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NOVEMBER
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The REGISTER

Vol. XX.

OMAHA, NOVEMBER, 1905.

No. 3.

Yale vs. Vassar.

It was the close of Thanksgiving day. A most beautiful and fitting close to an ideal late fall day. The air was cool and crisp and the few trees in the nearby hills stood as solitary sentinels outlined against the faint red with which the sun, departing, had tinged the dull November sky.

Nevertheless, as Ruth Sherman, sitting idly by her western window, contemplated the world without she saw no beauty in it. The frown upon her usually bright face scarcely betokened the frame of mind befitting to the day. Yale—the very name was hateful to her—had that day defeated Harvard—beloved Harvard, on the gridiron. Her own brother had played fullback for Harvard, and she was not at all ashamed of his play. No, nor the play of any of the Harvard boys, for it had been a hard fought struggle and a close one, but—why were the fates against them?

Ruth turned from the window with a deep sigh of discontent; unconsciously her eyes fell upon a large Gibson poster, so placed upon her well-covered wall that her gratefire cast its flickering light upon it. She crossed the room and dropped wearily into a large Morris chair drawn up near the low fire, and contemplated the poster more closely. It was entitled "Yale vs. Vassar," and pictured a football game between elevens of those two colleges. The look of utter despair and hopelessness on the face of the holder of the ball—a Yale man who was apparently running at top speed for Vassar's goal—was easily accounted for when one saw the three powerful Vassar girls who were swiftly bearing down upon him. Being herself a Vassar girl the picture appealed especially to her. Oh, if we girls only *could* play! We'd show Yale a few things. I really believe we could beat them—they are heavy, very heavy, and I know their line is almost impassable, but then they are slow." Soliloquizing thus she leaned back and closed her eyes.

For a few moments she reclined in this manner, when suddenly her surroundings became strangely different. She found herself on the Yale gridiron at New Haven, where she had witnessed Harvard's defeat that day—or was it only that day? She did not seem able to remember clearly.

Strange to relate, she seemed to be lining up with ten of her college mates preparatory to a football game. All the girls wore the regulation football togs, with large V's on their gray sweaters. Their opponents were masculine and their blue sweaters and white Y's proclaimed them to be "sons of Eli."

It was in truth a football game between Vassar and Yale. Since Vassar had won the toss up they held the ball. Slowly, foot by foot, they advanced it toward Yale's goal, but Yale's defense seemed almost impregnable to Vassar's valiant assaults.

At last they struggled to within fifteen yards of the goal. Ruth, playing center, held the ball firmly in her hands; Lorraine Mitchell, the Vassar quarter, and Ruth's room mate, and accordingly best friend, gave her signal in firm tones, Ruth sent the ball back straight and true to the left half, who, by a single superb hurdle, carried it five yards. Again the lines crouched and again the signal was given, and the ball was sent back. This time, after a short struggle, Vassar was penalized the five yards she had just gained, for—scratching. Again the lines were merged together in a confused mass, around the end of which a single player plunged. It was Vassar's right half and holding the pigskin safely in her arms she swiftly made her way over the remaining fifteen yards, and carried the ball over the line and back of the goal. She had made a touchdown on a delayed pass, and sitting contentedly on the ground, she recoiled her fallen hair.

The wearers of blue in the bleachers looked melancholy, indeed, though they brightened a barely perceptible degree when Vassar missed goal. Shortly after this Vassar lost the ball on a fumble—the holder having dropped a side comb had, necessarily, to drop the ball in order to replace the comb. Yale gained nothing in the remainder of the half and the score stood 5-0 in Vassar's favor.

When the second half was called Yale went back to the field fully determined to show "those Vassar girls how they really could play. Beaten by girls? Well, not if they knew it!" And at the beginning of the second half the god of battle did seem to favor Yale, for they scored a touchdown by a fine series of line bucking and end runs, broken only by two calls for "time out;" one that a Vassar player might recover several lost hairpins, the other that one might wash an especially large streak of dirt from her pretty face. Then, could it have been that, for the first time in the game the calm presence of the tall blonde Vassar captain, who stood quietly by watching him, while she rearranged her much disordered locks, somewhat disconcerted him? At all events, the mighty left guard of Yale's team missed goal, as had Vassar's right tackle in the previous half, and the bulletin board read 5-5.

It almost seemed to the Vassar adherents that Yale would score another touchdown when, on Vassar's twenty-yard line, the ball was fumbled—Yale's man not being able to admire the graceful play of the Vassar girl at his side and guard against it at the same time. Yale's right end dived toward the pigskin as it bounded away from the mass of struggling players from which, unlike the struggles of ordinary games, screams frequently issued; but, if Yale's team was the heavier and had the more invulnerable and stalwart defence, Vassar was by far the quicker and Vassar's fullback, Helen Lee, had the ball tucked under her arm before the end realized it. Ruth ably threw herself at him and succeeded in knocking him to the ground with much force. Then, quickly recovering herself, she gained the side of the fullback, and together they sped down the field. Pounding behind them came Yale's right end, undaunted by his sudden contact with the hard earth; before them Yale's quarter back waited calmly. Onward

they went, Ruth now in advance a little, till they had but thirty more yards to gain.

"Watch out for the one behind," panted Ruth, as she hurled herself upon the quarter back. Together they went down and the fight was left to Yales' end and Vassar's fullback.

Helen's feet were leaden, and the white lines seemed miles apart. The labored breathing of the end close behind her urged her on; he was drawing nearer; she felt his hand trying to gain a hold on her slippery canvas back. In another moment Yale's end had a firm hold, but it was too late, for Helen had plunged over the last white line with the ball and added five points to Vassar's score; they then kicked goal and the score stood: Yale 5, Vassar 11. Just then the referee's whistle sounded, or was it the referee's whistle? She started up—and awoke. Her brother stood in her doorway whistling to her.

