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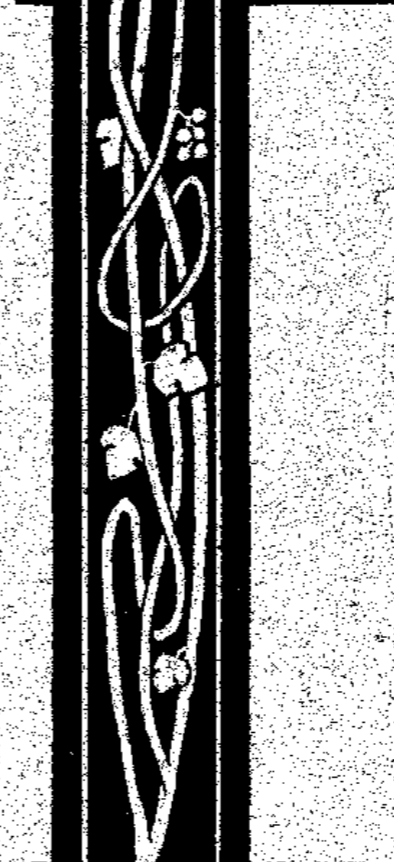
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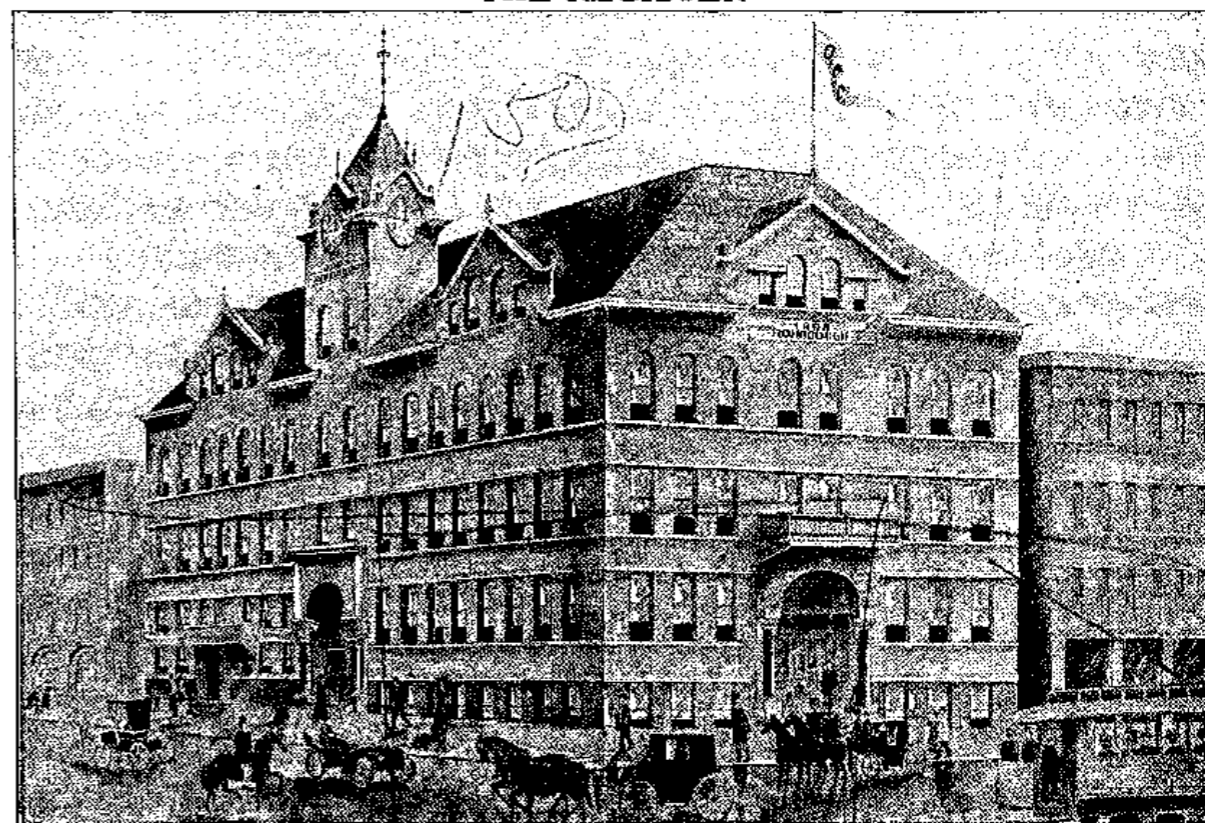
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The REGISTER

Published by the Students of the Omaha High School.

Entered at the Omaha Post Office as Second-Class Matter.

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Omaha, October, 1905.

No. 2.

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 Athletics..... Margaret Kennedy, Harry DeLamatre
 Social..... Caroline Congdon, Margaret Phillippi
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Boyles College Building

OMAHA

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The REGISTER

Vol. XX.

