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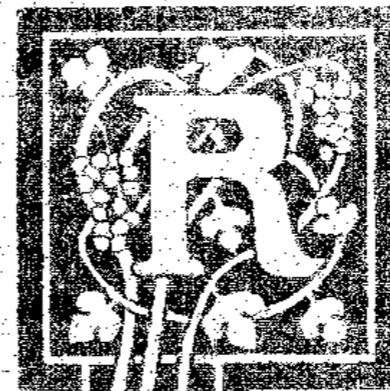
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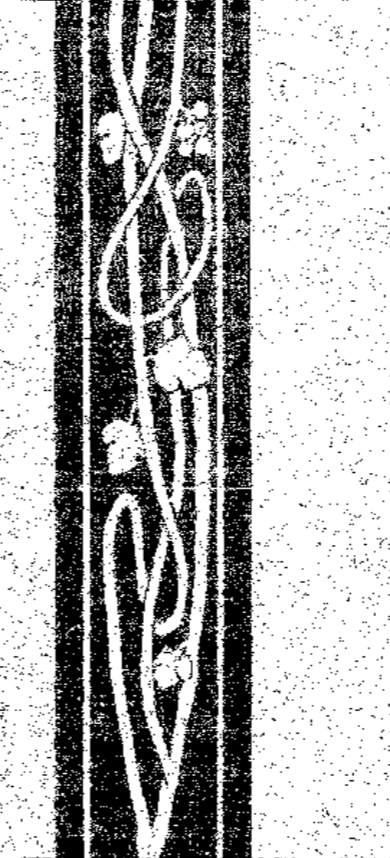
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The REGISTER

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The REGISTER

Vol. XX.

OMAHA, SEPTEMBER, 1905.

No. 1.

Going For The Doctor.

Wisconsin is one of the most picturesque of the Middle Western States. In the north, it is heavily timbered and full of game. Forty-five years ago two-thirds of the state was a vast wilderness of pine forest, swamps and hard-wood ridges undisturbed by the whistle of the engine or the steam-boat. Upward along the rivers the lumbermen were slowly pushing year by year, felling the great pines that stood near to the water, and letting the sunshine into places where for ages it had not been.

Early one fall two dauntless young loggers were sent out by their employers to prepare the hay for a camp on the Chippewa River, which is a small tributary river in the northwestern part of the state. With an ox-team, a wagon, a sled, and a quantity of food and necessary tools, they pushed away from La Crosse, which is on the Mississippi River, up into the forest, cutting a road where there was none and taking advantage of all trails wherever possible.

Whinnery, the younger of the men, was a short, jolly fellow and was called Chub, while Holland was a tall, sinewy young man, with keen gray eyes and curt speech. Their progress was slow; but passing at length the last camp—not yet occupied—they pushed on for a river bottom, nearly twenty-five miles beyond. There they cut some logs and made a sort of a pen, into which they led the oxen. Then they gathered the branches into a great pile to serve as a bed, and rolling up in their blankets near the fire soon fell asleep. During the night they heard a bear and her cubs eating acorns near by, but did not allow such a little thing as that to disturb their rest.

In a few days they were busy at their haying. They worked hard, for it was late, and the hay was getting poorer each day, and the snow likely to come. Besides their haying, they had much to do in building a stable and preparing the camp. The wolves began to come around the camp every night, and sniff and peer and howl among the shadows of the clearing, especially after Holland killed a deer and "slung it"—that is to say, bent down a sapling, and tying the carcass of the deer to it, let it swing back to place. All went well, however, until the hay was cut and stacked, the barn built, and things made almost ready for the coming of the loggers.

There remained hardly a week's work when Whinnery fell violently ill one afternoon, with severe pains and vomiting, quite like the effects of poisoning. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when he first showed symptoms of sickness, and by nightfall he lay almost like a dead man, rousing only at intervals in paroxysms of agony. All night long, while the wolves howled outside, Holland sat beside the bed of his friend, using every means in his power to ease the sufferer. At last, just as the gray dawn was lighting the tops of the

pines, and the wolves grew quiet, Holland rose with a sudden resolution, and said to the sick man whose eyes were on him: "Chub, old fellow, you're a sick man, you're an awful sick man. Now there's but one thing to do, I've got to lock you in here and run down to Deerfield. Doctor Mattson, of La Crosse, is there hunting. Now, what do you say? Shall I go?" Chub shook his head and with a look that made his friend's heart stop beating for a moment, said, "I don't care."

Holland arose, pushed a chair near the bed, put a cup of water and a plate of bread and meat on it. Then he went out, cut a pole just the right length, brought it back into the hut, and put one end of it against the side of the room. He took the carving knife as a weapon and said:

"Now, good-by old man. I've got forty-five miles to make today but I'll do it. Don't worry about the wolves; when this stick falls into place, all the wolves in Wisconsin can't break the shanty in. Good-bye." Holland slipped out through the door, holding the brace in his right hand. He felt it slip down to the cleat—he withdrew his hand. It fell below the cleat. The sick man was safe from that quarter.

The stalwart young man settled his coat around his shoulders, put his knife into his pocket, and turned his face to call again from without, "Good-by! I'll be back soon!" Then he plunged into the forest on his twenty-five mile run.

