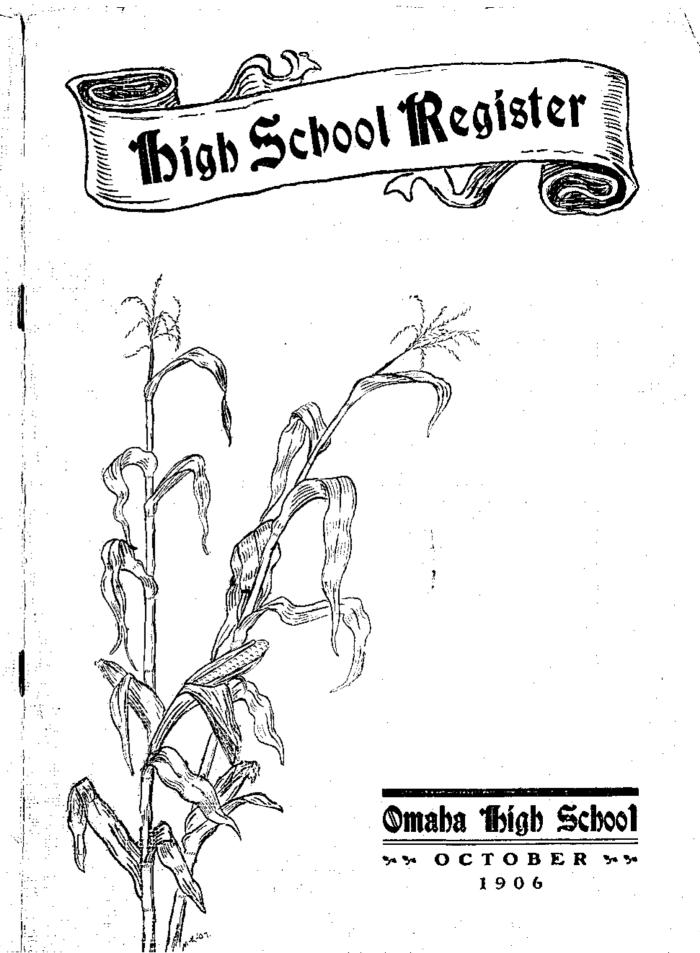
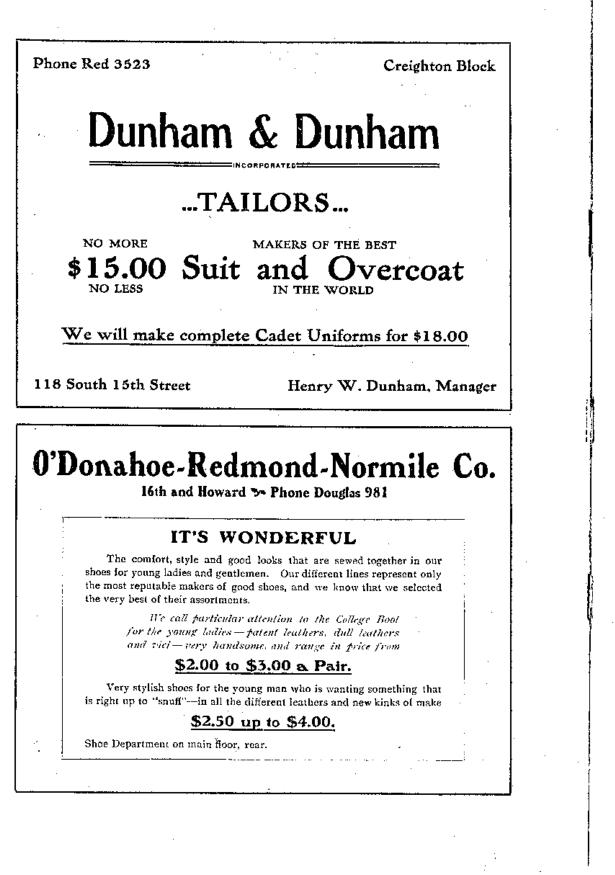


