

**Good things for your
Christmas Dinner**

TURKEY, OF COURSE. NEXT!

Ferndell Asparagus, 30c per can; Ferndell Strawberry Preserves, 35c a jar; Ferndell Plum Pudding, 25c per can; Nuts, Raisins, Mince Meat, Candies and Ginger.

A New and complete line of Wax Drawing Room Candles, with Self-Fitting ends, velvet and delicate tints. Silk Shades and Silver Cutrass Patent Candle Lamps, Etc., just received.

Impossible to enumerate the thousands of nice things we have for the holidays. A visit to our store will aid you in your selection.

Courtney & Co.

IMPORTERS and
DEALERS in

FANCY GROCERIES

Our Wares are Our Credentials.
No Order too Small for Personal Attention.

"As we Journey
through life let
us Live by the
Way."—Thomas Moore

Courtney & Co.
TABLE DELICACIES FOR
FINE FAMILY TRADE.....
TELEPHONE MARKET 516
GROCERY 647
25TH AND DAVENPORT STS., OMAHA, NEB.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

REGISTER



**DECEMBER
1905**

From Lyda Roberts

Christmas Neckwear

It matters not how many Christmas gifts a man may receive, he will always be expecting something very handsome in the way of

A Christmas Tie

Don't disappoint him.

We have beautiful lines of Christmas Neckwear in every new shape and style that is correct.

Many of the silks and shapes are confined to us and cannot be found elsewhere.

We have the choicest creations of the

Leading Neckwear Makers

There is only one place to buy neckwear and that is a "man's store." He'll be sure to like his scarf if it comes from here.

50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00

WE LEAD THE TOWN IN NECKWEAR.

BROWNING, KING & CO.

R. S. WILCOX, Manager.

G. H. FREDERICK & CO.

..HATTERS..

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

OUTING HATS AND CAPS

1504 Farnam Street

OMAHA, NEB.

BLACK

THE

\$2.50

HATTER

Men's Furnishings

107 So. 16th St. OMAHA.

The Social Season

IS HERE.

We have proper black suits for Young Men.

BENSON & THORNE,

1515 Douglas Street.



For Cut Flowers and Plants

Phone 1258

1519 Farnam St.

PERFIELD PIANO COMPANY

1911 FARNAM STREET, TEL. 701.

High Grade Pianos See and hear the Smith & Nixon Grand in upright case. The beautiful Story & Clark, Ebersole, the artists favorite; the Haines Bros., and others.

One year's Piano Lessons free with all sales. We endorse the School of Illustrated Music, Chambers' Academy 2424 Farnam Street. Visitors invited.

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 Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing? Yes. Where at?

115 South Sixteenth St. Up Stairs

SPIES & CO.

MAKERS OF

Class, School and Fraternity Pins

WE MADE THE SENIOR CLASS PINS

Powers Building, - Chicago, Ill.

Be sure to get your

CARRIAGES FOR THE CLASS DANCES

..at the..

Windsor Stables

Fine Carriages and Coupes for all occasions.

Light Livery a Specialty.

1414-16-18 Davenport St.

'Phone 754

Original Allegretti
 Chocolate Creams,
 Huyler's Candy,
 Gunther's Candy,
 Balduff's Candy

and

XMAS GIFTS

suitable for all.

MYERS-DILLON DRUG CO.

16th and Farnam Streets

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

The REGISTER

Published by the Students of the Omaha High School.

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

Vol. XX. Omaha, December, 1905. No. 4.

THE STAFF

CLEMENT CHASE, JR. Editor-in-Chief
 RUTH MACKIN Assistant Editor
 JOHN LATENSER, JR. Business Manager
 JOHN McCAGUE, JR. Assistant Business Manager

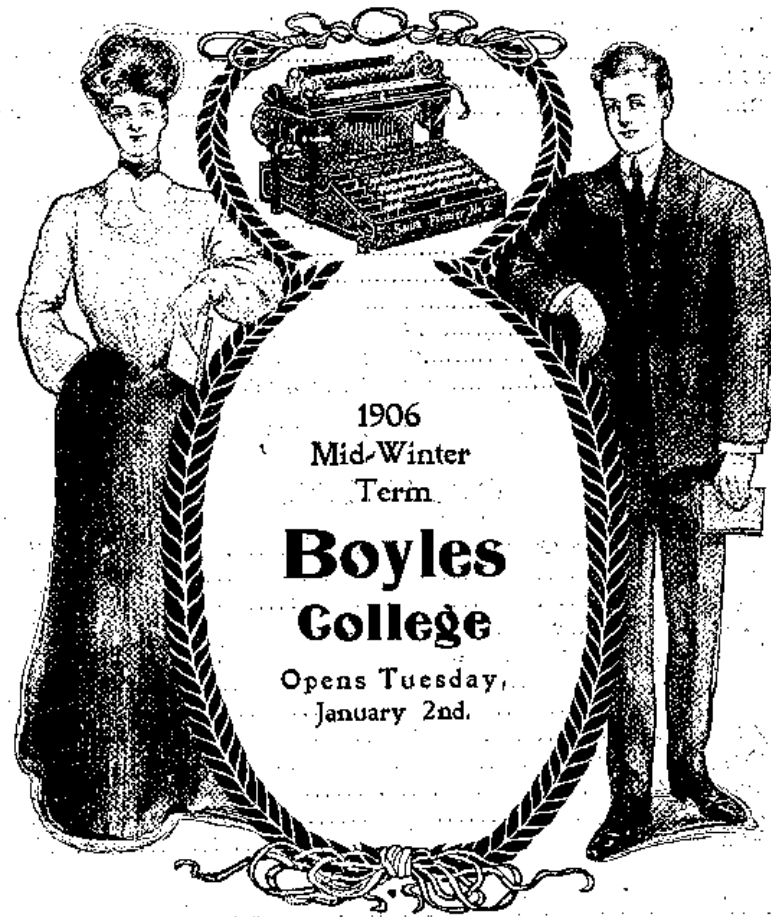
Battalion Ware Hall
 Organizations Laura Waterman
 Music Bret McCullough
 Art Jerome Hoyt
 Athletics Margaret Kennedy, Harry DeLamatre
 Social Caroline Congdon, Margaret Phillippi
 Locals George Percival, Marian Cochran
 Squibs Carroll Belden, Adele Mottugh

CONTENTS

The Dog in the Case	7
Winter Comes	10
The Reformer	11
A College Letter	14
Twilight, Hobson's Choice	16
Editorial	17
Social	18
Athletics	19
Organizations	20
Battalion, Locals	21
Music	22
Squibs	23

Yearly subscription, \$.50; by mail \$.60. Single Copies, 10 Cents. Advertising Rates on Application.