The morning was gray and threatening snow but the air bracing and full of the odor of the pines. In the shadows beside the trail, and stretching away under the interminable forests, a noiseless carpet of pine needles lay, brown and crisp, over which the wolf and deer ran soundless as shadows. Snow-birds chattered in the air at times, and in the low places partridges flew up. Holland ran with a peculiar gait learned from the Indians, a kind of lope that brought all the muscles into play, and was less tiresome than the regular running gait, and much faster than a walk. Up hill and down, with his untiring pace, the young man pushed, his legs working like some machine of inexhaustible power. At the end of the first half-hour he began to get his "second wind," as he would say, and pushed on at a swifter pace.

Two or three times he saw wolves slipping through the shadows of the wood on either hand, and heard a short, warning sentinel howl behind him answered far ahead. But Holland knew the habits of the wolves and had no fear of being surrounded by them during the daylight. Nevertheless, he was startled, as he rose from a spring where he had lain to drink, to find himself face to face with two great gaunt creatures squatted on their haunches and looking at him. It seemed so easy for them to spring on his back any moment. They snarled at the clubs he threw at them and slipped into the thicket. In making a sudden turn in the path, he came full upon a brown bear which was seated in the road, looking very much like a fire-blackened stump. Holland gave a great shout, and charged down upon the surprised and scared animal; and it crashed into the bushes by the brook, like a

huge pig. He could not help laughing at the comical look on the bear's face.

His anxiety for his friend, the twists and turns of the road, and his fatigue and painful breathing made the way seem endless. But at last signs of more travel began to appear. The wolves disappeared, and at about eleven o'clock he approached the clearing around the hotel, saw-mill, and a dozen houses that made Deerfield. All was silent, there was no one to be seen. In the barn some oxen were eating hay peacefully. Holland had forgotten that the day was Sunday. He rushed up to the hotel and shouted, "Hello, Benson!"

The door opened as he came up, panting and dripping with sweat. A tall, grizzled, elderly man appeared.

"Where's the doctor?" Holland asked.

"Out in the woods somewhere. What's up? What's up?"

Holland explained the case, but there was not a man left in the camp except Benson, and not a horse. Mrs. Benson made some coffee hastily, while the men talked. No plan seemed worth considering. Holland made up his mind that the only thing to be done was for him to return. Benson was too old to make the trip on foot and did not know the way, and the snow was beginning to fall. Holland decided to go. "Give me a revolver. Put up a little bundle of something to eat—a bottle of milk—not much; I can't carry much. And Benson, the moment the boys come, you drive like lightning, and overtake me if you can. Dick Wood knows the trail. Bring the doctor, and take your rifles. There'll be a hundred wolves on top of that shanty."

It was noon when Holland started on his return run of twenty-five miles, back to camp. He knew he must reach it before nightfall. It was Autumn, and night came early. With dark sky and threatening snow, it would come earlier than usual. He could keep up his peculiar trot but an hour or two at the most, and the snow was likely to make walking slow. Pushing on, not daring to think of giving out, he entered the forest, which began to roar now with the rising wind.

His greatest fear was the terrible one that Chub might be dead before help reached him; that the wolves might force him, Holland, into a tree, to wait until the party came from Deerfield—too late for succor. A hope rose within him that the boys might return early because of the threatening snow. With these thoughts, and a vague comprehension of the awful presence of the wood and wind, he presently became conscious of a new terror, pain in his chest and a numbness in his thighs.

Just after he fell into a walk, because of the terrible pain in his chest, he heard a wolf not far behind gave a peculiar note at the end of his howl, that went to his heart like an arrow. The siege had begun. Far ahead the call was answered. Another howl to the right was answered to the left. Several times shadowy forms crossed his path, or crept along in the deep shadows of the firs and tamaracks in the hollows. The snow was only threatening. It had not covered the ground fairly, so that he pushed on with a dogged, swift walk, his revolver swinging in one hand, the bundle of food in the other. This bundle troubled him. If he hung it over his shoulder, it seemed

to hinder him, and in his hand it clogged him. At last he put the milk in his pocket, ate a little of the meat, and dropped the rest of the bundle in the road. He felt free.

He reached a creek which he knew was just ten miles from his cabin. Night was beginning to fall. The young man stopped, and hardly daring to lie down to drink, dipped a little water with his hand. Then he stood still to listen. There was nothing save the moaning sound of the pines, the patter of stealthy feet in the cover of firs, and the call of a lone wild goose lost from its flock.

For the first time his heart failed him. He had made a run of forty miles over broken ground. He could run no more. The ground was getting white now, and while it helped him to see, it made the footing slippery. He walked on, his revolver in his hand. Thus far he had refrained from shouting, though the wolves showed themselves freely. Now he came on three, seated in the trail, refusing to move. He shouted at them hoarsely as he came up, but they only showed their teeth hideously. Holland stopped, and taking good aim, fired at the largest of the group. The animal bounded into the air without a sound, and disappeared with the rest.

Holland now remembered that in his hurry he had forgotten to ask Benson for cartridges. He wondered if the pistol had six charges left, but he did not stop to look. It was now too dark to see, and he staggered on, keeping the pistol ready. It was now snowing fast, and he wondered why the wolves did not close around him. The thought of the sick man came to his mind.

"They're besieging him. Well, so much the better, it will let me reach him," he reasoned.