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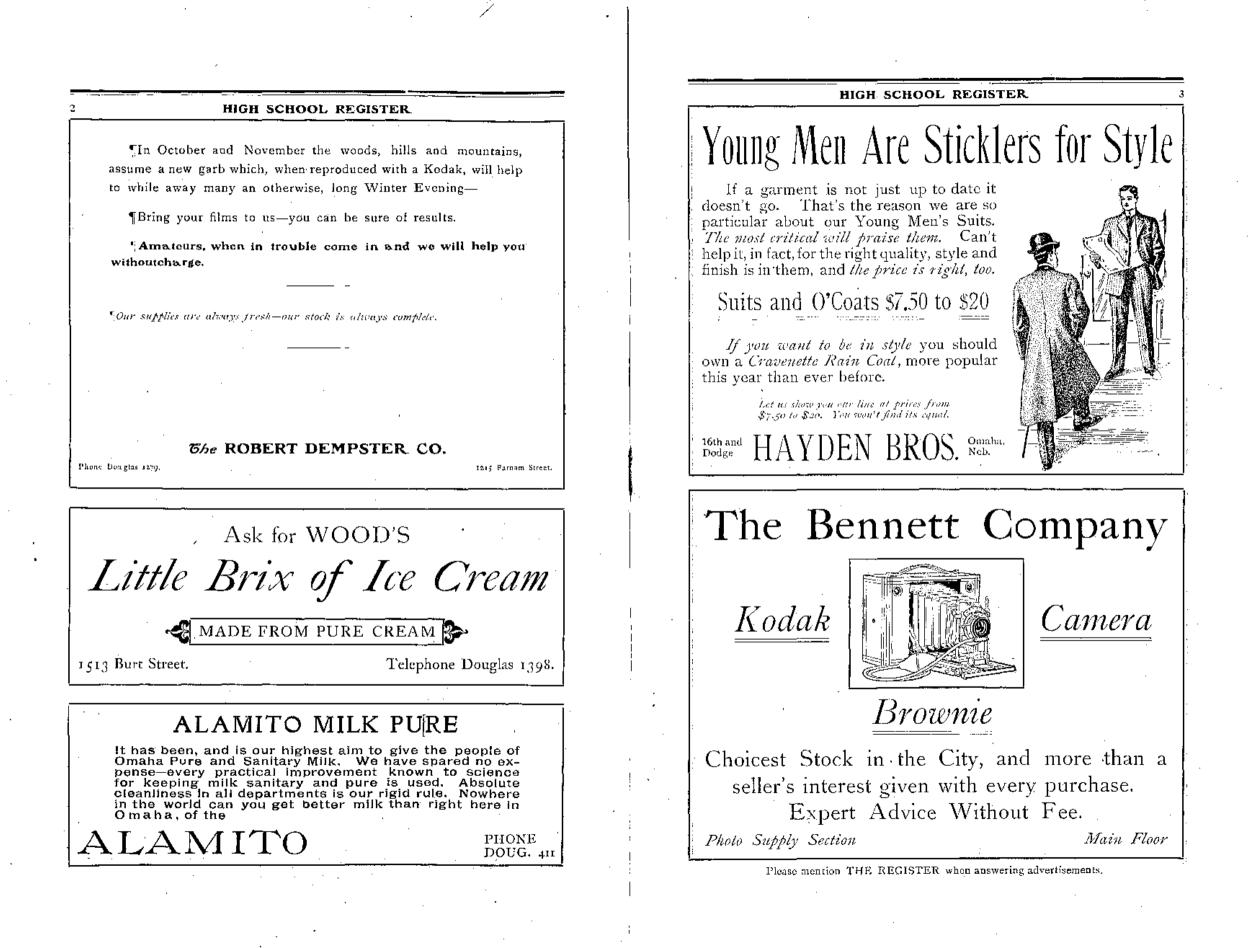
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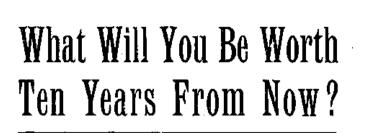
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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER Published every month from June to September at the Omaha High School, by Margaret Kennedy and Harry E. Ryan. Entered at the Omaha Post Office as Second-Class Matter. Vol. XXI. OMAHA, OCTOBER, 1906. No. 2. THE STAFF MYRA BRECKENRIDGE Assistant Editor HARRY E. RYAN. Business Manager Marie Hollinger...... '09 Ralph Dowd.....'08 Bess Townsend'08

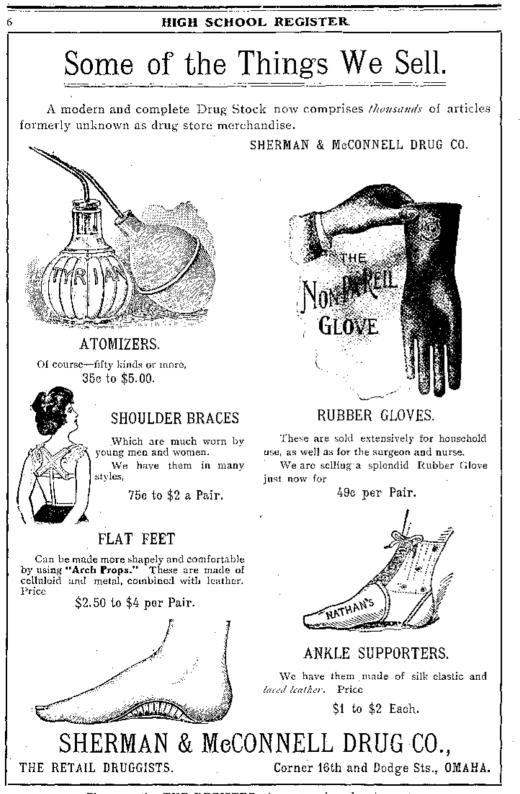
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No. 2.

The Chauffeur's Story.

One chilly night in February Mr. Ashton and his daughter Mabel were sitting alone in the library of the magnificent Ashton home in New York. John Kingsley had spent the evening with Mabel and had just departed.

"Mabel, Kingsley is no older than you are, and it is folly in both of you to think of such a thing as marriage. He is a good boy, but he has no start as yet, and I must say his prospects as a hungry young lawyer are not promising. Besides, you know we are under great obligations to the Valentines; and I am sure Jack would be a better match, and would make you one of the happiest girls in America. He is of the proper age, has a fine position, and his parents are very well to do, as I have told you many times."

"Father, although I might save you much embarrassment, my marrying Jack Valentine is out of the question if you are thinking of my happiness."

"You should think long about it before you give Kingsley any hope, Mabel. We won't speak of this any more tonight at least, and you had better school yourself to forget him."

The International Automobile race for stock cars was to take place at Ormond Beach, Florida, in about two weeks. Mr. Ashton had entered his new Mercedes, made to order, and had strong hopes of winning, but there were to be so many other contestants that his chance was not the best. His son Henry of 33 was to drive the car as he was well acquainted with it, 'and they could find no other person willing to take the risk. Accidents had occurred on the beach, and there was danger throughout the race.

For a year Ashton's great ambition had been to win a cup in one of the Florida races. In this one Mabel's father had made a bet of \$1,000 on his car, so winning meant much to him. Henry Ashton had been promised this sum if he won, so he too was determined to win. Young Ashton had left for the south with the car soon after its arrival from abroad so that he might get some practice before the race. The Ashton family left the end of the present week for Florida, where they were to remain for the races.

