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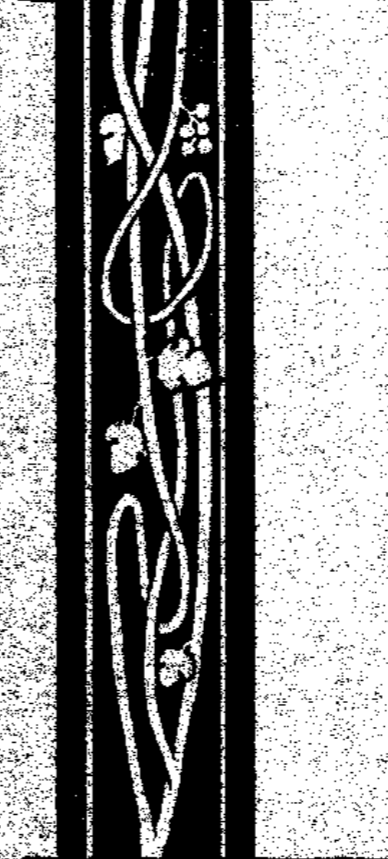
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REGISTER



OMAHA
HIGH
SCHOOL

FEBRUARY
1906

SPRING TERM

OF THE

Omaha Commercial College

NINETEENTH AND FARNAM

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GENERAL INFORMATION

This has been the banner year of the Omaha Commercial College, approximately 500 students having been enrolled for the Winter Term. This large number hail from twenty-eight different states and territories of the United States. Canada is also well represented. The Literary Society, Gymnasium and Lectures have played a prominent part in the year's work. Scores of students have been placed in remunerative positions. School will be in session all summer. Students can begin any time.

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The REGISTER

Published by the Students of the Omaha High School.

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The REGISTER

Vol. XX.

OMAHA, FEBRUARY, 1906.

No. 6.

"A Twentieth Century Honeymoon"

A combined meeting of the various astronomical societies of the world was announced to take place at Berlin on the 17th of July, 1950. The question to be discussed was that same troublesome question that has bothered many an astronomer,—whether or not the celestial planets were inhabited.

The Podunk Astronomical society of America, of which I was an active member, elected me as one of their representatives to this meeting on January 17th, thus leaving me exactly six months for observations and profound study. There was scarcely a night during that time that I did not spend in my laboratory. I shunned all society and shut myself in from the world. My doctor told me that I would soon become a living skeleton if I kept this up. But I was so intensely interested in my work that to break away from it, for even one night, would mean the loss of a whole train of important ideas.

A number of theories passed through my mind and one of these impressed me by its plausibility to such a degree that I was determined to ask permission of the great meeting to undertake the attempt of proving it if they would provide me with the necessary funds.

At last the day for my departure for Berlin arrived and I boarded an Atlantic liner. Let me say here again that not even those nights on the ocean were spent idly for I had not forgotten to carry with me my compact, but very powerful little telescope that I might study the influence of the moon upon the earth as is shown by the influence of the moon upon the ocean.

When our steamer arrived at Berlin I was thoroughly convinced as to the plausibility of my speculations. The following day the meeting took place and I broached my theory, which aroused such interest that immediate steps were taken to raise funds. This theory which I have been withholding from my readers all this time is; first, that all the planets, of which our own earth is one, are paired off according to their magnetic relations. Secondly, that each planet of a pair has a magnetic power over the other. Thirdly, that all these planets are related to or connected with each other by the magnetic meridian, with the moon as the medium of this relation, and, fourthly, that the Polar Star acts as the medium of relation between the moon and our earth. Now since the Polar Star and the moon both have an influence over the earth I am able to solve my problem by applying an axiom similar to the one in geometry which says, "that magnitudes equal to the same magnitudes or equal magnitudes are equal to each other." Therefore, since the magnetic power of the Polar Star and the moon counter-balance each other, the magnetic power of the moon must equal the magnetic power of the Polar Star; that is, the moon must have the same amount of magnetic influence over the Polar Star as the said star has over our earth.

In the year 1925, as we all know, Peary discovered the centre of the magnetic attraction of our earth, the magnetic pole, and by mapping out his course he removed practically all the difficulties of travel in these regions. He said in an address to the College of Astronomy of Berlin, concerning his discoveries, that his compass needle pointed directly overhead to the North Star. He also stated that there was a terrific suction upon all magnetized articles aboard his ship, which he attributed to the magnetic attraction of this star. Therefore, since there is such a close relation between the Polar Star and our earth, I deduce from my theory that the earth and this star constitute one pair of the many pairs of planets.

Coming back once more to my theory I will state that I proved all that I have said by making a trip, by way of the Polar Star, to the moon, and I will now attempt to give an accurate account of the preparations as well as my trip. With the funds that were supplied me I first ordered a ship to be built to convey me to the Polar Regions. Then, after consulting many of the greatest mechanics of the world, I gave Mr. Wood, a renowned American mechanic, the contract of constructing for me a magneto machine of my own design. This machine consisted of a large horseshoe-shaped mass of soft iron that might be magnetized negatively or positively or regulated to any degree of magnetism at the will of the operator, by means of a special contrivance worked by electricity, which was distributed by wires from storage batteries throughout the entire structure of the magnet. At the extremities of each pole of this magnet there was a projecting pin, something on the order of the piston rod, that would, upon coming in contact with any celestial body, recoil upon heavy springs, thus preventing to a certain extent the jolt that would naturally occur. Midway between the sides of the magnet and swung from a heavy iron cross-bar in such a manner as to constantly maintain its parallel position with the earth, was an aluminum car, large enough for two. I have not till now mentioned a second party on this trip of mine, but I might as well say here that my wife, Louise, was to accompany me, for this was, very fittingly, to be our honeymoon. This car was as comfortable as any one could wish for this sort of a trip; it was lit by electricity at night, while during the day sufficient light was admitted through a skylight and an observation window. It was composed of two rooms, one the main and the other the machine room, the former was furnished like any other modern living room, while the latter contained all the machinery and served also as an observation and a store room. Underneath the whole car were four large compressed air tanks, on which we depended for our air when we had left the earth's atmosphere. For food provision we carried the ordinary army emergency rations.

