

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER Published every month from September to June at the Omaha High School, by Margaret Kennedy and Harry E. Ryan. Entered at the Omaha Post Office as Second-Class Matter.				
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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

OMAHA, FEBRUARY, 1907. Vol. XXI.

No. 6.

A Sophomore Nightmare.

It was twilight after a warm June day, and as I had been cramming for examinations for two solid hours. I sank back in the Morris chair to rest my weary brain. I was just dozing off when I felt a sharp pinch on my arm. With a start I sat up and was looking around when a sharp box on my ear and a vicious pull at my hair awakened me completely.

Why, where was I? I was resting on a green hill and standing beside me was a little impish creature with a fiendish expression, who was preparing to stick a sharp thing like a pen-point into me.

"Stop," I cried, furiously. "Haven't I enough to torment me with this old Cicero and Geometry, without being pricked and pinched?"

"Well, you can just stop right there," the little imp replied with a malicious expression, "for you have arrived at a land where few of your schoolmates have, I'll venture, and all by my efforts too. You ought to thank me humbly, instead of losing your temper that way." "Where is this, and who are you?" I answered quickly, rather

alarmed by this strange performance.

"This is Scientific Assignment Land, the place where all teachers go to get their longest assignment, their examination questions, their seventh hours and everything that makes school life unpleasant. It's quite a new institution, I assure you, and really a very clever idea. Mine, by the way," and he chuckled. "Those little houses, my child," he continued, in a patronizing tone, "are the abode of the different subjects taken in high school. I judge that you are a Sophomore by that wise and lofty look, so if you don't mind walking down to Tenth Grade Lane you can see our little invention for yourself."

Together we walked past rows of little gray houses at whose doors stood little grinning imps like my conductor, the only way of distinguishing the streets being by the dresses of the imps, those on Senior street wearing blue and gold, on Freshman avenue wearing verdant green, and so on.

As we arrived at Tenth Grade Lane my guide announced in a loud voice, "Swear to tell no secrets of what you see, even as the teachers have done here, yea, even your honored principal, Mr. Waterhouse, swears secrecy in this abode of mystery." With an awed voice I promised, and we hurried into Geometry cottage.

"Good morning," my guide greeted the imp at the door; "I'm showing the young lady through. Have you any new Pi's to see?"

"Yes, your honor," he croaked back. "I have a fresh batch all ready for exams tomorrow and what's more the inscribed circles are blooming nicely now, so we hope to have quite a stiff little test ready for you. Have some Pi child," he added, kindly,

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OMAHA, NEB.

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

"Oh," I cried, "let's gct out of here. I've heard of people that like pie but none of your kind for me," and I rushed out followed by my guide, who hurried me into Latin Rest. "Much rest you get," I thought, sarcastically. There were little boxes, one labelled—Description of the Bridge; a good test translation. Another labelled—Select Adjectives used by Cicero in describing Catiline. Another containing a choice collection of Future Less Vivid sentences. In one corner stood a wooden statue representing Cicero, which my guide explained was for the benefit of all Latin teachers, who, by touching a spring could make the dummy act as if alive, thus getting the graceful gestures used by the original Cicero, in order to deliver the translation with thrilling effect to their classes. As he touched the lever, the statue declaimed in an inspiring tone, "How much longer will you abuse our patience, Catiline?" I hastened frantically out, overcome by the realistic eloquence.

One by one, as we went through the dreary French and German cottages, wandered through Medieval Happyland, and saw the imps constructing Greek declensions, and counting specimens in Botany house, I was filled with admiration for the inventor of this wonderful system, and deep pity for coming school children.

"One other thing you must see," said my guide. "I consider this the masterpiece of my production." And with a calmly superior air he stopped before a little house where the imp doorkeeper, dressed as a an executioner, led me into a small room draped with black cloth. 'This," he announced in a mclancholy voice, "is the place where the ideas of punishment are made and sent to the minds of teachers."

On a table near me an ax and a scalping knife were laid with awful suggestiveness, and beside them were boxes, one labelled, "Interviews in Mr. Waterhouse's Private Office;" another was signed, "Teacher's Scientific Guide-book for Punishing Those Who Wilfully Skip," and another, "Choice Seventh Hours." But when I opened a great ledger and discovered my name in black letters and opposite it all the notes I had ever written and had thought to have passed unnoticed, I gave a despairing cry and opened my eyes to find my little Freshman cousin fluently reciting "Hic-baec-hoc, huius-huius-huius."