Contributions must be neatly and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper.
 Address all communications and make all checks payable to The Omaha High School Register.



1906
Mid-Winter
Term.
**Boyles
College**
Opens Tuesday,
January 2nd.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

The REGISTER

Vol. XX.

OMAHA, DECEMBER, 1905.

No. 4.

The Dog in the Case.

As she stood on the corner waiting for the electric car and firmly clutching her wriggling poodle, Mrs. Martin Van Buren smiled with satisfaction. It had been a very successful day; her Christmas shopping was now thoroughly accomplished, and she sighed with relief that nothing was forgotten or left to the last minute.

"Fritzy, you troublesome puppy, I remembered you, too," she told him, with a shake to quell his rising enthusiasm. "You're not to let Nora know of her new dishpans, nor Bobby of his sled, nor George of his pipes—do you understand. Now, here's the car and if you yelp at the conductor I'll pinch you. Is that clear?" With which pleasing admonition she mounted and entered.

The car was very crowded and several people were standing up clinging to the straps for support and swaying unsteadily when it started up again. A man sitting near the door rose politely to offer Mrs. Van Buren a seat, and as she accepted it she was surprised by the sight of a little white poodle peering from his hip pocket so identically like her own Fritz that she unconsciously pinched her long-suffering pet to be sure she had him. Fritz yelped in such grieved protest that the polite stranger looked at him with sudden interest. Evidently the resemblance of the two dogs struck him also, for his left hand stole down to gently pat the pink mouth just opening for a second yelp. This seemed to change the canine's mind, for after closing his mouth uncertainly he quietly settled in Mrs. Van Buren's lap, his bright eyes glowing through his long white hair.

Suddenly a voice at Mrs. Van Buren's side startled her from a deep reverie. "Say! don't we look alike?" it said complacently. The lady looked around hastily. Nothing was visible but the head of the stranger's puppy winking knowingly from the stranger's pocket. She looked away again, a little disturbed, and thumped Fritz until he whined for mercy. Above her head the polite man was reading a newspaper, perfectly oblivious to his surroundings.

"We dogs are a couple," said the same voice, and verily, Mrs. Van Buren believed it came from the stranger's pocket. "My father has a pedigree and I'm blue blooded," it went on politely. "If you don't believe me ask the man!" Poor Mrs. Van Buren rubbed her forehead in sheer bewilderment. That dog! She would not, could not believe it. Here was her corner, anyway, and she didn't need to stand it any longer. "Going?" asked the voice from the region of the puppy. "Goodbye, then," and as she swept away it added pleasantly, "I hope we'll meet again."

Thoroughly uncomfortable, she tucked her own silent beast under her arm and gathering up her skirts hastened across the street through the falling snow. A red light glowed in the front hall, and a warm

fire burned in the grate, so, hastily dropping her wraps and bundles she sat down to thaw in luxurious comfort.

In the meantime Fritz trotted away to investigate Nora's domain with the pleasing hope that she was getting his supper; Nora, however, was too busy to pay much attention to the spoiled puppy, and in disgust he wandered restlessly out on the back porch, stepping gingerly to avoid the snow. In the alley two small boys were having a war, with snow balls for ammunition, and being no respecter of persons, they fired at Fritz as well as at each other. Fritz ignored the first shot and would have retired to the kitchen, but Nora, forgetting that he was outside, had shut the door. A second missile, grazing his nose, frightened him, and he decided to run for the woodshed. But even this refuge was denied him, for one small boy, seeing the possibility of his escape, placed himself by the door. A hard rap on his nose from the snowball of one of his tormentors decided the doughty dog, and with a courage born of despair, he started up the alley. With a shout of joy both boys tumbled along behind, panting, yelling, and sending an occasional snowball in his wake, and soon all three disappeared in the darkness.

Half an hour later Mr. Van Buren and Bobby came tramping up to the front door, while a shrill voice was heard talking excitedly. "Yes, dad, a magician he is, and a—a—well, I don't know his other name, but I *must* go. Please say yes. He'll only be here one night, and all the kids say they wouldn't miss it for anything."

The two entered, bringing a draught of cold air with them, and Bobby capered into the cosy parlor, waving his red mittens at his mother as he came. "Oh, ma, *you'll* take me, won't you—its tomorrow night—the—the vent—oh, he's a magician, anyway. Please do."

Mrs. Van Buren drew her son nearer the fire, while she assisted him to wriggle out of his coat. "What are you talking about?" she asked him. "Do talk sense, Bobby." But Bobby couldn't talk sense, as his mind was too full, and his mother was still vaguely wondering where she was to take him when Nora called them to dinner.

"By the way," began Mr. Van Buren, laying down his knife and fork, "Do you remember of my telling you about my old school chum, Harry Page? Well, he called at the office this afternoon, and I asked him to come over this evening. He's here on a short visit, he says, and I was mighty glad he had time to come up to the house. He's never met you, you know." Mrs. Van Buren assented briefly. Her mind had gone back to the joys of her shopping expedition. Then she thought of Fritz.

"Why, where is that dog?" she said aloud. Bobby stopped with his glass of milk held tragically slantwise and stared at her uncomprehendingly.

"What do you mean?" he asked, wishing she, in turn, might talk sense.

"Why, Fritz," went on Mrs. Van Buren. "I dropped him in the hall when I came this afternoon—and I haven't seen him since."

"Oh, that's all right," said Bobby, coming back to his spilt milk. "And say, I meant to tell you how funny he acts. I was down the

street a couple of blocks when a big, tall strange man walked past, and if there wasn't our Fritz following him as smart as anything I ever saw. I called him, and he didn't turn around hardly, so I chased up behind and just grabbed him. The man never looked around, but Fritz was as cross as a bear and whined like anything. So I just brought him home and locked him in the basement and then went out to play again until dad came. I suppose he's all right."

"That's funny," said Mrs. Van Buren, for a vague memory of the street car incident rose at Bobby's description of the man. However, they were both interrupted by the sharp ringing of the door bell. Nora and a man were heard conversing angrily in the hall, and finally the girl, flushed with her encounter, flounced into the dining room.

"Sure, sir, and he says your a thafe," she began. "I told him to go back to his asylum, but he only threatened to arrist ye, and I *would* like to know what he manes by his talk." Evidently her dignity was ruffled, for she glowed darkly toward the outer hall where the visitor was waiting.