Twice more he was compelled to clear his trail with a shot from the revolver; only the pure white of the snow enabling him to see the snarling brutes that tried to bar his path. Once he looked behind and saw a dim shadow creeping upon him noiselessly. He could not waste a shot, and so was forced to look behind him constantly. A new fear troubled him now. He was so weak that he feared his ability to climb a tree if the worst came. He had but one hope, and that was to reach the cabin. But how could he get in? The door was braced, and would he not be too feeble and too much hurried to climb upon the roof and tear up a log?

Suddenly, far ahead he heard a rifle shot. His blood seemed to rush forward with new life. Some one else was abroad in the forest. It cleared his brain and warmed his whole body. The forest was not all the possession of night, the wolves and the snow. A steady arm and resolute heart was behind that rifle-shot. The wild howling of the wolves and their angry, short yelps told the practised ear of Holland that the brutes had met their match somewhere.

Crack: sounded the rifle again. The wolves ceased for a moment, but soon began again. Those dim gray forms appeared, attracted by the noise in front. Holland kept on the trail, with set teeth and with his eyes peering into the darkness ahead. His thought was that some hunter had been forced into a tree and was firing on his besiegers. He must reach him somehow. Crack: went the rifle, so

near at hand now that it almost seemed as if he could hear the bullet. Breaking into a feeble trot, Holland tried to shout:

"Keep it up, I'm coming."

He rounded a point of brushes, and stood, stupefied with amazement, not knowing where he was. Before him was a shanty. A dim light from within shone through the cracks in the walls and a hole in the roof. While he looked, a savage old wolf, reckless with hunger, leaped on the low roof, and with an open mouth and lolling tongue glared down into the room. Again the rifle cracked, and the brute rolled from the roof. Then a loud voice called: "Oh, come on! come on! I'm ready for you." It was Holland's own shanty, in which the hunter had taken refuge. With a joyous yell, he rushed upon the camp shouting:

"I'm coming, Chub. I'm coming."

The wolves, surprised at this new assault, retreated. As he rushed up to the door, Holland called: "Open the door! Open the door! It's me, Holland!"

He was answered by a deep, sonorous voice from within. There was a leap and the door swung open. Holland, half dead with fatigue, fell into the arms of a tall, bearded man.

"Why, doctor, is it you?" he gasped, as he sank into a seat.

"Yes it's I," the doctor laughed, as he closed and braced the door.

"How's Chub?"

"He's better." (A sigh of relief escaped from Holland's lips.) I always carry a little case of medicines with me. He'll pull through."

"How did you come here?"

"Oh, I thought I'd make you a little visit. I started this morning, and got here about dusk. Now sit right down by the fire, old man. I've got some venison broiling there—that's one thing that brought these wolves."

Holland sank exhausted into a bunk and as the reaction had now begun, he felt as if he would never care to move again. It was very pleasant to smell the meat cooking, and see the doctor moving about the fire, making coffee and gruel. Sitting thus, the shriek of the wind and the gleaming eyes of the wolves, sullenly squatting in the snow at the edge of the clearing, had no terrors, and soon Holland, after eating what the doctor prepared, fell fast asleep in his bunk.

"There's a man," thought the doctor, as he rolled him into his blanket. "Fifty miles today! Talk about your knights and heroes of chivalry. They couldn't equal that." --JOHN WOODWORTH, '08.

A Sad Tale.

Ten little freshies, going to dine,
One swallowed a tooth-pick,
And then there were nine.
Nine little freshies, thought they were great,

One sat on a hair-pin,
 And then there were eight.
 Eight little freshies, playing on the 'leven.
 One tackled a "big Soph,"
 And then there were seven.
 Seven little freshies playing their tricks,
 One had a chat with the principal,
 And then there were six.
 Six little freshies, to whip the school they tried,
 One talked 'bad to a Senior,
 And then there were five.
 Five little freshies, getting rather bored,
 One asked Miss Brandeis' age,
 And then there were four.
 Four little freshies, laughing with glee,
 One choked on his pencil,
 And then there were three.
 Three little freshies in room 302,
 The teacher caught one sleeping,
 And then there were two.
 Two little freshies, their work being done,
 One flunked in Latin,
 And then there was one.
 One little freshie going to school alone,
 He got a position as bell boy,
 And then there were none.

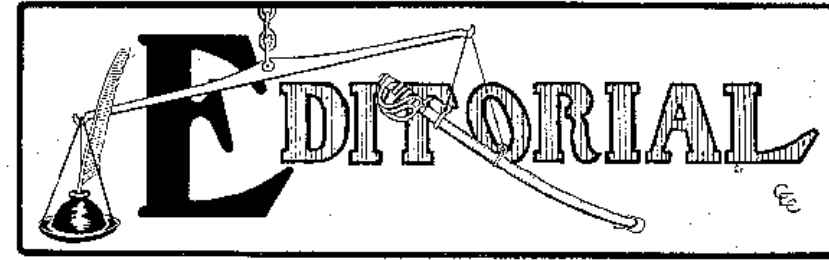
A Thought.

I
 When your Register's subscribed for
 And your cash is duly paid
 And you wonder where your fifty cents
 Has gone.
 You should look behind the glass door
 Where the payments were waylaid
 And then you surely would have soon
 Caught on.

II
 It was here the busy editor
 And all his staff would smile
 As they gathered in the quarters
 And the dimes.
 And they blessed the unknown creditor
 Who added to the pile,
 Which would run that classic
 Register sublime.