M. M., '08.

The Sea Gardens.

While on a pleasure trip to the West Indies last winter I had occasion to visit the "Wonderful Sea Gardens of Nassau," a sight which I shall never forget.

The water of the bay of Nassau is a light turquoise blue and extremely clear. The gardens are situated in a somewhat shallow stretch of water between some small islands thickly covered with clustering palms.

The trip to the gardens is made in a glass-bottomed boat, which holds a dozen eager sightseers. Nothing can be seen of the gardens from a short distance. It is only when directly over them that one can see the unusual sea-bottom. Then what a surprise is in store for the sight-seer! At first glance it seems as though the sight must be a reflection of the islands, but on closer examination this is proved to be impossible, for what appeared to be gaily colored birds flying through the tree-tops are fish! Such unusual fish they are, too! Sapphire blue, red and gold, yellow and black, and all other combinations of colors are found in the scales of the fish which swim in this southern underwater garden. The plants are very curious and many resemble palm trees. Others are purple and are like feathery fans, swaying incessantly. Scattered thickly through the garden are large, round corals which look like white sponges. There are also huge sponges in their black, natural state, quite different in appearance from the sponges in daily use.

While we were gazing at these unusual sights, a huge object appeared under the bottom of the boat. Everyone was astonished and many frightened for no one had ever heard of whales in the guide book's account of the sea gardens! Our fears were soon calmed, however, upon the reappearance of the boatman in the boat, wet and dripping. He had merely been taking a little underwater swim and incidentally had swam under the boat! He was a native of Nassau and like all others, an expert diver.

Buying or taking souvenirs would be an easy matter, with the best of divers always on hand and ready to perform any small favor which would bring them a few of the much desired coppers, but infortunately for the tourists, the natives are under oath not to take anything from the gardens, so we steamed home with no souvenirs but the memory of a beautiful trip.

PAULINE BOURKE, '10.

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Auld Lang Syne, Adapted.

Should school and lessons be forgot, When bright vacation comes? Should we forget our Cicero And Algelraic sums? For in the future dark, my dears, There'll come a reck'ning day. We'd best keep cranning to the end, If we expect an A.

We may have smiled our sweetest smile, When we've our teacher spied--We may have waited after school, To tell her how we tried. But spite of all we say or do There comes that reck'ning day; And so we must keep cramming on If we expect an A.

Then let us smile at Chemistry, Call Cicero our friend, And cease to groan and sigh at tasks That seem to have no end;

But let us look ahead, to where On some far-distant day— W'ell hie us forth in state, the proud Possessors of au A.

M. Mc. C. 'o8.

Travesty on Cauldron Scene in Macbeth.

First Witch_____ (Apologies to Shakespeare.) Thrice the bell for class hath rung. Second Witch____

Thrice, and once the gong did sound. Third Witch—

The students groan, "'Tis time, 'tis time." All--

Round the examination kettle go, In all aids to passing throw, All we've done throughout the year To gain the favor of teachers dear. Double, double, toil and trouble, Pupils' groan and teachers' chuckle.

First— Here are checks of Miss McHugh's They our absence will excuse.

Second-

Here are tickets now for thee, And from good seats MacBeth they'll see; To take the teacher to the play Will surely bring a great big A.

.All---

Double, double, toil and trouble, Pupils groan and teachers chuckle.

Here's an essay by Marie Mackin, Outside reports she is not lackin'; Second—

And here I throw the guileful art In Latin programs of taking part. Third---

Heres a Register which takes all blame From our brilliant Margarets name—

First—

Here's a lock of football hair This should have sent our champions where In Mathematics defeat was got; Boil thou this in the charmed not.