The game had been but a dream, a very clear and vivid one, and one which, the Thanksgiving vacation over and Ruth once more at Vassar, greatly amused her college mates.

MARGARET KENNEDY, '07.

The Autumn Painter.

On a clear October day,
 Jack Frost came on his way,
 And with his brush so free,
 Touched every shrub and tree,
 Changing their summer's green
 To Autumn's golden glory!
 Each hillside was aflame,—
 All because this painter came,
 With scarlet and with gold,
 With colors bright and bold,
 To change the landscape o'er
 To one of crimson glory!
 Oh, who would wish to be,
 In tropic or on sea,
 When Jack Frost comes his way
 On some clear October day,
 To change the landscape o'er,
 To one of endless glory!

| | |
|----------------|------------------|
| As for me | Than on the sea. |
| I'd rather be, | And far rather |
| On the land | In the zone |

Jack Frost doth call his own,
 Than in a land
 Or in a clime
 Which never knows Jack Rime,
 Or painter such as he.

HELEN DAVIDSON, '09.

The Reformer.

(Editor's Note.—Through a typographical error in the foregoing number of this article a line was left out on the lower part of page 12. The paragraph should have read as follows:

"Yes, Schribner locked it up in the office desk last night an' gave the key to the principal an' today the drawer was found broken open and the money gone."

PART II.

It was with the utmost astonishment that Riley entered the principal's office at the latter's summons, to behold an officer in uniform. Dick was told that the canvas bag, which had contained the stolen money, was found in his locker, and that he was under arrest on charge of robbery. Dick declared that it must have been a mistake and attempted to convince the two men of his innocence. He finally submitted to arrest, however, comforting himself with the sense of his innocence.

The news of the arrest of Riley spread rapidly through the school. No incident of such a serious and mysterious nature had ever occurred in the previous history of the school, and the report of this occurrence brought amazement to the eyes of every student. It was absolutely absurd, thought the majority, that a boy with as clean a record as Riley's should be suspected of such a crime. It was all a mistake, they said, and all would come out right in the end.

Riley was released on a \$300 bond, which was furnished by his father, to appear in court the next day to answer this serious charge. Mr. Riley employed a well known attorney to defend his son in the case. The time for the trial came and many of Dick's friends attended to show Dick that they had not deserted him. The usual routine of the court was followed, the witnesses summoned in this case had been thoroughly examined and the judge released Riley for lack of sufficient evidence to convict him.

He was welcomed back to school the next day by most of his old friends, who were strong in the conviction that Riley, with his good bringing up and his former good record, was innocent. The mourning of the school over the loss of the money necessary to start the football team was suddenly and unexpectedly brought to an end by Mr. Riley's supplying the Athletic club with \$150.00; not that he suspected that his son was guilty, but because he wished to see the football schedule carried out. He further offered \$100.00 reward for the arrest and conviction of the culprit.

As a result of Mr. Riley's liberal action almost all traces of suspicion against Dick were lost. Only a few still continued to suspect Dick's connection with the theft, and most of these were intimate friends of Jim Schribner, one of whom was Edith Hayes—the one person in the number whom Dick would have suspicion him the least.

The warm acquaintance which had sprung up between Edith Hayes and Dick Riley now assumed a cool aspect. She ceased to speak to him in her usual pleasant manner when they passed each other in the halls and corridors. She avoided speaking to him at all

when it was possible, and when it was not it was in a decidedly formal manner. When the girls with whom she chanced to be stopped to chat with Riley and his friends, she took no part in the socialities. He had a consciousness that this coolness on the part of Edith was due to her intimacy with Schribner, who he felt was the only person in the school with whom he had any differences. And he thought none the less of Edith for her association with Schribner, as Jim was outwardly as respectable a boy as there was in the High school. He had charming ways and manners which attracted the eye, and it was only through an extended acquaintance with him that one could detect the dishonest and deceitful side of his character. Indeed, thought Dick, Edith was to be admired the more for the stand which she took, as she was acting according to her strong conviction, for which conviction she was not to be blamed, as she was yet unacquainted with the dark side of Schribner's character.

Conscious as he was of Edith Hayes' suspicions, Riley was more eager than ever of carrying out his intentions of reform. He was careful in his selection of associates and what he said to them; he was unusually attentive in his classes; in the study room he ceased to join his neighbors in the slightest frivolity; in the library there was one less to make that period such that study was impossible, for at the end of one of the tables sat an industrious and orderly student who had formerly taken a prominent part in the antics of his neighbors. On the streets and in other public places, Dick was always to be seen with only the best of company, and he carried himself in an upright gentlemanly manner.

The weeks had passed rapidly away and it was now mid-winter, and the theft of the athletic fund was almost forgotten. Edith Hayes was continually being confronted by the evidences of Riley's increasing superiority over his fellows, and she felt an inward longing to renew her former friendship with him. But as long as he had not cleared himself of all suspicion her conscience would not permit her to associate with one whom she suspected.

It was the night of the Junior Prom, and the large assembly hall, with its brilliant lights and decorations of red and white was a scene of pleasure and merry making. Among the various groups of boys and girls who stood around talking and laughing prior to the commencement of the program was one in which Edith Hayes seemed to be the leading spirit. Dick Riley approached the group, greeted the members and began talking and joking in his usual jolly manner. Presently he excused himself and approached Edith, who had withdrawn when she had noticed him coming toward the group.

"May I have a number on your program this evening, Miss Hayes?" he asked, politely.