Mr. Van Buren rose and hastily entered the hall, where a burly man in policeman's garb stood by the door whirling his club. "Come, come, give up that dog you stole or off you go. No more foolin', me friend," began the apparent executor of the law in bullying tones. Mr. Van Buren started. "What's that?" he asked wonderingly. "The dog *you* stole! The trained poodle belonging to Harmon Paganini, the magician. Give it up, I say."

Mr. Van Buren turned to the dining room in wrath. "Bobby," he shouted, "bring Fritz upstairs and prove to this imbecile that he's our dog. He'll have his collar and tag on!" he added, turning again to the man in blue. "And you'll see he has a scar on one paw, too, where he was caught once in the mouse trap." By this time Mrs. Van Buren had joined the two men and all there waited impatiently. At last Bobby arrived, but a look of utter bewilderment replaced the usual one of placid peace on his round face.

"Ma!" he gasped, thrusting toward her the dog he held, "this ain't Fritz! Watch him!" and dropping his burden on the floor he stood back. The puppy rose on its hind feet and started clumsily toward the door, once in a while turning to wave a limp forepaw at the group, who gazed thunderstruck! Mrs. Van Buren clutched her husband's arm furtively, and Bobby's jaw dropped, but their consternation could hardly be equaled when a voice, coming to all appearances from the dog, called airily, "Goodbye folks; goodnight all."

In their absolute amazement they had not observed the policeman, or noticed his peculiar motions, but when he slipped off his blue overcoat and stood before them in a citizen's ordinary costume the wondering family remained dumb. "George Van Buren," said the man, extending his hand, "my reception isn't very cordial, even if you did invite me here yourself, but now I'm here I'm going to stay."

"Harry Page!" cried the unhappy host, "what do you mean? How do you account for yourself and *who* belongs to that dog—I mean, is he ours, or isn't he?"

"He's mine," said Mr. Page. "And he can tell you so himself." But Mrs. Van Buren had recognized her friend of the street car and her curiosity loosened her tongue. "Why, I've seen you before—" she began.

"Me, too! me, too!" this so unmistakably from the white poodle that a sudden stop was brought to the conversation. Bobby's eyes glittered with real terror, as he backed against his father's comforting leg for support, but the visitor threw back his head and laughed until he was quite exhausted. "Don't look that way, Bobby," he implored. "I'm Harmon Paganini, the magician, ventriloquist, and that's my trained poodle." Then his voice became that of a professional ticket seller: "Finest magician in the west. One performance only; most wonderful and mysterious entertainment ever given this side of the Atlantic!" As he spoke he handed three tickets to the joyous Bobby, while from another mysterious pocket he brought forth another white puppy. "See what I rescued as I came along. I'll give it to you for a Christmas present, if you'll take better care of it than its former owner did."

"Fritzy," yelled Bobby, clasping the weary animal in his arms. "Oh, ma, ain't he nice? Isn't Paganini the grandest man?" and with wild exuberance he waved the tickets above his head. Then he paused.

"But how did you know I took your dog?" he asked. "You didn't look around once." His tall benefactor laughed again. "Do you think I'd let a small boy walk off with my trained poodle," he asked. "Tomorrow night you can see for yourself how valuable he is."

Bobby turned to his mother with such an altogether appreciative grin that she smiled back as she asked, "Was ventriloquist the word you couldn't remember?" and her small son nodded assent.

In all the vast audience at the theater that Christmas eve Bobby was certainly the happiest boy, but the woman who appreciated most thoroughly the mystery of the dog that talked, we feel quite sure could be no other than Mrs. Martin Van Buren.

LAURA WATERMAN, '06.

Winter Comes.

The welcome of the merry Springtime comes,
Tis then the world its life begins anew;
And still in the midst of summer's pleasures gay,
Steals in the singing of the golden fall,
To give us warning of the coming King.

And then on wings of frosty splendor comes
King Winter from his northern palace home.
He with his merry host behind him close,
All glittering in their crystal costumes fine,
Sweep o'er the hardened plains and frigid valleys.

GRACE SHEARER.

The Reformer.

PART III.

It was late in the afternoon of the day after the Athletic meet, and Dick Riley was crossing the High school campus on his way home. There was a worn and tired look on his face, and he seemed to be buried in thought as he walked on alone, his eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly came the familiar whistle of Bob Miles from behind him. He stopped and waited for Miles to come up with him.

"Hello, Dick, how are you feeling?"

"Half dead," replied Riley, with a sigh.

"Who wouldn't be," rejoined Miles, "after what you did yesterday? You'll be all right in a day or so."

"Hope so."

As they walked along the two reviewed the events of the day before, after which the conversation drifted into base ball talk.

"How's the team coming?" asked Riley.

"Fine," replied Miles. He was captain of the team and was very anxious to make it a success. The prospects of the base ball season were then discussed as the two boys walked on.

"By the way, I found somebody's keys down in the locker room this afternoon after the fellows left," said Miles casually, as he drew a bunch of keys from his pocket. "I wonder whose they are."

"Let's see 'em." Miles handed the keys to Riley, who examined the various keys on the ring. "That's a key to one of the base ball lockers down in the basement," remarked Riley.

"And there's a regular school locker key—one hundred and seventy-four, whose locker is that now? Another locker key—one hundred and fourteen. Say! that's the same key I lost last fall!" exclaimed Riley in surprise. "Do you remember the morning after the money was gone, when I asked you to let me put my cap in your locker?"

"Yes, it recurs to me now!" answered Miles, who was also surprised.

"Didn't you ever find that key?"

"No, and I had to have a new one made." Riley then drew his keys from his pocket and proceeded to compare his locker key with that of the same number on the other ring.

"The very same key," he remarked. "Say! I would like to know who these keys belong to."

"I'll bet I know," Miles replied, a new thought coming to him.

"Who?"

"Schribner." The boys looked at each other and smiled significantly.

"When did you miss the key first?" asked Miles.

"Just as we two got to school the morning after the money was taken."

"When was the last time you met Schribner before you missed the key?"

"Just the afternoon before I walked down as far as Twenty-ninth

and Monroc with you, you remember, and I was crossing that lot down there when he came up, and—"

"Were you together for a while?" interrupted Miles.

"Yes, we had a little fuss down there."

"A scrap?"

"Yes, he called me a liar and I—"

"Did you wrestle?"

"Yes, and it was quite a while before I got him down."

"Did you have your keys on a chain?"

"Yes."

