schreibt vor, dass alle fuer Schueler welche deutch lernen oder gelernt haben oder deutch sprechen,

reine angehoeren koennen,

Folgende sind die neuerwacchlten Beamten: Praesident, Frank Lundstrom; Vice-praesident, Mamie Shrum; Sceretair, May Sullivan; Schatzmeister, Elizabeth Cowduroy; Thuersteher, Gertrude Kopald und Alfred Kocher, und Kritiker, Rona Willrodt.

Die Gesangsuebungen stehen unter der fachigen Leitung des Fraculein Rhoades und Fraeulein Riddell ist die Pianistin. Da sich der Verein jede Woche anstatt jede zwei Wochen versammelt wie es der Fall mit den anderen Vereinen ist, so erhalten die Mitglieder aus dem Grunde, zwei Creditmarken fuer vier Jahre statt cine.

Mittwoch ist der Versammlungstag. Deutche Gesaenge werden dann gesungen und nach diesem folgt ein kurzes Programm, Am ackzehnten Januar wurde ein Programm unter der Leitung Madam Chatelaine's gegeben. Die erste Nummer war ein Vortrag von Fraeulein Potter, darnach eine Geschichte von Fraeulein Anderson beide sehr gut vorgetragen. Herr Walter Hollman sang mit Gefuch das Lied, "Es hat nicht sollen sein." Die letzte Nummer auf dem Programm war eine Scene aus Maria Stuart aufgefuehrt von Fraeulein Ellsberry und Fraeulein King. Dasganze Programm war schr an sprechend und zeigte verzucgliche Auswahl.

Am ersten Februar wurde ein Programm von den Schuelern des Fraculein Bowen gegeben. Fraeulein Margaret Whitney brachte das Lied, "Hei denrocslein" gut zu Gehoer. Der Vortrag, "Die Traurige Geschichte vom Dummen Haenschen," wurde von Fraulein Sholin gut gegeben. Fraeulein Wilke sagte das Gedicht "Das Erkennen" mit Ansdruck und Verstaendnis her. Das Lied "Die Muehle" vorgetragen von dem Quartet bestehend aus den Fraeulein Whitney, Bollen, Fitzgerald, und Walker fand allgemeinen Beifall, wie auch das Gedicht "Die Grenadiere" von Herrn Lloyd Cramer. Fraculein Whitney's solo, "Waldwanderung" machte dem Programm einen passenden Schluss.

13

"Carnival" each year to decide which of

Each week or so our basket ball schedule is growing smaller. Our opponents are continually falling before us. And at the close of the season we intend to bave but one black mark against us. You know it is almost impossible to be always victorious. Occasionally it is necessary to be on the weaker side to realize that there are two sides to every question (the particular question in this case is, which is the better team?) This black mark, which is not to our credit but to Sioux City's, is something that could not be helped. The sickness of one of the team made it necessary to substitute another man. This weakened the team considerably, and together with the fact that the game was not played on a home. field, proved that the Sioux City team was the superior for that evening. Indeed, we are but waiting for the "Carnival," when we expect to reverse the score and also make an addition to it. (The athletic editor does not deem it wise, out of respect to his fellow members of the team, to state the score in this issue).

The basket ball team has three more games, namely, South Omaha, to be played March II; Shenandoah, to be played, there, March 18, and Sioux City, to be played March 24. A report of these games will be given in the April number of the Register.

It is the custom to have a so-called

the four classes is superior in indoor athletics. This year the "Carnival" will be held at the Y. M. C. A. "gym" Friday evening, March the 24th. Besides the different inter-class events, which will occupy the first part of the evening, the O. H. S. basket ball team will play the Sioux City basket ball team. These events are something all interested in athletics, class and school should attend. Come and yell for your class the fore part of the evening, and for your school team the latter part.

The time for track athletics is drawing nigh. There are only a few of the old team that are with us this year. We must lift our eves to an entirely new dynasty to champion the cause of the royal purple and the spotless white. A new broom sweeps clean and our track record needs sweeping, therefore it behooves every Freshie, Soph, Junior and Senior to get out and work. If you are not much of a runner or not "adapted" to jumping, get out and try something else. Put the shot or throw the hammer, or perhaps your early experience of eluding bulldogs by jumping the fence has made you a good hurdler. (Inexperienced ones consult Cooper on this special line.)

It doesn't hurt to try, and its lots of sport. Our past records need smashing anyway, for they are too old. Walsh promises to throw the shot out of sight, although upon observation it is seen that he is not a four-inch cannon. Ebby Burnett has received "Father Tim's" permission to use his wings in the hundred yard dash. Cooper expects to crawl over the high bars in perfect fashion, and all together Captain Benson has an excellent possibility to make a good track team this year if all of you fellows will turn out and try at least.

