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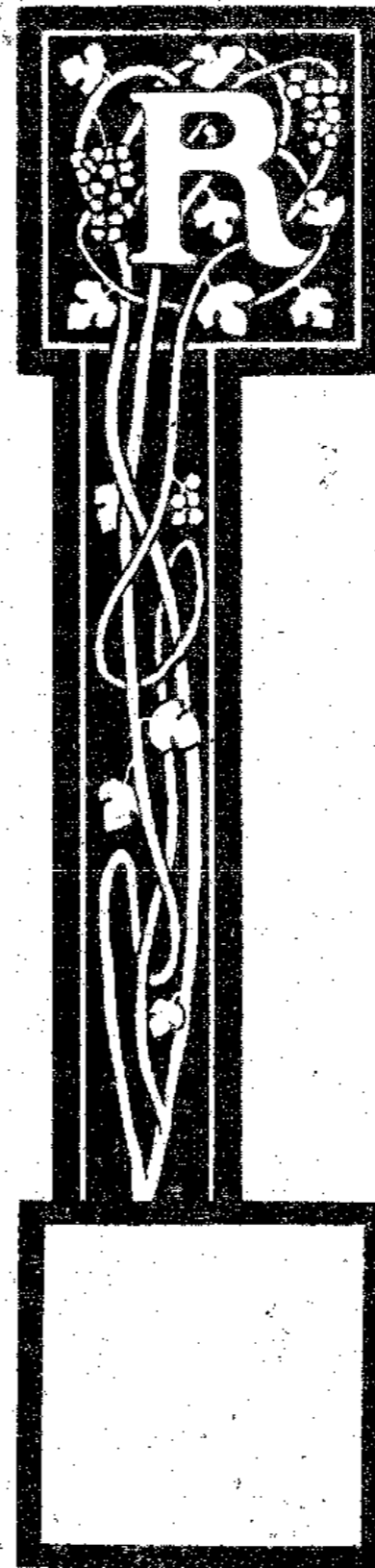
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The REGISTER

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

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No. 5.

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# The REGISTER

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OMAHA, JANUARY, 1906.

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### A Conversion.

The Infant, so dubbed by disrespectful school mates, was, you must understand, a very nice little boy. True, he was a Senior of the Omaha High school, rather an ex-Senior, since on that rarest of rare June nights, the night of the seventeenth, he graduated from the High school, fondly viewed and admired by his proud Mamma and Papa and some forty-seven of the immediate relatives. Nevertheless, it was the Infant's fate to be what teachers call a "nice little fellow," and whether it was this admiration of his teachers, or the watchfulness of his over-watchful mamma, or yet the boy's own fondness for Latin constructions, scholarly debates and "sich" which stunted his growth, certain it is that our hero was very small of stature, and moreover, was "Mamma's boy."

Now, after the severe strain which this graduation is apt to be for one with weak nerves, the Infant was thought by his doting parents to be in a most alarming state of collapse. A physician was consulted post haste and being a beautifully sensible old gentleman he proposed that the boy be sent to a farm and put to work—physical, not mental work. With many misgivings Mamma finally consented to give up any sweet dreams of eastern or western summer resorts and allowed her boy to betake himself to the country, all alone by himself.

Early in July the young gentleman found himself established in the house of a very sensible, hard-working farmer, one who believed that the chief reason for the existence of all boykind was its possible use to elder mankind. In consequence of this belief of the farmer our Infant found himself possessed each night of more aches and pains than ever before in all the history of his short existence.

The farmer's family, besides a four-year-old boy, consisted of two girls, neither, it is true, very well versed in languages, modern or otherwise, or even English literature, but both very capable, at short notice, of raising that much-abused Cain.

Now the Infant was sadly lacking in that most desirable quality, a sense of humor, but when it came to Latin, there he did truly shine like a "good deed in a naughty world," and as for English, he was able to discuss in a learned manner any possible point of doubt in the Merchant of Venice or even Macbeth, and to settle it as far as he was concerned, beyond all further question.

From the study of Macbeth one idea had become firmly fixed in our graduate's mind. There were no such things as ghosts. All notions of ghosts were simple absurdities and no person "of sound mind" would ever see ghosts.

While the family were talking one evening of ghosts of one kind and another the Infant was inclined to air his Shakespearian knowledge of all ghostly things, and to refer to it as conclusive proof. However, it failed to satisfy the four-year-old of the family.