"That settles it!" exclaimed Miles. "If these keys belong to Schribner, it's as plain as daylight that he took the money and put the money bag in your locker to throw the suspicion on you."

"Did he ever have any grudge against you?" Miles asked after a pause.

"Yes, he and I never could get along," replied Riley.

"Well, we'll find out for sure, tomorrow, who these keys belong to."

"Yes," replied Riley, handing the keys back to Miles. "It may mean a hundred in your pocket, and a great deal more to me." At this point the boys separated and each went in his respective direction.

The next morning Riley and Miles were at school early. Sure enough, as they expected, the keys proved, according to the catalogue, to be the property of James Schribner. They immediately reported to the principal the finding of locker key 114 on Schribner's key ring, and proceeded to give their theory of the manner in which Schribner obtained the key. The principal retained the keys, reminding the boys that the evidence pointing toward Schribner's guilt was only circumstantial, but he further assured them that he would thoroughly investigate the matter.

No sooner had Riley and Miles left there than Schribner rushed into the principal's office, looking haggard and worn and giving other outward evidences of a sleepless night. He inquired for a bunch of keys which he had lost, hoping perhaps that if the keys had been found, locker key 114 had remained unnoticed. The principal told Schribner that the keys had been turned in at the office, and further told him that he wished a word privately with him. The latter remonstrated loudly, demanding the keys, but finally submitted and entered the principal's private office. The principal then stated the facts at hand and asked Schribner for an explanation. After considerable time spent, the latter finally made a complete confession of the theft of the Athletic club's money. He told how he had accused Riley of having taken his chemistry book, thus leading to a scuffle, in which he obtained Riley's keys, and how, with Riley's locker key, he opened the latter's locker and placed it in the canvas bag in order to throw the suspicion on Riley. The outcome of the interview was that Schribner was to pay Riley's father \$150 and was to be permanently expelled from the school.

The news of the clearing up of the mystery spread through the school as rapidly as had the news of the robbery itself, many months

before. Riley was on every hand the recipient of many congratulations. Nor did Miles, to whom had been given the liberal reward, fail to receive the credit due him for the manner in which he had unearthed the mystery.

It was the day after the disclosure of the robbery when Dick Riley, looking as trim and soldier-like as it was possible for any cadet to appear, entered Miss Taylor's first hour French class with a circular from the principal, relative to the encampment to which the cadets of the school were to depart the next day. Riley had long ceased to be a member of this class, having been transferred to another. As he stood waiting for the teacher to read the circular he looked about the room and noticed the glance of Edith Hayes directed toward him, which revealed more interest than had been shown for a long time, but he did not notice this interest, as he was accustomed only to an indifferent look. He had long ago concluded that reform on his part had been a failure, and that she did not wish him to associate with her. He was ignorant of the fact that her indifferent treatment toward him was the result of suspecting him of robbery. After he had left the room Edith wondered to herself how she could have suspected him in view of all the evidence that had been brought before her observation, of his superiority over other boys. She now accused herself of injustice and hoped that an occasion would soon present itself when she could apologize to him.

This occasion, however, did not come as soon as Edith would have liked, for the next day Dick Riley departed, with the other cadets, for camp. On the regular visitor's day Edith visited the camp with a number of other girls, hoping that she might at this time relieve her mind of the matter that was troubling her. The opportunity, however, did not come, for throughout the day Riley avoided meeting her, feeling convinced that his presence was not desired by her. And so she returned home that evening, her wish still unfulfilled.

It was a beautiful June evening and an ideal one for the lawn party that Elizabeth Morrill was to give to a few Juniors. Elizabeth stood on the wide porch, taking a final look of satisfaction at the beautiful array of Japanese lanterns hanging about the lawn. She was all ready to receive the first guest, who happened to be Edith Hayes.

"Hello, Edith," she greeted, as Edith came up the walk. "How lovely you do look!" The two girls walked around the lawn talking as they went, about school, plans for the summer, and other timely matters. Presently the iron gate clicked and Dick Riley came leisurely up the walk.

"Hello, Dick," greeted Elizabeth. "Excuse me, Edith," and she accompanied Dick into the house and directed him to the dressing room.

"Aren't you glad school's out?" asked Elizabeth, addressing Dick as the two joined Edith.

"Well, I should say," replied Dick, laughingly.

"Congratulations for your promotion, by the way!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Thank you," Dick replied.

"I was sure that you would get the captaincy. Excuse me a few moments, I must go in and attend to something at once," and Elizabeth hurriedly entered the house, leaving Edith and Dick alone.

"Dick, I wish to congratulate you," said Edith. Riley could not understand; he had noticed a smile on her face this evening, but such interest she had not shown since the time when they first met, and was totally unexpected.

"Thank you, Edith," he replied, feelingly. "I only wish I were worthy of your congratulations."

"Worthy of mine?"

"Yes."

Dick was amazed; he could not understand.

"Dick," said Edith, "I have an apology to make to you. I suspected you of taking that money and treated you very coldly, but now I have been convinced of my mistake. Won't you forgive me?"

"Do you really mean it? You know well enough how glad I'll be to forget all about it. And say, Edith, there was a little matter—I wonder if you'd care to listen. It has to do with my captaincy."

(The End.)

A College Letter.

The following is a letter from Helen Woodward, of Vassar, to the Elaine girls:

"I am having a most delightful year in Poughkeepsie. I think Vassar College must be one of the most beautiful places in the world. The grounds cover two hundred and ten acres, forming a beautiful park nearly four times as large as our Hanscom Park, with its fifty-seven acres. Within the grounds is Vassar Lake, where there is boating and skating. The buildings are large and massive. During the last year a new fireproof library building has been added, and a new chapel built of white stone in the Norman style of architecture, and accommodating an audience of thirteen hundred. The girls assemble here every evening at 5 o'clock. I had my first Sunday dinner in Poughkeepsie at "Main," a Vassar dormitory, with a former graduate of our O. H. S., Hilda Hammer, and enjoyed it immensely. Putnam Hall is beautiful, too; and you may know how very happy I am, when I say that I feel I made no mistake in coming here.

"Aside from our own Putnam girls, we have boarding with us about forty Vassar girls. Putnam girls are very busy always, and all regulations and customs must be promptly observed. The discipline is far more rigid than I anticipated, and the work is very heavy. At the same time the faculty is most resourceful in planning all sorts of surprises for our recreation period, so that we delight in our social life. I wish that you might all have been present at our Hallowe'en party.