"No, Mr. Riley," she replied, coldly, at the same time walking away.

Such a refusal took Dick wholly by surprise. He stood for a moment wrapped in astonishment, and then walked aimlessly away. That evening, which seemed a lifetime to Dick, finally came to an end, giving him relief from what had been torture to him.

"Well, after all," thought Dick, when he was alone, "I guess my reform hasn't been a success."

The winter and spring months had come and gone, and the only interest outside of the school work had been centered in the preparation by the school athletes for the Field day events, which were about to come off. It was the latter part of May, the day was perfect; the grandstand at the Athletic Park of Rockland was crowded with the High school students and teachers and hundreds of other enthusiasts. Out on the track were the judges and the athletes of the school, among whom were Riley and Scribner, who were soon to enter upon a contest for the all-around championship of the school. Presently the noise in the grandstand ceased, as the entries for the first number walked toward the starting line for the hundred and fifty-yard dash. After several unsuccessful starts the boys were off. The voices in the grandstand were silent for a few seconds of suspense, then loud cheers for Riley broke out as he came in first, with Scribner just behind him. Then followed a three-hundred-yard dash, hurdle races, half mile and mile runs, jumping and all the other features of an athletic meet. Throughout the contest Riley and Scribner kept the lead, alternating from time to time in the highest number of points.

At last it was time for the last of the events, pole vaulting. The crowds were cheering for Riley, a few for Scribner. On Riley's face was the look of self-confidence, on Scribner's the expression of nervousness. He must win this event or lose, as he was but two points ahead of Riley. If it were any other person but Riley he would have felt less anxious to win. The pole vaulting started, Scribner taking the lead. He was followed by a new man, whose name did not appear on the score card. It was George Conway, a colleague of Scribner. Then came Riley, then a number of others, who soon dropped out, leaving but three in the contest. Finally Scribner was forced to drop out, a smile coming to the faces of the spectators. His only hope now was that the new man would win. The bar was being steadily raised and the vaulting continued. Riley scanned the sea of faces in the grandstand, his eyes meeting those of Edith Hayes; he determined to win. But, alas, he took the bar with him as he made his last effort to clear it. It was all over now; it only remained for the judges to formally announce the results.

The judges stood talking seriously, the crowd in the grandstand not being able to make out the subject of the discussion. Suddenly Scribner began talking vehemently to the judges and the others that were with them, including a number of the other contestants, in a manner that indicated that he was much worked up. Then it ceased, more discussion by the judges, then a look of disappointment in the faces of Riley's friends, who were with him. One of the judges then faced the anxious crowd and announced that by right Richard Riley had won first place, as George Conway, who had won the pole vaulting match, was not officially registered, and hence could not be counted. "This, however, was denied by James Scribner," continued the judge, "and rather than think that he had unfairly won the championship, Richard Riley has given Scribner the benefit of the doubt."

A look of disappointment came to the faces of everyone, then in one voice they cheered for Riley.

Edith Hayes sat in her room that afternoon after her return from the Athletic park. There was a look of dismay, even traces of despair, as she sat gazing out on the fading day. She had seen the dark side of James Scribner's character; she had seen the climax in Dick's evidence of his superiority over the fellows. She had seen him make a sacrifice which she knew few boys would ever make. "I wonder," she thought, "if he really stole that money. I wish that I knew."

(To be Continued.)

Ode to 103.

Every day at period five,
Look down the hall and see
A weary train of Seniors bound
For Room 103.

Some look back with longing eyes
To loathed chemistry,
For where would they not rather be
Than in 103.

They come, I say, with down cast air,
And with all their Virgili,
They come with scansion all writ out,
To Room 103.

She smiling meets them at the door;
Don't ask me "Who is *She*?"
For hope is all abandoned there,
At Room 103.

They enter in, they seat themselves,
It's *worse* than history;
It's perfectly appalling down
In Room 103.

And then Ruth H. recounts the myths,
And Ware translates, Ah me!
I next in prose a sentence write,
In Room 103.

Our dear Riddell constructions states,
Ah! would that all of we
Were as brilliant as some people are
In Room 103.

Then Gret gets up to give review,
 She hesitates—a plea
 For help—but ah! 'tis useless
 In Room 103.

We all derive, scan, and construe,
 Translate, in misery;
 There's something wrong with that old bell
 Down in 103.

When finally the bell does ring
 These Seniors jump and flee
 From all the awful torture of
 Fifth hour in 1-0-3.

EDITH SANBORN, '06.

"Shylock the Martyr."

In the brilliant Elizabethan age, in the age that stands forth as a morning star in the fading darkness, there sprung from this humble "Mother Earth" a man who has raised English literature to a height that has since not been reached by a mortal being. This great man is William Shakespeare. A nobler and more broad-minded man did not exist in the sixteenth century. In fact, mother Earth yielded her treasure too early and to a people who could not appreciate its value. Shakespeare, unlike his contemporaries, was ahead of his times. He was broad-minded, and not prejudiced against the Jews. The Jews at this time were treated with contempt and harshness by all Christians. They were the butt of ridicule. Even the great literary men made the Jews the clowns of their plays. Marlowe, from whom Shakespeare is said to have received many suggestions for his "Merchant of Venice," has followed the example of his contemporaries. The villain of his play entitled "The Jew of Malta," is a Hebrew, Barabas by name. This Jew is a most inhuman and unnatural wretch, devoid of every dram of mercy, whose chief object in life is to kill and to revenge. He is the very opposite of Shakespeare's dignified Hebrew in "The Merchant of Venice," although Shakespeare has made Shylock the shadow of the play and the dark cloud that threatens mirth and sunshine, yet he has endowed him with many noble characteristics and has made him the martyr of a persecuted race, rather than a callous-hearted villain. Each vice goes hand in hand with a virtue, thus making Shylock more human than is the Jew of Malta.