On July 13th, 1951, we embarked with our ship and machine, "The Honeymoon," at Boston, bound for the Magnetic Pole, as this was to be the starting point of our aerial trip. Six weeks later, August 24th, saw us, after an uneventful voyage, at our destination, and the following day our machine was in readiness for our departure. At 9:30 that morning, surrounded by a silent group of curious and interested Eskimos, Louise and myself entered the car, and after I had turned on

the magnetic current the poles of the magnet gradually rose and finally, amid shouts of amazement from the bystanders, "The Honeymoon" left the earth and pointed her course to the Polar Star. No perceptible increase in speed was noticed during the first two hours of the trip, but about noon the speed meter registered five hundred miles an hour and was steadily increasing until the atmospheric friction became so great that it was necessary to reduce the speed, or to have the machine reduced to a molten mass of metal. We soon, however, left the earth's atmosphere and I then allowed her full sway. That evening while at supper we felt a slight vibration and "The Honeymoon" came to a dead stop. An extremely bright light showed through the skylight above us, and I opened the door at the side of the car to find out what had happened, but the light was so intense that I was compelled to close it. We had evidently landed upon the Polar Star, but if so, what could be its composition? There was only one substance on the earth that could compare with it, and that was radium; so we naturally took it for granted that this star was composed entirely of radium. Lest our machine should be utterly demolished by the terrible destructive qualities of this substance, I hastened to the machine room and turned on the negative current, thereby releasing us from our perilous situation. We promptly came about and were now headed directly for the moon.

Everything fared well till the night of the third day, when for some unknown reason we had deviated from our course and were now slowly heading towards a cluster of planets to the right of us. I immediately consulted my charts and found to my surprise that we were two thousand miles off our path. This was very discouraging to us, as it meant one whole night wasted in drifting back. We had gone this distance in less than three hours, but because of the slow speed generated by the repulsive, or negative current, it would take at least eight or nine hours to regain it. So it was not till dawn of the next morning that we were once more on our course.

On August 30th it became evident that our destination was but a few hours ahead. We could now clearly see the moon's surface like a huge mirror extending as far as the naked eye could reach seemingly into infinite space. For some time we had heard a deep clanging sound like the beating of a distant anvil, which now nearly deafened us, and, as we approached still closer to the moon, it became impossible for us to understand each other. As night slowly came on, and, as the whole heavens became enveloped in darkness, a terrible sight met our eyes. The contrast between the moon and the surrounding darkness was undecipherable. Monstrous meteors were flung from all directions and crashing upon its vast surface, causing that vibrating sound that we had been hearing for several days. Now and then there came a deathlike lull, each time followed by a still louder crash. Occasionally the whole moon was hidden from our view by fumes which seemed to rise from its surface. These fumes, however, did not last for any considerable length of time as the meteors soon cut them into pieces and then they slowly floated away into space.

I now fully realized the danger of our situation, but it was im-

possible for us to avoid it. "The Honeymoon" had gained too great a headway, and if I slowed her down it would be at least an hour before I would be able to bring her about and by that time we would have arrived at the moon. There was only one alternative left, that of throwing on the negative current, but I dared not do this as I feared the change might be too sudden. Thus seeing that there was nothing left for us to do, except to meet our fate, I turned towards Louise, who, let me assure you, was not a great distance from me, to see if she also knew of our danger, and, as our gaze met, I saw that she understood as well as I the condition of affairs. Then, as we still gazed at one another there came one of those deathly silent moments and I faintly heard Louise say:

"In God we should trust."

She had scarcely spoken these words when we heard a tremendous crash, which seemed ghastly near us. Rushing to the rheostat I lowered the lever five notches, but would this save us now, or were we to be dashed to death by my own carelessness? The speed meter registered one thousand miles an hour and showed no sign of decreasing for half an hour, when she slowly registered five hundred miles an hour. She hung to this mark for another half hour, and as we breathlessly watched her, expecting death any moment, we were surprised to see the index quiver a second and then suddenly drop to the one hundred miles an hour mark. It is impossible to state how relieved we felt when the index made its final drop to fifty miles an hour.

By this time we were within a few hundred yards of our destination, and after turning off all the current, thereby allowing the machine to be carried by its own impetus, I clasped Louise in my arms and, bracing myself, prepared for the shock that was to come. Hardly had I done this when the expected shock came, and the car, rocking violently for several minutes, settled down to its normal equilibrium. I still continued to clasp Louise in my arms for some time, being too dazed to comprehend the fact that we had at last arrived at the moon. She was the first to disengage herself, brave girl. She ran to a chest in one corner of the room and brought out the American flag. I then saw that it was her intention to plant our national colors at all hazards and thus take possession of this territory in the name of the United States of America.

With this end in view we immediately stepped out upon the moon. It was not a sandy beach that we put foot on, as the reader might imagine, but on the contrary a vast shimmering field of cold metal. Meteors were crashing all around us, making a terrific noise, and the atmosphere was so rare that we could scarcely breathe. In spite of these dangers I saw that Louise was still determined to plant the flag. It seemed an impossibility at first sight, but on investigating we found scattered fragments of meteorites, which enabled me to build a mound around the pole as Louise held it in position. While doing this, she interrupted me as I was about to place a large sized stone upon the mound, and seizing me by the arm directed my attention to the stone that I held in my hand. I nearly fainted with surprise when I discovered that I had in my possession a rock that contained the most

precious and rare species of the diamond, it being of a blood-red color.