"Possibly you will be interested in our daily program. Rising bell, 6:45; 7:30 breakfast, and immediately a ten or fifteen minute walk. While at breakfast our rooms are inspected, and a second in-

spection is made while we are in classes. At a quarter of 9 we assemble in the chapel, and after a short service are dismissed to our class rooms. During a ten-minute recess at 11, a light lunch is served. At 1 is the regular luncheon, and this is the only meal at which we are allowed to be late. At a quarter of 2 school again takes up, and closes at 2:30, when we walk for an hour, but have certain limits. Recently the girls, with the aid of the gymnasium instructor, have organized a hockey team, and now, instead of walking, they play every afternoon. The Hockey field is about two blocks from Putnam. At 4 o'clock we again assemble in the study hall and study until 5:30. Then it is one mad rush to get dressed for dinner, which is served at 6 sharp. After this meal we dance in the music room until 7:30, when the study bell rings, and we must be very prompt. You see we are marked on "punctuality." We study until 9, when we have gymn., and then a hand luncheon is given us. All lights go out at 10 o'clock. You will observe that we do not suffer for things to eat, as you might say we have five opportunities a day, and everything is well cooked and daintily served. On Wednesday afternoon the Glee club meets, and on Saturday morning we have a study period of two hours, and after supper a "Current Topics" class. You will understand from this that I am busy every minute.

"I have had many pleasant outings, one to Lake Mohonk, a deep, and silent lake, located in a restful forest near the summit of "Sky Top" of the higher Shawangunk mountains. The paths up the mountains are in the order of a loop, but my vocabulary is far too limited to describe the romance and charm of this place, with its deep ravines and cliffs, its wild crags, its lichens and its pines. The trip was about thirty miles. We went by barge and dined at "The House Mohonk," a seven-story hotel most gorgeously furnished, located upon the mountain, and containing one hundred and five sleeping rooms, each connected with a private bath room, all supplied with electric lights, and most of them heated with open fire places. Aside from these are other rooms, making a possible accommodation for five hundred guests. The roof has been converted into a beautiful terrace, where one may sit and enjoy the prospect of valley, lake and mountain. An ideal summer resort, I assure you, with its golf links, tennis courts, swimming pools, bathing houses, rowing, bowling alleys, and even an athletic field. All this surrounded by scenery most beautiful has caused some one to compare it to a hill town of Italy. One Saturday one of the day pupils invited seventeen of us to a picnic four miles from Poughkeepsie, where we had our luncheon served in a pine grove.

On another Saturday I went down to West Point to see one of the largest football games of the year, Yale vs. West Point. I think Miss Sullivan will remember that a High school cadet, Roger Williams, is a "pleb" there this year. We crossed the Hudson river by ferry on both the trip to Mohonk and to West Point, which was a novel experience to me, a Nebraskan.

Twilight.

The sun has sunk below the distant hills;
 The west lies tinged with its departing rays;
 Upon the nearer hills the leafless trees
 Stand out against the glory of the sky
 Like solitary watchmen on a wall.
 Slowly the shadows creep across the lee,
 And all the land lies wrapped in twilight peace.

MARGARET KENNEDY.

Hobson's Choice.

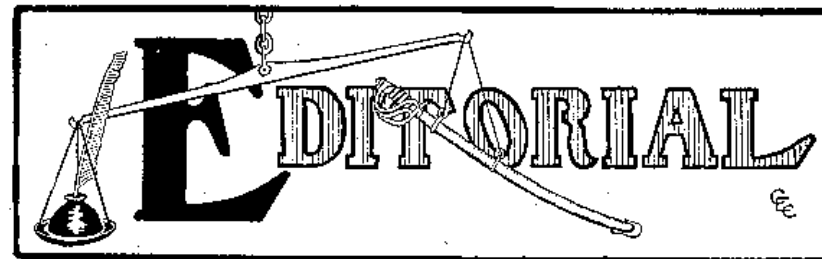
I've 'fought and 'fought what I 'tan be
 When I'm a big man grown;
 And 'de more I 'fink I 'tan't 'twite tell,—
 But I'll be no lazy bones.
 I've looked around now 'twite a bit,
 But all I 'tan detect—
 'De only 'fing 'at strikes my eye
 Is the O. H. S. 'Tadet.

I 'tant be a doctor, for 'ey 'tant eat
 'E 'fings 'at most 'ey like;
 I 'tant be a lawyer for I 'fink they fib
 In places 'at are tight.
 I 'tant be a conductor or motorman, too,
 For I know 'at 'ey have wrecks,
 An' 'e only 'fing 'at's lef' for me,
 Is the O. H. S. 'Tadet.

I tan't be a preacher, for 'ey are good,
 Nor a president for bears 'ey fight.
 I tan't be an actor, for 'ey have to pretend,
 An' I 'fink 'ey are such sights;
 I tan't be a Russian, for 'ey have to run—
 No, not a "Rush" just yet.
 So 'ey only 'fing 'at I 'tan be,
 Is an O. H. S. 'Tadet.

So an O. H. S. 'Tadet I'll be,
 Oh, won't it be too gran'!
 An' march and drill, an' everything,
 While up so straight you stan'?
 An' walk to school with Gracie Lee,
 Some'fing I 'tant regret,
 An O. H. S. 'Tadet.
 Oh, I've just dot to be

M. S. C., '07.



It's a queer state of affairs when insurance companies, trusts, patent medicines and football can be placed in one class. But such is the case now; they are companions in trouble; they have all been caught in the wave of reform at present sweeping the country, and are being investigated in the most up-to-date manner. It would seem

as though not one of our most sacred institutions were safe from the hands of the energetic reformer; respected financiers and eminent public characters have been dragged from their pedestals, the familiar old home remedies are being shown up in all their hidden iniquity, and now football, America's national amateur sport, is having its turn.

At the end of a season which, although highly satisfactory to the business manager, professional coach and undertaker, has revealed the many evils for which football is accountable, public opinion has voiced its ultimatum, "A reformed game or no game." But the people, and this is also the position of our President Roosevelt, do not want to abolish the game, they want it cleansed of all the evils, moral and physical, that surround it. It is too fine a game, too intensely American, too beneficial in its effect on will power, quickness of mind and physical strength to be abandoned merely on account of certain defects that could easily be remedied by a determined and courageous committee on rules appointed from the leading colleges.

