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REGISTER



OMAHA
HIGH
SCHOOL

MARCH

1904

Omaha Commercial College

Rohrbough Bros., Props., 19th and Farnam St.

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50c " " " "	43c	\$1.00 " " " "	89c
\$3.75 " " " "	\$3 25	50c Syrup of Figs	45c
35c Castoria	32c	\$1.00 Paine's Celery Compound	89c
\$1.00 Scott's Emulsion	89c	25c Pond's Extract	23c
50c " " " "	45c	50c " " " "	45c
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1 box, 3 cakes, Good Glycerine Soap, worth 25c, we sell	10c a box
1 box, 3 cakes, Good Witch Hazel Soap, worth 25c, we sell	10c a box

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Imported and made from pure olive oil.

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The REGISTER

Published by the Students of the Omaha High School.

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No. 7.

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Yearly subscription, \$1.50; by mail \$1.60. Single Copies, 10 Cents. Advertising Rates on Application.

Address all communications and make all checks payable to The Omaha High School Register.

Practical Practice

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James Butts, Bugler

The Rhode Island, first-class battleship, 18,000 tons, 22 knots, mounting ten twelve-inch and twenty three-inch guns, fresh from the yards at Hampton Roads, rode stately and ponderous at anchor off Conchos. Overhead flamed a blazing, broiling sun which shimmered and sparkled on the rolling sheet of blue that stretched away in ever-varying tints of turquoise, indigo and emerald to the low coral shores of the coaling station. Over the palm trees hung great, round, puffy clouds, and in the cool depths around the ship played such wonderful fish of strange and weird hue as adorn only the waters of the tropics. A peaceful, sluggish quiet rested over all the ship as though the whole crew indulged in a mid-day siesta.

Forward in the cable room, huddled among the coils of hawser, was the limp, miserable figure of James Butts, apprentice seaman and ship's bugler. In his troubled mind there was no peace or quiet, no sympathy for the beauty of the scene outside, only rebellion against the cruelty and harshness of the whole world and his shipmates of the Rhode Island in particular. Jeered and jibed by all the men, butt of their jokes and the laughing stock of the officers' mess, he had had no rest during all the routine of the days from his comrades, and every night since the beginning of it all he had tossed and rolled in his hammock through the long, still hours. He felt himself an out-cast, shut out from all the rough and boisterous comradeship of the light-hearted tars and admitted to the friendship that he craved by none of them. He knew he deserved the scorn in which they held him, but that made the pain of it none the less bitter to bear. He was a coward.

Two weeks before the Wasp, one of the fleet of scouts that served as sentinels to the big ship and the coaling station, had come scurrying into harbor with signals flying, "Enemy's fleet sighted." Wireless telegraphy was still in those days an uncertain science and the commander of the scout relied on his twenty-eight knots speed for conveying such important news to headquarters. Briggs, the Rhode Island's captain, had cleared his ship for action and got under way to steam out of the harbor to a place where he could maneuver to better advantage. There, after steaming impatiently back and forth from one end of the island to the other, the captain had decided that the hostile fleet was a myth and the creation of the overwrought nerves of the scout. Back again to the bay went the ship and its crew, disappointed in the hope of the fight for which they had waited so long, ever since the outbreak of the German trouble. Then it was reported by No. 1 of the stern three-inch gun crew that James Butts, bugler, had not been at his post after the call to quarters. The two buglers on board were kept on duty on the bridge alternately, and the one who

was not so occupied was supposed to fall in with the crew of that particular gun. Not to do this was a serious breach of discipline on board ship, where one is supposed to obey with clock-like regularity. However; breach of regulations or not, James Butts was not to be found, and a careful search over all the ship failed to discover him, until one of the ship's cooks dragged him out, shivering and white from fear, under the coal dust, from a soft coal bunker, where he had taken refuge, as they found, at the first prospect of a fight. Such cowardice is a thing for which a man-of-war's man has no sympathy and less mercy, and after his term in the "brig" on bread and water he met an even harder punishment at the hands of his mates.

For two weeks he had been shunned and avoided by every sailor on the ship. In all that time he had not heard a kind or sympathetic word from anyone. Sometimes he had tried to enter a group of sailors as they lay on the deck, chatting and joking, in the hope that they would let him sit unnoticed and hear friendly voices again. But always his approach was the signal either for some remark about showing the yellow streak or for a silence whose meaning was so plain as to be unmistakable. Then the poor fellow would creep away like a dog that someone has struck, to hide himself in the hawser room. Not all his punishment was from his companions, for he despised himself for his weakness as much as any of them did and reproached himself bitterly for not having will enough to control his cowardly body. Anyhow, it had been the first time in action, and he hadn't been able to help it, a horrible fear had seized him and he had run to hide himself in the nearest shelter in a panic of helpless fright. Well, it was all over now, and he was a worthless, good-for-nothing wretch, and some night he was going to end it all by slipping over into the still, quiet ocean. He'd never have another chance to redeem himself. He couldn't go back to his dear old mother in Michigan with the terrible disgrace hanging over him. What would she do, what would she think? Oh! if he could only have another chance. He'd show them what he was really made of, he'd save the ship when all hope was gone and then when he was dying, they'd all gather around and take off their caps and honor the hero who had given his life for them.