The day before their departure John came to say good-bye, and to wish them good luck. During his call a telegram was received by Mr. Ashton from his son stating that he had been hurt while speeding along the beach. The machine had been in a collision, but was still intact, and might easily be repaired. Henry, however, had been thrown out, breaking his right arm; and it had been stated by prominent surgeons there that it would be impossible for Ashton. jr., to drive the machine in the race.

No sooner had the words fallen on John Kingsley's ears than he saw his opportunity and shouted, "Mr. Ashton, let me run the car. I

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have had experience with Uncle William's machine, and although I am not familiar with yours, I have a week or more for practice. I think I could win if you would but give me the chance."

"Yes, Father, I am confident John could run it," cried Mabel. "Let him go with us to Florida and take Henry's place. You know you can't get anyone down there to drive our car, and who else in New York would do it?"

The father was silent for some moments, then slowly he said, "John, do you really think you could do it?"

"I am absolutely sure, Mr. Ashton."

"Would you be willing to leave your office for two or three weeks and go down there just to run my Mercedes?"

"Nothing would please me better,"

"Well, John, if you are in earnest, I will trust you. Prepare to leave with us tomorrow morning."

At the sound of the pistol the great machines shot forward; the international match was on. Eight of the most perfect cars from the mechanical point of view had started in the mad race across the sandy course. With the sea on the one side and thousands of spectators on the other, the beach stretched without a bend for miles to the north."

For some time six of the cars, including the Ashton's, were nearly together. The other two were somewhat ahead. John Kingsley's machine was in the best of order and by minute study he had become familiar with every point. Not till this moment had he realized his responsibility. What if something should break? What if the car should suddenly change its course and plunge into the open sea? But the thought of what might be the result of victory steadied his nerves, and his hand, and his eyes rested steadfastly on the straight sandy beach that lay before him.

Now and then the wheels would strike a depression in the sand and the car would almost seem to leave the ground, but it would settle down again, and resume its course as if nothing had happened. From time to time the clear notes of Gabriel Horns announced the relative positions of the machines, and the crowds cheered them the full length of the course. On rushed the green dragon intrusted to Kingsley with a speed that seemed to accelerate every foot of ground it traversed. They had passed the half-way mark now and still sped on as if it were a matter of life or death,

The beach had been selected with regard to the smoothness of the last four miles, and this section was reached in a moment more. Kingsley's car was fourth. The machines back of him were outdistanced, and they were practically out of the race, but still three of them kept their relative positions in front.

Kingsley had been afraid to turn on quite all of the power, owing to the occasional depressions in the sand, but he knew these last four miles well, for he had often practiced the course since his arrival. He turned on the spark lever as far as possible, and gradually pushed down the throttle. Soon he was even with, then past the third car and then beside the second, which was left behind in less time than it takes to relate, but the first machine maintained its lead.

There was but one mile and a half further, and probably the race

would be over in a minute. Both cars were going at their limit, and it was merely a question of which could keep up the break neck pace longest. Slowly, yes slowly, the Mercedes gained. The rival had done its work well, but had used the climax of its power too soon; and now the distance between the two grew less and less. The finish was in sight, but Ashton's car still was second. Then the chauffeur in the lead turned for an instant to see the position of the others, but it was a fatal error. The machine slightly swerved towards the sea, and had to he brought back into the course. By this time the cars were abreast, and the finish but a few rods distant; inch by inch Kingsley was gaining, and finally finished less than two yards ahead of his rival in one of the closest races the world ever witnessed.

As soon as the machines could be brought about, Mabel and her father rushed up with various other owners. "John, I don't know how I can possibly reward you for your ——" began Mabel's father,

"I know, Mr. Ashton," said John, taking Mabel's hand.

"All right, my boy, you have won her. I didn't think there was such good stuff in you." And he wring his new son-to-be's hand with a cordial warmth.

Not long after, the news came that the recent law-suit between the state and the firm of James C. Ashton & Son had been won for the latter by one John Kingsley, a young lawyer; but the real prize had been wou at Ormond. -A. W. WAKELEY, '07.

Before and After.

My sister goes to High School At night I do my homework Way up on the hill. Out in the dining room; Do you think I'll ever get there? But the comp'uy in the parlor, I don't believe I will, Likes just one certain tune, That curly hair and those blue eves She just has the finest times Just waltz my brain around. You ever did hear tell. Till I make the interest simple. She knows a lot of boys up there, And some she says are swell! That ought to be compound. Wished I was through grammar school: And when I go to school next day, And think my answer's right, I'm in the Seventh A. Miss Smith, she only glares at me, But when I tell her that, she says, "You'll have your turn some day." And says, "My! but you're bright!" She never has to study nights, And she gets home at two, To have a little fun? But they keep us till half past three. And all the work I've done! Don't think it's fair, do you?

O! yes, she is, too, busy; For whenever I come home, She's forever playing rag time, Or talking at the phone.

It's always, "O! delighted, The Burwood, did you say?" And I wonder then, if such things Will ever come my way.

Now, don't you think it's time for me,

Just think the years I've been to school,

O, well; there's one more year of school, And then I'll heave a sigh, No more toil for Mary! She's going to Omaha High!

TT

Friday at last, thank goodness! And for me a happy day; Think of my working and slaving, For four years, anyway.