After having accomplished our purpose we started back to our machine. But we had gone but a short distance when, acting under the same impulse, we turned to take one farewell glance at the flag. And, as we did so, as if returning our farewell, she unfurled herself to the breeze. Then the whole heavens became silent and Louise and I joined fervently in singing "The Star Spangled Banner." Scarcely had we finished when we noticed that we were quickly becoming enveloped in a cloud of fumes, and we hurried to return to "The Honeymoon" before it would be too late. Where these fumes came from I do not know; they seemed to come from everywhere and yet nowhere. I felt myself gradually becoming drugged, and it was now impossible for me to plant my feet firmly. We struggled onward, hoping against hope that we might reach "The Honeymoon" before being entirely overcome. But when we had just come within sight of her Louise fainted. I seized her in my arms and, rallying all the force that was left in me, I made one desperate dash for life, and successfully reached our craft. Laying Louise on a couch I hastened to the machine room and, not knowing what I was doing, I lowered the negative switch too suddenly. Then I became unconscious. When I came too I saw Louise bending over me. Her first question was, "Where are we?" One who has had no similar experience can never know how relieved I was when she told me that we were homeward bound. How long I had been unconscious I do not remember, but my brave Louise had, in her anxiety, managed to care for me, and also to look after "The Honeymoon" in her mad flight to earth.

The main object of my trip, to prove whether or not the moon was inhabited, I never accomplished. But my readers have, of course by this time, seen that it is absurd to believe that any human being could possibly live under such circumstances. I learned, however, that the so-called "man in the moon" was nothing more than great heaps of meteors, piled in that fantastic shape which one sees from the earth.

DOANE KELLER, '06.

The Making of a Heroine.

The August sun shone hotly down upon the shining tiles of the door yard and glanced into the cool depths of the big kitchen, where little Metge sat at her spinning wheel. It was a typical Dutch kitchen, that, and Metge was a typical Dutch girl, too.

Perhaps I should say, a girl typical of the times. Not the ordinary rosy-cheeked Dutch maiden, but pale and worn looking. For it was 1754, and all Holland bore a worn look. The Spaniards, under Alva, harried the country from end to end, so that in spite of their Dutch courage they had almost given up. Leyden had already been besieged for three months, and though they had vowed never to surrender, starvation and fever and death can work miracles on determination; so that now things hung in a balance.

The fall of Leyden meant the fall of Holland.

King William, the strength of the nation, lay ill of a fever, unable to help his suffering people.

No wonder then all were seized with despair and pretty Metge's blue eyes filled as she sat thinking how hopeless it all was.

She was alone; father and brother at the war, of course, shut up in Leyden now, and her mother gone on an errand.

So she sat and spun and thought, until a shadow darkened the door way and a man, (a soldier plainly, and wounded), staggered in and sank onto a bench.

Cold water revived him and Metge was soon binding up his head, though it was very severe, she got him wine and made him rest. He was a soldier of Holland, he told her. A glance at him told her more, he was young and a nobleman.

When she had left him resting she went back to her work and was again deep in her own thoughts, when a groan from the soldier made her turn round. He had risen to his feet and started for the door; she turned to see him fall.

She ran to him: a dark pool was forming beside him, and he clutched his side. When she had revived him he sat up and gazed dizzily around, plainly a badly wounded man. "Oh!" he said, "they've crippled me after all, till now I hadn't noticed my side. Now what shall I do?" (with a groan). "Help me, for I must go on; I must, I say."

He tried to rise, but could not, of course, but sank back in despair—and silence for a while.

Then he spoke: "You will help me, won't you?"

"All I can," she answered, pitying him, for he was really very young.

"Then listen, I am a messenger from the king. The messages must reach Leyden tonight."

"Leyden! but how?"

"Yes, Leyden; the city is starved out, and their hope is all gone. If we do not get them promise of speedy relief today they must surrender. The king has at last found a way. See, I have it here, in this pocket."

Metge saw, with awe, the royal seal.

"It must, it must reach Leyden tonight," he went on, "and I, I cannot take it. I can trust you, though, that is all, to find some man who will do so much for the king. Now go at once and find such."

"Ay," she answered, "my cousin, Jan Brent, lives not three miles away; he's in the army, but has been hurt. He's well now, and is going back in a few days to the fighting. He'll be proud to do it."

Putting the packet safe in her bodice Metge hurried off. The noon sun was blazing and she reached her cousin's farm, quite tired out. Her little cousin met her as she sank in the shade.

Where was Jan? Oh, Jan; Jan had gone away to the soldiers that very morning.

"Gone away!"

Metge gave a wail of disappointment and tumbled in a heap, tired out.

Then all at once something within snapped! She straightened up, a new light in her eyes. It had happened! Metge was already a heroine.

For king! for Leyden! for the brave young soldier at home!

She pulled out the papers and unfolded the written directions he had told her were there.

"Go," ran the command, "as best you can, to the gates of the dikes before the inner fortress of Lammen. With caution you will get there."

Ah! she understood. The Spanish held the fortress and their camps were about it, and the city Leyden, itself, on all but the east, where the dykes were.

Dikes! that gave her a clew. She had heard that the dikes were to be cut to let the ocean in to drive out the Spaniards in naval battle.

Well—he had meant to do it. She would, and at once set about it.

Skirting the canal she made cross-country, and though the sun baked down upon her, and the dust of the road blinded her, she kept on till the end of the afternoon found her about five miles from the fortress.

She was actually within the Spanish lines, but what haughty "Don" noticed a little country wench on such an afternoon.

She planned that she would keep on so as long as they let her alone, and then she'd try some other scheme. She knew every step of the way, and tramped sturdily on.

Not once did she notice the banks of clouds that were gathering overhead until a splash startled her, and she looked about to find that a terrific looking storm was gathering. When the lightning and roars of thunder commenced, and all grew very dark, indeed, her feminine fear overcame her and she plunged madly across the fields. Through the pelting rain, running exactly into a detachment of Spaniards, hurrying to camp. Of course they detained her, and she, breaking loose, fled, wet, muddy and frightened. The Spaniards took hotly after, though it was pitch dark by now. Tired as she was, she managed to keep ahead till she stumbled, fell and rolled into the ditch beside the road.

Though she thought, of course, she was lost, she was really saved, for as she lay there exhausted, her pursuers rode by her in the darkness.

When safe she clambered out and got back to the road at last. The fortress a mile and a half away in the storm.