Suddenly, out on the still afternoon rang the imperative notes of "call to quarters," bringing him to his feet with a start, but without that panicky, shaky feeling with which he had heard those notes that time before. His chance had come and he had changed from a boy to a man, ready to do his duty for his captain and his flag.

As he ran back along the deck, crowded with men hurrying to their posts, he glanced out over the rail and saw on the horizon two trails of smoke that would soon be transformed into deadly fighting machines floating the flag of the Kaiser. In a minute every man was at his proper place, standing motionless, waiting for the command. Then, "clear ship for action" sounded from the bridge, and the decks were covered with men running here and there bearing rails and lattices and spars, clearing off everything movable and stowing it away. Seemingly aimless and without order in the work the fellows were really doing it in the shortest possible time in the exact way in

which they had been drilled during the long days of preparation. Soon everything was torn up or fastened down, the boats lowered over side and lashed together, the ammunition hoists started and all was in readiness.

Down in the hold the stokers, black and grimy, were working desperately in feeding coal into the great mouths of the furnaces, the power and life of the whole ship. Queer, fitful lights played over the dripping shoulders and faces of the men, as stripped to the waist, they shoveled and lifted and strained, trusting to the strength of the ship and her captain to bring them safe through the battle. If they lost, down they would go like rats in a trap, and every one of them knew it.

Meanwhile the two spirals of smoke had developed into two long, grey battleships of the Imperial German navy, either of which would have been a respectable match for the Rhode Island. Briggs knew his ship's power and the ability of his crew, but his anxiety as to the outcome was plainly evident to the little group that stood around him in the conning tower. Briefly and clearly he outlined his plan to his subordinates. The Rhode Island was faster than any ship in the German navy. If the Germans hung together and pounded the Rhode Island their greater number of guns would soon win the day. They must be drawn apart by a running fight and then the Rhode Island must stop, close in quickly with the foremost, deliver a broadside and then turn and away out of range, and the same tactics over again until one of the Germans was disabled.

A puff of smoke shot out from the forward turret of one of the enemy, and in a minute afterward a spurt of water shot up 300 yards short of the ship. Another and another, and soon both the Germans were pounding away from every turret. They were getting the range, the spouts of water were shooting up nearer and nearer the battleship, but still its guns were silent. Then, just as a shell burst in the bow it turned slowly around and steamed away. The gunners and sailors, not knowing their captain's plans, were dumbfounded. The idea of an American ship refusing battle and running away! The Germans may have been equally surprised, but they started in pursuit immediately, and one of them soon drew away from its companion. Now was Briggs' chance. Over helm and about. At 6,000 yards from the foremost of the enemy the electric signal thrilled in every turret and gun room, and boom! boom! boom! the flame and smoke rolled away from the guns, the terrible messengers of destruction flew out over the sea. A second load was rammed home and fired, and then another and another. It was not for nothing that the Rhode Island held the South Atlantic fleet cup for rapid fire. The German saw its mistake and tried to get away and back to its consort, but it was too late. From turret and casement and fighting top the American poured a steel rain on the sides of its opponent. Its shots were taking effect, too. One of them had jammed a turret on the other ship, another had shattered a funnel, from which the smoke poured in a black cloud, and a third had pierced the side armor, bringing death and havoc in its path. Then, as the other German came up, the Rhode Island began to get its share of the pounding. Several well placed shots burst in the

casement of the broadside battery, putting some of the smaller rifles, that were intended to repel torpedo attack, out of action. Now was the time to leave. Around the ship went and away, with only her stern turret and the stern three-inch guns in action. In one of these Butts was working like the best, loading the gun and going through the manual with a coolness that surprised his fellows and even himself. Half-naked, powder-stained, and deaf from the incessant roar, he was doing his work in a way that called forth the lieutenant's praise. After the Rhode Island had gotten out of range and the Germans separated the same thing was done again and again, until the effect of the pounding began to be shown by one of its antagonists. Its broadsides were not so powerful, two of its turrets were useless, its upperworks and unarmored portions were riddled and torn by bursting shells, and many of its crew had been killed. Soon a well-placed shot jammed its rudder, and it was at the mercy of the American ship. Around and around in ever-narrowing circles went the Rhode Island, battering and hammering the cripple with all its guns, and not without some punishment itself, for the German at bay fought desperately. One of its shells had entered a turret on the Rhode Island and killed or wounded every one of the poor devils confined in that steel death-trap. The conning tower had been hit, but Briggs was still unhurt and fighting his ship like a hero. A few more shots and there was only one opponent to fight, the other drifted away, a helpless hulk. Now the duel was more even, but the strain was beginning to tell on the American. The awful shock of shells crashing on the armor, the sickening gases, the flying splinters and the racking, unceasing work, were fast wearing out the endurance of the men behind the guns. Back and forth, give and take, the two ironclads battered each other, now the advantage on one side, now on the other. The Rhode Island's steering gear had been damaged and the ship was being steered by reversing its screws. Two thousand yards apart the ships were now. At the shorter range the men at the small guns had more to do, and they commenced a bombardment of the German that sought out every crack and opening, working awful havoc among the gun crews. James Butts at his post in the stern, was still working, loading and cleaning out the gun with his head reeling and his body numb.