Shylock is a type of national suffering, national sympathies and national antipathies. He is the object of bitter insult and scorn to those about him; he is surrounded by enemies whom he is at once too proud to conciliate and too weak to oppose. He can have no associations among them except those of money. He has no hold on them except interest; no feelings toward them but hatred; no indemnity toward them but revenge. What wonder that the elements of na-

tional greatness became congealed and petrified into malice? The desire of revenge is almost inseparable from the sense of wrong, and we cannot keep from sympathizing with the proud spirit hid beneath his "Jewish gaberdine," and stung to madness by accumulating injuries. With these strong national traits are interwoven personal traits equally strong. Thoroughly and intensely Jewish he is not more of a Jew than he is a Shylock. In his icy intellectuality, and his tenacity of purpose, with an outburst now and then of sarcastic humor, we see the remains of a great and noble nature.

What can place him on a higher pedestal than his great and intense love for his daughter? His desire for revenge, his malice and his greediness all fade from our minds as we look upon this anxious and generous father. He is alone in the world and Jessica is the only one upon whom he can lavish his love. He supplies her wants. She has money to give away, and is very extravagant with it. Furthermore, Shylock tries to guard the "sunbeam of his cloudy life" from evil and insult. For this reason he forbids her to associate with the Christians, or even to look out of the window as the licentious masqueraders pass his domicile. How deep and heart-rending is his grief and anxiety to find she has deserted him and betrayed his trust in her! She has deliberately stolen his ducats, and the ring which his cherished wife had given him, and with which he would not part for a "wilderness of monkeys." She has committed this deed for a despised Christian and Shylock can not feel assured he will marry her. No wonder that he utters those bitter words so full of pathos, "I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ears; would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!" Shylock's affection for his daughter will rise still higher in our estimation if we compare it with that of the Jew of Malta.

This Jew is willing to expose his daughter to insults from Christians and to make her a coquette just to satisfy his revenge. When he has brought about the slaughter of her Christian lovers and she has deserted him to become a nun, his love for her ends. He now contrives to murder her in order that she may not reveal his crime. This he accomplishes by poisoning all the nuns. How horrible are these words which he utters on being asked if he is not sorrowful for his daughter's death:

"No, but I grieve because she lived so long,
 An Hebrew born and would become a Christian."

Barabas has a national propensity to evil; crimes are his delight, while Shylock shows no tendency to evil until he has been led to it by Christians. Even after he has decided upon holding Antonio to the terrible flesh bond he relents. He has to remind himself continually that he has taken an oath which, if broken, will lay perjury upon his soul. How grand and lofty is he in the jailer scene, where his feeling of mercy and his desire for revenge wage battle. What agonizing tortures he undergoes until he finally tears himself away with these words, "I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond."

Unlike Marlowe's cringing and hypocritical Jew, Shylock never lowers his dignity. His personal as well as his racial pride predomi-

nates throughout the play. Shylock says the finest things in the play and has an advantage in argument throughout. If the notion of revenge be justifiable, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," he has all the odds against his adversaries. How small they seem beside him. How he rises above them in his plea for the Jews. "Hath not a Jew eyes, hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as the Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew what should his suffrance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach us we will execute, and it shall go hard but will better the instruction."

The pathos of this speech is immeasurable, and there is no doubt but that Shakespeare wished to teach the Christians a moral by this very plea. He has pictured a character essentially human with a mixture of good and bad qualities, the latter due to a series of injuries and wrongs.

JENNIE ANDREERN, '06.



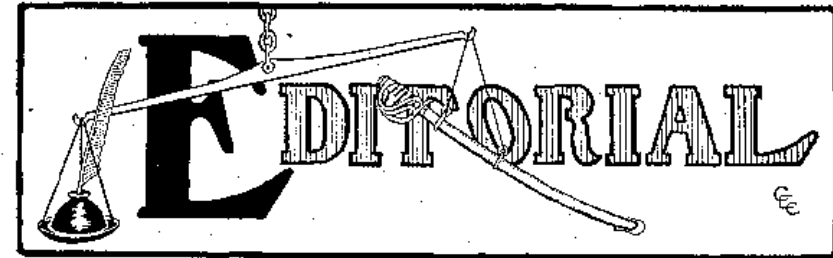
On next Saturday, December 1st, Miss Anna McCague and Miss Rosina Mandelberg will entertain the Margaret Fuller society progressively at their homes. Each guest is invited to bring her pet horror.

Miss Florence McHugh gave a small tea on Friday, November 10th, at her home, for the Sophomore girls and officers of the Browning society. Among the different "stunts" of the afternoon was the writing of original poems, by the guests, about the different girls present. Later in the afternoon dainty refreshments were served.

The Senior Prom will be given on December 29th at Chambers' academy. Preparations are now being made and the committee will assure the school of a very enjoyable evening. Tickets may be obtained from Mr. French, Mr. Potter and Mr. Koch.

Saturday, November 18th, Miss Ruth Harding gave a dinner and an all-night party to a few of her girl friends.

On October 21st Gertrude Schermorhorn gave a house party to a number of Senior girls. An elaborate dinner was served in the evening.



Every newspaper, whatever its scope and circulation, must reflect as in a mirror the tastes and prejudices, the joys and triumphs of the class which contributes to its support. In the

Contributions High school paper there is to be found the key to the literary standard of the school, the reflection of its feeling on representative topics; the voice of its hopes and aspirations. By its paper more than by its athletic prowess, a High school stands or falls with other High schools and with the public. As every individual member of the High school wishes to be judged by a standard equal to that of the best, so the collective body of High school students demands that THE REGISTER shall present to the public a standard commensurate with its ideals.