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

Gymnasium work is still progressing. The girls are being prepared for the exhibition which comes in the near future. Fencing has been taken up, to some extent, by the advanced classes. It proves a very interesting as well as beneficial practice.

The girls are still enthusiastic about basket ball, practising once a week. Although teams have not been organized the practise is thoroughly enjoyed.

Fociety

On Saturday evening, February 11th, Ware Hall gave an enjoyable dancing party at Chambers' Academy. The decorations, which were red and green, were carried out most artistically, even in the dainty refreshments. A program of twenty numbers was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Miss Olive Huntley entertained the girls of the Hawthorne Society at a lovely colonial party on Saturday afternon, February 18th.

The captains and their sponsors were entertained in a most unique manner on Friday evening, March 3rd, by Miss Ethel Eldridge and John Olney at the home of the latter. Miss Hazel Crow was awarded the first prize for the best original toast, her's being "To Company A."

Miss Frances Martin gave an elaborate supper for a number of her Junior friends on Saturday evening, March 4th. This was followed by a card party later in the evening. Prizes were won by Miss Helen Sholes and Mr. Harry Koch.

Miss Mary Schermerhorn entertained a number of Senior girls on Saturday afternoon, March 17th.

Miss Margaret Kennedy, Miss Myra Breckenridge and Miss Ofive Hammond entertained a number of their Sophomore friends on Friday evening, March roth, at the home of Miss Kennedy. They all proved themselves most charming hostesses.

SQUIBS

"Steel(e)y," Scintillations. "Sheared" from the witty.

Miss F. McHugh, in Eng.-I can weep over "little men" any time.

In Trig., Mr. Parallel to Mr. Line-I don't believe I ever met you.

Mr. Line-No, and if you do it will be the end of you.

Miss Chard, in Am. Hist.-Jefferson had such a handsome face that it charmed everyone who came in contact with it!

"Let's go skaler roting."

"That's wrong, 'Let's go skater rinking.''

A flea and a fly were lost in a flue; Said the flea, let us fly;

Said the fly, let us flee;

So they flew through a flaw in the flue. Oh, such joy! Beaton's soda is certainly the best ever, and Caramel Sundae is divine.

Teacher in German-Decline "this

handsome man," Miss Whitney. Miss Whitney-I-I can't.

A new chem. compound—Fr. o8, plus SO o7 plus JN o6 plus SN o5 plus PR IN. equals O. H. S. Miss Towne, in Eng.—The cloud

passing over the sun is like the feeling on a man's face!

S. Millard, in Eng.-Give me a bresh of freth air.

Miss Towne-What happened in Tennyson's life before he went to college?

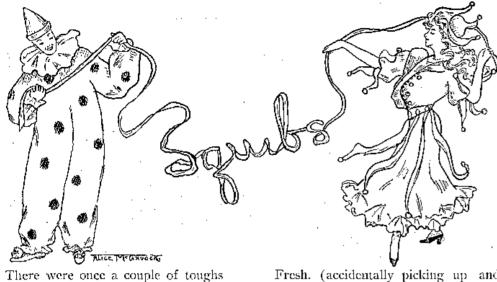
Bright Pupil—He was born.

Doctor-I'll examine you for ten dollars.

Weary Waggles-All right; if you find it give me half.—Ex.

Poem in Blank verse:

____ girl. . — — — — — — Šteele. — — — — — steal. — — — — squeal !



Who started to school without coughs;

They stopped in a baker's And bought of the maker

A comforting pair of cream poughs.

W. Robertson, growing eloquent in Am. Hist.—It seems to me that such people ought to enjoy the victory of their fruits.

A quartette of Senior boys went out to serenade Mattie but they found no true "Bliss," it is said, for they went to the wrong house.

Why does George Wallace open his mouth so wide when he sings?

A youth unto a maid did say,

"I'll give you weekly all my pay." And now this maiden shy and meek

Is living on two plunks per week. Why is the Bugle Corps such a sporty bunch?

Because they have a blowout every drill day.

S. Robertson (translating German)— We Germans put our heads together and make a block payement.

Carl N.—How long can a person live without brains?

M. Lee—I do not know exactly; how old are you?

Let's go down to hear the basket ball. Ask Brome why you cannot get millions of people together on a bench.

Proverb—If socials were points we would all be graduates.

Fresh. (accidentally picking up and glancing through a Poole's Index)— Why, this book is all index.

Girls, I'll meet you at Beaton Drug Co. They dispense the dandiest soda on earth.