Down at the water line, in the torpedo room, a lieutenant and his men were getting the torpedo tube in order. Soon the tube was trained on the German ship and the deadly weapon loosed. Away it went, silent and unseen on its terrible errand. As Butts glanced along the sights of his gun he saw a tremendous spout of water arise alongside the enemy, a twisting of its hull and then a low, muffled report, and then—he heard no more. A chance shot from across the water had entered the case mate and exploded, maiming, tearing and crushing. Where a minute before had been a group of men intent on doing their duty, was now but a pile of silent bodies.

The fight was over, the men in the relapse from the nervous strain had fallen powerless and even unconscious at their posts. All was quiet again except for the moans of the wounded and dying, and the

short, sharp orders of the surgeons as they moved on their errands of mercy. No one was on the lookout, for what danger could be left now that both the enemy were drifting away, powerless for harm? No one saw the little black dot that bobbed up and down on every wave far out on the sea. Far out on the sea, but nearer and nearer with every minute, a very innocent black dot, but one that would have thrown a ship into a panic if they could but have seen it.

In that mass of torn humanity down in the stern, life was slowly returning to one. Out of the group crawled a terrible looking figure, black, bloody and burned. Slowly it staggered to its feet and fell across the breech of the rifle. He must get back to work. He could hear the roar of the fight in his ears. Where was that target that he must hit? He couldn't see it, but anyhow he must get to work. Slowly and laboriously, the breech was swung open, a heavy shell inserted and the powder bags pushed in. His part in the fight had been only to load and clean, but he was familiar with the whole operation. Now he must wipe that mist out of his eyes and find the German ship. Suddenly his eyes caught that little dot that was floating steadily near the ship. Funny! he had seen that dot before. Round and black with a rod standing out of the water a few yards behind. There was something about that he had been taught to remember. Then consciousness came to him with a shock. It was the hood of a submarine! The most deadly weapon of warfare was coming swiftly towards the Rhode Island. It would soon dive and then fire its torpedo in safety. He must be quick, for soon it would be too late. Quickly he turned the wheels that swung the gun around and aimed it a few yards ahead of the hood. Quickly he pulled the lever that fired. Out rang the report of a single gun. Too high, his shot had passed over. He had but a moment more now. The lives of the whole crew rested in his care. Over to the hoist, back with a shell, and then he was aiming the gun for a second time with trembling fingers and reeling head. Careful, this was his last chance. Now the sights were right in line with the hood. Boom! a spurt of water rose beside the black dot, then there was a terrific explosion and the terror was gone. Down again beside the gun dropped the solitary fighter.

Two months later and Captain Briggs was reading something to his men from the bridge. "A medal to James Butts for bravery and coolness in action." "Now," sang out the boatswain, "three cheers for Jimmy Butts." And Jimmy was happy, for he had had his chance.

C. E. CHASE, '06.

A Ghost in Time

"But I am afraid burglars will come, or something dreadful will happen, and there are so many accidents now that I don't see—" Poor Mrs. Brandon! One might have thought something truly dreadful was going to happen by the way she spoke. She was in reality just starting out for a vacation with her husband, who very seldom was

able to leave his business, and the thought of leaving home seemed to appal her.

"You needn't worry a bit, mamma, dear," said her daughter, Grace, a lively girl about seventeen years old. "We'll get along finely. Why, Dan will have a revolver right by his bed, and if that doesn't scare any burglar away I'll recite a string of Latin verbs to him through the key-hole."

"I'll shoot my new popgun at him, and kill him dead," put in little Jimmie, with five-year-old wisdom.

"Well, I suppose no one could withstand that," said Mrs. Brandon, laughing. "I see I'll have to go. Good-bye dears, all of you, and be good children. Dan, take care of Grace and Jimmie, won't you? Here comes papa, and I must go. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

In a moment she was gone, and the three left at home tried to be cheerful, but it was rather hard, just at first.

But very soon Grace's chum, Helen Chadwick, who was going to stay with Grace until her mother got back, came over bringing bag and baggage, and by her bright remarks and quick, funny manners, soon had everybody smiling again. She was a lovely girl, one of the sunshiny kind, who go about doing whatever good comes their way to do, and leaving many bright places, wherever they go. She was tall, and had a mass of soft golden hair, and dark brown eyes, that seemed a match for Grace's own. Grace herself was short with a quantity of curly brown hair, and a little turn-up nose, the kind whom everybody calls a "good fellow."

Anyone might see by the way in which Donald treated Helen that he liked her very much, and as he was at the age when boys try to impress their particular girl friends that they are about perfection, Mrs. Brandon felt quite safe to leave the children, when Helen came to stay with them. However, such unusual good behavior generally had a bad effect, for everyone's nerves were on end, lest this angelic manner should suddenly vanish.

Dinner was eaten amid jolly remarks, and rather flat jokes on Dan's part. Each of the three older people had some lessons to get for the next day, as they all went to High school, and they soon got to work. Before they separated for the night, Dan said, "Now, girls, I'm going to sleep in the room at the head of the front stairs, and I'll have a revolver close by me and if anything happens, just leave it to me to fix it up all right."