To attain and preserve such a standard the help of every student and teacher is solicited. If a teacher, will you not recommend to THE REGISTER the interesting bits of description, good stories or bright paragraphs on opportune topics which are written in your classes? Will you not encourage able pupils to write on themes suitable for publication in THE REGISTER.

If a pupil, you can help us by writing yourself, and by reporting to the staff squibs and news items which appeal to a sufficient number of readers.

Our readers wish stories that are bright, fresh and entertaining, but not trivial; essays that will give interesting information without being a bore; write-ups that are original and enthusiastic.

With your co-operation along these lines the staff will succeed in making THE REGISTER what it should be, a paper that is representative, true to the ideals of the O. H. S., and that is attractive to the public.

We have now had our first set of tests of the year, and immediately begin to prepare for the next ones. No matter how many examinations we have there are still more coming. Judging from the complaints heard in the halls and class rooms at the time of the tests, they were harder than ever before. But, on the other hand, the teachers claim they were unusually easy. It depends upon one's point of view.

Organizations.

The programmes of the High School societies this month have been unusually successful and clever. A lively interest has been shown by everyone at these entertainments and naturally, enthusiasm adds spice to every good thing. The Margaret Fuller girls gave a Japanese programme in the gymnasium Friday, in which the performers were dressed in Japanese costume. Pillows and rugs were arranged with Oriental affect and Japanese incense was burned. Miss Valentine sent them a most beautifully carved gavel from Georgia. Sometime in December Rosina Mandelberg and Anna McCague will entertain the society.

The Latin society was organized some time ago, but as the result of the elections have not before been published in the Register, it seems that all are not posted in this respect. The officers are as follows: Bret McCollough, President; Grace McBride, Vice President; Ruth Byers, Secretary; Ralph Sweeley, Treasurer; Carrie Harding, Sergeant-at-Arms; George Weidenfeldt, Reporter. A committee was appointed to see about future programmes. Those already given have been "The Value of the Study Latin," and "Roma Antigna."

The Browning society last Friday afternoon gave a delightful programme on "High School Life." A number particularly enjoyed was Gretchen Emery's vocal solo. Harry Koch played the violin accompaniment. The Oracle was made doubly interesting by articles written by Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Woolery.

The Priscilla Alden society has held four very interesting programmes this year, two on our "Early Colonies," "Hallowe'en" and "Thomas Nelson Page." November 29 an open programme will be held in Room 204. Beginning with November a society paper is written, to be read once a month.

At the first business meeting these officers were elected: Louise Northrup, President; Mary McCague, Vice President; Bess Townsend, Secretary; Grace Thompson, Treasurer, and Grace McBride, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Elaine society held a meeting in which Parliamentary Law was practised and the rest of the time devoted to business matters. Letters from Adelaide Clark and Mary Schermerhorn (Elaine girls at Wellesley) told of the good times they were having and gave splendid suggestions for hazing Freshmen Elaine girls. We feel that if the unhappy culprits come through alive after they have once tasted the joys of an initiation they will be indeed worthy members of their society.

The Hawthorne girls had a very good programme on Latin drama on November 17. A short selection from "Phormio," acts 1 and 2, scene 3, was enacted by Ruth Waterhouse, Sarah Shearer, Salome Shiwertley, Eva Murphy and Alice Connor.

The Lincoln society, on Friday afternoon, held one of the most successful meetings in its entire history. "The proceedings were carried on in a most dignified manner," as one critic remarked, which is

a great recommendation to the members. A debate on the question, "Resolved, That the numerical system be used in registering grades in the local High School," was very satisfactorily carried out.

The Demosthenian Debating society held a meeting to dispose of matters of business. The constitution was revised and after considerable discussion adopted.

At the Webster society a debate was held on the question; "Resolved, That military drill should be taught in the public schools of America." Affirmative, William Randall; negative, Isaac Levy. Before this a short business meeting was held.

The German society met for the first time this year on Wednesday, November 22nd. The following programme was delightfully rendered by the pupils of Miss Bowen's class: Song by chorus, Heidenroslein; recitation, Kaferlied, by Florence Riddell; dialogue, Kind and Bachlein, Etta Larson and Bertha Sille; story, Die Zahlen, Bertha Brown and a scene from "Minna von Barnhelm, by Henry Monsky, Albert Elsasser and Clarence Dahlquist, which was very good. The chorus added a finishing touch by the song, "Gute Nacht."

The programme was interrupted by the election of officers for the ensuing year, who are: President, Fred Hoffman; Vice President, Coralie Meyer; Secretary, Blanche Grotte; Treasurer, Allan Davidson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Hyman Sugarman and Helen Rossen. A great deal is expected from this society this year.

The usual interesting meeting of the Lininger Travel club was held November 17. The following enjoyable programme was rendered: First came a humorous recitation, "A Thanksgiving Dream," by Margaret Titus; next came a very interesting original ghost story by Mae Greene; third, a recitation, "The Boy is Coming Home," by Rose Goldstein; next a reading, "Freely Give," by Helen Cook, and last of all came the L. T. C. Thanksgiving dinner in the form of a question contest. The meeting was highly enjoyed by all present.

Locals.

On December 15, Herbert Potter, Glenn Wallerstedt and John Latenser, representing our High school, will meet representatives of the West Des Moines High school to debate the following question: "Resolved, That American cities should own and operate their own street railways." The debate this year will be held in Omaha, and Omaha will defend the negative while Des Moines will try to prove that the affirmative is the better. Last year our team was defeated by Des Moines, which is unusually strong owing to the fact that two members of the team are on it again this year.