OMAHA, OCTOBER, 1905.

No. 2.

There Are More Ways Than One.

For once in his life, Richard Morseman felt blue. He seldom indulged in this luxury, but this was the greatest of provocations. It seemed to him the crisis of his life was at hand; for tomorrow was to be played the first football game of the season, and he—a senior at that—would be compelled to sit on the bleachers with folded hands and watch his team wrestle for victory.

"But there surely ought to be some way," he groaned to himself. "If father would only argue that football was dangerous, and not cut me off with 'That's enough, young man. I don't want you to play and that ought to settle it.' Why, father has never seen a football game." He walked along slowly, for a few moments thinking of nothing in particular, and gazing idly at the trees with their green leaves just turning to gold, outlined vividly against the early sunset. With a start, his thought returned to his father; to football and his troubles in general. "It's going to be a glorious day tomorrow for that game," he said to himself, and added, as he shut his teeth together with a snap and straightened his shoulders, "Father is going to be there to see it."

For four years the Columbus High School had held the state football championship, and tomorrow they were to meet the Willsborough eleven—one of the strongest teams in the west.

For the first time in four years, a vague uneasiness filled the hearts of the doughty eleven. They knew their limitations. It was not a question of grit or endurance. No, not for a minute, but simply a matter of size. For some unknown reason there seemed to be a dearth of large boys, which, of course, was not the fault of any of those concerned.

Richard Morseman, better known as Rick, was one of the few grand exceptions to the aforesaid statement. Standing six feet one in his stockings, and blest with a comparative amount of brawn and muscle, and a personal magnetism which at once made him a great favorite with the team, students and faculty, he was one whom the coach declared, after the first practice, to be the bulwark of the eleven, and the only one who could prevent the scarlet and gold from being dragged in the dust. The coach, by the way, seldom indulged in these flowery flights of fancy.

But Rick had been forbidden by his father to play, and being a comparatively good boy, who honored his father, intended to obey.

Saturday morning dawned bright and fair, and as Mr. Morseman was leaving the house, the wily Rick proposed walking a piece with his father. As they fell in beside each other, Rick remarked: "Fine day, dad; don't you wish it was your holiday, too?" Whereupon Mr. Morseman said he wished it was. Having gotten his father to com-

121 #5-00

mit himself, the rest was easy. "Say, father, couldn't you get off at two and come out and see the game? You know, we play Willsborough today at Boulevard Park, and we would like to have you come." At first Mr. Morseman looked surprised, and then, to Rick's everlasting joy and amazement, that it had come so easily, said: "Wouldn't mind if I did, Rick. At two-thirty? All right, I'll be there." As Rick started to return home he called to his father: "And don't forget to wear a yellow chrysanthemum, dad!"

Among the last to arrive on the bleachers was the Hon. J. B. Morseman. He wore a rather sheepish smile and a yellow chrysanthemum. He had declared to himself that he might as well die for an old sheep as a lamb, and as he was going to a game, he might as well be "game." Hence that blazing chrysanthemum. His sheepish smile quite vanished when he saw his neighbor Cowell—"that staid and steady old business man, and Crawford, too? Thought Crawford was a busy attorney whose every moment was precious. I'm not the only old fool then. There's Mrs. Crawford, too—thought she was always giving pink teas. Really, I believe it won't bore me after all; any way it's nice to be out in the clear cold air, and it pleases Rick, too." His reverie was broken by that young gentleman's voice in his ear: "Come down and meet the bunch, dad." "Ah! good afternoon, Miss Marjorie," he said a moment later to a tall, slim girl in red, whose bright, yellow hair was tucked under a little red toque, and who carried a scarlet pennant with a gold C embroidered upon it. "Howd' ye do, Tom. Hello, Harry. All out, I see." "Look Dad, they're lining up," said Rick, and in a few short sentences he tried to explain to his father, the object of the game.

From the beginning, things looked bad. The Willsborough eleven greatly outweighed the Columbus team, and what was much worse, they and their rooters wore that air of surety which was exasperating to all, and death to any rival team.

Columbus managed to hold its own though until near the close of the first half, when they began slowly to loose. Inch by inch they retreated, until when about three yards from the goal, the captain of the opposing team, seeing the weak place, sent his half-back through and scored a touch down.

There was a roar from the bleachers. Blue and white was every where. Even when they missed the kick, the yells were not diminished, for what did one more or less mean, when they already had scored five, and felt confident of more? Then the referee's whistle ended the first half.