"We've got ghosts in our grave yard, so we have," said he with an air of proud ownership. "Ever since't that there crazy man done died, nobody don't want to go past him's grave, 'cause at night he gets up an' walks 'round, an' sometimes him's wife, she walks 'round, too. She died long time ago. Our hired man, he said so."

"Bah!" said the High school graduate. "These ghost stories make me tired. If any one would study a little bit he'd see how foolish they are. Why—a ghost is just the representation of your own thought. You think of a thing, then, if you have a strong imagination, you will see it as a ghost, but just use a little will power and you can drive your ghost away. I've never seen a ghost and never expect to."

No one had ever accused the Infant of being the least imaginative, and none of these people had the slightest idea of doing so, but at this point in the conversation the older of the two girls, who was about sixteen and very tall for her age, began to wear a dangerously thoughtful look, which a person less full of theories and better acquainted with human nature than was our hero might have interpreted as signifying future "didings."

The Infant, however, was blissfully ignorant of anything portentous in the air, and soon after his declaration left the company and hied himself to bed, where the untroubled sleep of the innocent awaited him and soon claimed him.

A few evenings after this our young farmer, having that day received a fourteen-page letter from his fond Mamma, with an enclosed reward for being a good boy and not getting homesick, decided to take this reward to a town about five miles away and convert a part of it into popcorn and perhaps a bottle of pop. Suiting the deed to the decision he soon clambered onto the back of a staid old work horse which no one but himself had ever dreamed of using for a saddle horse and started gaily for town, promising to start home again at half-past eight.

True to his promise, at about eight thirty the Infant, sufficiently filled with "popcorn, chewing gum and candy," all well washed down with sarsaparilla pop, mounted his "faithful steed" and headed for home. Trying manfully to get the animal off a walk, he succeeded only in getting him started on a most painful jog, which no amount of imploring from the unskilled rider could check. However, before ascending a very steep hill, the horse, of its own sweet will, settled into a walk, much to the relief of the boy. Attempting to give expression to this feeling of relief, the Infant started whistling, and while he was not a professional whistler, one could tell with some effort that he was bidding farewell to his "Bluebell" in a most feeling manner.

After some time, for remember, he had been especially careful not to give the horse the least impression that he wished to hurry, the Infant came in sight of a large, gloomy-looking grave yard, which apparently belonged to a little church nearby.

Gradually, but surely, the horse came nearer and nearer to this spooky place, and when he came so near that his rider might easily make out the various sized and shaped tombstones, the former cheer-

ful whistle of this young man was very abruptly discontinued. We were left looking into her "eyes of blue," and not knowing what to do next. Standing in the shadow of a tall white tombstone were two ghostly looking figures. Their backs were toward him, so that he could make out nothing but fold upon fold of some white stuff. They must be ghosts. They were exactly what his idea of ghosts had been before his high school days.

Still the horse kept stolidly on, undisturbed as yet, but the poor Infant! The most horrible feelings possessed him. In a moment the skin on his head seemed to have shrunk and become so tight as to bind in a most uncomfortable way; the short hairs of the back of his neck had a stiff feeling as though recently washed and not dried. His feet were icy cold; some spring seemed to be in his legs, which jerked them at regular intervals, making his position on the horse's back a perilous one. The same sort of a hidden spring seemed working in his arms, so that to save his soul he could not keep his hold on the bridle; and his jaws were working with quick, chattering jerks, sometimes biting his tongue in the process. The roof of his mouth felt as though covered with a layer of extra dry powder, and any attempts to swallow ended in painful gulps. His heart thumpety-thumped at such a vigorously painful pace that his breath came and went in little gasps.

And still the horse went peacefully on.

But—shades of Duncan! the horse suddenly stopped and then bolted for the other side of the road. He saw those horrible white things. Now it dimly passes through a remote chamber of the boy's mind that this is where the will-power and reasoning business comes in. He remembers in a vague, unconscious sort of a way that at some time in the long ago he learned that ghosts were the representation of your own thoughts, and the absurdity of the horse shying at his rider's thoughts not occurring to him, he determined to make a desperate attempt to carry out his theories.

"Er—um—g—get out d-damned sus-spot," he stuttered hoarsely, and then gulped with positive terror at the sound of his own voice.