The preliminary debate was held Wednesday, November 15. The judges chose the three mentioned above as the team and Carol Belden and Harold Thom as alternates. Very little interest was manifested in the preliminary debate. At the opening of the debate 204 was quite well filled, but during the course of the debate a great

many left the room, and when the decision of the judges was read there were not 150 people in the room to hear it. When we consider the fact that there are over 1,500 pupils in the High school, it seems a shame that there are not 150 people who take enough interest in the school to spare a few moments to listen to the preliminary debate. Last year, in Des Moines, over 1,200 listened to the debate. This just covered the expenses to the debate. So let us all go to the debate on December 15, even if we did not attend the preliminary debate. The 15th comes on Friday and the debate will be held in the evening, and all can spare the time. Remember, the Omaha boys need your support and the management needs your money.

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Herbert French.

On Monday, November 6, the Senior class held its first meeting of the year. And, of course, owing to the fact that the election of officers took place at this meeting, it is the most important meeting of the year. Greatly to the satisfaction of all, the following officers were elected: President, Herbert French; Vice President, Marian Cochran; Secretary, Laura Waterman; Treasurer, Walter Hoffman; Sergeant-at-arms, Margaret Philippi and Joy Clark; Class Teacher, Miss Kate McHugh.

Not to be outdone by the Seniors, the class of '07 was organized, November 13, and after a close fight and a great deal of delay owing to the fact that several votes had to be recast because of an attempt on the part of some to "pad" the ballot box, the following were chosen as class officers for the Junior year: President, Harry Ryan; Vice President, Ruth McBride; Secretary, Eleanor Jacquith; Treasurer, Jo Barton; Sergeants-at-arms, Bess Gould and Harry De Lamatre.

On Wednesday, November 22, the stockholders of the Register Stock company met and elected the following class editors for the Register: Seniors, Elbert Burnett and Edith Sanborn; Juniors,

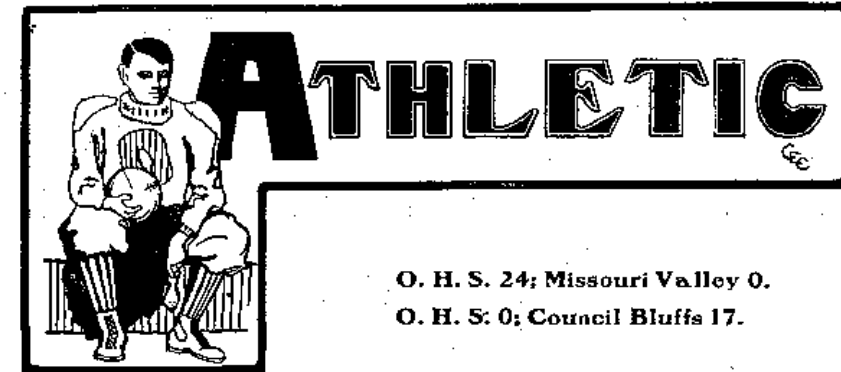
George Graham and Alice McCullough (they being the only ones nominated); Sophomores, John Woodworth and Caroline Harding; Freshmen, Phillip Lehmer and Uarda Scott.

The following alumnae are taking training in the city schools of Omaha: Clare Van Orman, '03; Edna and Eloise Hillis, '04; Nell Guild, '04; Marian Funkhouser, Bessie Field and Clare Gratton, '05.

A. S. Pearse, former head of zoology and botany at High, is studying for a degree at Harvard.

Dick Patterson, '05, is attending the State University.

Charles Byrne, '05, is taking an engineering course at the University of Pennsylvania.



O. H. S. 24; Missouri Valley 0.
O. H. S. 0; Council Bluffs 17.

Saturday, November 11, our eleven met and defeated the Missouri Valley High school team by a score of 24 to 0. If Missouri Valley had not so often called "time out" our score would probably been greater. At the outset we found two graduates were playing on the team and the team was greatly depending on them. However, they were immediately rejected by us.

When the game commenced we held the ball and carried it rapidly toward Missouri Valley's goal. Benson and Hall did especially good work here in gains and tackling and Cramer made our first touchdown. We kicked goal, and the score stood 6-0 till second half. Burnett, who had not played the first half went in the second and made three touchdowns; the first two by his delayed pass. The third was rather unusual. Delamatre got the ball on the kick-off and carried it about thirty yards, recovering himself twice after being thrown. He fell a third time and lost the ball. Burnett picked it up and aided by the excellent interference of our team, carried it over the goal line.

The next Saturday we played Council Bluffs at Manawa Park. The odds were greatly against us in weight and in condition, and we were defeated, 17-0.

In the second half Burnett successfully worked the delayed pass and with a clean field, would surely have made a touchdown had not a

Council Bluffs sympathizer crossed the field in front of him and tripped him. *Perhaps* it was accidental. Throughout all the game our team fought pluckily and did good work, especially in tackling.

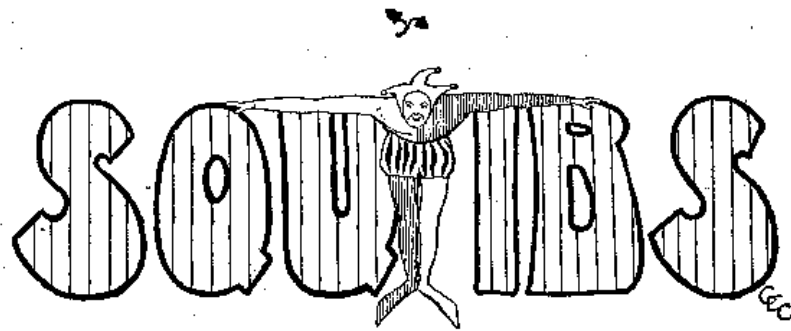
Basket ball practice has begun again. The prospects for this year are exceedingly good. It is true that three of the last year's team have gone, but there is material to make one of the best, or the best, team that the O. H. S. has ever had. On account of football there are several men who cannot begin practice until the football season is over; but as most of them are old players, it will not take long for them to get in good form.