III
 Oh! the squibs are very funny
 And the write-ups very good
 While the stories are admired
 By the score.
 But it really is the money
 That does the greatest good
 As John Latenser drops it
 In his drawer.

L. W., '06.



With this number of the Register the Editorial Staff for the term of 1905-1906 makes its debut before the public and enters upon the arduous task of getting up the school paper in such a way as to please everyone of the hundreds of subscribers and to make it a credit to the school and a source of pleasure and profit to all who

read it. We realize clearly that we have on our hands a big undertaking, especially as the faculty seems to think that our studies must go on just the same whether we be editors or not. We hope that by hard work and careful management we will be enabled to produce a paper that will take the same rank among other school publications that our magnificent High School holds among the other intermediate schools of this land.

As will be noticed by those of our subscribers who have seen the Register before, we have taken considerable liberties with its appearance and form, but this has been done along lines adopted by the most up-to-date and highest class of school papers today. The grade of paper, in the first place, has been improved and instead of the flat white used heretofore a cream tinted paper has been taken making the page easier to read and more effective in appearance. This, combined with the broad single columns and wide margins, ensures a neat and attractive page that we sincerely hope will be appreciated by all. The engravings for both the department headings and the cover, have been made with great care with a view to clear and distinct printing. The part of the cover design at the left of the page is to be retained each month, and the cover varied by the addition of an appropriate and distinctive design in the center space. This we think will do away with the necessity of having every elaborate and expensive cover design followed by a plain type-cover, in order to economize as has been the policy in the past.

The reading matter in the magazine will be divided as before into several departments under which all news of interest to the school will be found. The reportorial staff has been chosen with regard to both their ability as writers and their willingness to work and we think the selection will be regarded with approval by all. All news of interest to the battalion will be written up and commented upon by the able and ready pen of Ware Hall, who being one of the "Big Six" should have added facilities for obtaining inside information from the war department. Laura Waterman, whose work is already so well known to readers of this paper, will have as her especial duty the gathering of information regarding the meetings of the various so-

cities that flourish in the this school. As the Alumni department has been abolished, any news of especial interest regarding alumni will be printed among the socials, together with all other items of interest to the school. Marian Cochran and George Percival, both well known as able and energetic hustlers, will have charge of this work. We have always felt that athletic news should be of especial interest to every member of our school, as nothing encourages school spirit more than the pride and interest taken by the students in their school athletics. The editors for Athletics will be Margaret Kennedy and Harry DeLamatre, both of whom are deeply interested in this topic. Social events will be reported by Caroline Congdon and Margaret Phillippi, two of our most popular girls, whose items will certainly be of interest to all. Jerome Heyn will continue in charge of the Art Department this year and Bret McCollough will tell us of the happenings and events in the line of music. Last and from all indications far from least are the Squibs, the page of pure fun and absurdity, interesting more to ourselves than outsiders, in which is condensed all the comic happenings in the school. The Squib box will be watched by Carroll Belden and Adele McHugh.

So here you have our plans and our policies, our hopes and our expectations, and though all of them may not be fulfilled without criticism and fault finding, still we will do our best to raise the Register to the standard at which it should be maintained.

Organizations.

These societies! What a beautiful thing it is to become acquainted with Parliamentary Law imbibed through the Parliamentary proceedings of each and every organization—especially as the girls do it.

The Browning society met to elect officers on Friday afternoon, resulting as follows: Mary Kreider, president; Caroline Curtis, vice president; Edith Sanborn, secretary; Corinne Lessel, treasurer; Florence Riddell, editor of the "Oracle."

They also discussed the work to be carried on during the year showing very bright prospects for the winter.

The Hawthorne Society on the same Friday held their first meeting when nine new members were voted in. The following officers were elected: Alfreda Powell, president; Irene Larmon, vice president; Olive Huntley, secretary and treasurer; Ruth Waterhouse, sergeant at arms.

A membership committee was appointed to look up new members while another committee was appointed to plan work for the coming year.

The future career of the Lincoln people is to be one of glorious success. Could it be anything else with Herbert Potter, John Latenser and with Carroll Belden ready to defy the world in convincing debate?—We'll wait till they do anyway.

The Margaret Fuller girls reorganized Friday afternoon of the 22nd. A telegram was sent to one of the former teachers, Miss Valentine, who has been living in Demorest, Ga. The election of officers was also carried out as follows: Anna McCague, president; Ruth McBride, vice president; Muriel Jolinson, treasurer; Alice McCollough, secretary.

The Lininger Travel Club held its first meeting for annual elections Friday afternoon. The club decided to study scenery instead of large cities as they have done formerly with so much success and profit to the members. The officers elected were: Esther Devalon, president; Florence Sherwood, vice president; Katherine Carmichael, secretary; Bertha Brown, treasurer; Pauline Rosenberg, sergeant at arms; Ethel Lewis, club reporter.

The Elaine Society is beginning the present year with about thirty new members, all of whom are Freshmen, from all parts of the city.

Saturday, the 23rd. was a red letter day on the calendar of the Elaine Freshmen. It was *the* day, initiation day. Poor little Freshman! She was certainly in for it. The goat was ridden and other stunts indulged in at the home of Miss Hazel Smith.

One day last week at the home of Miss Alberta Field, the Elaine Society entertained the Seniors, who have since left for college.