Now when Macbeth vanished the ghost it is true he said "Avaunt! And quit my sight!" and the ghost very discreetly availed. However, we cannot blame the Infant for misquoting, for we must remember that this same boy was genuinely scared out of several years' growth. The correct expression failing him, it was only natural that the expression which escaped should be a rather strong one, for the strong things have the ability to make deeper impressions on us than some others.

Yet these particular apparitions wouldn't "out," but instead began slowly and softly to approach the road. The Infant was shaking and shivering yet at his own boldness in addressing the ghosts, but when the things started to approach him he was so terrified that it is doubtful what would have happened had not the now thoroughly aroused horse taken matters into his own feet. With a snort of fear the beast gave one jump and started for home as fast as ever he could with the boy hanging on just the best way he could, divided

between relief in leaving the ghosts and fear of being summarily dismounted.

It did not take long for the horse to reach his barn, but it took the shivering boy so long to fix the horse for the night that by the time he reached the house all was quiet and each member of the family innocently busy.

The Infant retired a very short time after entering the house, answering all questions with noticeable brevity.

His sleep was naturally troubled, but one dream seemed to be of all the most plain. He seemed to be in a large building, which was filled with people—some how he was on the platform in front of the people—a platform seemingly made out of volume after volume of Macbeth; he could hear himself speaking, and this was what he said:

"Honorable judges, ladies and gentlemen: You ask me, Are there ghosts? I answer, It seems to me so!"

RUBY JOHNSON, '06.

### A Ballad of Macbeth.

There was a man in olden days  
For so the legend saith,  
Who was well versed in arms and wines,  
His name was Lord Macbeth.

This man was Thane of Glamis, and  
A canny Scot was he;  
Against the great Macdonwald  
He won a victory.

Most weary was the noble lord  
To Banquo he did call,  
"We must refresh the inner man;  
Fetch me a Scotch highball!"

Again and yet again Macbeth  
Put it between his teeth,  
Then gat him on his weary legs  
And hid him to the heath.

Where lo! three hags appeared to him  
And spake these words, "Macbeth,  
If you do wish the kingdom,  
Do Duncan unto death."

"That will I do right willingly,"  
And so with bold intent  
He hastened to his castle strong  
To get his wife's consent.

The Lady listened eagerly.  
Said Mac, "I know the thing  
To do the deed,—you bake a pie,  
I'll work it on the king."

That night King Duncan sat him down  
And feasted at the board,  
But when sly Mac passed him the pie,  
He said, "Nay, nay, my Lord."

"I recognize the type, my friend,  
My knees begin to quake,  
For I perceive it is the kind  
Her Majesty doth make.

"I leave this castle instantly,  
For if one of your line  
Can offer me a thing like this  
He is no friend of mine!"

The king left Iverness forthwith,  
And poor Macbeth in chains,  
To be forever fed his lady's pies.  
Thus all for naught his pains.

### L'ENVOI.

Now friends, if witches wait on you  
After a merry bowl,  
Just stop and ruminare a bit  
To see who pays the toll.

Again, dear fellow schoolmates, list—  
If you would win a crown,  
It's pretty sure to ball it up  
To take a highball down.

SAM MILLARD, '06



### A Study of Lincoln's Face.

To me it was a most sorrowful face, perhaps; of all other faces that I have known, the most so. Homely there, as the world would say, yet handsome in his homeliness, with his rugged features, beautified by sorrow, the noble truth, the devotion to country;—significant of the whole history of Lincoln. I think it is the most pathetic face that ever was painted from reality, an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face.

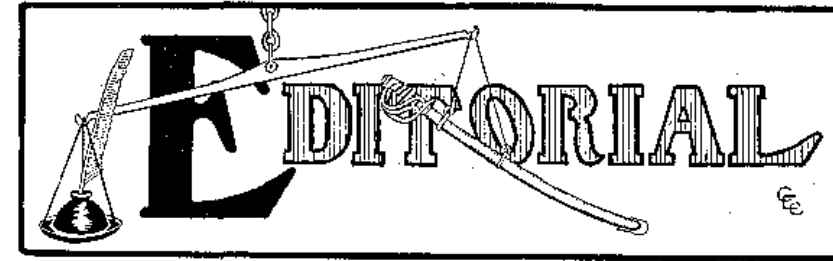
There is in it as its foundation, purity, tenderness and gentle devotion, as of a child; but all this is over-shadowed by a mist of sorrow and pain. Withal it is a patient, long-enduring sorrow. The deep furrowed lines, the mournful eyes, tell of numerous sorrows with which he has been struggling with the iron will of Hercules. The firm position of the resolute lips only add to the rest of the picture to bring out the determination of "I must win." Such is the great Lincoln who spoke so often, so fully and truthfully of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and of a government "that is of the people, by the people, and for the people," and who "still lives" with an influence for good among men.