Rick had been too intently watching the game to take much notice of his father. That gentleman's face wore that puzzled and slightly dismayed expression which people wear when they experience something new and inexplicable, but wholly delightful. He recalled with a vague fear that awful yell which *would* come out, when the touchdown was scored. "What did our team mean, I'd like to know, by letting that fellow push through and make a home run? If I'd been out there I'd have kept my eyes open. Wonder if Crawford heard that yell. Nice old fool he'd think me." "Father," said Rick, laying

his hand on his father's arm, "Coleman, the captain, is knocked out, sick when he entered the game, and they—have—sent—for me—dad." Mr. Morseman looked up into his son's pleading eyes and then into the face of the girl beside him, who, as soon as she knew she was to be taken into consideration, turned the batteries of a pair of shaded gray eyes and a dimple in the left cheek on Rick's father, and said in the most beseeching little voice imaginable, "Oh, please, Mr. Morseman." That settled it. The Hon. J. B. surrendered.

With a curt nod he turned to his son and said, gruffly, "But don't you dare disgrace me, sir." And Rick knew when his father spoke that way that he'd better not.

The team had been rubbed down and had cooled off during the intermission, and with Rick, their favorite, as their leader, felt like fighting to the bitter end.

It was soon seen, after the second half began, that Columbus had taken a decided brace and were holding their own against their rivals, even once or twice taking the ball on downs. But neither team seemed to have a decided advantage over the other, as they swayed back and forth in the middle of the field. However, the visitor's weight began at last to tell, and they hammered their way, yard by yard, through the Columbians, until the ten-yard line was reached. Here, on an unlucky fumble, Columbus got the ball, but seemed in danger of being pushed over the line for a touchback.

Every one was watching with breathless interest, when suddenly, all gave vent to their overwrought feeling in one piercing yell, which fairly made the echos ring.

To Mr. Morseman and Marjorie, the rest seemed a dream. How Rick, as though guided by his own guardian angel, carried that precious pigskin from one end of the field to the goal—as Mr. Morseman afterwards bragged, "like greased lightning, and scored a touch-down."

Touchdown! The air was full of it. And what was that Mr. Morseman heard coming from a hundred young throats about him? It was just this little word, cried ever and over again, as if from one throat alone, "Rick! Rick!"

But it never sounded so well to Mr. Morseman's ears before. Indeed, the Hon. J. B.'s smooth white waistcoat seemed in immediate danger of bursting from pride alone, as that ball sailed fairly over the bars, and the cry was trebled around him.

"Six to five in favor of Columbus." That, together with Rick Morseman's name, was on every one's lips as the hoarse and happy rooters disbanded and wended their way homeward.

"Walk slow, dad," whispered Rick to his father, as the latter was about to swing himself from the street car, "and I'll catch up with you, after I take Marjorie home."

As the father and son mounted their steps that evening together, Rick asked his father that question which had been the one little blot on his happiness since victory. "Father, do you think mother would have cared?"

Whether for the memory of his dead wife, or the excitement, or

sheer pride, Mr. Morseman took out his handkerchief and wiped his shining spectacles vigorously and said, as he laid his hand on his son's shoulder, "Rick, I know she would be proud of you, too."

O. S. HAMMOND, '07.



The Reformer.

PART I.

Miss Taylor threw down her books on the desk, in a manner which indicated that her patience was at an end.

"I'm surprised," she exclaimed, addressing the class, "that students who have had two years of French cannot do better work than this, 'It is entirely inexcusable!'"

Such speech had little or no effect upon the students of Miss Taylor's French class. In the one month that they had had her in second year French, they had become accustomed to these sudden outbreaks of impatience.

A difficult English sentence was before the class, to be translated into French. All but two students had now read their translations, only to meet with the hasty disapproval of the teacher.

"Miss Hayes," she said at last, "you may recite."

Edith Hayes was a new student in the class, having been in it but two days, but she had already proved herself a student of unusual brightness. She arose and read from her paper a sentence that had not been given before.

"Un bon roi desirant que je fusse heureux."

"No!" exclaimed Miss Taylor hotly, "It is wrong! Mr. Riley recite!"

Dick Riley arose and read from his paper the same translation that had just been given and added, "It's correct, too!"

At this sudden defiance of the teacher, she and the rest of the class were totally astonished. For a moment there was silence. Then Miss Riley said, in a commanding voice, "Richard Riley, you are excused!"

"May I explain this translation before I go?" asked Riley coolly.

"Yes, you may."

And Riley proceeded to explain the translation which he and Miss Hayes had given, leaving no doubt in Miss Taylor's mind that the translation was correct. When he had finished, Miss Taylor made an apology to the two students, and told Riley that he could remain in the class. The recitation continued in a weak and crippled manner, until both teacher and students were relieved by the ringing of the bell for the close of the period.

School was out for the day and all the students of the Rockland High School, except those who were obliged to serve a penal period known in the vernacular of that institution as the Seventh Hour, were hurrying to get away. As was his custom, Dick Riley was standing in the first floor corridor waiting for his neighbor and chum, Bob

Miles. Presently a group of girls came down the hall; they were Juniors, and were numbered with the most popular girls in that class. Among them Dick noticed Elizabeth Morrill and also the new girl whom he had already seen in his French class.