Her escape gave courage, and though it frightened her, and blinded her, the storm was her friend, for while it lasted she made good progress, and by the time it had slackened found herself crawling along under Lammen's very wall toward the gates.

It seemed to Metge a century, at least, since she had sat peacefully spinning at home. Then he came and all began.

She was wet, muddy and bedraggled, footsore and weary, but she stumbled on, with torn frock and scratched face and hands. All at once the gates loomed up before her, black and still. She could hear sounds, but all were far away, none near her.

Metge hadn't stopped to consider, before, what she would do when she got there, and now the thought came that she was alone and powerless at her enemy's fortress.

She went to pieces, her courage ebbing, and broke into loud, hysterical sobbing.

How long she was there she did not know, but all at once she heard a sound near her, a rattling, then again. As she stood there before it a shaft of light shot out from the wall, revealing a dark hole in the base of the gate work. A voice bade her enter quickly, then all was dark.

Dazed, she hesitated, then feeling for the hole, crawled in. Some one asked her if she had an errand there, and who she was, in an unmistakably Dutch voice. She explained, and was told all was well, and led through some sort of a passage for miles; it seemed, till they emerged finally through a trap door into the council chamber.

Soon the message from the king was read and bells pealed forth in joy and thanksgiving on the night air, and the hungry people laughed and cried. For the dikes were broken, and the sea, at William's command, was coming to save.

The next night a heroine started from the secret passage to her home, where she found the noble officer, whose life she had saved when she became heroine, saying, in one day, Leyden and the nation's hope.

ALICE McCULLOUGH.

To the Little Short-cut Woodpath.

That quiet, peaceful path of tinted trees,
Softly caresses with its loving leaves
The uncovered heads of maidens on the way
To college buildings every autumn day.
The little fringed branches nod and lilt,
And throw their tiny ruddy leaves a tilt,
When scampering zephyrs past them slyly prance,
The little trees all join the merry dance.
But when the whisking winds have ceased their tease,
All silent, then, become the little trees.
Their baby branches do but slightly sway,
And peacefully they stand. No thought of play
Disturbs their minds, with any vagrant breeze—
In this still path, fringed by these little trees.

MARGARET WHITNEY, '05.



All those who have been at High before this year are fully acquainted with the Annual as it has been in the past. However, for

Annual Register

the many Freshmen who are on our subscription books, we wish to say the Annual is a special number of The Register, issued once a year, and intended to be a year book, representative of all the High school activities. It is elaborately bound, printed with especial care on the finest paper, and contains pictures of each member of the Senior class and pictures and write-ups of each of the other classes. Then each Company in the Battalion has three pages devoted to a picture of the entire company, of the officers, and a short history of the achievements and honors of the company in former years. Then follows the space devoted to the various literary societies, boys' and girls', that flourish in the school. Each has a picture of its officers or the entire society, and a write-up explanatory of the aim and fame of the organization. Athletics comes next, with several pages devoted to the various athletic teams formed in the school. With much other minor matter and the new ideas and plans that are to be used by this year's staff, the Annual should be a volume invaluable to every loyal member of the school.

Although it will not be issued until April, work has begun already, and it is up to every member of every literary society to see that his organization has representation that will not be overshadowed by its rivals. Seniors especially should begin to make preparation for their photographs in the Annual. Information as to rates and other matters concerning the individual pictures will be gladly furnished to any one calling at the Register office.

A new idea which we will attempt to push through will be to have pictures of the Junior, Sophomore and possibly the Freshmen classes taken in groups on the front steps of the new building. These, with modern methods in photography and photo-engraving, would make highly interesting and valuable pictures and could be undertaken at a very slight cost to each member of the class.

Let us all work together and produce an Annual that shall be thoroughly representative of this grand school, and one that can be shown with pride to anyone as a sample of the push and energy of the pupils of the Omaha High school.



Mr. John Latenser, Jr., entertained his High school friends very enjoyably on Saturday, the 24th of February, at a dancing party given at his home. A very enjoyable and jolly evening was spent by all who were present. The house had been decorated in purple and white, the school colors, and the small den where punch was served was draped in cream and gold, the Senior colors.

On February 10th the Officers' hop was given under the management of Messrs. Clement Chase and Ware Hall. The hop was a complete success and the decorations quite unique. Pennants of the companies were hung from the four corners of the balcony to the chandelier, and company pennants lined the railing of the balcony, with national flags draped between.

Olive Hammond entertained a number of her Junior friends at an informal party on the evening of the 22nd of February. The idea of Washington's birthday was carried out very prettily.

February 9th Margaret Phillippi gave a dinner for Miss Ethel Burket, of Lincoln, and Miss Helen Shedd, of Ashland.

Locals

At the beginning of the month there was an addition of one hundred and five Freshmen made to the school. They are like all other Freshmen when it comes to getting lost and using the wrong stairs.

Miss Dudley and Miss Timms have been added to the faculty this term.

With the new term the parliamentary law class, which was promised to have been organized two months ago, has been formed. But instead of being under the direction of Mr. Waterhouse, they are being taught by Mr. Bracelin. Pupils taking this branch must take it during one of their study periods. The classes meet Monday, fourth hour, in room 46; Tuesday, fifth hour, in room 44; Wednesday, sixth hour, in room 49; Thursday, first hour, in room 305; Friday, second hour, in room 305.

Miss Randall is visiting her sister in California.

Monday, February 5th, a new rule in regard to tardiness and absence went into effect. The provisions of the rule are: Firstly, all boys who are tardy or absent shall present their excuses to Mr. Water-

house; all girls who are tardy or absent shall present their excuses to Miss Kate McHugh. Secondly, all pupils tardy shall lose two per cent on their mid-semester cards in the class in which they were tardy for each time they are tardy in a class. And that they will not be allowed to make up the work lost in this manner. When a pupil is tardy, instead of going to his class room he will go to room 101, where he will remain the rest of the hour. Thirdly, if a pupil is absent he shall lose two per cent on the mid-semester cards in all classes for each day's absence. But with the possibility of making up work lost in this way, provided he recites to his several teachers within a week after his return to school. The third rule on the face of it seems fair, but the second—it will be good for those pupils who are in the habit of being tardy two and three times a week. But there are times when tardiness is inevitable and in such cases it seems—(The rest is blue-penciled by the Editor-in-Chief).