MAMIE CHAPMAN, '07.

### Ma Pa's Pockets.

My pa's pockets, they's jes' fine!  
 They hol's enough stuff to eat for nine,  
 They's jes' so deep, an' jes' so wide,  
 Mos' everything kin git inside.  
 Oranges, apples, a peach, or a pear,  
 Mos' anything kin git in there.  
 And in the evenin's they's loaded down  
 With things pa gits for us in town.  
 Every night we waits for him,  
 Me and Molly, Joan and Jim;  
 And when he comes home from work at night,  
 My! such a scramble and such a fight.  
 For then his picket's is all bulged out.  
 We knows what all that bulgin's about.  
 Sometimes its candy, and sometimes its fruit,  
 And sometimes there's a penny to boot.  
 And down in the corners, or thereabouts,  
 Sometimes you'll find a few stray nuts,  
 Oh, my pa's pockets, they do hold  
 Things that's jes' as good as gold.  
 They're jes' so deep, and jes' so wide,  
 Mos' everything kin git inside.

ELSIE BOLLN.



Last week will live long in the memory of all who survived that strenuous three days. Not that IT was especially hard or that

### Tests and the Rest.

IT was much different from the common run of mid-year exams., but just because the recollections of such trying periods always clings to our memories long after we have regained the normal composure of our school life. That's the point, "normal composure," there's the trouble. We take things too easily, or at least the majority of us do, during the regular grind of school work, and then we wake up on the eve of examinations with a realization of what we *should* have done and *should* have learned, and there follows a feverish attempt to "cram" three months' work into three days; and then,—ignominious failure or a close scrape into another term. Of course there are periods of repentance and firm resolve that if ever we do get a chance and do manage to get through we'll do our work faithfully day by day, and never, never let it "slide" again. But with examinations over and a thing of the past, O! how easy it is to slip back into that condition of "normal composure." Here's material for a sermon, but we'll not inflict you.

A few of those reckless mortals who sometimes chance to glance over these editorial pages may, if they rack their brains or look over

### Football Once More.

their old REGISTERS, recall that last month we touched in a cautious way on the subject of football reform. Little did we dream while scribbling those few paragraphs that their effect on the whole athletic world was to be so immediate and far-reaching. But look at the results, Rugby abolished on the coast and Association ball substituted in its place in the games between Stanford and California, dropping of the game entirely at Harvard, attempts to get rid of the game at Wisconsin, and finally, the drastic action taken by the representatives of the universities of the "big nine" at their recent conference.

Whew! Who dares stand up and say the REGISTER's voice counts for nothing. We never imagined ourselves that—, but modesty bids us stop. But, seriously, it is almost overwhelming, the change that has taken place in the status of football at our leading colleges. But a few weeks ago the football hero held the admiration and awe

of all beholders, and now,—poor fellow, he knows not where to hide his head. But he still has supporters, although they may be lying low until the storm passes, and we may expect to hear the undergraduates themselves demand that they be allowed to have a hand in the affair, when the first shock of surprise at the faculty action has passed.



On Thursday evening, December 28th, Miss Frances Martin entertained at cards. "Hearts" was the game played, and Mr. Harry Koch and Miss Etta Beeman carried off the honors in the shape of two very attractive first prizes.

Among the first of the Christmas festivities was the dance given by Clement Chase on Christmas night at his home in honor of his guest, Felix Modjeski. The house was attractively trimmed in Christmas greens. The dance was followed by a short cotillion.

On December 27th Miss Mildred Patterson gave a beautifully appointed luncheon in honor of Miss Clarissa Dickson of Kansas City. Lunch was served at small tables to about forty guests.

On Wednesday, December 27th, Miss Agnes Cooley and Miss Elizabeth Hamling gave a "sheet and pillow-case" party for a number of their junior friends.

Miss Helen Rahm was the hostess on Friday, January 5th, at a large and very pretty luncheon that a large number of High school girls attended.