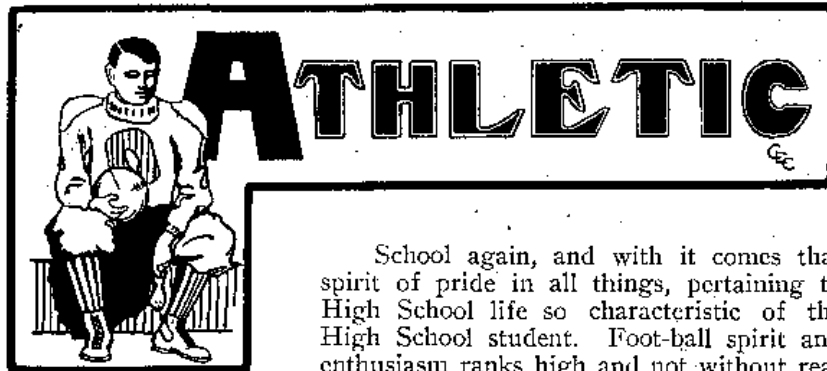
Those who are going to be near Omaha are Miss Marguerite Burke and Miss Julia Nagl, who go to Lincoln, Miss Alice McGavock and Miss Helen Best who are in Peru Normal. Miss Mattie Bliss, Miss Florence True and Miss Hazel Crow go to Gertrude House, Chicago. Those who go still farther away are Miss Adelaide Clark and Miss Dora Stevens, to Oberlin, Miss Mary Schermerhorn and Miss Margaret Whitney to Wellesley, and Miss Helen Woodward to Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



The Senior Prom will be held at Chamber's Academy, Friday, December twenty-nine, nineteen hundred and five. The Senior always is *the* dance of the year, and under the management of such an able committee as we have in the persons of Mr. Arthur Potter, Mr. Herbert French and Mr. Harry Koch, we can expect the one of this year to be better than ever before.

Now that we are all back at school and pegging away at our books again, endeavoring to find the hidden meaning of logarithms and Cicero, which our patient teachers assure us is in the text, ones mind is liable to wander off the work and occupy itself with delightful memories of the long sunny days and calm moonlight nights that made up our summer vacations. Those who were lucky among us hastened at the end of school away to the lakes and the woods, the sea shore or the mountains, there to spend the summer time in the jolliest and healthiest manner possible, rowing and sailing, fishing and bathing, in the evening dancing at the big hotel or strolling in the moonlight. But those who left home were not the only ones that had fun during vacation. Here in Omaha there was boating also, bathing for those that wished, and tennis and golf, for those inclined. The big club houses were enlivened by the gayeties for those home from school in the east and those who were spending the summer at home. At the Country Club there were luncheons and suppers and dances enough for the liveliest and the Field Club was overflowing with those bent on having a good time, especially on the nights of the big weekly hops.

And so although there were few exclusively High School affairs, since all the students were scattered over the country, still wherever they were there was always something doing and our boys and girls were pretty certain to be prominently interested in it.



School again, and with it comes that spirit of pride in all things, pertaining to High School life so characteristic of the High School student. Foot-ball spirit and enthusiasm ranks high and not without reason either, for prospects are very bright this year for a successful eleven.

Although many of the old men have left, there is promise of as good men to fill their places, and the spirit shown by these is very inspiring, for every fellow realizes that if he makes the team it will only be by hard, earnest work. Training thus far has been severe and hard for some, but there has been no shirking.

Captain Burnett has decided to put the men through a thorough and systematic training, calculated to develop swift, snappy players, relying more on their endurance than on their weight.

The team may be light, but if the fellows persevere in their earnest work they can make an eleven that will be a credit to the school.

Arrangements have not yet been made for a home grounds, but the Athletic board has been making strenuous efforts to procure grounds which will be obtained, it is hoped, in the near future. Until then the team will play its games at Vinton Park.

Several out of town games will be played. Challenges have been received from York, Lincoln, Missouri Valley and several other High Schools but although no games have as yet been definitely arranged it is understood that most of them, at least as many as possible will be accepted, and will be for the greater part played on the home grounds, the players relying on the vigorous rooting and the old time patriotism shown by their friends and companions in school to push and cheer them on to victory.

3 3 3

It must be admitted that for the past few years our athletics have suffered a serious decline. Most especially is this true with foot-ball which holds our present attention. The fault of this has lain partly with our team and partly with the lack of proper school spirit and enthusiasm.

This year we have every indication of an excellent team and there should be nothing to prevent athletics from regaining in a large measure the standing of former years. The team is ready and willing to work for this end but they can not possibly attain it unless they feel that the whole school is behind them and ready to give them every encouragement.

The enthusiasm of our two hundred "rooters" at Lincoln last fall even in the face of almost overwhelming defeat, shows that athletics are not wholly without support, but think of the large majority of pupils who are either ignorant of or, what is far worse, indifferent to the fact we have an athletic association or that we have a football team now and will probably have other athletic teams throughout the year, and that the support of the school is needed.

Let us every one join the A. A. and thus add to the financial support of athletics. Then we must not sit back, with folded hands as it were, and let the eleven boys of the team defend alone the title of the old school, but we must attend the games and add our vocal support. Then the team can't help but win.

Athletics will surely regain their former standard if every pupil does all in his or her power to push them.

Let us take as our motto in this cause: "Our school, victory or defeat, but our school."