"She's a mighty pretty girl," thought Dick. "I should like to know her."

Noticing Dick, Elizabeth Morrill, one of the members of the group whom he knew well, drew her friend toward Dick.

"Hello, Dick," greeted Elizabeth in her usual happy tone, as they drew near. "I want you to meet our new class-mate, Miss Hayes." Dick expressed his extreme pleasure of acquaintance, to which Miss Hayes replied with one of her charming smiles. The group remained for a moment talking and laughing, and Bob Miles came up to them. He was also introduced to the new member of the class, and then they all departed from the building, each one in their respective directions.

"Isn't she a peach?" asked Riley, as the two boys walked down the street.

"You bet she is," replied Miles, "just came to Rockland a short time ago," continued Riley.

"But there's no hope for you, Dick"

"Why not," asked Riley.

"Schribner's already got her. I've seen her with him several times, but I reckon she'll give him the slip as soon as she finds out what he's like."

"He surely thinks he's it since he's been elected treasurer of the Athletic Club."

"Yes, I saw him showin' off that hundred and fifty in fees that he's collected for foot-ball expenses."

And so the conversation continued, until the boys separated at 29th and Monroe avenue. Dick walked on alone, his mind occupied with that new girl whom he had just had the good fortune to meet. He had now turned off from the street and was crossing a large vacant lot, when he suddenly heard somebody hail him.

"Hey there, wait a minute!"

Dick turned around and saw Jim Schribner running toward him.

"What did you do with that book of mine?" yelled Schribner in an angry voice.

"What book?" asked Riley.

"What book! you know you took my Chemistry third hour. It was lying on the table, right where you sat, in the Library."

"I don't know anything about your book."

"You're a liar!"

"Who is?"

"You are, I say!"

At this Riley struck Schribner a stinging blow in the face. Schribner returned at Riley with a twing, which was artfully dodged. The fight was now on in earnest. If Schribner had thought that he could make quick work of it, he soon was convinced of his mistake. The two clinched and were wrestling hard. At last they were down,

Riley on top. After a good bit of punishment, Schribner yielded and "took back" what he had said. But as soon as he was out of Dick's reach, he began swearing vengeance.

Dick resumed his way, the fight occupying his mind only while it was on. A small affair, like this, was no unusual occurrence with him, as he was quick in resisting any insult or wrong. As for Schribner's threats, that seemed to be the least of his troubles.

The incident of the morning in the French class, and the meeting with the new girl, on the other hand, did not leave Dick's mind so easily. She who figured so prominently in the episode of the morning, she to whom Dick had been introduced by Elizabeth Morrill, occupied his entire mind. He thought of her charming ways, with which he had as yet become only slightly acquainted. He thought of her appearance.

"But," thought Dick, "she's too good for me. If I'd behaved better than I have I might be fit to be in her company."

In reality, however, Dick Riley's behavior had not fallen below the standard; it was only his imagination that made him make this assertion.

Then a new idea struck Dick. "Wonder if I couldn't reform?" he said to himself, "I might try it, at any rate." Before he had reached home that afternoon he had planned his complete reformation. It is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Riley made remarks about Dick's unusual actions and manners that evening. Without doubt, he had turned over a new leaf.

"Hello there, old man," cried Bob Miles in his jolly voice as he met Riley the next morning on the way to school. "What are you all spruced up for,—going to have your picture taken?"

"No," answered Riley, "just thought I'd brace up and look a little neater than I have been looking."

"Had your uniform all cleaned and fixed up, eh?"

"Yes, when a fellow's been appointed first sergeant of his company, its about time he was beginning to look like a soldier."

"Oh! I see," answered Miles, ignorant of Riley's real reason for appearing so trim.

The conversation now drifted to other topics, as the two boys walked on.

"Hello there, Riley! Hello Miles! heard the latest?" The boys looked around the hall as they entered the building, and saw Tom Porter.

"No," replied Miles, "what is it?"

"The Athletic Club's money's gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed the two boys in surprise.

an' gave the key to the principal an' today the drawer was found broken open and the money gone."

Riley and Miles stood aghast.

"The money was to have been brought down to the bank today," continued Porter.

Throughout the halls and corridors that morning the robbery was the universal topic of conversation. It was discussed in all of its

A great deal of "knocking" has been done on account of that defeat by those who were not present, but any one who witnessed the game would realize that our boys put up a mightily plucky fight. Did not our team, High school boys, hold the Peru team, High school graduates, and men averaging twenty pounds more than they, down to a score of 12 to 0? Moreover, we had the ball on a seven-yard line when time was called, by a previous agreement, which cut from the half four minutes, in which time we assuredly would have scored, as Peru had weakened greatly.