Among the largest and most enjoyable of the Christmas parties was the dance given by Miss Laura and Miss Martha Dale on Thursday evening, January 4, at Chambers' academy. The hall was trimmed in the Christmas colors of red and green. In the middle of the evening supper was served at small tables.

Miss Mary Fahs entertained a number of her friends at a house party during the Christmas holidays.

Miss Helen Wright entertained the Priscilla Alden society very delightfully at her home on January 5th.

On Wednesday, the 27th of December, Miss Helen Sholes entertained very delightfully at a luncheon given at her home. After the delightful repast the guests occupied themselves with cards.

The Senior Prom, held at Chambers' Friday, December 29th, was a pronounced success. The hall was very prettily decorated with Christmas greens and the girls' "charming costumes"—to quote from the society editor,—added much to the effect. A program of eighteen numbers and three extras were danced, and of these the most popular was the Shadow Dance, given by request of the Phi Lambda Epsilon's. The smoothness with which everything went off and the pleasure which was afforded to all reflected great credit on the committee in charge.

The Junior hop, held at Chambers' January 19th, was a great success. The 1907 dance committee, consisting of Messrs. Hoel, Buck and Pollard, had arranged everything perfectly and all the guests spent a very enjoyable evening. A novel idea used in decorating was the pennants of different schools and colleges that were suspended around the hall.

## Organizations.

The Hawthorne society gave a very good program the Friday before vacation. The committee, composed of Jean Hamilton, Marion Cochran and Zora Fitzgerald worked with such diligence that a most interesting entertainment was the result.

The Margaret Fullers met for a delightful programme Friday, January 12. The two numbers rendered by the octette and a piano solo by Elizabeth Anderson were most heartily enjoyed. Corrinne Searle recited a poem, "At Morning," and Olive Hammond gave a reading from the charming little story, "Rose o' the River." After a piano solo by Ethel Kiewit, the meeting was turned into an informal fudge party, which, to say the least, was the most enjoyable number on the programme.

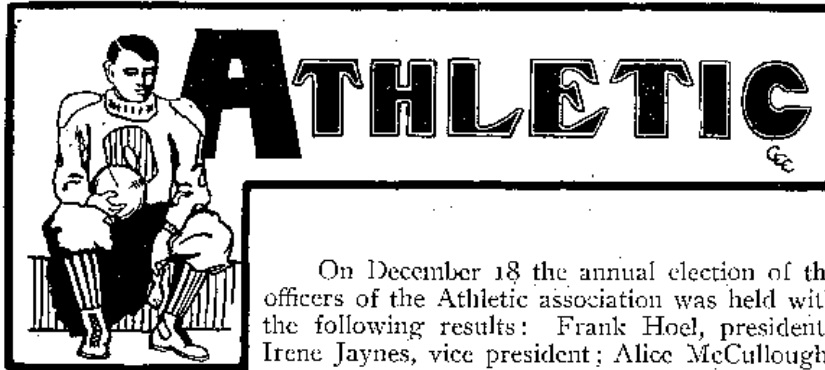
The Priscilla Alden society enjoyed an excellent program January 12, and one which was different in many ways from our preceding programs. The first number, "No Backward Steps," by Elva Parks, was exceptionally good. Marie Erwin gave an original story, "Dusk to Dusk;" Elsie Hadfield a recitation, "What's the Use;" Verna Hayes, a retold story, "Having Fun with European Guides;" Elizabeth Murdock, recitation, "A Grumbling Old Woman;" Blanche Marshall, poem, "In the Year 1906." The Chronicle, which is rapidly increasing in volume and interest, was read by Mary McCague.

Miss Helen Wright and Miss Agnes Russell entertained the society most enjoyably at the home of the former on January 4.

During the holidays the Elaine society entertained a few of the former members at the home of Gretchen McConnell. A most delightful afternoon was spent by everybody there. The numbers on the program most enjoyed were the songs by Florence De Graff and Hazel Smith. The title of a program given by the Elaines January 12th was "Love Thoughts from Shakespeare." This, also, was excellent.



The meeting of the Lininger Travel club on January 12 was very entertaining and instructive. The program consisted of stereopticon views of Early Britain, which were shown and explained by Miss J. Wallace. The pictures were those which were taken by Miss Wallace while she was traveling in England.