"We will," said Grace, laughing; "we'll be too sound asleep."

That night nothing unusual happened, except when Jimmie, who since his mother was not there, had helped himself too freely to the strawberry jam, dreamed that a large black object was pinching his arm. "Ow!" he cried, so naturally that Grace woke with a start, and with some difficulty quieted him.

The next morning at breakfast all tried to be very gay and no one seemed to remember certain sleepless hours that passed during the night.

And so the days went by, and it came to Thursday evening. The two girls were to be in a play given by some members of their class,

and the three started off early, leaving Hannah, the cook, to look after poor Jimmie. Now that young man had a most intense desire to go along with his elders, as he had seen the girls in their costumes, and had found out that Helen was to take the part of a ghost, with a flowing white robe, and a cadaverous looking mask. This amused him exceedingly, and it was a rather difficult undertaking to make him understand that he must not shoot his beloved popgun at this peculiar-looking individual. So when he found he was going to be left alone he howled unceasingly until the front door actually shut, and then thinking it was rather useless any longer, he came into the kitchen and invited Hannah to "come play marbles."

The play was a brilliant success, and the girls were well satisfied when they reached home rather late, tired but contented. Helen, however, decided to sit up a little longer, as she had some physics to get, and didn't want to get up early in the morning.

She studied for about an hour and was nearly ready to stop, when she heard a small but unmistakable noise in the hall outside. Her own door was locked, so she did not feel that anyone was going to walk in on her then—but still—well, it would have been a little less grewsome if she knew no one was there. She sat perfectly still. The noise continued, and she could almost hear the burglar walking. She was sure now that it was a burglar. He finally decided to go down stairs, and stealthily but surely reached the dining room, where he doubtless intended to make a last haul and then depart. All this time Helen had been thinking. All her fear seemed to have deserted her when the thought had come to her that now was an opportunity to repay her friends for all the kindness they had shown her. She was a born actress and an idea of an adventure pleased her. She thought of the fact that burglars are very often of a superstitious character, and instantly she thought of a plan. Quickly she put on the hideous mask, and long white robes, and softly stepped out into the hall. There she saw that the burglar had dropped a tool and had also left a very costly oriental rug on the floor, which facts showed her that he was probably an amateur.

She was about to go down stairs, when she hit upon another idea. There was a speaking tube in her room connected with the dining room, which, if blown a certain way would produce an unearthly shriek, that echoed all over the downstairs, but could not be heard very plainly upstairs. She went to this and made a prolonged, ghostly shriek, shrill and heartrending. She heard the burglar downstairs move uneasily. In a short time she followed this by several low groans. The burglar dropped a tool. She gave one more shriek, and then, as quickly as possible, she hurried downstairs, making almost no noise. When she nearly reached the dining room door, which was slightly ajar, she made another awful groan, and then, slowly pushing the door open, she stood in the doorway, just emerging enough from the darkness as to be fairly visible and just partially distinct. She stood still, the dark hollow eyes and double row of immense teeth, grinning furiously, showing off to a great advantage.

This remarkable performance was gradually inspiring a cold hor-

ror in the heart of the intruder—for he was young and unpractised—and, casting one terrified look behind him he fled, leaving tools and everything in his hasty flight. Helen, after he had finally escaped, followed him and locked the door. Then she turned out the lights and went, rather unsteadily, upstairs. She felt rather “shaky,” but resolutely determined to carry out her adventure, and so went to bed.

Next morning the family were aroused by a howl from Hannah, who had discovered the pile in the dining room, and explanations followed. It was found that the burglar had gone into Dan’s room and had taken every available article, including the revolver. Everybody had a hearty laugh when Jimmy came running downstairs, with but one stocking on, saying, “He took my bank wid ten cents in it, and my oder stockin’.” Strange to say, Donald disappeared after a hasty breakfast, and was not seen till late in the day.

Gee Whiz!

The Senior (philosophically):

Happy? Well I should say I am—
And mighty good reason, too.
I’m coming along just great in Chem.—
My average was 72!?!
And if I keep on at this rate I guess
I can feel sure of getting through.

The Junior (meditatively):

Oh, yes! I’ve flunked again, you know.
That Latin’s the cause. Oh, dear,
I’m so afraid the folks will say
I’ve trifled too much this year.
But good times take one’s attention so—
I forgot the exams were so near.

The Soph. (sadly):

It’s mighty funny how my grades have been
All this semester long;
In spite of all my work and toil
It’s just the same old song.
An 88 in everything—
Whether it’s right or wrong.

The Fresh. (indignantly):

I don’t care what you say; I know
No marks are as bad as mine.
That teacher might have raised my grade
’Cause I recite so fine.
I’m going to speak to pa and ma
’Bout that horrid 99!?!?!?—

Laura Waterman.

Our Major Domo

Who is it hath an “eagle eye”?
Who doth all muddy feet decry?
Who all unconvered books doth spy?
Mr. Fitzgerald.

Who is it keeps the building clean?
By whom is every ink spot seen?
On whom do all the labors lean?
Mr. Fitzgerald.

Who is it ends up each class rush?
Who stops each fight with sweeping brush?
Who cleans the walks of snow and slush?
Mr. Fitzgerald.