And so, although the team lost this, their first big game, the players themselves are by no means discouraged, as the game showed them what they could do and what the rooters might expect of them in the future. When the day clouded up and a drizzling rain commenced the outlook looked discouraging, for nowhere would the superior weight of the Peru team have counted for more than on a wet and muddy field. For a time at the first of the game the Peruvians seemed to have everything their own way, and by fierce line-bucking plunged down the field for a touchdown. Then the results of the hard daily practice that our fellows have had showed itself, for after every scrimmage they came up unhurt and smiling while Peru had to call time repeatedly on account of injured players. And so by sheer grit and endurance the big Peruvians were held until the middle of the second half when one of their players slipped out of the pile and raced away down the field seventy yards to the goal. After that Peru weakened steadily and Omaha commenced to gain every time by line plunges, advancing the ball clear down the field to Peru's seven-yard line. There time was called because Peru was forced to get the 4 o'clock train home.

The game was very important for two reasons. It impressed all the rooters present with the fact that this year we have a team that will give a good account of itself and be worth turning out in force and rooting for. It showed the players that they could depend on each other, that they were good in both individual and team work and infused into each one of them a spirit of pride in the team and a determination to win in the future.

There was a good-sized crowd out to witness the game, regardless of the fact that the weather was miserable, and they showed their patriotism by cheering with unabated energy. This enthusiasm cheered the team greatly and they hope for as large a crowd at all the future games, as some of them will be very hard contests.

That the outcome of the Peru game might have been very different had the day been better, was shown by the easy manner in which we demolished South Omaha with the score of 44 to 0. In this game the fellows had their opportunity and showed the thousand or more spectators what could be done against a team nearer their own weight.

South Omaha did not have the necessary weight and lacked proper team work, and so, although in the first ten minutes they put up a fine, snappy sample of football, making several gains, as soon as Omaha got into working order they nearly swept the visitors off the field, making two touchdowns in quick succession. Omaha

failed to kick goal. Everything was Omaha's way in the second half, the team being so hardened and toughened by hard practice that their endurance was much better than South Omaha's. Burnett and De Lamatre made several spectacular end runs on a delayed pass play. Four of the six goals were kicked. In the last few minutes of playing several substitutes were sent in to give them practice. Against this new material South Omaha went to pieces entirely, our team advancing the ball the length of the field in two minutes of play.

The halves were twenty and twenty-five minutes in length.

The line-up was as follows:

SOUTH OMAHA.		OMAHA.	
Barclay	R. E. Howard	L. E.	
King	R. T. Paxton	L. T.	
Everett	R. G. Johnson	L. G.	
Kiddoo	C. Frederick	C.	
Wolf	L. G. Neavles	R. G.	
Dickman	L. T. Cramer	R. T.	
McCullough	L. E. Gurnett	R. E.	
Munger	O. Benson	O.	
Tennell	R. H. Burnett (C)	L. H.	
Nixon	L. H. DeLamatre	R. H.	
Cohn (C)	F. B. Hall	F. B.	

Substitutes, Koran, Owen, Whinnery, Thomas and Shields.

An attempt was made during the past month to arouse the enthusiasm and the patriotism of the school. A rebate of ten cents on three games was offered to all A. A. members if we should secure 500 members. Nearly 450 have joined, and the rebates have been given them.

Exchange.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges, but according to the policy which the Register has adopted for the present year, outlined on the Editorial page, we will refrain from making comments on the merits of these papers:

Ye Chronicle, Pomona, California.
 The Stentor, Lake Forest College, Illinois.
 Latin School Register, Boston, Massachusetts.
 The Center, Yates Center, Kansas.
 The Daily Cardinal, University of Wisconsin.
 The Daily Maroon, University of Chicago.
 The Daily Nebraskan, University of Nebraska.
 The Advocate, Lincoln High School.
 University H. S. Weekly, Chicago University.
 Orange and Black, Waterloo, Iowa.
 The Talisman, Tabor, Iowa.
 The Tatler, West Des Moines, Iowa.

Locals.

On December 20th representatives of the Omaha and West Des Moines High schools will meet in a debate to discuss the question, "Resolved, That American cities should own and operate their own street railways." Two preliminaries will be held, one to select a squad of six; the second will be to decide which three of these will represent Omaha. The debate will be held here and the local boys will do their best to retrieve the defeat of last year at the hands of Des Moines.

Miss Landis has returned from her trip abroad, where she spent the whole summer.

"Chuck" Brome, '05, is playing quarterback on the Freshman eleven at Michigan.

The Senior class is pleased to have Walter Hoffman back with them again. Hoffman was out the first month on account of a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Waldo Scott, '05, is in the employ of the Omaha Gas Company.

Fred Patterson and Alex Charlton, who attended High before being appointed to Annapolis, were in Omaha on furlough recently.

Risley Haines, '05, is enrolled at Harvard.

Addison Mould, '05, and Walter Kenner, '05, are attending the State University.

Donald Douglas, '05, and Frank Peltier, '05, are taking post graduate courses here this year.