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False were the dreams and fancies Of the joys awaiting me there, And I'm going to stop right now! I just don't care!	And when at last I really did Get inside the door, This gentle echo reached my ear, "No, there are no more."
The first day in that building, I was simply scared to death, I walked around on tip-toe, And scarcely took a breath.	You daresn't linger in the hall, To speak to anyone, There's always several teachers there To hurry you along.
I think the pupils are so rude! Yes, I really do! They crowded up the steps so, And wouldn't let me through.	I guess I'll just take English, That's enough for me, Plenty of time to learn the rest, At the University.
I started up the boys' stairs Not knowing what I'd done, And everybody laughed and grinned They must have thought it fun.	I never can learn all the bones, In that physiology, And my answers and the teacher's Never do agree.
But I'll tell you now, I didn't! With boys on every side; I know I blushed just dreadful, And how I longed to hide.	I simply can't stand German, And Algebra's a fright! I have to study all the time, And sit up half the night.
Then to a pretty girl I said, "Where's thirty-one, O, where?" She said, "Go round the corner, There's an elevator there."	I won't deny my sister's word, Never! No-sir-ee, But where she got her fun at schoo!, Is more than I can see.
I hunted for the library, Upon the topmost floor, And got mixed up with Seniors In room two hundred four.	But I think I know the reason, Why "she had such fun, She's got all the family brains, And I'm just simply dumb.
I tried to get some covers, For my books, six, seven, eight, I had to stand forever, And wait, and wait, and wait!!	Now I wonder if the High School, Would be more fun for me, If I'd diet for a year or two On famous Ego-See! RUTH YODER.
5	

A Vacation Adventure.

A part of the boundary line between Michigan and Wisconsin is formed by the Montreal river, which flows into Lake Superior. Near the end of this stream is a small but beautiful cataract known as Montreal Falls. These falls are a favorite picnic ground for parties from Madaline Island, and it was to this place that we decided to go for our cruise, since we wanted to be original and not go where everyone else did.

We intended to start in the morning in the big sail boat "Lizzie W." go down the river, about thirty miles away, camp there all night and return home the next day. There were several who thought this was a risky thing to do since down there the shore receives the full sweep of water from the open lake and in case of a storm the captain would not be able to get away from the shore.

However, we started one Monday morning soon after breakfast. There were about twenty in the party, most of the young people who had cruised with Captain Angus summer after summer for several years. It was cloudy that morning, but as there were no other signs of a storm the captain thought that it would probably clear off before noon, so we were not worried. There was very little wind until we had rounded Madaline Island and were in the channel, but after that the boat sailed along quite rapidly. We had our lunchcon on board and amused ourselves by wondering what they were having for dinner back at the Mission.

About three o'clock the storm broke. The sun had been shining brightly since noon and there was no warning whatever. Suddenly the sun disappeared, the wind shifted to the northeast and the squall was upon us. How it did rain! We got into our raincoats and crouched down in the bottom of the boat as well as we could to protect ourselves. The captain knew that it was useless to try to reach Montreal river since he could not enter the mouth, which is very narrow and hard to find in a storm, even if he should succeed in getting there which was very doubtful.

Then he steered for Bad river, about five miles west, but the lake was now so rough that it was impossible to get even there. We were obliged to land in the two small row boats which had been brought with us. Two or three trips were made, but still two of the boys were left ou board. The men tried to get back to them, but failed, and so they were doomed to stay with the boat all night and take of it as well as they could.

By this time we were all ready for supper and it was "served" on the beach. Most of the provisions had been left on the "Lizzie" for of course it was impossible to carry very much ashore as it took all the room for the people. So we dined on bread without butter, potatoes roasted in the camp fire, and coffee. And all the time it was raining and raining, just a steady downpour. You will probably think that this doesn't sound very cheerful, but it was. We pretended we were having all sorts of dainty things, including table cloths, napkins, silver and the like.

Then about dark we set out to find a small house which the captain knew must be near there, owned by some people from Ashland. It was soon found, but the men were not there that week and the Indian who took care of it was just leaving for the night to go to his own hut about a mile away in the woods. He refused to let us in, saying he was responsible for its safety. However, he kindly allowed us to sleep on the porch and contributed some pieces of sail cloth to nail up around the sides to keep out the rain. Well, the wind was blowing so hard that it took every one in the crowd to hold up that canvas and we all got a little wetter, if that were possible, in the process. Finally, about midnight, just as the men were on the point of breaking into the house, the Indian came back with the key and let us in. He said he

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couldn't help thinking how wet it must be on that porch. We went in and made a fire in the stove, which was large enough to hold one stick of wood if it was put in with care.

About half an hour afterward the two boys who had been left on the boat appeared. The anchor chain had parted and the boat had been driven on the rocks and was pounding to pieces out there in the surf. The boys had been literally washed out and nobody knows how they got ashore. They were both expert swimmers, but of course it was very dark and they could do nothing against the waves. They hadn't even the comfort of knowing whether their exertions were taking them ashore or out into the lake. But they did reach land somehow and got up to the cottage more dead than alive.

The next morning we went down to look at the waves. The rollers broke as much as a quarter of a mile out and came thundering in ten and twelve feet high. The poor boat was lying on her side heaving and tossing with the waves and made such a melancholy sight that we could not bear to stay and look at it long.

The Indian told Captain Angus that this place was about eight miles from Saxon a small railroad town. Since the boys were feeling better by this time, we started as soon as possible. The way was over a blazed trail and anyone who knows anything about the woods will know what that means. We crawled over logs and we erawled under logs. For nearly six hours we toiled and struggled over those eight miles. But no one grumbled and never once did the courage and enthusiasm lag. Everyone laughed and talked and kept up everyone else's spirits.

We reached Saxon just in time to get the train for Bayfield. Captain Russell was at the dock to meet us with his launch and we got back to the Mission at half past twelve Tuesday night, or rather Wednesday morning. We were all as tired as we could be, but we all declared that we had had the best time of our lives and that we would never forget how we had been shipwrecked on Lake Superior.

NANETTE AIKEN, '07.

Organizations

The Lininger Travel Club held its first meeting of the year on Friday, Sept. 14. The following officers were elected: President, Pauline Rosenberg; vice president, Anna Bethge; secretary, Katherine Dunnigan; treasurer, Mabel Huntley; sergeant-at-arms, Bessie Davis; editor, Hulda Anderson.