The boys are practicing hard under Captain Ed Hall, and expect to do some fine work. They were champions of Nebraska and Iowa last year, and they do not intend to lower their record.

Those who have thus far given in their names as candidates for the team are A. Potter, B. McCulloch, C. Neville, E. Burnett, E. Clark, E. Burkett, F. Hoel, H. DeLamatre, H. Paxton, J. Clark, J. Philips, J. Webster, J. Latenser, R. Koran, T. McKell, V. McCormack and W. Thomas. Any others who wish to try for the team see Edward Hall.

On the night of November 12th the O. H. S. basket ball team defeated the Boyle's college team by a score of 31 to 13. Boyles' team has been organized some time, while it was just a practice game for our team in order to try out some of the candidates. The line up for the O. H. S. was:

First Half—J. Clark, center; E. Clark, guard; W. Thomas, guard; A. Potter, forward; E. Hall, forward. Second Half—E. Clark, center; J. Webster, guard; W. Thomas, guard; J. Clark, forward; E. Hall, forward.



Miss K. McHugh—"Who can prophesy for the future?"
"Rox" Pollard—"The weather man."

M. E. (Reviews)—The noun lips is concrete because you can touch them.

Ritchie C.—"No free black slaves were allowed in Missouri."

Miss Copeland (Latin)—"Any boy who copies a girl's prose paper will make his wife support him."

Grand Opening on Thanks-
giving Day.

Auditorium

Roller Rink

Afternoon Skating 2 to 5, Evening 7:30 to 10:30

Elegant new Maple Floor and fine Music
both Afternoon and Evening.

The Rink will be open every afternoon and evening, except Sunday.

No exercise in the world so beneficial or exhilarating as roller skating. Come and take a whirl on the new floor.

Admission 10c. Skates 15c.

Wraps 5c.

J. M. GILLAN, Manager.

Anna G.—“At Thanksgiving we indulge in the animal side.”

Dora D.—“No, in the fowl (foul) side of life.”

Coralie M. (in American History)—“The invention of the cotton gin accounts for the great spirit in exploration and discovery in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Miss P. Smith (II A English)—“What is necessary for a party (political)?”

Clyde S.—“Ice cream.”

Miss Hughes (Algebra)—“Erase that dollar sign; you can't take dollars from persons.”

WANT ADS.

For Trade—New cadet cap for a bushel basket. “Cub” Potter, Box 494.

Wanted—A megaphone. L. Sweet, 1st Sergt. Co. C.

Wanted—A sponsor. Apply C. Mauritzius, Bugle Corps.

Fresh (looking at skeleton)—“Miss Von Mansfelde, are those your bones?”

Your fathers can remember how they studied Greek as boys and girls.

Teacher—“What makes a poem classical?”

Pupil—“When it makes the class (sick).”

Who's seen Pergy with his DERBY.

Mrs. Atkinson—“What is game?”

Hommel—“Roosters and chickens.”

Miss Phelps—“Why didn't you get the first of your lesson?”

Maud H.—“Because I didn't get the last I didn't do the first.”

Wise Senior—“I guess I know a few things.”

Proud Freshman (not to be outdone)—“I guess I know as few things as anybody.—Ex.

Miss Rockefeller (translating)—“It is our friends, they are potatoes.

H. Koch (class meeting)—“As you were!”

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.

Miss Paxson's Night School—Lectures on Latin, Greek, Behavior, etc. Tuition free. Room 103.

H. Koch (looking at Roosevelt's picture in one of his characteristic poses)—“Doesn't Roosehouse look like Watervelt?”

The Best Selected Book Stock in the City

Any book on our shelves is well worth reading.

Handsome New Holiday Editions. Dainty

Christmas Books at 25 and 50 cents. All \$1.50

late books of Fiction, \$1.08.

Spend your leisure moments in our reading room
and see the new things in the book world.

Monogram Stationery and Visiting Cards

Writing Papers in Christmas Packages.

Imported Brass Pieces for the desk.

Parker's "Lucky Curve" Fountain Pens.

Matthews Book and Paper Shop

122 South Fifteenth Street.

FALL AND WINTER

Styles of Woolens now ready
for your inspection.

BOURKE, The Tailor

319 South Sixteenth Street.

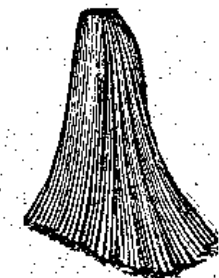
Accordion and Sunburst Pleating

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.



For Sale—A pair of new lieutenant chevrons. Never used. Apply Paul Hommel, Box A 468.

Wanted—A lunch counter in Room 207. Apply Lake Duel, Box B 469.

The Register staff as a whole objects to moonlight piazzas, squashy poems and the like. Please put squibs in the Squib Box. We need 'em in our "biz."

Miss Towne—"What does woman and child in Sir Percival's adventures signify?"

Rosina M.—"All the comforts of home."