Allan Lee, '05, has joined the Phi Psi at Lincoln.

The school wishes to express its deepest sympathy to Mrs. Atkinson, who has been out of school the past week on account of the death of her mother.

Miss Hanting, drawing teacher, suffered the loss of her father last week.

Porter Charlton, who moved to Washington, D. C., this year, is attending school at St. Lukes, Wayne, Pa.

Nominations for class editors were made last week, the election to take place sometime this week.

Cyrus Bowman, '06, is now attending school at Andover, Mass., preparatory to taking the entrance examinations at Boston Institute of Technology. Bowman intends to enter the wrestling match in the class meet this winter.

Ardery Nash, '07, left school this week. Nash will enter the High school at St. Joseph, Mo., to which city his father is obliged to move on account of business.

Joy Clark has almost entirely recovered from his sprained knee, received in a practice scrimmage recently.

Howard Blackburn, '04, is surveying for the Union Pacific in Kansas.

Everybody will be delighted to hear that examinations have been put off until November 9th and 10th. This is because of the meeting of the Iowa teachers' association, the delegates to which are in the habit of crossing the river to Omaha to examine our schools.

Organizations.

Have we something new under the sun at last? It is a serious question and one not to be too lightly considered, when we realize that the teachers have by some mischance become but co-workers in our various societies.

The peculiarity of the situation lies in the fact that although we are not to depend on them for future programmes or any material "running" of the meetings, they will be there just the same and in all probability as ready as ever to laugh and admire,—or *not* laugh and *not* admire, as the case may be. However, there is no doubt but that the plan is a good one and will promote much more independence and self-reliance in each individual member than has ever been observed before. Perhaps one of the most original programmes given this year was the initiation of the new members of the Margaret Fuller Society. This was carried out on the plan of the Witch scene in Macbeth, and with a few exceptions could hardly be distinguished from said famous scene. The witches, in all the glory of transformation, strangely resembled in appearance Rosina Mandelberg, Eleanor Jaquith and Elizabeth Charlton, who hovered mysteriously around a cauldron (borrowed for the occasion) filled with the veritable charms that would make a Freshman tremble. English notebooks, cadets buckles, cross-guns and confetti were all boiled with such ostentatious display in the wonderful cauldron that it is little wonder that the new members hastened onward after once accepting their privilege of tasting the ingredients.

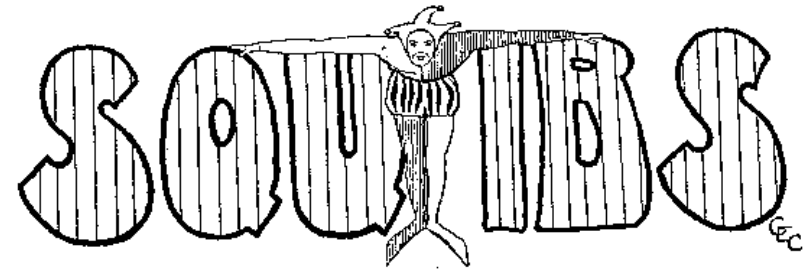
The Elaine Society held its second meeting Friday, the 6th of October. The time was given over to Parliamentary Law, and as the "Madam president," and "I move" business was entirely new to some of the girls, it was necessary to give them a few pointers. The girls were divided into five groups, each group to be permitted one teacher for consultation concerning programmes. Cards and letters have been received from various Elaine girls who are away at college. The expressions, "What jolly times we are having," and "Oh! we do have such glorious times!" are not uncommon by any means, and one venturesome young lady writes: "I am a schoolma'am now, and although I don't teach Shakespeare, I teach District Eleven of _____ county. There are at present twenty-nine Indians, half-breeds, Swedes, Danes and goodness knows what else!" The Elaine girls are ambitious, to say the least.

The Pleiades Society met for the first time October 6th, at which time the following officers were elected:

Grace Langdon, president; Lynne Malmquist, vice-president; Mona Dillon, secretary; Irene Kessler, treasurer; Beatrice Cole, editor; Marion Chapman, sergeant-at-arms.

Their first programme was given in Room 204, October 20, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Browning programme of October 20 was very entertaining and decidedly novel in some respects. A story by Harriet Mould, cruelly condemning an innocent school girl to talk in proverbs, was highly appreciated as well as the ever interesting "Oracle" which is now in the hands of Florence Riddell.



This world is old, yet likes to laugh.
New jokes are hard to find;
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind;
So if you meet some ancient joke,
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake.
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

L. E. H.

Senior Girl—"Company C has the Sweet (est) first sergeant.
Sweet Freshman Girl (to Mr. Waterhouse)—"May I be Freshman editor?"

Margaret K.—"Will you join the A. A.?"

Herbert P.—"I haven't time."

Mme. Chatelaine—"Mr. French, please do not translate 2 by 4."