We find that the most glaring of these faults are: the roughness and brutality, sometimes intentional and the result of deliberate slugging or "dirty" playing, and sometimes merely the result of the mass plays now used; the small number of students engaged because of the high degree of skill and training required; the professionalism and hiring of players; the prominence given to the commercial or financial side, and the large number of men and boys crippled for life or killed during each season, especially in the teams of the smaller colleges and high schools. This is the phase of the matter most important to us, for, as the Daily Nebraskan admits, "football as it is now played is not a proper sport for boys in preparatory schools," and although here at O. H. S. we have never had any serious accidents, still it is a constant menace that confronts all high school teams. Many other schools, of which Oak Park, Chicago and Kansas City Manual are prominent examples, have dropped this form of athletics following either the death or serious injury to members of their teams. But is it necessary to go this far, can not the evil be attacked at its root and reformed, not abolished?

It is to the powerful universities of the west and east that we must look to for action in this matter, they alone can do it with the proper co-operation and unity necessary for success, and the high schools will soon enough adopt the changes and follow their leadership. That these schools have awakened to their duty is evident by the action taken at Chicago, Wisconsin, West Point, Harvard, Pennsylvania, leading to a change along the lines suggested. A ten-yard rule, by which a team on the offensive must gain ten yards in three downs; instead of five yards, as at present, is meeting with much favor. This is strongly advocated by Walter Camp, a famous football authority; and, it is understood, has been very successful in Canada; its effect would be to make the playing more open with more end runs, more kicking and less line bucking.

It's easy to suggest reforms, but it is another question to decide upon such as are practical, and it is up to the college world to take action so that present rules may be enforced, new ones adopted and our great game may emerge from its investigation shorn of its greatest evils and rendered more fit than ever for the attention and consideration of clean, honest Americans.

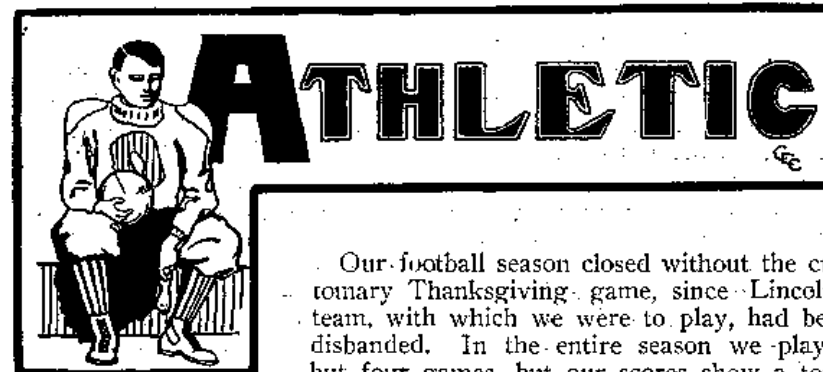


On November 24th Miss Alfreda Powell gave an enjoyable house party to a number of the Senior girls.

In honor of Miss Theresa Heinshiemer, Miss Doris Wood gave a small chafing dish supper on Saturday night for a few of her girl friends.

On Saturday night, December 9th, a charming dance was given at the Normandie by the Phi Lambda's. The size of the hall made the decorations of pennants and red, white and yellow drapery very effective. There were about sixteen couples present.

Miss Ruth Harding gave a delightful luncheon Saturday, December 9th. Her guests were Miss Bess McMilian, of Brownell Hall; Miss Mary Kreider, Miss Ethel Eldridge, Miss Hazel Clarkson, Miss Nell Guild, Miss Marian Funkhouser, Miss Adele McHugh, Miss Sarah Martin, Miss Florence Powers, Miss Helen Meyer, and Miss Margaret Phillippi.



Our football season closed without the customary Thanksgiving game, since Lincoln's team, with which we were to play, had been disbanded. In the entire season we played but four games, but our scores show a total more than twice as much as our opponents.

Peru Normal	12	O. H. S.	0
South Omaha	0	O. H. S.	44
Missouri Valley	0	O. H. S.	22
Council Bluffs	17	O. H. S.	0
Total	29		66

The basket ball team is getting into shape for a very successful season. The only games played so far have been to try the candidates for our team.

On December 7th our team defeated Boyles' college by a score of 47-17. Our line-up was as follows:

J. Webster, center.	Ed. Hall, captain, left forward.
W. Thomas, left guard.	J. Clark, right forward.
E. Burnett, H. Paxton, right guard.	

This will probably be the line-up for the first team, but considering the number of good players a second team will be formed which will have several outside games. Saturday, the 16th of December, we will play the Thurston Rifles; on Friday, the 22d, our team goes to Wahoo to play with the Wahoo High school there. This will be the first time our team has played with a Wahoo team. Although no definite schedule has been made out, games with Central City, Lincoln, Sioux City, Crete and others are under consideration.

The Register, on behalf of the students of the Omaha High school, and especially the class of 1906, wishes to express its deepest and most sincere sympathy for the parents of the late Earl Chadd in their great bereavement, and express their own sorrow in the loss of a faithful schoolmate who had a warm place in the hearts of all that knew him.

Organizations.

Our recent holiday has been the inspiring theme of most of the programs this month, and under such circumstances it seems hardly necessary to say they were very good. On account of the vacation the usual day set apart for society meetings was changed from Friday to Wednesday, except in the case of the Browning society, whose program was postponed till the following week Friday. As this was held in Room 204, the opportunity for a musical entertainment was carried out and was received most enthusiastically by the audience. The numbers displayed excellent preparation and real talent, as was especially the case with Sarah Martin's piano solo and Martha Dale's song. It is to be regretted that we do not have the facilities for musical programs at every meeting, as this was undoubtedly a great success.

Last Wednesday the Lincoln society spent a very profitable afternoon listening to the debate given by Herbert French and Fay Felker on the affirmative, and Paul Hommel and George Flack on the negative. The question was, "Resolved, That the University of Nebraska should accept Rockefeller's donations." There was also an exposition by Harold Keller on "The Growth of Socialism in America."

The Margaret Fuller program Friday was a reception held by the program committee. Although every member of the society was duly invited, regrets were sent by all except the girls who took part on the program. We regret this seeming lack of social obligation, but feel relieved when we realize that the meeting was well attended in spite of the regrets. The social meeting given Saturday was held the first part of the afternoon at Anna McCague's home, and later the meeting adjourned, or "progressed" to the home of Rosina Mandelburg.

The regular meeting of the Lininger Travel club was held Wednesday afternoon at the home of Miss Brown, where a very interesting program was given. It was well attended and each and every one present enjoyed herself immensely.

Seven very good numbers were given by the Pleiades society at their regular meeting Friday afternoon. The topic of the program was "Robert Burns," and many interesting anecdotes concerning him were well brought out.