Who is it gives a gentle hunch
To each and every single bunch,
When they begin to throw their lunch?
Mr. Fitzgerald.

Who is the evil-doer’s hoax?
Who from our rooms stray dogs doth coax?
Who keeps an eye on idle folks?
Mr. Fitzgerald.

After our studies here are o’er,
And we depart to come no more,
You’ve our good wishes ever more,
Mr. Fitzgerald.

K. D. P., '06.

Music

On March 20th a second octette was organized by Walter Hoffman. This organization is to prepare itself to take up the work of the first octette next year, since nearly all of that organization will graduate this year.

The faculty has encouraged this second octette because they wish to see the work, which the present octette has been doing in the school and throughout the city, continued another year.

The success of the present octette is best shown by the programs upon which their names appeared this last winter. Among these programs are Miss Mackin’s Folk-song recital, a musicale at Dundee, our own athletic program, and at the Wednesday evening performance of Jim Key at the Auditorium. On all these programs some of the best talent in the city have appeared.

A number of the musical critics of Omaha have stated that it is the best musical organization of its kind in the city.

The octette will give a musical on April 20th at Creighton University hall. At this program will be heard a few of the finest musicians of Omaha. The boys will be at their best on this evening and an enjoyable program is assured.

Our High School band is making rapid progress under the leadership of Prof. Novotti. Several new members joined in February, and there are twenty-five members now enrolled. A number of new pieces are being rehearsed and the band promises to make the best showing of any amateur organization of its kind in the city this spring. No feature of camp life is quite so important and enjoyable to the cadets and the visitors as is a good military band.

The band rendered the music at the Tuesday and Wednesday matinees of the Jim Key performance at the Auditorium.



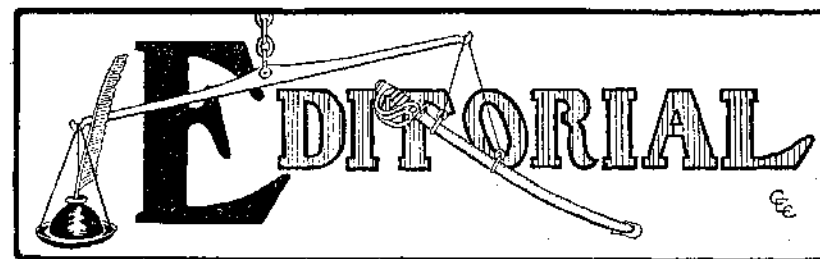
On Saturday evening, March 10th, Miss Grace Rohrbough entertained a number of her Junior and Senior friends at a conversational party.

On Saturday, March 17th, Corinne Lessel gave a very prettily appointed luncheon for a number of her High school friends.

We are looking forward to the matinee dance to be given on April 28th under the management of Joy Clark and Ebbv Burnett.

The Alpha Theta Mu fraternity enlivened old Dundee Hill with an informal dance on Saturday evening, March 24th.

The snow of this month greatly appealed to the Phi Lambda Epsilon boys, so on Friday night, March 16th, they gave a most enjoyable bobsled party, which ended with a supper at the home of Sam Slaughter.



A stranger desiring information about the Omaha High school would form a very queer idea of the state of affairs here if he depended entirely for his information on the daily press of Omaha. Some of these, especially those of a saffron hue, seem to delight in any scandal or absurd story they can collect or concoct concerning our school. Any incident, however innocent and unimportant in the first place, that shows any friction between faculty and student; any story of favoritism or graft, no matter what its foundation or reliability; any interview or item that can be magnified into a slur on the character of the whole body of boys and girls attending High school, is eagerly sought after and featured as a sensation by these papers. The ridiculous fable, the product of some fevered reporter's brain, that was printed last year claiming that there were fifteen engagements in the Senior class; the hullabaloo about favoritism in drill promotion, and the last 'orrible disclosure that some O. H. S. girls are neglecting their school work for the theater, are all of this class. It behooves us all to say nothing that can be construed by unscrupulous reporters into a scandal or sensation, and to think before we give utterance to any statements that may cast discredit on the character of our boys and girls.

* * *

The names of those qualified to compete as Commencement orators have been given out, and it is surprising what a small percentage of Seniors have had the necessary mark in English the last two years. To give an oration on Commencement night is a great honor, some think the greatest honor in High school, and it is a shame that anyone should throw away his chance by carelessness in keeping up his English grades. Many a Senior wishes he had been more conscientious in his Junior year, but the mistake cannot be repaired now. The class of 1907 all have their chance though, still, and should profit by the mistakes of those that have preceded them.

Organization Notes

The Browning society held a most successful program in 204 on March 9, which consisted in a short two-act comedy entitled "Dr.

Devine." The first act explained the situation at once, and revealed the desperate plot of the Seminary girls to the excited audience. It sufficeth to say that the unknown Doctor was the innocent victim of their schemes, which were well calculated to entrap any unwary bachelor. However, the second act brought about a most unlooked-for climax, for alas! alas! the object of the maiden's plans (as one scornful damsel described it), was only a *female practitioner*. Two very pleasing features of the program were the piano solo by Mary Cook and the song by Gretchen Emery.