On suggestion of Mr. Waterhouse pupils of the High school are throwing open the windows of their bedrooms, and sleep, breathing large quantities of pure, fresh air (nature's own physician). And at noon rather than spend their time breathing in the impure air of our hallways, they stroll about the grounds. The purpose of these short walks is to receive the enjoyment that may be had by breathing the fresh invigorating air that may be found in large lumps on the High school grounds. In fact, it is found in such large slices that Lowney is often seen shoveling it out of the way in order that the pupils may reach the building in time to avoid losing that two per cent.

Hubert Owen, '07, is attending school at Creighton University.

Lane Summers, '07, who is enrolled at Morgan Park, came home to attend the Officers' hop.

Cyrus Bowman, '06, who has been studying at Andover the past year, has returned to Omaha. Bowman intends to take up his studies again next year.

Harold Anderson, who would have graduated from the Omaha High school in 1907 had he not moved to Wheeling, W. Va., has become one of the most popular boys of that school, notwithstanding the fact that this is his first year there. Anderson sprang into prominence from the first by making the football team and playing a star game. At the close of the season he was elected captain of the team for the season of 1906. Later he was elected president of the Junior class and joined the leading fraternity of the Wheeling High school. Hurrah for Omaha High!

On the day the Register went to press the Junior class held a meeting, and, following the example of last year's Junior class, selected their class pins this year. The pin is of a very beautiful design and reflects great credit upon the class, which chose it by a unanimous vote. The pin selected was designed and will be made by Mawhinney & Ryan of this city.

The Juniors broke away from the custom of having paste jeweled and enameled pins and will have a pin of 14-karat rose gold, embossed in an attractive design and depending on the natural beauty of the gold for its ornamentation.

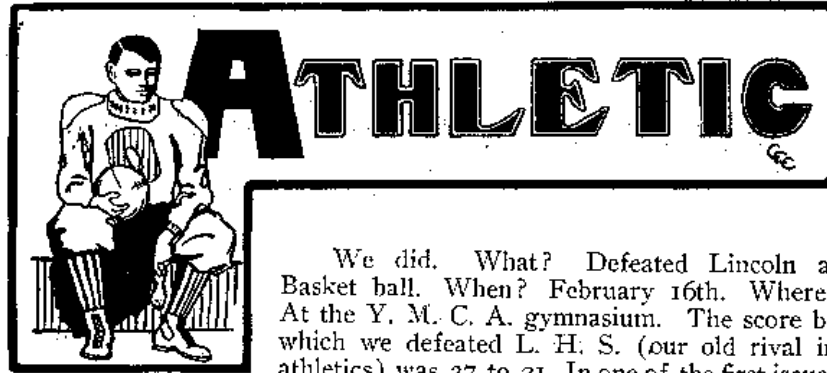
Phillip Frederick was elected treasurer of the class to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Joseph Barton.

On January 15th the Sophomore class met in Room 31 to decide upon the class yell. William Randall was elected by a slight majority to preside over the meeting. Earl Burket, who had been chosen at a previous meeting of the class as chairman of the Yell Committee, then gave the different yells which his committee had composed. A vote by ballot was then taken and the following yell adopted:

"A rick-a-rack, a boom-a-rack, a chick-a-rack-a-chaw,
Sophomore '08—Ra! Ra! Ra!

After Merrill Howard had been elected leader of the Sophomore class in athletics during the Athletic Carnival, the meeting closed.

The following teachers have been forced to be out of school on account of illness some days during the last month: Miss Hughes, Mrs. Fleming, Miss Adams, and Mr. Friske.



We did. What? Defeated Lincoln at Basket ball. When? February 16th. Where? At the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. The score by which we defeated L. H. S. (our old rival in athletics) was 37 to 21. In one of the first issues

of The Advocate, the school paper of Lincoln High, there was a long article telling how Lincoln would win in all their contests with Omaha. Keep winning victories like this, Lincoln, and you will gain a reputation.

The game was the closest, with one exception, that we have had this season. The exception was the first game with Wahoo. The Omaha team played together like a well oiled machine, while Lincoln showed a lack of practice and of team work. Each Omaha man excelled his opponent. During the game Flowers of Lincoln received a sprained ankle.

Owing to lack of space the writer of this article cannot devote any more time to the game. Perhaps it is not necessary, the few loyal students were there, the others were out using their hammers, which they carry with them constantly. We lost money on the game. On that night a number of pupils went to the theatres and parties. When there are ten performances a week at the theatres and 365 days in the year and about five basket ball games during the season, it does not seem fair that not enough pupils of the High school would buy tickets to pay expenses.

The faculty was very conspicuous for its absence.

A preliminary game between the Seniors and Juniors went as everybody expected, (at least those whose money had said '06 would win)—Seniors, 14; Juniors, 7. However, as in the ticket selling contest, the Seniors had to work for their victory. At last something real good has come from Lincoln in the form of Spieser, who played guard for the Seniors. His man threw only one field and five foul goals. Even with De Lamatre in the game, the Juniors could do nothing.

Friday evening, February 23rd, our basket ball team played its last home game of the season. We met and were defeated by the Sioux City team by a score of 39-34. The game throughout was a hard one. Sioux City, whose men were much larger and heavier than ours, played a very fast, tense game. Their foot work was excellent, but their team work was evidently not quite equal to ours. Perhaps one reason for our defeat was their skill in free goal throwing; not only did they seldom miss a goal, but the ball rarely even touched the rim of the basket, so skillful were the players. Although a few of our boys were a little shaky and undecided, our play on the whole was very good. This defeat may mean the loss of the Iowa championship, which we held jointly with Sioux City last year—the sole championship being in dispute—yet if we are successful in a return game with them we will again stand as we stood last year.