This year a board of managers has been appointed to supervise athletics. This board consists of Mr. Congdon, Mr. McMillan, Mr. Friske, Mr. Lansing and Mr. Pearson. This board will attend to all the necessary arrangements will have things in good running order shortly.



Now that the first Semester is well under way and the classes are all organized, the drill has been resumed. The cadet battalion has always been one of the principal features of the Omaha High School and many of the United States army officers and others have commented on the excellency in drill acquired by the cadets. Drill is invaluable to every boy student. It not only gives him a good physical development and manly appearance but also trains him mentally from the time he is taught in his Freshmen year that the first principle of drill is obedience, until at the end of three years he finds himself wearing a sword as a commissioned officer, if his work and general ability have reached the prescribed standard.

Several changes in the uniform have been made this year, that deserve mention. Instead of the old fashioned caps which the O. H. S. cadets have worn in the past, the new West Point hats will be worn. There can be no doubt but that this change will add materially to the appearance of the battalion. The collars of the blouses will be required to be at least one and a half inches high and will do away with the rather un-military effect given by the low collars. There will be no difference in width, this year, between the stripes worn on the officers' trousers and those worn on the privates'. The fact that all these changes are in accordance with the West Point rules makes us feel confident that the O. H. S. battalion is approaching nearer than even before to the rigid requirements of dress and appearance which have made the United States Military Academy world famous.

At present only a few of the more important promotions have been announced, but it is expected that the others will be made very soon. Those announced are:

- To be captain company A—Claude Peake.
- To be captain company B—Harry A. Koch.
- To be captain company C—Arthur Potter.
- To be captain company D—John McCague.
- To be captain company E—Ware Hall.
- To be captain company F—Sam Millard.
- To be first lieutenant and adjutant—Kenneth Patterson.
- To be first lieutenant and quartermaster—Clement Chase.
- To be first lieutenant and commissary—Rollin Andrews.
- To be first lieutenant company B—Herbert Potter.
- To be first lieutenant company E—Walfred Wyckman.

The new cadets have been assigned to companies and the work of instructing them in the School of the Soldier and the School of the Squad is being vigorously pushed ahead. The Freshmen cadets this year appear to be an intelligent, willing lot and much is expected to be accomplished with them. It is estimated that over 80 new men have been enrolled in the companies.

Locals.

Here we are at school again with things much the same as ever. The poor little Freshies are trying their best to take the place of seventy-six pupils who were graduated last June. We already know that the new class greatly exceeds the old one in number, but it remains to be seen whether or not they will surpass them in knowledge.

Very few changes have been made in the building itself. A small addition is being made at the north end of the west building. The main hall and the library have been greatly beautified by the gifts of the class of nineteen hundred and five. There have been some marked changes in the faculty. We no longer have Miss Okey, Miss Shippey or Miss Valentine to help us over our difficulties. Our teachers are Misses Hilliard, Hughes, McDonald, Jane Smith, McCague, and Messrs. McMillan and Van Matre.

Miss Landis has spent the summer in European countries and will not return to her school work until the early part of October. During her absence Miss Tims has been teaching her classes.

Fourteen hundred and eighty-six pupils have been enrolled in the high school, up to this time. Of this number there are 815 girls and 617 boys.

Miss Valentine is visiting a sister in Florida.

Many of the class of '05 are away at school this year.

Misses Ula Waterhouse, Elizabeth Fearon, Alice McGavock, Jessie Wass and Helen Best are at the Peru State Normal.

Misses Mattie Bliss, Florence True and Hazel Crow are taking the kindergarten training at Gertrude Hall, Chicago.

Misses Adeliade Clark and Dora Stephens, and Messrs Homer Scarle and Raymond Hayward are at Oberlin.

Misses Mary Schermerhorn and Margret Whitney are at Wellesley College.

Mr. Curtis Lindsey is at Armour Institute, Chicago.

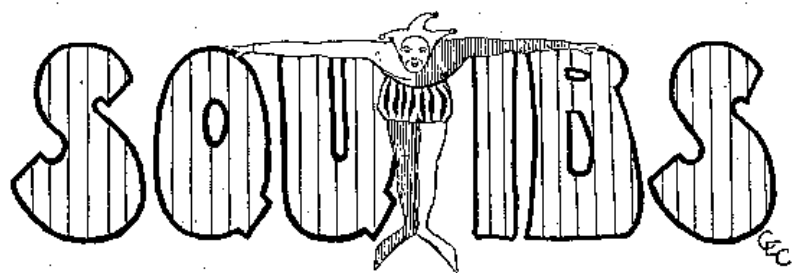
Helen Woodward is attending school at Putnam Hall.

May Mahoney is at Derham Hall, St. Paul.

Robert Fisher is at Ann Arbor.

Ruth Robinson, Ameha Bauer and Jocelyn Charde are in Prof. Davidson's training school for teachers.

Miss Laura Rhodes, '03, who for the past two years has been taking a post graduate course, has entered the State University.



Inquisitive Chemistry student—(in a whisper) "I wonder what that white powder in the bottle is?"

Mischievous Chemistry student—(in a whisper) "White lamp black."

Ambitious Freshie to Chase—"Say, mister, is a private ever a corporal?"

Miss Bowen—"Mr. Sommers, please decline 'a pretty woman?'"
Mr. Sommers—"Sorry, Miss Bowen, I never could."

Mr. and Mrs. Chambers will open their private dancing class for High School pupils Friday evening, October twentieth. Pupils intending to join this class should list their names now. Telephone F1871.