H. Meyer—"I had my bracelet putted" (soldered?)

H. Clarkson (seeing picture of Mayor Moores on fire engine)—
"Oh, girls, look! The chief died and they have his picture on their wagon."

Helen Sholes (buying lunch at Courtney's)—"Yes, sir; give me a lot of kisses, I just love them."

M. Kennedy (translating French)—"And he said it to us without uttering a word."

Why can a dog tag?

Senior—"Dr. Senter got a carload of milk bottles for the Freshies."

Miss Sullivan (Greek history)—"What did Pisistratus use to make himself ruler of Athens?"

Wise Soph.—"Force."

Fresh (library)—"Any of your fellows got a pen point?"

Soph.—"You can get them two for a penny at the book room."

Fresh.—"Can you? Well, I would, but I don't like to break a nickel."

Bright Pupil (Chemistry)—"The sodium got all balled up."

Dr. Senter—"What salt do we use at home?"

M. K.—"We use R. S. V. P."

Why is Margaret like a clock? When she is wound up she can say nothing but tick, tick, tick, ticket.

Mr. Woolery—"My father believed a man should eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, and I believe so, too."

Higgins—"I bluffed out of drill the other day by faking a sore toe."

Peake—"That's what I call a low-down trick."

O. Hammond (translating)—"No more can that dagger get busy against our ribs."

"Moses rent his clothes." So did Hommel his dress suit.

Fresh—"Who's sponsor of the football team?"

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; season, 6 months \$8. 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.

WANT ADS.

Wanted—A good barber. E. E. Frick, Box 46.

Lost—A Parisian pompadur. Reward. Don Douglas.

Wanted—A Freshman girl. Apply Squib Editor.

If Maud kicked Cy three miles in three minutes, how old is Miss Brandeis?

Miss Copeland (Latin)—"I don't want any of my class to change their names."

Weidenfeldt (Latin)—"I heard the voices of the ambiguous multitude."

Definition of a Friend—"One who knows everything about you and still likes you."—Selected.

Mmc. Chatline—"I wish the class wouldn't wear such a bored expression."

B. Charlton (aside)—"I suppose since I wear a board expression I must be a block-head."

Miss K. McHugh—"Where can beauty be bought?"

Ware Hall—"At a drug store."

Mrs. Fleming (in English)—"But surely the name of Satan calls up many associations to you."

The Chambers School of Stage Arts, located in the Omaha Commercial College building, Nineteenth and Farnam streets, offers unusual advantages in the oratorical department, to High School students. The development of the speaking voice, correcting deficiencies of the same, voice control, expression, and all the essentials that go to make an efficient public speaker are thoroughly taught by John Edgar Owens, who recently came to Omaha from New York, where he was a most successful teacher, as well as in Philadelphia and Boston. Special inducements will be made to High School students to take up this very necessary branch of study.

124
\$3.00

134

Parker's "Lucky Curve" Fountain Pens

WRITING PAPER — TABLETS
156 Sheets good quality note paper 35c
Tally Cards—Luncheon Cards
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The most complete book stock in the city: Infantry drill regulations.

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

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FALL AND WINTER

Styles of Woolens now ready
for your inspection.

BOURKE, The Tailor
309 South Sixteenth Street.

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\$2.00

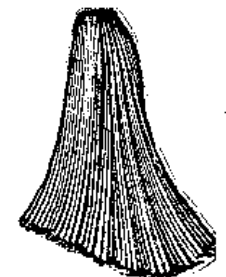
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COMPLETE GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

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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Mr. and Mrs. Chambers' private dancing class for High School students opened with an attendance of about sixty. The success of the class is assured. Join now. Tel. F1871.

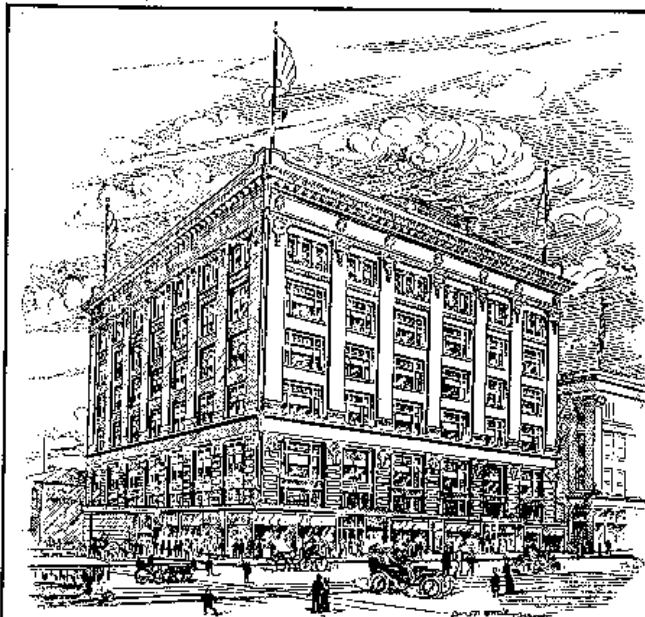
Frederica D.—“I had my locker changed to the first floor because all my stadies are down there.”