On December 18 the annual election of the officers of the Athletic association was held with the following results: Frank Hoel, president; Irene Jaynes, vice president; Alice McCullough, secretary, and Myron Buck, treasurer. With these able officers at the head of the A. A. athletics should certainly take an upward turn.

An interesting program was held on December 20 for the purpose of buying sweaters for the members of the foot ball team. Mr. Barton, Mr. Prior and Mrs. Sheetz—all well known in the musical circles—rendered vocal solos. Mr. Packard and Miss Nickum gave recitations and Miss Caroline Conklin rendered a violin solo with her usual ability. Ten cents admission was charged and about \$40 was realized.

Our basket ball team played their first official game of this season December 23, at Wahoo, against the High school team of that town. Their team was strong and their team work very good, but we far excelled in goal throwing. Although our team was somewhat hampered by the smallness of the gymnasium and the lack of boundary lines, we won—and we intend to win all the other games of the coming season—by a score of 41-27. The following was the line-up:

Joy Clarke, left forward; Ed Hall, right forward; Jack Webster, center; W. Thomas, left guard; Neavles, right guard.

Substitutes were C. Potter, F. Hoel and H. DeLamatre.

In the near future games with Lincoln and Sioux City are to be played; also another with Wahoo is to be played here.

The girls in the gymnasium are selecting basket ball teams and games between the classes for the championship will soon be played.

Soccer or association football has had a big boom in popularity as a result of the crusade against the Rugby game. Strong teams have been organized at several of the universities, and on the coast Stanford and California have abolished the regular game altogether and taken up the English game instead. An effort is being made to

make soccer a sport between the various colleges of each university, and in this way give athletic training to more men than if the contests were inter-university.

Harvard has abolished football entirely, and we await with interest the opinions and response of the student-body to this radical action on the part of the faculty.

Wahoo met their Waterloo. For the second time this year, last Friday by the score of 64-24, their basketball team has been defeated by the High school team. A brilliant game was played by both sides, and was watched by a very interested crowd of spectators assembled for the occasion. Although Webster was outplayed by his opponent in the toss-up, he evened up matters splendidly by his fine work at goal tossing from the field. In this respect he was next best to Clark, who threw thirteen goals. Captain Hall did his usual excellent work in passing, and was ably seconded in this matter by Burnett, Thomas and Neavles. Wahoo had their passing system down to a fine point, but they did not seem able to reach the baskets.

The Sophomores and Freshmen played a curtain-raiser, in which the Sophomores won by a score of 16-6.

O. H. S.	Wahoo.
J. Clark.....	Right Forward .....Burnett
Hall (Captain).....	Left Forward .....Heaton
Webster.....	Center .....Paine
Neavles.....	Right Guard .....Mieling (Captain)
Thomas.....	Right Guard .....
E. Burnett.....	Left Guard .....Clark

## Locals.

There will be a change in the library about the first of February. We are to lose Miss Christie, who has been the registrar for the past year. From the first of February that position will be filled by Miss Bertha Phillippi.

We no longer have Miss Crane with us. She was married during the holidays and will make her home in St. Louis.

All who know her are glad to see Miss Lemon again. She will probably be with us until the end of the winter.

Charlotte Henrickson, '05, is attending school at the Omaha Commercial college.

Thursday, 1st and 2nd, Physics, Chemistry, Zoology, Geology, Physical Geography and Physiology; 3d and 9th, French, Greek, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Geology and History of Commerce.

Fridays, cards.

Joe Swensen, '04, will enter the preliminaries for the Wisconsin-Nebraska debate. Last year Swensen made the team, being the first

freshman to ever make the debating team at Nebraska.

And the examinations came, and the next day it rained (tears.) THE REGISTER wishes to express its most heartfelt sympathies to the many pupils of the High school who proved themselves deficient in their studies. The examinations were conducted in a different manner than heretofore. The tests were arranged in the following manner: Tuesday, first and second hours, English; third and fourth, Latin and German. Wednesday, first and second, Mathematics; third and fourth, History.

Owing to the unusual interest created by the unique and entertaining program of folk-songs recently given before the Musical Department of the Woman's Club, a repetition of the program will be given under the auspices of the High School chorus on the evening of February 2nd. This entertainment will take place in the City Hall Auditorium and will be a free benefit for the pupils of the High school and their friends.

The program will be in charge of Miss Helen Mackin, assisted by some of the best talent in the city.