The same evening in which we played Sioux City we held our annual class carnival. The first event was the high jump, in which first place was awarded Tom McKell, a Sophomore. Spieser, a Senior, and Fredrick, a Junior, tied for second place. Sophomores thus gained 5 points, the Juniors and Seniors each 2 points. In the broad jump the Sophomores again won first place and 5 points, Elmer Clark jumping for them; the Seniors came in second, John Latenser winning them 3 points; John Rippey, representing the Juniors, came in third, with 1 point. In the relay race, although the Seniors came in ahead of the Sophomores a good half lap, the Sophomores won by default, thus adding 5 more points to their number, and the Seniors gaining 3 more. In the shot put Tom McKell, a Sophomore, broke the record of the past several years by a throw of 40 feet 7½ inches, thus winning 5 points. Elbert Burnett won 3 points in second place, and Neavles, a Freshman, won third place by a margin of a very few inches over Frederick, the Junior representative, this being the first Freshman point gained. In the 30 yard dash Burnett, a Senior, came in first with 5 points. Bonnell, a Sophomore, came in second, securing 3 points. The Seniors were victorious in the obstacle race, adding another 5 points to their score; the Freshmen came in second with 3 points. The Seniors having beaten the Juniors and the Sophomores having beaten the Freshmen in the preliminaries, a basket ball game, interesting though rather slow (?), was played between the Seniors and the Sophomores, the latter winning by a score of 19-14, adding 5 points to their score. The defeat of the Juniors gave 3 points to the Seniors. Although the Juniors and the Freshmen won so few points, neither were easily defeated in any of the preliminaries. The Sopho-

mores having 28 points to the Seniors 24, they were proclaimed victors; but it is to be noticed that the stars among the Sophomores were Sophomores last year. We sincerely hope they will not play for next year's Sophomores.

The Faculty did its duty nobly for the Athletic Carnival, about 50 tickets being sold to its members.



The chief interest in the battalion the last month has been the speculation as to who would form the successors of those unlucky individuals who lost their official heads on account of deficiency in their studies. These were many, although the failures were not quite as widespread as Dame Rumor urged us to believe at first. The two most important changes were in the first sergeants of Companies B and D, who, although most able drillmasters and officers, yet did not seem able to keep up class work at the same time. J. Ringwalt received the promotion to first sergeant of B, and H. Keller to first sergeant of D.

Drill during the last month has been entirely indoors, and after two months of rifle drill the freshmen are showing a marked increase in ability to execute the manual of arms with accuracy and deftness. The winter months are always valuable for this kind of training, which, though not as healthful as open air drill, still is quite as necessary in the formation of a perfect battalion. However, now that winter has broken up and spring seems to be hovering near, the companies will most likely spend all their time from now on in work out of doors.

Each of the companies has received a squad of February freshmen, who form a welcome addition to the battalion. These fellows are of course, handicapped by being expected to have the same knowledge of a drill by next June as those who entered in September. By giving them careful and especial attention this is generally easily accomplished.

Organizations.

The trial of Carroll Belden, who was found guilty of passing counterfeit money, took place in Judge Potter's court room, No. 31, Friday, February 23, 1906. The scene was witnessed by a very large audience, who listened with breathless interest to the testimonies of the several witnesses. The attorneys for the defendant, Andrews and Percival, made most powerful appeals, but with such overwhelming evidence in favor of the prosecution it was not surprising that the verdict proved the "retired cattleman" a hardened criminal. The deep laid plot was most skillfully brought to light by the keen examination of United States District Attorney Wallerstedt, and Assistant District Attorney Hommel, who submitted each witness in the cross-examination to a most severe test.

Carroll Belden was at one time a ranchman and cattle owner in the vague "west," where he became very wealthy and, as it seems, most arrogant, for without leave or license he fenced in government land for his own private use; defying the laws and infringing on the rights of the United States government. When United States Marshall Sweet ordered the fences torn down Mr. Belden, in true dramatic villainy, swore vengeance on the country where he had made his fortune and departed for Venezuela to formulate his plans.

The rest was simple enough; he became a friend of the Venezuelan president, and with the aid of the Venezuelan diplomat, Lake Deuel, smuggled counterfeit money into the United States and proceeded to pass it liberally.

Mr. Courtney (who strangely resembled Harry Blixt), testified solemnly that Mr. Belden was in his store on January 13 and bought one dollar's worth of candy, for which he gave a counterfeit dollar, and in this he was corroborated by his most trustworthy clerk of the candy counter. Then Mr. Deuel, in a remorseful mood, turned State's evidence, and proved conclusively the criminal character of his friend Belden by confessing all he knew, which, no doubt, completed the train of evidence that ended in his, Belden's, doom.

The Ciceronians at their Friday meeting had a debate on the foot ball question. Sam Reynolds and H. Daniels spoke for the game, and A. McDonald and E. Felker against it. Stories, current topics and interesting anecdotes formed the balance of the program.

The Frances Willard society took the theme for their program hour from the recent holiday and listened to an "Ode to Washington" by Antonio Vangaard, and a recitation, "Washington," by Helen Olsen.

The members of the Pleiades society edited a newspaper, the Star, that contained columns devoted to telegraphic, society, sporting and theatrical news, at their last meeting.

At the Elaine society a poem, "Little Black George Washington," was recited by Geraldine Gifford. Seven members of the society sang a charming song, and then, after a poem, "Washington's Kiss," was

recited by Helen Downing, a letter from Margaret Whitney, who is at Wellesley, was read and refreshments served.

The Margaret Fuller society gave an intensely interesting program founded on the works of Eugene Field. Each of the members read a selection from his works. "My Bench Legged Fyst" was given by Grace Rohrbough; "Picnic Time," by Corinne Searle, and "The Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad," by Florence Pain. Rosina Mandelberg read "The Doll's Wooing"; "Fido's Friend" was very ably rendered by Caroline Conklin, and the "Night Wind," by Margaret Kennedy. The meeting closed with a reading of "The Cyclopeedy," by Mabel Krebs.