At the first meeting of the Margaret Fuller society the officers clerted were: Grace Rohrbough, president; Bess Gould, vice president; Frances Thompson, secretary; Marie Mackin, treasurer; Henrietta Gilmore, sergeant-at-arms. On Friday, Sept. 28, a very entertaining program was given: Original Poem, "Before and After," Ruth Yoder; Vocal Solo, Irish Singsong, Ruth McBride; Recitation, Uarda Scott; Violin Duct, "Hearts and Flowers," Caroline Conklin and Helen Somers; Recitation, Ruth Gould; Vocal Solo, "Sing Me to Sleep," Elizabeth Hamling. The Browning Society met and elected its officers for the coming year on Sept. 14. The following officers were chosen President, Doris Wood; vice president, Caroline Harding; secretary, Ruth Birchard; treasurer, Lucetta Patterson; sergeant-at-arms, Arley Redington.

The Priscilla Alden Society has held two meetings so far this year. The first was devoted to the election of officers, the results of which were: President, Bess Townsend; vice president, Edna Ballard; secretary, Edith Lyon; treasurer, Helen Wright; sergeant-at-arms, Louise Northrup; editor, Ruth Haller. Miss Wallace was voted upon as society teacher in Miss Higgins' place. It was decided that they would hold a joint meeting with the Ciceronian Society Friday, Oct. 12th.

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Jocals.

Miss Fay is again at the book room ready to furnish us with all the necessary book-room paraphernalia.

Miss Jo Von Mansfelde is absent at present on account of sickness. Miss McMillan has charge of her class.

A while ago an appeal for good order, made to the juniors and seniors of the high school, pointed against misdirected notions of class spirit. The boys as a whole, responded well to the appeal. All have begun to realize that in first place class-rushes always react upon the high school, because of the exaggerated accounts in the daily papers throughout the state. In the second place, the "rough-house," even the one above the average in good nature and cleanliness, reacts upon the participants themselves, both physically and mentally. Class spirit separated from love of rowdyism is a fine thing to have. It is the beginning of loyalty to an institution; it is productive of work for the betterment of that institution, and, in consequence of themselves; it it patriotism and it means everything that true patriotism implies. But class spirit misdirected, reacting upon our high school and hurting its good name, has no right to exist and should not exist.

Chambers School of Dancing now open—The popular High School Class meets every Saturday evening. Reference required. Adult beginners Mondays and Wednesdays; Children, Wednesdays and Saturdays; Juvenile advanced Saturday. Terms reasonable, commensurate with advantages and benefits derived in this school. Tel. Douglas 1871,

Last month in the advertisement for Spees Brothers of Chicago, the address was incorrect. It should be 156 Wabash avenue, Chicago, III.

All material handed in to 'The Register office must be in ink, written on one side of the paper only.

During the recent history of the high school, before the last mass meetings, the pupils of the high school had never been entirely assembled, principally on account of no assembly room. What the school needs most urgently is an assembly room where all the affairs pertaining to the school at large, can be discussed. In Lincoln, in South Omaha, and in nearly all the surrounding high schools, there are assembly rooms spacious enough to seat the whole eurollment. In the

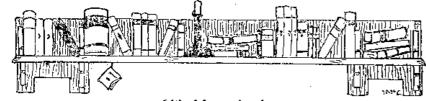
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recent meeting, while but a quarter of the enroliment could assemble in the same room, Mr. Waterhouse so arranged it that the whole school in sections assembled in 204 and 304, third and fourth hours. Several addresses were delivered and points of interest discussed. The plan is a fine one, and there are to be several assemblies during the year. Even if we have not an assembly room we can make the best of what we have and meet together once in a while.

A few carnest words with you, Pupils of High School. By attending Mr. and Mrs. Morand's classes you will learn the prevailing style and graceful dancing. You will have the privilege of attending our Friday, 8 p. m., class, also our Matinee Class, 3:30 p. m. Saturdays; both classes six (6) months, \$10. Call and examine these classes. It is to your interest to do so, or telephone Douglas 1041.



Editorial.

"Now like Aladdin in the days of old October robes the weeds in purple gowns, He sprinkles all the sterile fields with gold, And all the rustic trees wear royal crowns."

Autumn has come. At his advent Summer fled, and with her fled all the beauties of Summer. But "the loss of beauty is not always loss." Autumn holds for all of us a sweeter, sadder beauty. To quote from Keats' "Ode to Autumn,"

"Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too."

As we look across the gently sloping hills, which were so green a short time ago but are now fast turning to a sombre brown, we see here a bright cluster of golden-rod or purple asters; there some yellow horse-thistles or some purple thistles of Scotland. The woods are ruddy in the amber sunshine with their many colored leaves of crimson, russet and gold. Many of the trees stand gaunt and bare of foliage; the nests upon their naked boughs memorials of long summer days now past. The ground is covered with fallen leaves and with brown nuts, half breaking through their prickled husks. In the fields beyond, of the rich harvests lately garnered, only a stubble remains, and here the brown mottled quail runs, whistling mournfully. Frequently the plaintive note of a robin is heard; plaintive as though sorrowing for the companionship of the feathered songsters which fled at Summer's departure.

* * *

Every one, surely, will agree when we say that a football team, even as good a one as we expect to have this year, cannot be successful without the enthusiastic support of the whole school behind it. The boys on the team play for the honor of the school, but if their efforts are not appreciated nor encouraged by the school they cannot be expected to play with very much vim.

The financial support so far this year has been very gratifying and shows that there is a certain amount of school spirit prevalent. But, fellow-students, school spirit does not consist entirely in the giving of ten or fifteen cents to a good cause. Don't stop there! The team needed financial support or it would not have asked for it; but it also needs the good will and enthusiasm of every pupil in the school. The faculty have openly expressed their approval of football this season and so should we all of us. What if you don't care anything about football, you certainly have a feeling of loyalty toward the school and the best way to show that loyalty at present is to attend the games and in every way possible help to "boost" athletics.