Among the folk-songs to be sung are those of the Indians and Negroes, Sweden, England, Ireland, Scotland, Russia, Spain, Italy, Germany and Hungary, all of which will be sung in the language of the respective countries to which the song belongs.

Explanatory notes will be given.

A large attendance is anticipated.

Dr. Lees of the State University will give a lecture at the City Hall auditorium Friday, the 9th, that should be of interest to and have the support of every student of history in the High school. It will be a lecture on Greece, illustrated by views Dr. Lees took during his recent trip to Greece. The proceeds of the entertainment will be used in buying new lantern slides for the history department of the High school.

## Music.

The Historical chorus has been organized by Mrs. Atkinson and is composed of members from the various history classes. The object is to sing and promote interest in the national airs of our own and other lands. Miss Arnold is the director of the singing, and Cecil Berryman presides at the piano.

At the recent debate with West Des Moines the music was a very enjoyable feature. The band and orchestra selections showed the marked improvement made in both organizations this year. The Octette kept up its good reputation and Walter Hoffman rendered a vocal solo.

The orchestra spent an enjoyable evening at the annual banquet of the St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church on January 10th. They played three numbers on the after-dinner program.

We wish to state that the program given for the benefit of our football boys was the best of its kind heard in the High school for years. Much credit is due to the program committee. The proceeds went to purchase sweaters for those who played on the team last fall.

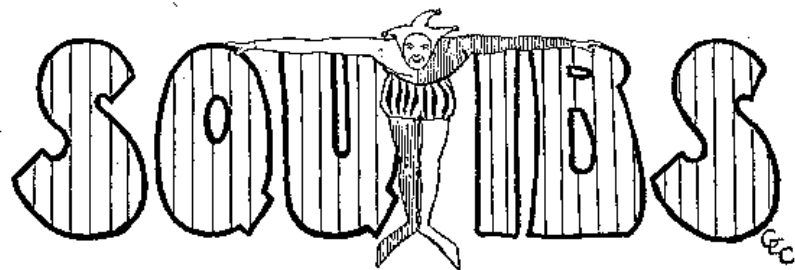


Cold weather has forced the battalion to discontinue outdoor drill, and now the companies fall in after school in the halls of the west building. Rifles were assigned to the men the other day and the squads of freshmen are being drilled in the intricacies of the manual of arms under the watchful eyes of sergeants and corporals. The first few lessons in handling a rifle seem always to be difficult for the beginner, and so, although the men seem very awkward and clumsy now in the manual, they will soon get the "hang of the thing" and be able to come to order arms without dropping the gun on their toes.

The last month has been a time of great activity in the Quartermaster's department, as all the rifles have had to be overhauled and the broken ones rewound before they could be distributed to the companies. The guns are either very delicate or they are used more roughly than they should be, for every winter there is a new lot to be patched up and repaired. An attempt is to be made to secure a hundred more rifles from the Board of Education, as the companies do not now have enough to go around. White belting and brass buckles have been ordered for the whole battalion, and will be here in time for the Cadet Officers Hop, which will be held February 10th, and which all the officers will attend in full uniform.

The mid-term examinations held last week caused the usual number of failures, and there will probably be a considerable shifting around and promoting in the battalion to fill the places of those obliged to resign on account of deficiency in their studies.





WANT ADS.

Information Wanted—Why has Olive Ben so cold lately. Box A-56.

Wanted—A sponsor. C. Mauritzivs, Box 45.  
(Note that this has been in before.)

Lost—My temper. Return to Squib editor, Box 46.

S. Martin (translating French): "He departed in the middle of the back."

Zora (translating Latin): "And the beakers were dashed against the shore."

Marian C.—The fact that Lady Macbeth calls her hand "little" isn't any proof that it was small. Now, for instance, in a fit of madness I might call *my* hand little.

Pergy had a little dog,  
It's fleece was white as snow,  
And where the little Pergy went  
The dog he couldn't go.

Resolved, by THE REGISTER staff: "A school paper is a great institution. The editor gets the blame, the manager the experience and the printer the money—if there is any." Adapted.

GIRLS MUST NOT READ.

If there's anything worries a woman  
It's something she ought not to know;  
But you bet she will find out somehow,  
If she gets the least kind of a show.  
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing  
This poem she has already read;  
We knew she'd get at it somehow,  
If she had to stand on her head.—Ex.