The Hawthorne program of Friday was entitled "Miracle and Mystery Plays." There were three numbers on the program, which was as follows:

- Essay Lucy Dietrich
- Short Talk Florence Dean
- Reading Helen Monroe

At the business meeting which followed, the society decided to get new pins.

The German society rendered a very good program Wednesday afternoon, in which there were several musical numbers. The German chorus has become a most delightful feature of these entertainments, and is heartily enjoyed by all who take part in it.

This last month has witnessed some very successful meetings of the Pleiades society, of which the most interesting was one on Japan. This program, given two weeks ago, was made up of recitations, essays and stories on Japan, illustrating both the society and home life there.

May Grace showed the audience some very beautiful and instructive pictures of buildings and temples, and after a short business meeting the society adjourned.

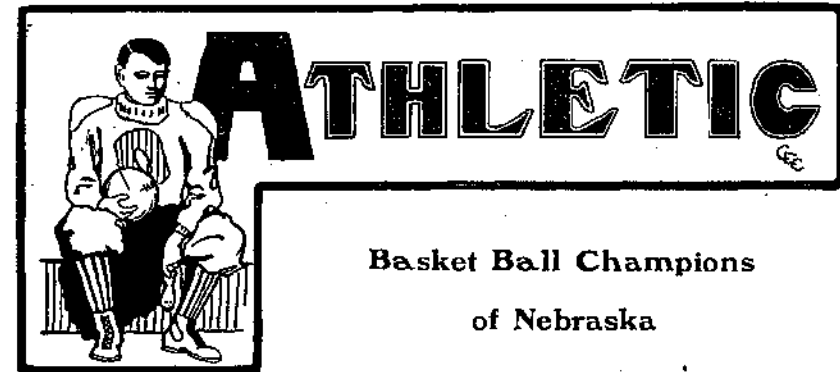
The final contest in 10th B Latin classes on principal parts of verbs occurring in one month's work was held in 204 at the close of the meeting of the Latin society, March 16. There were three representatives from each of the five classes, selected on the previous Monday by competitive examination. Of these, nine refused to be spelled down on the two hundred and twenty verbs prescribed and were declared "winners." They were Ruth Best, Harry Cockrell, Caroline Congdon, Margaret Elmer, Irene Larmon, Alan McDonald, Mamie Meek, Minnie Pratt, Helen Wright.

Three representatives from each of the eight 9th B Latin classes chosen by competitive examination on the model verbs met in 207 at the close of school March 14th. A very interesting "spell-down" on synopses, conjugation, and translation of model verb forms was conducted in which Esther Johnson of IV. 203 won the victory.

The program given by the Latin Society, March 15th, was on Roman military affairs. The president, Harold Thorn, opened the meeting with a eulogy of Caesar. He also reminded the audience of the fact that this day was the 1,950th anniversary of Caesar's death. Caesar received great praise as a general, statesman, and orator by all those taking part. His "Art of War" was discussed by Helen Lilljeborg. His "Care for His Soldiers" by Effie Parker. "The Con-

quered Nations," by Sara Sorenson, and the "Roman Soldier," by Ralph Hultman. Arthur Rodgers had a very interesting paper on "Latin Mottoes."

The question as to whether Caesar was justified in subduing Gaul was debated in a very spirited manner by Alfred Mattson on the affirmative and David Oberg on the negative. The decision of the judges were in favor of the former. The program closed with a spell-down in Latin verbs between three representatives from each of the five 10th B Latin classes. Following the program a brief business meeting was held.



The second basket ball game with Sioux City was played in Sioux City March 9. The Omaha team set a very fast pace the first half, and it seemed as if they would be the victors, but they had set too fast a pace to be kept up, and Sioux City won by the score of 52 to 36.

In the track meet Omaha evened up by winning first place in everything. The only thing Sioux City won was second place in the dash. The events and winners were as follows: High jump, McKell, Speiser; shot put, Burnett, McKell; dash, Burnett, Sioux City second. The relay race, the last event of the evening, was won by Omaha. The runners were: Burnett, Hall, Speiser and Clark. Clark gained about a lap on his opponent, and he was also the star of the basket ball game, being praised highly by the Sioux City papers.

The last basket ball game of the season was played Saturday evening, March 24, between the O. H. S. and the South Omaha High school. The game was rough from start to finish, and was quite evenly fought, but after the first few minutes the Omaha team took the lead, and by fast playing kept it, and won out. Webster did most of the goal throwing for the O. H. S. The line-up was:

- Burnett..... Right Guard Kidoo
- Thomas..... Left Guard Pennell
- Webster..... Center Cohn
- Clark..... Right Forward De Yiang
- Hall..... Left Forward King

Omaha has had a very successful season, defeating every Nebraska team they have played.



Now that the men have been equipped with rifles the battalion presents a better appearance than heretofore. A hundred new rifles have been received and they have been issued to the non-commissioned officers. There is every outlook for a successful and large encampment and much enthusiasm is manifest. It is the desire of Captain Stogsdall and the cadet officers to make this coming camp by far more generally attended than heretofore. The encampment will not be attempted this year unless three hundred of the cadets attend. The tax per man is only \$3.00, which is certainly very reasonable when it is considered that out of this fund each cadet receives his railroad fare and board for one week. In addition to the military training obtained at camp which several years on the drill ground in the city cannot equal, there are many athletic and other events which make the encampment thoroughly enjoyable. It should be the aim of every cadet to arrange to attend.