Teacher—"What are the three words most generally used in this school?"

Soph—"I don't know."

Teacher—"Correct."

Notice to freshies—Don't stand in your lockers to procure books, borrow a ladder from the janitor.

Senior—"Have you subscribed to the Register?"

Fresh—"No, where do I register. I thought if I had my eighth grade diploma—"

Senior—"Come out of it. Have you subscribed to the Register, 50 cents a year. Its the school paper."

Fresh—"Is it a daily or weekly newspaper?"

Miss Paxson—"We don't have squibs in my classes."
I wonder why!"

Fresh—(to Bowman) "Where do I get my permit to drill?"

C. B.—(civics) "In Colorado I saw a woman running—"

Class—"Ha! Ha!"

C. B.—"For congress."

Mr. and Mrs. Morand's High School class and students from the colleges meet at 15th and Harney every Friday at 8 p. m. Tickets good for 12 lessons \$4.00. Why pay more at other schools? From us you will receive the best instruction in Omaha, and you will positively learn to dance gracefully in one term. Your lessons will be given in a well ventilated, clean and large hall, and not part of the time in a cellar. You can join at any time. Call or telephone 1041.

Mr. Bracelen—"All absent please state to that effect."

Miss P. Smith—"I am still waiting for some one."

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

A liberal reward is offered for information leading to the arrest and conviction of persons placing matches, papers or other obstructions in keyhole of Register room.

Note:—There are wastebaskets in each room.

WANT DEPARTMENT.

ADS FREE.

Wanted—A nurse. Address L. Sweet, Box 45.

Lost, strayed or stolen, one black puppy dog, with a gold tag. Answers to the name of Herbert Potter. Reward, and no questions asked if returned to H. Koch.

Wanted—Six good looking sponsors. Apply drill nights to Cadet Captains on campus.

Miss Sullivan—"Put your name in the right seat."

Fresh to C. Potter—"Where do you put your books when you drill?"

Miss K. McHugh—"Compare 'the portly sail of the ship' to a fat man."

Miss Reynolds—"The ship carries a big cargo and so does the man."

Fresh (lunch counter)—"Give me three doughnuts, two cookies, a piece of pie, a pickle and some ice cream."

"More work for the undertaker."

Willie and two other brats,

Licked up all the rough-on-rats.

Papa said when mamma cried,

"Don't you care, they'll die outside."—Ex.

Miss Bowen (German)—"Give English idiom for German, I will die before your eyes."

Mr. Pollard—"I would eat my shirt."

M. Lansing—"Do you pronounce it acoustic or acustic."

E. Hall—"A cow stick."

J. Barton—"I can't walk on an empty stomach."

Papa likes his chops on zinc,

Brother likes his served with ink,

Sister likes hers shaped conicular,

Mamma's dead and not particular.—Ex.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Greck is but an easy stunt,
For the fool who always slumbers,
Wakens after he has flunked.

Mr. Chambers tells us that he will re-open his private dancing class for High School pupils Friday evening, October 20. Last year a large number of High School pupils were members of this class. The meetings are most enjoyable and the pupils quickly become accomplished dancers.

Tommy pushed his Aunt Elizer
Off a rock into a geyser;
Now he's feeling quite dejected,
Didn't get the rise expected.—Ex.

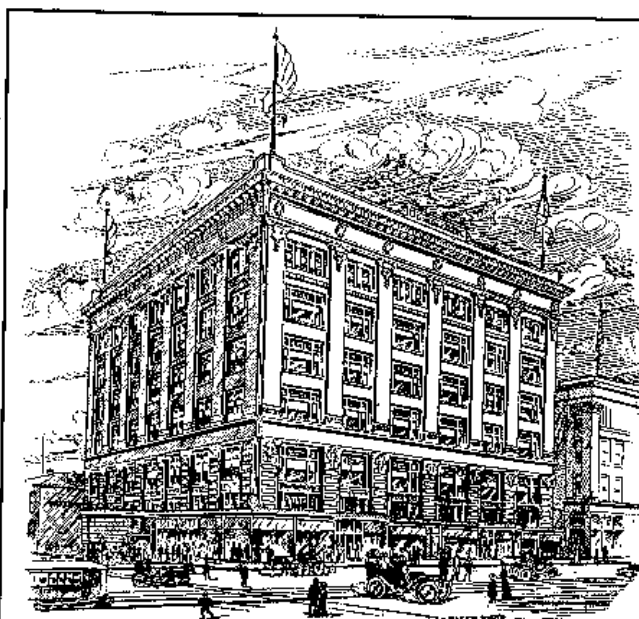
How much wood will a pork-chop?

Little Jimmy was peculiar,
Stuck a pin in Sister Julia;
Sister yelled like bloody murder,
"Gee!" said he, "I must have stirred her."—Ex.

Athletic Appeal.

Ardent athletics are actually abating, and able action "auto" adjust affairs.

All aspire and aim at altering and amending affairs (ardent attempts always atone after abatement) and advance able athletics.



How Proud

Omaha is of her new High School Building.

We are just as proud of our new building which is located in the new retail center of Omaha, Howard and Sixteenth Streets.

We invite you to come to the new store. We move about October 15th.