E. Hall (in charge of platoon)—"Platoonies halt."

R. M. (talking of Duel and Belden)—"Children can ride two for five cents."

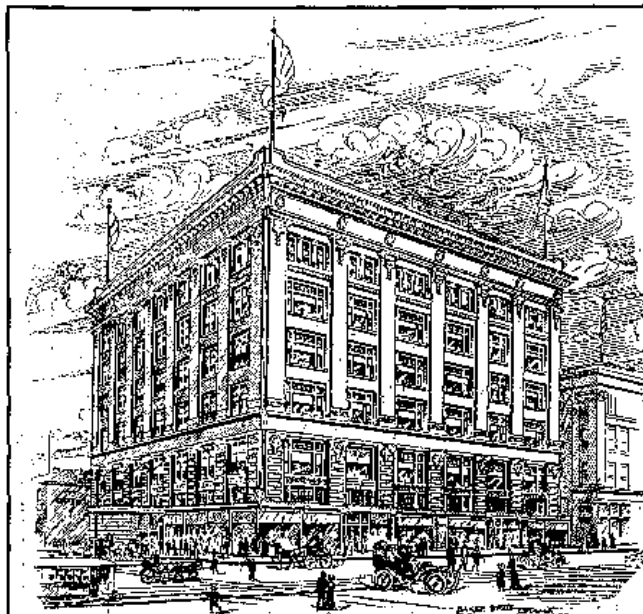
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'I've flunked again.'
This is original.

Mr. and Mrs. Chambers' private dancing class for High School students, Saturdays from 7:30 to 10 p. m. Join now. Tel. F1871.

Lost—A rattle, on third floor. Reward. L. Sweet.

Wanted—A good boot black. F. Selby.

Wanted—A good chauffeur. One who knows his business and will not allow the machine to stop in front of a car on Farnam Hill. Apply Ware Hall, Box 59.



To the Students

of the Omaha schools. We shall be glad to show you our new daylight store. We think that an inspection of the pneumatic tube system and the heating plant would be instructive and enjoyable to you. Your visit will give us pleasure. Ask the floor walker.

THOMPSON, BELDEN & CO.
Howard and 16th Streets. The New Retail Center.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

HEADQUARTERS FOR CUTLERY AND TOOLS

Carvers—Tableware. Carpenter and Machinist Tools

MILTON ROGERS & SONS CO.

14th and Farnam Streets



LAY IT ASIDE

Select your Christmas gifts now. We will lay it aside for you. We have one of the largest, noblest stocks in our line in Omaha to show you. You can spend a few minutes profitably in our store. Look for the name.

S. W. LINDSAY, Jeweler and Optician, 1516 Douglas Street



We sell a solid gold Fountain Pen for \$1.00. We carry the University Note Book Rings
OMAHA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO., 1621 Howard Street, Omaha, Neb.

NONE ARE QUITE SO CAREFUL

Pure Milk
properly
pasteurized

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

Waterloo Creamery Co.

1617 Howard Street, Tel. 1409



We clean or dye anything that requires care and skill in handling. You take no chance when we do your work.

Cadet suits cleaned, altered and repaired.

We also make a specialty of ladies' fine dresses.

The Pantorium
407 South 15th Street. Telephone 963.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

"Some Facts Mean so Much that they'll Stand Many Tellings."

'Tis a matter of course for Omaha young men to come straight to us when they want the very best Suits and Overcoats at a popular price—and want them to put right on. Our leadership in this direction is such a long time prestige that we seldom mention it. Nor would we now but for the fact that new folks are constantly coming to town.

The kind of clothes one young man thinks looks so well on another **\$10** Suits and Overcoats **\$15** The sort of clothes young men say—who made them for you—not—where did you buy them?

On Farnam St. at 15th St. **NEBRASKA CLOTHING CO.** On Farnam St. at 15th St.



No Education
Is complete without training in the habit of saving money.
\$1.00 Will Start a Savings Account
The only bank in Omaha exclusively for Savings.
CITY SAVINGS BANK
16th and Douglas Streets.

We make a special rate to all High School Pupils and all Teachers from any school. Please ask for rates. Until Dec. 10th we give a fine water color free.
Heym The Photographer, 313-315-317 South 15th Street East Side of Street. Phone 481 Take Elevator

ARNOLD, FLORIST
Office 207 South 16th Street. Tel. 132.
GREENHOUSES, 1418 No. 18th St. Telephone 1031

MISS JOY KECK,
Teacher of Piano.
Studio, Davidge Block, 18th and Farnam Sts.

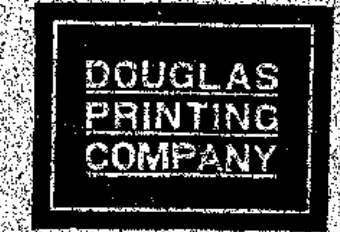
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AND SUBSCRIBE FOR
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R. & C. BARBER SHOP
(W. G. RICHESON, Proprietor.)
We cut your hair in just the right way. First National Bank Building, High School trade solicited. 1219 Farnam Street.

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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.

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WE PRINT THE REGISTER

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On Farnam St. at 15th St. **NEBRASKA CLOTHING CO.** On Farnam St. at 15th St.

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA
IN EYE GLASS
MAKING

SHUR-ON EYE GLASSES

THEY DON'T SLIP OFF

Let us show you, they look better, wear better and mounting is guaranteed.

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

No Education

Is complete without training in the habit of saving money.

\$1.00 Will Start a Savings Account

The only bank in Omaha exclusively for Savings.

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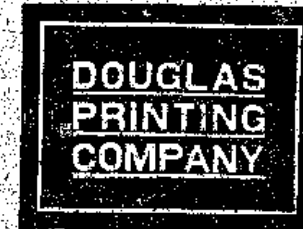
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