Ask Raymond if nitrie acid acts on Steele.

Miss F. McHugh, in Burke assignment—Notice joke on page 52.

May Mahoney, in astonishment-The joke!

Man named Singer, Perfect "hum-dinger," Wrote about a teacher— Certainly was a "bleacher."

Funny little poem Caused him to go hoem.

Beaton Drug Co., down town head-

quarters for the High School bunch.

Why is Robert Savidge? Why is George Long?

There was once a young lady named Maud

Whose views of high life were quite broad;

She was fond of loud noise,

And, of course, fond of boys,

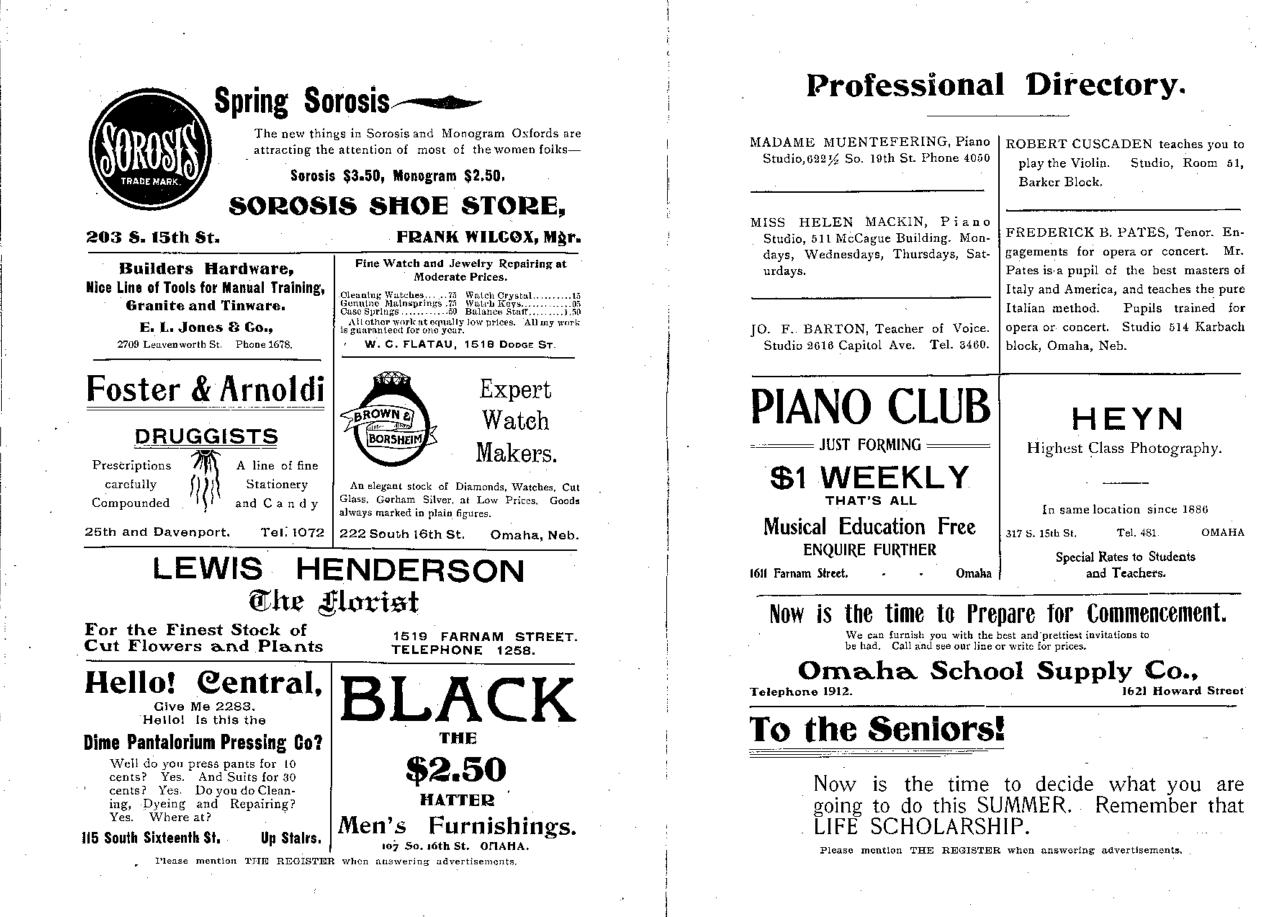
But she pulled the cat's tail and got clawed.

Albert Cahn, shirt maker and men's furnisher, is back again at his old location, 1322 Farnam. He keeps the right things for swell fellows.









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