The Priscilla Alden society gave a delightful program November 29, at which "The Chronicle"—becoming as famed among the societies as "the Oracle"—was the most interesting feature. The neat little programs given to those present added much to the attractiveness of the occasion. Bess Townsend and Louise Northrup entertained this society at the latter's home December 1. This was the first social gathering of this year, and it was here that the new members of the society were made guests of honor.

On the afternoon of November 20 mystified groups of Elaine girls hastened to the home of Miss Brandeis, where the alumni members were to entertain them. Here a fortune teller prophesied the future lives of the Freshmen and the smooth floors enticed the active young

people to a lively dance. The program of the society given Friday, the 15th, was most enjoyable. Miss Towne gave a piano solo, and the boys' octette favored them with a song. Every girl present was given a souvenir of the occasion, with her fortune accompanying it—all this was produced from a huge snowball miraculously put together by such a process that it did not melt.



The companies are rapidly rounding into shape and the drill without rifles is being thoroughly learned. Every effort is being made to perfect the cadets in the company drill before the cold weather renders outdoor drilling impossible.

Most of the companies have a full complement of uniformed men and the battalion is presenting a finer appearance than ever before. The new caps have improved the corps even more than expected, and add much to the trim appearance of the cadets.

Instead of the general school of instruction for all the officers of the battalion which was formerly held after drill hours under the supervision of Captain Stogsdall, each cadet captain is now required to instruct his own officers and be responsible for their knowledge of the tactics. This seems to be an improvement over the former method inasmuch as it brings about a closer relation between company officers and develops a spirit of friendly rivalry between the various commands most incentive to hard work.

Locals.

Madeleine Hillis, Bernice Carson and Elizabeth Stuart, of '03, are employed at the Public Library of this city.

Esther Cochran, '03, is attending school at Doane college.

Verdon Taylor, '05, is at the State Normal school at Spearfish, South Dakota.

Agnes Rogers, '05, is now teaching school at Freeland, Wyo.

Robert Dinning is pledged Chi Psi at Chicago university.

Joseph Swenson, '04, is president of the class of '08 at the State University.

Harold Johnson, who entered the Philippine Constabulary after graduating from the O. H. S. in 1903, is now a second lieutenant in that body, and is stationed at Siasi, Sulu archipelago, Philippine Islands. Along with his subscription to THE REGISTER he sent us the following information about former members of the High school now in the islands: Charles Lehmer, '02, stationed at Pasig, Rizal province, is a third lieutenant in the constabulary; Colonel William Wallace Taylor, '02, of the same organization, was married to Miss Maud Miller, '02, at Canton, China. Their home is at Iloilo, P. I.

On Friday evening, the 15th of December, our debating team met and vanquished the boys from Des Moines in a complete and overwhelming manner, entirely revenging themselves for the defeat that West Des Moines inflicted on us last year. Our team, consisting of John Latenser, Herbert Potter and Glen Walerstedt did brilliant work and amply justified the trust put in them by the Omaha High school to defend its honor and reputation. The question, "Resolved, That American cities should own and operate their own street railways," was a live one and both sides had admirable arguments for and against. The Des Moines fellows presented a good case, and on the side of arguments alone, seemed to have a fair chance of success. But their presentation and delivery of these arguments was poor, and after the brilliant orations delivered by our speakers the decision of the judges was unanimous in favor of Omaha. To the great satisfaction of the Senior class, the decision in the ticket selling contest was awarded to them by the narrow margin of one ticket. The other classes should appreciate the courtesy of the class of 1906 in refraining from winning by an overwhelming majority, as they, of course, could easily have done.

Music.

The O. H. S. orchestra has been organized again this year under the direction of Stanley Letovsky, Jr., who played during the summer season with Nordin's orchestra. Last year the orchestra played for different society programs, debates and school mass meetings. The music for commencement was furnished by the orchestra, and many musicians of Omaha pronounced it first class. The "trying out" of candidates has been completed, and about fifteen have settled down to work on a more difficult grade of music than was played last year.

The Board of Education has secured Prof. Novetti to lead the Cadet band this year. Mr. Novetti is a member of the Omaha Musical Union, and for years was a leader of army bands. About twenty-five members are enrolled. This is a better showing than was ever made at the first of a school year. The band made a creditable showing in the Ak-Sar-Ben parade and added greatly to the enthusiasm of the football game with South Omaha. Some new instruments are promised and a better band than ever is assured.

AUDITORIUM ROLLER RINK

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

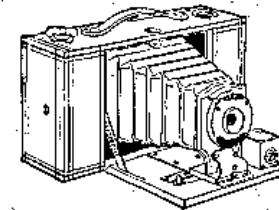
ELEGANT NEW MAPLE FLOOR AND FINE MUSIC BOTH AFTERNOON AND
EVENING.

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.



KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

The Premoette—Fixed Focus, size 2x3. A Universal Focus Folding
Camera. Price \$4.50 net.

The No. 6 Hawk Eye—Fixed Focus, size 3x5½. A Universal Postal Card
Camera. Price \$7.20 net.

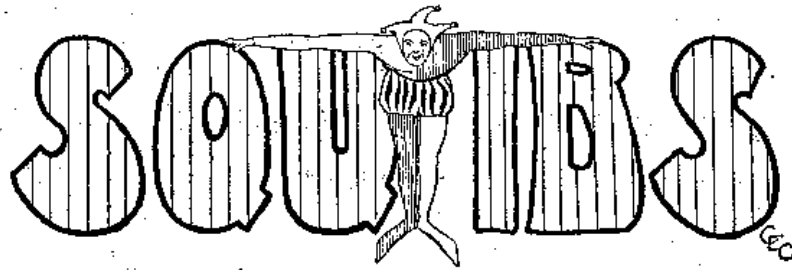
Postal Card Albums—New designs—all sizes.

We have the largest variety of Photographic goods for the holidays in
the city.

"THE SIGN OF THE KODAK."

THE ROBERT DEMPSTER CO.

1215 Farnam Street. Telephone 1275.



ECHOES FROM EXAMS.