THOMPSON, BELDEN & CO.
RELIABLE DRY GOODS

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

Parker's "Lucky Curve" Fountain Pens

WRITING PAPER — TABLETS
156 Sheets good quality note paper 35c
Tally Cards—Luncheon Cards
PICTURES — LEATHER GOODS

The most complete book stock in the city. Infantry drill regulations.

MATTHEWS, Book and Paper Shop,
122 South Fifteenth Street.

FALL AND WINTER

Styles of Woolens now ready
for your inspection.

BOURKE, The Tailor
309 South Sixteenth Street.

Story & Clark and other Pianos. Old Instruments taken in Exchange. \$2.00 rents good Pianos. \$3, \$5, \$7, \$10 payments per month accepted.

PIANO TUNING THIS MONTH \$2.00.

PERFIELD PIANO CO.

TEL. 701. 1611 FARNAM ST.



THE BETROTHAL RING.

The ring that seals your betrothal should hold a gem of first water, none other should be given on this occasion.

The consciousness that it is such heightens the joy of those concerned. If selected at our establishment it carries this assurance.

Mawhinney & Ryan Co., Jewelers and Art Stationers.
15th and Douglas Streets, Omaha.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

If you want the Best made in Omaha ask
for the celebrated

AK-SAR-BEN ICE CREAM

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
The Great Western Ice Cream Co.
Phone 1015 10th and Howard Streets



**Reliable
Jewelers.**

**Diamonds, Watches, Gorham
Sterling Silver.**

Reasonable goods marked in plain figures.
222 SOUTH 16TH STREET

Have you ever worn a
Pease Bros. Suit?

They are better and not more
expensive than the ordinary kind.

PEASE BROS. CO.

1417 Farnam Street.

“THE KILTIES” are coming! Auditorium Oct. 31
and Nov. 1. Matinee and Evening.

Will render “Royal Command” programs as performed before KING EDWARD
last season

We make a special rate to all High School Pupils and all teachers from any
school. Please ask for rates.

Heyn The Photographer, 313-315-317 South 15th Street
East Side of Street. Phone 481
Take Elevator

Accordion and Sunburst **Pleating**

COMPLETE GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

Tailor Made Buttons. Ruching. First-Class Dressmaking.

The Goldman Pleating Co.

Opposite Hayden Bros. over 107 South 16th Street. Telephone 1936.



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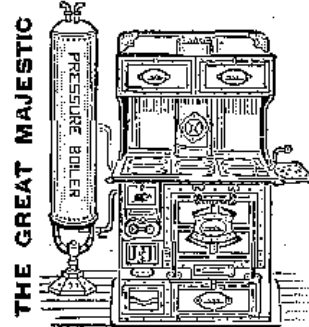
CROSSES AND CHAINS

Are worn very much these days. We are showing them in gold, gold filled
and silver. We also have a nice line of Locketts and Chains and while you are
in the store ask to see our Signet Rings. Look for the name.

S. W. LINDSAY, JEWELER. 1516 Douglas St.



THE GREAT MAJESTIC



THE GREAT MAJESTIC

Milton Rogers & Sons Co.

Radiant Home Stoves.
Cole's Hot Blast Stoves.
Quick Meal and Malleable Steel
Ranges.

THE GREAT MAJESTIC

PRICE 25c.



We have just the drawing set
wanted for Geometry and
Mechanical drawing. Price 75c.

Omaha School Supply Co.
1621 Howard Street.

Pure Milk
Properly
pasteurized

Good for Babies and
Invalids --- Better for
well people.

Waterloo Creamery Co.

1617 Howard Street, Tel. 1409

Students, Attention!

Do you know that

THE WILLIAMS STUDIO

is making a special pho-
tograph for you at \$1.50
per dozen?

Always special rates to students.

1406 Farnam St., Opposite Paxton Hotel

Shoes Shoes

Sizes up to 6.

For Big Boys and Girls

Style, Quality, Strength.

BENSON & THORNE,

1515 Douglas Street.

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C. H. FREDERICK & CO.

..HATTERS..

\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 Hats

OUTING HATS AND CAPS

1504 Farnam Street

OMAHA, NEB.

Charles R. Lee

Hardwood Lumber

Fancy Woods

Three-Ply White Basswood for
Pyrography, Etc., Etc.

901 Douglas St.

OMAHA

Hello! Central

Give Me 2283.
Hello! Is this the

Dime Pantalorium Pressing Co?

Well do you press pants for 10
cents? Yes. And Suits for 30
cents? Yes. Do you do Clean-
ing, Dyeing and Repairing?
Yes. Where at?

115 South Sixteenth St.

Up Stairs

Up-to-date Styles

Our Overcoats and Suits for young men represent the latest adaptations of the London Fashions to the requirements of American taste.

Our introduction of Half Sizes in Suits, bridges the last difference between Our Ready-made and the Tailor's Made-to-measure.

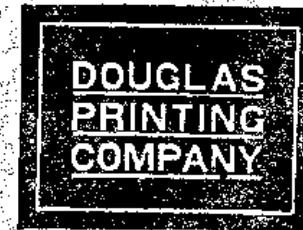
BROWNING, KING & CO.

R. S. WILCOX, Manager.

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Not the Common every day sort, but something bright and distinctive, the kind that will attract your eye and sell your goods. The kind you have been looking for.



Our facilities are unsurpassed. Best of type designs. Best of presses. Best of workmanship.

1508 HOWARD ST.

TEL. 644

WE PRINT THE REGISTER

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