The battalion made its first public appearance this year at the funeral of the late Mayor Moores. Although the condition of the weather was anything but favorable for a public appearance, the cadets can be said to have made a creditable showing, considering the short time in which they had to prepare.

Locals

There is a great treat in store for the students of the High school, their parents and their friends. On Saturday, May 5th, the Senior class will give a fair. The plans have already been made and everything indicates that the fair will be a great success. This is to take the place of a contest which former Senior classes have had. All contributions in the way of saleable articles will be most cheerfully received.

We are all glad to see Miss Adams back at school and hope that she will soon be able to do without her crutch.

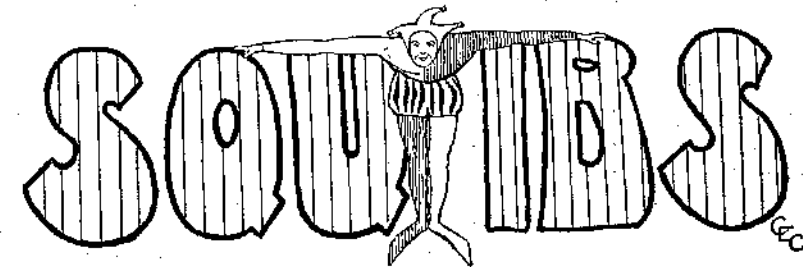
At their last meeting the Seniors were not able to decide the

"cap and gown" question, but will try to do so at their next meeting on Monday, April 9th.

On Friday afternoon, March 23d, Mr. Henry Porter Chandler, a member of the faculty and secretary to the President of Chicago University, spoke to the Juniors and Seniors about higher education. His lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views and was very interesting.

The following Seniors will compete for commencement orations: Selma Anderson, Jennie Andreen, Margaret Phillippi, Jean Hamilton, Gertrude Schermerhorn, Ethel Eldridge, Harold Bowman, Irene Larmont, Kenneth Phillips, Hazel Calm, May Gibbs, Elsie Johnson, Ruby Johnson, John Latinzar, Sarah Martin, Harriet Mould, Eva Murphy, William Wilbur, Lynn Lloyd, Ruth Harding, Jessie Knee, Elizabeth Kerr, Minnie Robinson, Laura Waterman, Clement Chase, Fredricka Dellone, Paul Havens, Herbert Potter, Lena Schonberger, Lloyd Harris, and Marian Cochran.

The Juniors may now be distinguished from their under-classmen by the pins which they are wearing.



A COMEDY IN THE LAST ACT.

Sarah Marguerita Bristol
Swiped her uncle's deadly pistol,
Aimed it at her sad, calm heart,
And pulled it off without a start.
How thoughtless for her kind mamma,
Her loving friends and dear papa,
What bitter, scalding tears they'd shed,
To see her body cold and dead.
But happily for Sarah Bristol
There was no cartridge in the pistol.

J. McCAGUE, '06

Dr. Senter: "If you can't remember this, why just keep it in your head."

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

Dr. Senter: "I once went to a theater." Now who thought Doc ever did anything so giddy?

Fresh. to Soph.: "What do the literary societies come under in the Register?" Soph.: "Organisms."

WANTED—Some one to keep my tongue untwisted.—H. Koch, Box 70.

Wanted—To know why the Alpha Theta Mu are giving a dance in Dundee.—Box 13.

Wanted—Four competent teachers to patrol the North, East, South and West sides of the High school campus morning, noon and night in order to prevent all pupils from walking too slow or too fast or other such unseemly things. No regular policemen need apply.

Wanted—An "owl" car on the Walnut Hill line.—J. Latenser, Box 68.

Lost—One P. A. S. pin. Reward.—Bessie Townsend, Box 71.

Wanted—A livery stable.—Ruth Mackin, Box 69.

Frances Martin (after Senior class meeting): "I was going to get up and talk, but after all those breaks, I was afraid to make the attempt. I knew that as soon as I opened my mouth I would put my foot in it."

Mrs. Atkinson: "Will we hear from you, Chester?"

C. Miller: "I hain't got nothin' to say."

Mrs. A.: "Well, please stand when you say it."

Miss Landis (III. hr.): "What has he done? He has killed the finger of the boy!"

Harold T. (Modern History): "And a herald on a trumpet went ahead of him."

The Register begs to announce that its old friend and bachelor stand-by, Mr. Herbert Potter, has given up his old ways and is about to enter upon the beautiful path of matrimony. We understand that Mr. Koch will be best man and sincerely request that Capt. Stogdall will be maid of honor. The Register gives its congratulations.

Koch: "Mrs. Sudborough asked questions and I didn't know anything." Hall: "Just found that out, Harry?"

Bright Senior (Latin): "Aurora spattered light over the earth."

Mr. Woolery: "Is there anybody talking still?"

Bright Pupil: "No, they are talking out loud."

Herbert Potter (D. D. S. vs. W. D. S. Program): "We will now have a solo by the octette."

A Conundrum: "When is a 'Fresh' wiser than a 'Soph'?"