Question—What are chemical elements?
Answer—Chemical elements are the different elements found in human nature.
Q.—Name three mineral foods.
A.—Beets, onions and radishes.
Miss Higgins (giving Swedish dance)—“The gentleman puts her right foot forward.”
Remarks in Library First Hour. Eunice—“Here comes Miss Timms.”
Edyth—“How timely.”
Connie—“Is she timid?”
Eunice—“No, but she has an awful timper.”
(Who said bum jokes?)
Shrum—“Is murder a high crime?”
Mrs. Atkinson—“Well, it usually ends by hanging.”
Mme. Chatelaine (translating)—“She stretched out her arms to smother the dear head of the boy on her bosom. Now you do it Miss W.—”
Cub Potter to Eddie Hall—“How would you use your sword, lieutenant, if this man should faint?”
Eddie Hall—“I’d tickle him with the point first to make sure that he wasn’t fakin’.” (Adapted.)
Mr. Woolery—“Watch the figure closely while I draw it.”
Fresh—“Would you please step a little to one side so I can see.”
Irene Jaynes (walking down the hall with Lewis Sweet)—“Hello there, Lewis! Every time I look at you I have to laugh.”
Lewis—“Yes, it’s just like a telephone post talking to a peanut, isn’t it?”
Miss Towne (to class)—“Someone wishes to speak to me at the telephone, will you be quiet while I’m away?”
Class—“Yes, sure; if you will tell us who wants to speak to you.”
Miss Towne—“Well may—uh—well, maybe.”
Mr. and Mrs. Chambers’ private dancing class for High School students, Saturdays from 7:30 to 10 p. m. Join now. Tel. F1871.
Miss Wilson—“Instead of calling the roll hereafter, I will expect every one who is absent to report at the end of the hour.”

Best Selected Book Stock in the City

Dainty Xmas Books at 25 and 50 cents.

Artistic Calendars. Line-a-Day Books.
Leather Goods. Dairies. Fountain Pens.
Imported Brass Desk Sets. Address Books.

MONOGRAM STATIONERY.
VISITING CARDS.

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.

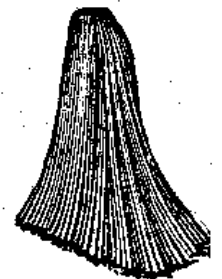
Accordion and Sunburst Pleating

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.



Lost—A piano stool. Miss Rooney, Box 51D.

Miss K. McHugh—"Which bears the most grief, the husband or wife?"

C. B.—"The husband."

Miss McK.—"Have you ever had any experience that way?"

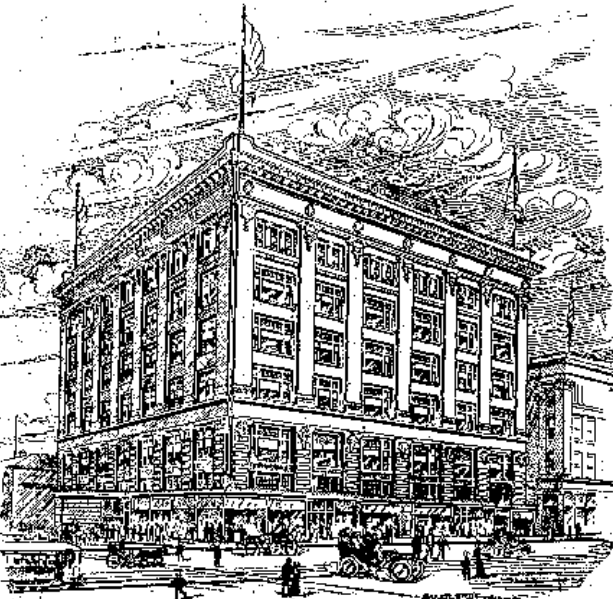
Roger McKenzie (speaking of consolation class of last year)—"Miss Paxson, isn't there going to be a consolation class in Latin this year?"

Mr. Bernstein (physics)—"If it were not for the nitrogen in the air the probability is that many would burn up before their destined time."

Interested Pupil (in the library)—"Why, Connie, what are you doing down here?"

Connie Lessel (sarcastically)—"Oh, I just slipped and came down."

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.



**If You
Were Late**

*In selecting your
CHRISTMAS
GIFT why not
remember him or
her on NEW
YEARS.*

*This store is
headquarters for
High School Pen-
nants.*

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



THIN MODEL

Watches, open faced or closed, gold-filled, solid gold and silver. Just the kind for office men—the clumsy, thick watch has gone. The prices are very moderate now.

LOOK FOR THE NAME:

LINDSAY, The Jeweler, 1516 Douglas Street.



All kinds of CUT FLOWERS for CHRISTMAS.

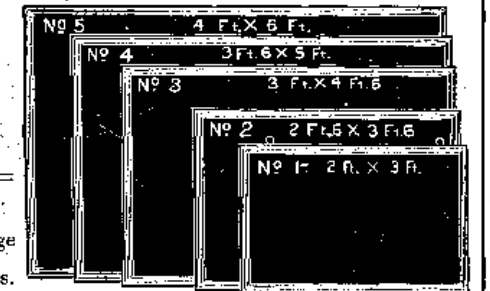
Beautiful blooming plants, Ferns and Palms.

HESS & SWOBODA.



Xmas
Presents

Blackboards, large
and small, all kinds.



Moores Push Pins don't spoil the walls and are ornamental for hanging pictures, drapings, etc.

We sell the University Note Book Rings.

Large Map of the U. S. for 50c, regular price \$2.00. A bargain.



We have Globes of all sizes and styles. They are excellent for Xmas,

OMAHA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.,

1621 HOWARD ST.

OMAHA, NEB.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

PRINTING

Not the Common every day sort,
but something bright and dis-
tinctive, the kind that will attract
your eye and sell your goods.
The kind you have been look-
ing for.

**DOUGLAS
PRINTING
COMPANY**

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

1508 HOWARD ST.

TEL. 644

WE PRINT THE REGISTER

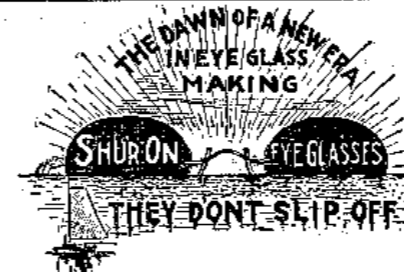
Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

— SEE —

Balduff's Christmas Candies

*Beautiful Basket and
Boxes*

Delicious Chocolate Bon-Bons.



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.

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.

Keyn 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

Students, Attention!

ALWAYS SPECIAL RATES
TO STUDENTS.

Do you know that

THE WILLIAMS STUDIO

1406 Farnam St., Opp. Paxton Hotel.

is making a special photograph for you at \$1.50 per dozen.

R. & C. BARBER SHOP

(W. G. RICHESON, Proprietor.)

We cut your hair in just the right way.
High School trade solicited.

First National Bank Building,
1219 Farnam Street.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.