A teacher in our German class,
Said: “Ach! Ich liebe dich;
But the youth not inclined to pass,
Said: “Oh! I am sick.

In the shade with our Geometry,
Where we study that A equals B;
As for the angle and line,
We've got them down fine,
And on theorems we always agree.
We can tell when a statement's absurd,
Or can prove that Pat Crow's a bird;
As for dear Russell Sage,
We can teach him a page,
In the shade with our Geometry.

S. B. F.

Mrs. Fleming (English)—“Adam was the father of Pastoral poetry.”



We are
now in our
new Store

See our line of Felts
for Pennants.

Come in and make
yourself at home.

THOMPSON, BELDEN & CO.
Howard and 16th Streets.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

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\$3.00

G. H. FREDERICK & CO.

..HATTERS..

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

OUTING HATS AND CAPS

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Charles R. Lee

**Hardwood Lumber
Fancy Woods**

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

901 Douglas St.

OMAHA

Hello! Central

Give Me 2288.
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 Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing? Yes. Where at?

115 South Sixteenth St.

Up Stairs

#118
\$3.00

SUITS IN HALF SIZES

THIS is something wholly new in clothing. It is introduced now by BROWNING, KING & COMPANY, for the first time.

It is the last link that unites the Ready-made to the custom tailor's Made-to-measure.

You, perhaps, could never be fitted in Ready-made garments and so have been compelled to undergo the bother and annoyance of employing a tailor; not to mention the waste of time in numberless "try-ons."

It was not your fault. It was not the fault of your figure. In cutting suits in the immediate Half Sizes it means twice the number for us to carry but it means for you the exact size that you want. The New Styles in Half Sizes and in a wide variety of Patterns and Fabrics are ready. Isn't it worth your while to look into the matter?

BROWNING, KING & CO.

R. S. WILCOX, Manager.

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If you want the Best Ice Cream made in Omaha ask for

WOOD'S ICE CREAM

Manufactured from Pure Cream.

Office and Factory, 1405 Douglas Street.

Phone 1015.

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\$2.00



Reliable Jewelers.

Diamonds, Watches, Gorham Sterling Silver.

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

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\$1.00

Overcoats

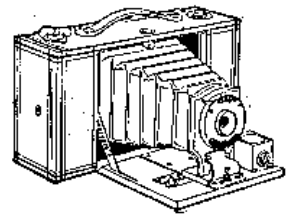
and Winter Suits out of the ordinary ready-made kind you have been buying elsewhere and at prices not as high as what you have been paying.

It will pay you to look into this before buying.

PEASE BROS. CO.

1417 Farnam Street.

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\$1.00



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Largest assortment of goods to please the amateur in Omaha. We have in stock all the latest models in Kodaks and hand Cameras.

See our new Albums—all sizes and prices. Our Finishing Department is the most complete and best in the west. All work delivered promptly.

"THE SIGN OF THE KODAK."

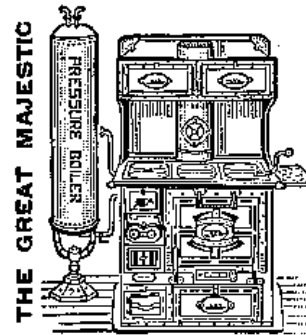
THE ROBERT DEMPSTER CO.

1215 Farnam Street. Telephone 1275.

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

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GOLD BRACELETS

Wire bands with and without joints, in 14k gold—also in Gold filled and silver. Any one of these would make a nice birthday gift. When you are in our store spend a few minutes in our cut glass room. Look for the name.

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



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\$1.00

We Carry the University Note Book Rings
They are far better than Shoe Strings.

This drawing set for Geometry and Mechanical drawing costs only 75 cents.

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

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

The Pantorium

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Garbed in a Stylish Suit or Overcoat for Young Men of Taste **\$10**

If you have a sense of style or a liking for good clothes, you can't help but respond to our showing of Suits and Overcoats, which we are sure will please the most exacting demands. Making clothes is ranked as an "Industry." But half a dozen American tailoring houses have elevated it to the pinnacle of high art. All their workmen are graduates of good custom tailoring establishments, who are the "princes" of their profession. These high class garments are the ones we call your special attention to at \$10.

NEBRASKA CLOTHING CO. On Farnam at 15th St.



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GLOBE OPTICAL CO. Next door to People's Store.

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The only bank in Omaha exclusively for Savings.

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

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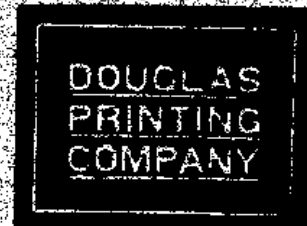
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