Our athletic standard ought most certainly to be equal to our scholastic standing. This would mean a decided increase over the athletic standing of the last two or three years, but we can reach this standard by the united efforts—and by the united efforts only—of the team and the school. The team is willing to do its share—that is what it has been organized for. Surely, for the sake of the "old school on the hill" the school which really stands for so much in the lives of each and all of us, we should be willing to do our share. Encourage school spirit, especially, at this present moment, along the athletic lines; attend the games, all of them, and cheer our boys on to victory.

Alumni Notes.

We quote the following from the Daily Nebraskan: Burdette G. Lewis, '04 (1900 O. H. S.) has been reelected to the Andrew D. White fellowship in economics at Cornell University. Mr. Lewis was offered a similar fellowship at Harvard, but preferred to remain at Cornell. During the summer session of the University this summer, Mr. Lewis delivered a series of lectures on Eastern Condition that were well received.

Herbert Schrum 'o6 is at Purdu. He received two years' credit in Manual Training work on account of his efficiency. That speaks well for the Omaba High.

Dent Slaughter '02 has been elected 1st Lieutenant of the Pershing Rifles at Lincoln U.

Margaret Phillippi 'o6 is pledged to the Pi Beta Phi at Mf. Pleasant, Iowa. Sarah Martin is pledged to the same sorority at Lincoln. Florence Riddell and Helen Sholes 'o6 are pledged to the Kappa Kappa Gamma at Lincoln.

During the month of September Harry McGuire, Frauk Willie, Alex Charlton and David Patterson, all O. H. S. graduates, were on leave from Annapolis Naval Academy. George Fuller entered last June, having won his appointment by the most persistent and praiseworthy efforts.

William E. Godso, a prominent member of '96, who is in business in Chicago, was married last month to Miss Althlea Simmons.

Eloise Wood '04 is studying music in Berlin, Germany, under Alberta Jonas.

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Athletics

Foot ball practice has been going on with the vigor and snap which characterizes the play of the University teams. About thirtyfive men have been regularly reporting for practice, and "Chuck" Brome has been keeping all the fellows on the jump; while Mr. Bernstien's foot ball knowledge and the spirit which he has imbibed in the fellows is appreciated very much by the foot ball squad.

Saturday, Sept. 20, the team showed their mettle when they played Creighton, composed of the first and second teams. And as Creighton lived up to her reputation the result was that they disabled our two tackles so that they will be unable to play the remainder of the season. In the first half the ball see-sawed back and forth across the middle of the field. After seventcen minutes of play the spectators were brought to their feet by Clark's spectacular dash. He broke through the left side, shaking off the many tacklers and ran thirty-five yards for a touch down. Johnson kicked goal. This aroused Creighton to a frenzied desire for revenge and fighting and slugging they carried the ball over the line for a touchdown. The ball was taken out and McKitrick, an old High School "flunker," attempted to kick goal, but failed as was his usual custom. This ended the first half. In the second half High School received the ball and ran it back about twenty yards. Lining up they bucked Creighton for a series of losses. Johnson punted the ball and Creighton's man was downed in his tracks. Then Creighton by line smashes and kicks carried the ball to High School's fifteen yard line. This had taken them twenty minutes of the last half, and with five minutes to play, three substitutes in the line and Creighton on her fifteen yard line, High School, backed by her loval rooters, held Creighton for downs on their seven vard line and won her first game by the score of 6 to 5.

On Saturday, the 6tht, our team defeated Nebraska City's high school team by a score of 11 to 2.

Johnson, our full back, started the fun by kicking to Nebraska City's fifteen-yard line. The ball was returned ten yards, but after several ineffectual plunges Nebraska City was forced to kick. Johnson caught the ball and then commenced Omaha's gaining. Clark and Johnson made most of the gains while the work of Hosman at his position was excellent. Johnson made the touchdown and then kicked goal. The score standing 6 to 0 in fayor of Omaha.

Shortly after this Gilmore gained the ball on a fumble and running twenty yards fumbled the ball behind the goal posts. Howard, of our team, gained the ball, and taking it ont twenty-five yards, kicked it down the field where Harris secured it and carried it on for a touchdown. Nebraska City denied our right to the touchdown and claimed a touchdown for themselves. Out of courtesy due the visiting team we allowed them the touchdown on protest.

Coach Foster of Lincoln University decided in favor of the Omahahigh school, making the score 11 to 2.

Neither team scored in the last half and the score stood as at the end of the first half. Nearly 500 attended the game and enthusiasm ran high. Ebbie Burnett, Harry Loftus and Earl Marsh, all former Omaha high school football stars, were in evidence on the side lines.

Hocial

Saturday, September 8, Miss Alice McCullough entertained a number of her friends at a box party at the Burwood.

Saturday evening, September 8, Miss Hazel Rodgers was hostess for a delightful conversational party, at which prizes were won by Bess Gould and Roger McKenzie. Dainty refreshments were served and the latter part of the evening spent in dancing.

Mr. Justus Lowe entertained a number of his friends Monday evening, September 25, in honor of Mr. Alex Charlton.

Friday evening, September 28, Charles Meyer entertained the members of Gamma Sigma Fraternity at a stag party at his home.

Saturday, October 13, Miss Eleanor Jaquith will entertain a number of her girl friends at a box party at the Orpheum followed by a dinner at her home.

The Senior Prom, the first of the high school dances of the year, will be given Friday evening, December 21, under the management of Messrs. Charles Meyer, Roger McKenzie and Jack Welsh.