Answer: "When he buys his clothes at Benson & Thorne's and is sure to be clad in the correct article."

H. Ryan: "I don't think a girl ought to object if a boy kisses her."

Olive H.: "Well, all boys like to be slapped anyway."

Mrs. Atkinson: "What is a product of sugar-cane?"

Eugene C.: "Beet sugar."

FOR SALE—A fine bicycle in excellent state of repair. Price, \$12.00. For information apply to the business manager.

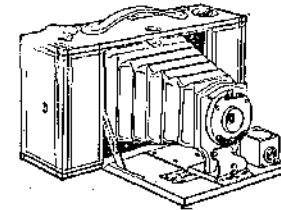
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First, of course, is a new hat,	\$2 to \$5
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Scarfs,	50c to \$2
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Photo Supplies and Amateur Finishing

If you have had your kodak on the shelf over winter, the season is approaching when you must get it out.

If you have no kodak or need a new one, we have a large assortment, both old and new models, that will interest you. Never mind the price; we can suit you,

Our Finishing Department we have spared neither pains nor expense to put in condition to give the very best service. We deliver our work promptly and it will be done right.

We invite you to call on us and talk it over.

"AT THE SIGN OF THE KODAK"

The Robert Dempster Co., PHONE Douglas 1279 1215 Farnam St.

Fresh. (book room): "Give me some paper, a hundred sheets, please."

G. Percival: "I let my hands rest in the case of the jury."

Urada Scott's favorite song is "Be it ever so Hommel there is no place like home."

Note.—Hommel graduated from the Sophmores a week ago. The sixth grade is next in turn.

Fresh. (at Browning Society Program): "Is this the Gulliver Travel Club?"

ECHOES FROM ENGLISH.

Miss McHugh: "If you don't have the feeling for heaven's sake don't let your voice wiggle."

Miss McHugh: "Why did Burke call Lord North the 'Lord of the Blue Ribbon?'"

"Rox" Pollard: "He took first prize?"

Miss McHugh: "What would we think if a speaker quoted Latin in a speech today?"

J. McCague: "He was squirrely."

Fresh. (to Miss McHugh): "You're a kind of an assistant principal, aren't you?"

Senior (12 B Eng.): "Shall we put our names down if we are just thinking about graduating?"

Mr. Lansing (9 B. Eng.): "Go get your locker."

Miss McHugh: "What is the end of an oration?"

Grace Langdon: "The perforation."

R. S. D. (English): "An abness is an abott who is a woman."

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Dictionaries

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INVITATIONS, VISITING CARDS MONOGRAM STATIONERY

Robert's Rules of Order. Infantry Drill Regulations.

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Styles of Woolens now ready
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COMPLETE GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

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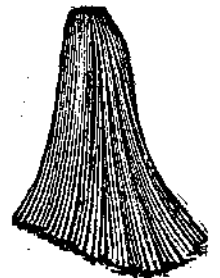
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A PHYSIOLOGICAL TRAGEDY.

Little Adolph Hazzenhock
 Tried to lift a monstrous rock,
 Which his brother, dead game sport,
 Used to smoothe the tennis court.
 Childish folly; Foolish kid!
 To do the deed that Adolph did.
 A joint went snap, a bone gave way,
 His seventh dorsal vertabrae
 Was pulled apart to meet no more
 Till Adolph's little life is o'er.

J. McCAGUE, '06.

SENIOR SCINTILLATIONS.

G. Emory: "It will be different to make posters out of cream."
 Andrews: "I know a few girls have dresses."
 Andrews: "I am a boy—at least I hope I am."
 Sam Willard: "Feelings are worth at least two dollars and a half apiece."
 Weidenfeldt: "Any of us orators who are now speaking."
 Millard: "Which ever way you vote you vote one way."

SOME LATIN.

Pigco—squelere—hogvi—porktum.
 Pono—mulere—hors—kicktum.
 Helleo—howdere—kissi—goodbyetum.

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For Men and Young Men

We give personal, careful attention to the lesser articles of men's and young men's attire and quote prices incomparably less than you are apt to expect.

Likewise, since we are in touch with the foremost fashions in the world, we show at all times the favored new things.

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High School Pennants of every wanted shape 25c up. Pennants to order, of any combination of letters or colors, at three days notice.

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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. Contest closes April 15th.

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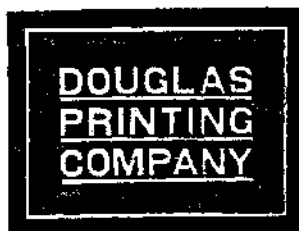
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Just as the Clans shouted it,
"Douglas! Douglas!"

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Remember we deliver fresh milk, cream and buttermilk at your door every day. Call us up and we will send you one of our handy little bottle openers free.

ALAMITO SANITARY DAIRY, 2016 Farnam, Tel. Douglas 411

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Correct Dress for
Men and Boys

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She is accompanied on a Smith & Nixon piano. It's pure sympathetic tone renders it an ideal support for the voice.

Its use by so great an artist should commend it to you.

THEN AND NOW

When Chopin made music divinely fair,
Upon an ancient spindle-legged square,
No sage was there to make prediction
Of what he could have done on a

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