The Hawthorne society's program consisted of a piano solo by Ritchie Clark, an essay by Gertrude Schermerhorn, a recitation by Clara Smith, and a reading on "Washington's Birthday" by Allie Adams. Lucy Dietrick got much praise for an original poem on Washington and a recitation on "Girls of Long Ago," by Mae Dean, and a piano solo by Zora Fitzgerald, concluded a very interesting and timely program.

Art Department.

Most of the pupils perhaps remember the sale of the Art Department of the Omaha High school, which was held on the second floor of the old building, a few days before the Christmas holidays. The money obtained from this sale was used to buy pictures for the school. Three pictures were obtained from Mr. Whitmore, who had just returned from abroad, having brought with him many fine reproductions of paintings by the old masters. Portraits were considered the best by the department and so, Ruben's "Portrait of Himself," Van Dyck's "William, the Silent," which should be of interest to every student of modern history, on account of its historical value, and Rembrandt's "Portrait of His Mother," were purchased. These may be seen opposite the north door of Room 204.

Sir Peter Paul Rubens, the painter of the first named of the three pictures, was born at Siegen, Westphalia, on June 29th, 1577, and died May 30th, 1640, at Antwerp. Rubens was the head master of the Flemish School of Artists. He was a realist, not an idealist. Although his paintings are master pieces, they lack what may be called soul. His gods and goddesses are beasts, in the full sense of the word, but his animals and realistic productions are never to be surpassed.

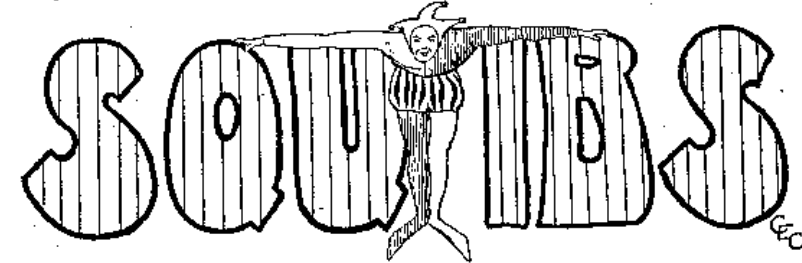
The painter of the second of the portraits, Sir Anthony Van Dyck, was born in Antwerp, March 22d, 1599. His head of "Christ" and the "Twelve Apostles" attracted the attention of Rubens, who made the young artist his assistant and friend. He lived in the great master's house and fell completely under his influence, often painting the same subjects in a manner which makes it extremely difficult to distinguish them from Rubens. Van Dyck, in his pictures, had, what Rubens lacked, soul. He painted in the enclosed light of the studio instead of in the broad, bright day-light.

And now a word about Rembrandt, the painter of the third-named of the pictures: Rembrandt Harmensz Van Rijn of the Dutch school of painters, was born July 15th, 1606, or 1607. After spending three years in Leyden, he went to Amsterdam where he studied under Lastman. After again going to Leyden, he finally made his home in the city on the Zuyder Zee. Here the silvery tone and equal light of his earlier style gave way both in his painting and etching to a novel, startling method, mysterious and somibre.

ALAN McDONALD, '08.

Primer Class Notes.

The members of the Browning Society, at their last meeting, were audience to a most instructive and exemplary program. For the first time Miss Helen Meyer appeared in her role of "Teacher," and thereby enlightened her friends as to the methods which assist the shooting of the young idea. Her scholars were models—of their kind, and really capable of answering questions far beyond their years. The opening exercises began with a song by the school at large entitled, "Quack! quack! quack!" This was immediately followed by a recitation by the Number Work class, in which little Margaret Lee and Carrie Harding were especially proficient. Then Ethel Eldridge and Sarah Martin spelled with precision and force, Ethel being especially inspired by the fact that her birthday was coming soon and she would be all of seven years old. Following the spelling came Calisthenics and the Primer class, while last of all, the school (again at large) sang lustily a sweet "Goodnight!"



Lucile Patterson (Latin society)—The canopy was held up by spual (spiral) columns.

Miss Bowen (9th A German, calling roll)—Herr Fresh!
Fresh—My first name isn't Herr.

Wanted—An ink bottle of indestructible or malleable glass for the Register office.

P. S.—Rough houses have a detrimental effect on all fragile objects, ink wells not excluded.

Lives there a boy with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
As on his bed shone morning's light,
"I wish the school had burned down last night."—Ex.

Prof. (dictating prose)—"Slave, where is thy horse?"
Startled Pupil—"It's in my desk, sir; but I wasn't using it."—Ex.

What is Chemistry?

A lot of smells, colors and D's.

Little drops of water

Freezing on the walk,

Make the naughty adjectives

Mix with people's talk.

Miss Sullivan—Where was the Garden of Eden?

Dorward—Somewhere around Lake Manawa.

(Who was she, Dorward?)

II. Shrum—Why isn't manual training domestic science?

E. Burnett—If I don't use a broom I use a carpet sweeper.

Jim Key, the most wonderful horse in the world, will be at the Auditorium March 27 and 28. All schools will be closed early for this event.

Miss Snyder (calling roll)—I didn't hear her not answer.

Freshman (to Miss Brandeis)—Do your floating ribs ever sink?

Miss Borglum—You are supposed to explain so that nobody, not even the stupidest, can understand it.

G. Emory (writing)—I don't have any difficulty in making I's.

Mr. Van Mater—"I shouldn't think any Senior would.

Although Peake does not dance, anyone knows that he is very Graceful.

Lavina S. (Am. History)—The House of Representatives is divided into members, and under the house comes the representatives, who are also subdivided.

Latin Teacher—When did the country stop speaking?

R. Rinehart—When it finished, or rather when it ended.

Freddie had a red-hot poker,

And he laid it on his ma.

When she smelled the burn it woke her,

"Dear," she said, "this goes too far."—Ex.

Miss S.—"If you don't think of a Latin name for a thing what do you do?"