Harry Carpenter and Carrol Belden gave a hayrack and nutting party September 29.

On Friday, September 7th, the Alpha Theta Mu fraternity gave a very enjoyable hayrack ride to Florence where supper was taken on the river banks. It proved to be the last of the Alpha Theta functions, for they dissolved soon after, being but a local fraternity.

1

FRANCES WILLARD.

President, Helen Ostrom; vice president, Grace Stenberg; secretary-treasurer, Bessie Allen; editor, Marjory Eccket; sergeant-at-arms, Edna Wilke; for securing new members, captain of Green Side, Bertha Neef; captain of White Side, Grace Stenberg.

D. D. S.

At the initial meeting Mr. Bernstein spoke to the society. The president also spoke to the boys. The time was very profitably taken up by settling important business matters. At the close of the meeting the membership committee reported 24 new members, this making in all 53 boys to help push the society on to victory.

The Hawthorne Society held its first meeting Friday, Sept. 14. The following officers were elected: President, Clara Smith; vice president, Helen Davidson; secretary, Ruth Waterhouse; treasurer, Vera Fitzgerald; sergeant-at-arms, Isabell Linn; reporter, Pauline Gale.

The German Society met for the first time Oct. 3. The following officers were elected: President, Henry Monskey; vice president, Edith Puls; secretary, Bertha Brown; treasurer, Donald Eastman; sergeants-at-arms, Ruth Sherwood and Kattleman; Edith Puls, pianist.

The Latin Society held the first meeting of the year Friday, Sept. 21. About twenty names were added to the list of members, and the teachers of the society are now busy outlining the work for the coming year. The officers of the society are : President, David Oberg; vice president, Edith Lyon; secretary, Louise Noorthrup; treasurer, Theron Woolverton; sergeant-at-arms, Hazel Ralph; editor, Esther Devalon.



Dr. Senter-"You can do anything you want if you wait long enough, even carry water in a sieve."

E. Hamling ... "I don't see how."

Dr. Senter-"Wait till it freezes."

Miss Copeland—"Let me see, haven't we been reading Latin for hearly 200 years?"

Miss Sullivan in American History—"Compared with the east, we have absolutely no ceremonies out west."

Olive H.—"Oh, yes; but we have wedding ceremonics."

Mr. Waterhouse—"Mr. Wooley has charge of all the literary societies and myself"—which only goes to show that you can't tell where you sit, how you stand.

Girl (translating in German)—"The carts rattled, the drums warbled."

David Oberg—"Don't you want to subscribe for the Register?" Freshie—"No, I won't have time to study it."

Miss Rockfellow—"Mr. Waterhouse has requested me to announce we will have all six periods before school."

Geometry proposition—O. H. S.: C. U.:: 6:5. In solving this let Clark equal one-half.

Strawberries may come, and strawberries may go, but prunes are with us forever.

Juliette-You spell Mr. Waterhouse p-a-l, don't you?

Miss McHugh—Can any one decide for himself whether or not to have wrinkles?

Prentiss Lord—Well, you can nowadays. (A—new—wrinkle!) Madame Chatelaine—All metals are neuter except what? Frightened Freshie—Except milk.

Substitute (speaking of early Dutch settlements)—"Say something important, something that bears on the country."

Pupil-"Peter Stuyvesant's wooden leg."

Pupil (translating in Latin)—"What surges up in the mind?" F. S.—"Water on the brain."

Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall be satisfied.

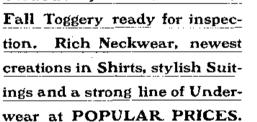
Joe R. (translating)-—"They performed feats of arms." (A regular acrobat.)

Freshie at the lunch counter-"I want a drill pickle,"

Elizabeth S. (looking around in dismay)—"Why, where's Louis?" Anna—Well, where do you usually keep him?

Importers, Diamond Merchants, Silversmiths and Fashionable Jewelers Marchinney & Ryan Co. Corner Douglas and Fifteenth Streets... NIGHT SHIRTS AND PAJAMAS

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.



CASI

BOURKE, The Tailor and Haberdasher

319 South 16th Street, near corner of Harney

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The girls of the O. H. S. wish to express their thanks to Mr. Waterhouse for his gift of a beautiful mirror outside his office.

(Tune of Tammany.) Fraternity, Fraternity, Once you had things all your way; Now the Board has had its say; Fraternity, Fraternity, Every dog he has his day;

Fraternity.

A. W. (translating French)-"She still sitted ou the stone."

Mary F .--- "Why, Portia was just fishing."

Might we not infer that since the men of Shakespere's time kept their hats on at dinner that they were troubld with petty thievery?

The football boys should notice the excellent rushes and interferences on the girls' stairs.

Miss Wilson—"I'll be tempted to give this class a test before long."

Sotto Voice-"Yield not to temptation."

ROSINA'S DEPARTMENT.

Dear Editor—

Will I be eligible to exhibit my company at the next baby show? Captain Louis Sweet.

By all means do so; you stand a good chance of winning.