Miss McHugh: "Give an elegy."

Miss Langdon: "An ode to the End of the Duke of Buckingham."

Miss Towne: "What were the commons in England used for in Shakespeare's time?"

Pupil: "Cow pastures."

Miss Towne: "For whom?"

Pupil: "Everybody."

Best Selected Book Stock in the City

Dainty Books at 25 and 50 cents.

Artistic Valentines.

Line-a-Day Books.

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FALL AND WINTER

Styles of Woolens now ready  
for your inspection.

BOURKE, The Tailor

319 South Sixteenth Street.

Accordion  
and Sunburst **Pleating**

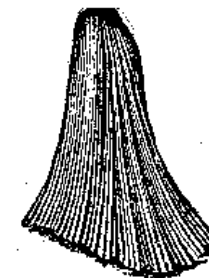
COMPLETE GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

Tailor Made Buttons. Ruching. First-Class Dressmaking

The Goldman Pleating Co.

Opposite Hayden Bros. over 107 South 16th Street.

Telephone 1936.



F. Powers (enthusiastically): "Wasn't the cloak room scene in Strongheart good?"

Mr. and Mrs. Chambers' private dancing class for High school students Saturdays from 7:30 to 10 p. m. Join now. Tel. F-1871.

Basement Floor Walker (to R. M., talking to clerk): "Clerks must not talk to wrappers."

Mr. McMillan: "What is the next step in this proposition?"  
Pupil: "I swallowed an indelible lead."

Captain Stogsdall: "I want cadets to wear their whole uniform or nothing when they go down town."

Wanted—A caddy to carry my gun drill days. L. Sweet, 1st sergeant Co. C.

Roller skating at the Auditorium has proved by far the most popular amusement of the season to the girls and boys of the High school, large numbers of whom attend regularly.

M. Kennedy: "In our class meeting they asked how many weren't going to the debate, and nobody stood up."

George R.: "Uh. In our class meeting they asked who was going and everybody stood up."



## We Extend

A cordial invitation to High School Pupils to make this their store home.

**New Spring Goods are arriving.**

We sell High School Pennants & Arm Bands.

Prices 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

# THOMPSON, BELDEN & CO.,

Howard and 16th Streets. The New Retail Center.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

# 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, also on Saturday morning.

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.**

NONE ARE QUITE SO CAREFUL

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

Cadets suits cleaned, altered and repaired.

We also make a specialty of ladies fine dresses.

**The Pantorium**

407 South 15th Street. Telephone 903



All kinds of CUT FLOWERS for All Occasions  
Beautiful blooming Plants, Ferns and Palms.

**HESS & SWOBODA.**



## A Fountain Pen

Would make a most acceptable Birthday gift. We sell the Waterman and Mercantile, from \$1.50 to \$5.00. We have a good warranted pen for \$1.00. Spend a few minutes at our store.

LOOK FOR THE NAME:

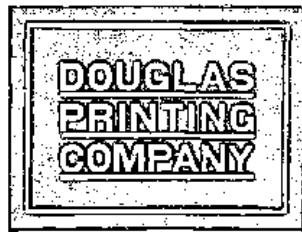
**LINDSAY, The Jeweler: 1516 Douglas Street.**



Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

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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. . . . .



Our facilities are unsurpassed.  
Best of type designs. Best of  
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1508 HOWARD ST.

TEL. 644

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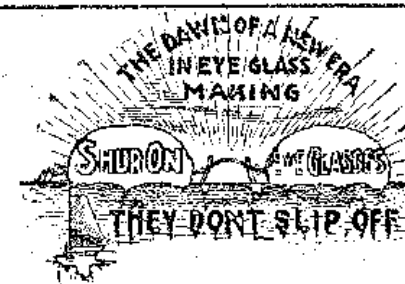
## Mantels and Tiling

FIRE PLACE FIXTURES

Estimates Furnished for Tile, Vestibules, Floors, Etc.

### Milton Rogers & Sons Co.

14TH AND FARNAM STREETS.



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.

*Keyp* **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**

## 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.

### It Surprises Everyone

To see what a beautiful Cut Glass Salad Bowl can now be purchased of us for \$4.50—eight inches in diameter, heavy deep cutting, rich design. Nine inch Bowls, \$8.00 to \$25.00. Visit our renowned Cut Glass room.

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