B. D.—"Leave it out."

Soph (bookstore)—"Give me a 'Second Year Latin pony.'"

Bookseller—"Get out, this isn't a livery barn."

Mr. Bracelen (civics)—"The National Bank either added to or detracted from the posterity (prosperity) of the country."

Miss Mackin—"Describe the statue."

Pupil—"It was just like the living Napoleon when he was dying."

A pigskin tight,

A long end run;

Tackled low,

And Kingdom come.—Ex.

Best Selected Book Stock in the City

Dainty Books at 25 and 50 cents.

Robert's Rules of Order. Infantry Drill Regulations

Leather Goods. Diaries. Fountain Pens.

Imported Brass Desk Sets. Address Books.

MONOGRAM STATIONERY.

VISITING CARDS.

Matthews Book and Paper Shop

122 South Fifteenth Street.

SPRING AND SUMMER

Styles of Woolens now ready
for your inspection.

BOURKE, The Tailor

319 South Sixteenth Street.

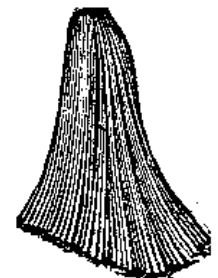
Accordion and Sunburst Pleating

COMPLETE GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

Tailor Made Buttons. Ruching. First-Class Dressmaking.

The Goldman Pleating Co.

Opposite Hayden Bros. over 107 South 16th Street. Phone Douglas 1936.



Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements

Fresh (at book room)—Give me two vanilla covers.
 Mr. and Mrs. Chambers' private dancing class for High school students Saturdays from 7:30 to 10 p. m. Join now. Tel. F-1871.
 Mr. Woolery—Now, if I made a rule, would I be a ruler?
 I guess not.

ECHOES FROM CHEMISTRY.

Dr. Senter—Your lesson will extend down to the top of page 139.
 Dr. Senter—We will have no lesson for tomorrow—
 H. Koch—Three cheers!
 Dr. Senter—Except what I assign during the hour.

GREAT EXHIBITION.

H. Sugarman and L. Duel, champion test tube breakers of the Senior class, in the Room 301, almost any seventh hour.

Dr. Senter—It was fortunate that the bell rang before it did.

Dr. Senter (6th hour)—This is the experiment that you are going to do yesterday.

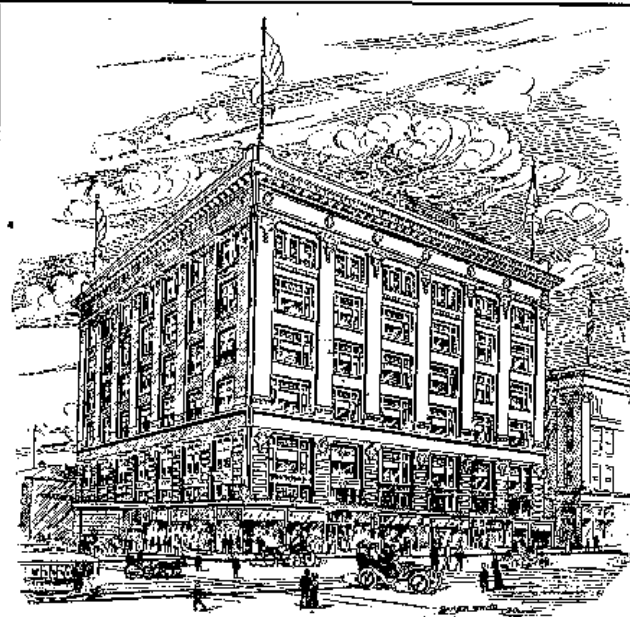
Dr. Senter—Now, if every one else has got your card, we will proceed with the lesson.

Echoes from English next month.

WANT ADS.

(Our want adds produce twice as many results as any other High school paper.)

Wanted—Two good looking girls for sponsors; must be small and of a cheerful disposition. Apply to John McCague or Cub Potter.



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.

\$100.00 IN CASH PRIZES

Given Away in One Verse Contest

We want verses for street car and newspaper advertising. They must refer to the superior merits of our "Kryptok" and "Toriscus" lenses. The contest is free. Particulars on application.

Are You a RHYMESTER?

Columbian Optical Company

211 SOUTH SIXTEENTH STREET

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 evening.

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

Mantels and Tiling

FIRE PLACE FIXTURES

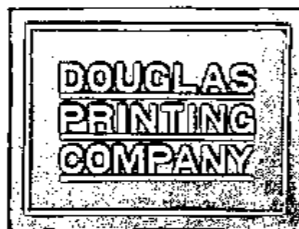
Estimates Furnished for Tile, Vestibules, Floors, Etc.

Milton Rogers & Sons Co.

14TH AND FARNAM STREETS.

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.



1508 HOWARD ST.

TEL. 644

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ALBERT GAHN

Shirt Maker
and
Men's Furnisher

State Agent for Dr. Jaeger Sanitary Woolen
System Co.; Dr. Deimel Linen Mesh
System.

1322 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

We clean or dye anything that
requires care and skill in hand-
ling. 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. Tel. Douglas 903



For the Bride

Our stock of Sterling Silver and Cut Glass is
ample for you to choose a gift both useful and
beautiful, adapted for the dining table, writing table
or the dressing table, and will meet the require-
ments and taste of the most particular. Even the
prices will please you.

MAWHINNEY & RYAN CO.

Jewelers and Importers. 15th and Douglas Streets

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



The Photographer.

313-315-317 South 15th Street
East Side of St. Phone Douglas 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.)

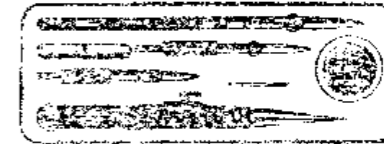
We cut your hair in just the right way.
High School trade solicited.

First National Bank Building,
1219 Farnam Street.



We sell Dictionaries, large and small.
Mechanical Drawing Set, price 75c

Omaha School Supply Co., 1621 Howard St.



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