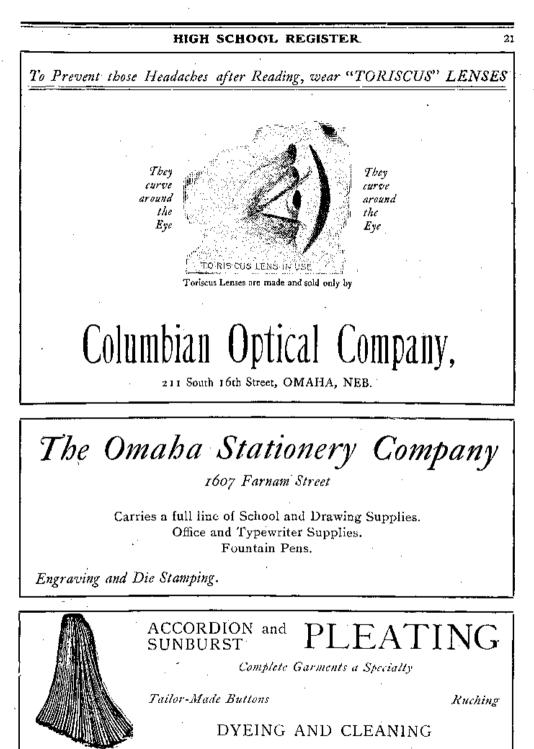
Che Particular Young Man

Is the young man we are looking for at our "Men's Department." We show Shirts, Fancy Half-Hose, Neckwear, and all kinds of men's fixings that are up to the minute in style, and made just for the particular young man. Try us next time. Men's Department, main floor, south aisle; use either entrance, and you will find yourself right in the men's section. See our furnishing man for any kind of desired **Pennant.** He will try and please you.

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	Howard Corner, Sixteenth Street.	618

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Dear Rosina :

I am a freshman girl, and am very auxious to become popular with the Senior boys. How may I do this? N. E.

Bring fudge to school every morning and you will notice your popularity grow. Be sure to leave sample of same with Squib editor. Dear Editor:

Am now a Soph., but expect to become a Liveryman when I finish. Are there any special studic, anat you would advise me to take?

Would suggest Latin. The ponies will be of great benefit to you. Dear Rosina:

Is it possible for a freshman girl to become a sponsor? Anxiously yours, Gertrude M.

Yes, it is possible, but not probable. Devote your time to making O. H. S. pennants for Sophs, with corporal stripes. One step at a time leads to great things.

ELAINE.

President, Lillie Krell; vice president, Ada Klopp; secretary, Frances Scott; treasurer, Jessie Barnes; editor, Ruth Lindley; sergeants-at-arms, Helen Blish and Alberta Field.

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Make rapid penmen. Are absolutely faultless, we guarantee them.

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BEATON DRUG CO.,

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Young Men's

Clever College Clothes

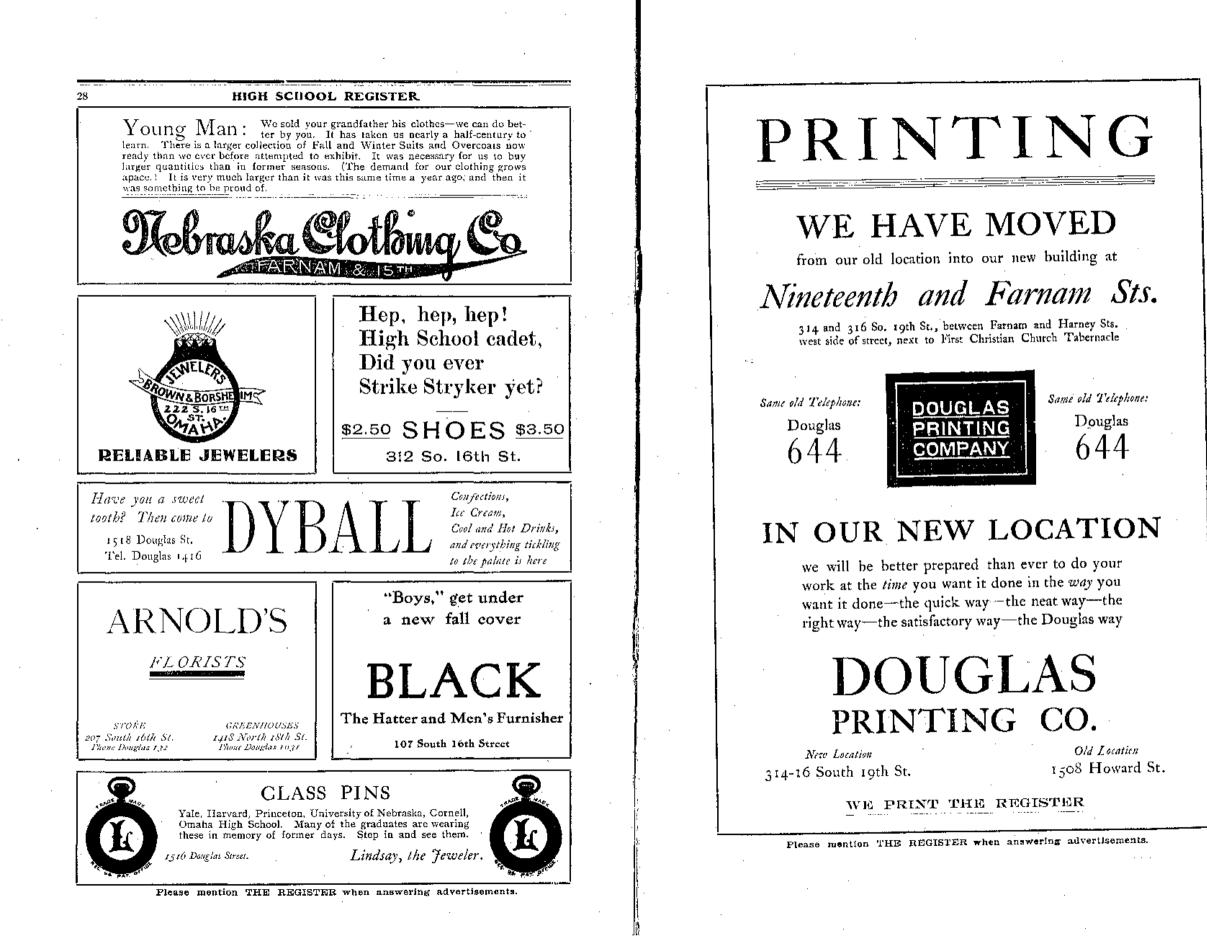
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