All— Double, double, toil and trouble, Pupils groan and teachers chuckle. Second—

> Flowers and candy many send; Grace in teachers eyes they lend,

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER. First_ Essays teeming with quotations From Browning-help examinations. Second— Heart to heart talks must add their savor; These will always gain you favor. Third-Add thereto some good hard study, Stop! the magic brew is ready. AllDouble, double, toil and trouble, Pupils groan and teachers chuckle. First— Cool it with the icy glare Which our loving teachers wear When our tasks we don't prepare. Second-Now about the cauldon sing, Like elves and fairies in a ring, Enchanting all that you put in. Third_ By the pricking of my thumbs Something wicked this way comes! Open locks Whoever knocks, Senior-How now, you secret, black and midnight hags, What is it you do? .411----A deed without a name. Senior-I conjure you, by that which you profess Howe'er you come to know it, answer me---Though the pride of all be humbled as you show our fates. To All Here Present-Though hopes of A's once cherished Resolve themselves to D's; Though we behold in fallen ranks great gaps, And, but a few remain, sad and alone, To view our programs—answer me, First-Speak. Second-Demand, Third_ We'll answer. First-Say if thoudst rather hear it from our mouths; or from our puppets. Senior— Call 'em. Let me see 'em.

Second—

Pour in salt tears, with bitter anguish wrung, From some poor victims brow—and ink, Bloody and red—that marred our papers fair, Throw into the flame.

All—

Come, high or low, Thyself and office deftly show— Senior—

Tell me, thou unknown power-

He knows thy thought;

Hear his speech, but say thou nought. (Plaster child's head appears.)

Second-

Seniors! Seniors! Seniors! beware Dr. Senter! Beware him whose heart his chemicals have chilled!

Senior—

Whatever thou art, for thy good caution thanks, Thou hast harped my fear aright, But one word more.

Third-

He will not be commanded—Here's Another more potent than the first. (Jumping Jack appears.)

First____

Be crafty, bold and resolute, laugh to scorn the power of tests— For thou hast spent the year in winning teachers hearts.

Senior---

Then Chemistry, what need I fear of thee? But yet, I'll make assurance double sure, And while I have the opportunity Will cram thy formulas— (Teddy bear appears.)

Third-

Here is a third more potent still. Senior—

What is this,

That rises like a breeze to stir The pages of my Iliad.

First____

Be lion-mettled, proud and take no care Who fails, who recites or what Miss Snyder says, She has it in her power to fail thee yet On any ten lines of Homer--yet fear not; Hast thou not joined the Latin Society?

Senior—

Then 'twill be A, not B. Sweet bodments of good. But tell me-

Seek to know no more! Thou knowest too much already. Double, double, toil and trouble, Pupils wail, but teachers chuckle. (Exit witches.) ALICE McCULLOUGH, '07.



Owing to many excellent reasons basket ball practice was not begun until after vacation, but since then the practice has been progressing with the spirit and ginger which promises another championship team for the old O. H. S. Although all the old men except Captain Neavles are gone, the second team of last year have developed into a swift, formidable five that will do things to their opponents. The team so far is as follows: Captain Neavles and Nagle, guards; Arnstien and Burdick, who played center and forward respectively on the Y. M. C. A. juniors, forwards, while Johnson, McKell and Mc-Whinney are making things interesting for each other in their fight for center. Although the first team is strong, the second team composed of former players who are barred on account of fraternities, studies, etc., make the regulars get up and hustle; thus the first team is benefited greatly by having an opportunity to play against men worthy of their "steel." Yet besides the second team we find good material in the third, which is almost entirely composed of freshmen, so it seems very safe to prophesy that with the support of the pupils and teachers of the high school, basket ball, alone of all athletics, will live and we will be able to maintain the same standing we have held in former years. Because of the incompletion of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium the management have been unable to schedule any home games as yet, but as soon as possible this will be done, and, on behalf of the team and of YOUR loyalty to the school, we earnestly urge YOU to be present at the first home game so that basket ball at least may progress in the O. H. S. athletics.

OHS



What an air of relief prevades the school. The "Mid-terms" the bane of each year's course—are over. The relief, however, is not unningled with regret. Regret for those idle moments because of which many of us are now meckly beginning again where we began last September; others of us, having barely escaped disaster, are grimly wondering how we managed to do so. We all have, no doubt, the best of intentions towards diligent and faithful preparation of each day's lesson hence forward. But beware! the path of the flunker is paved with good intentions, so see to it that the good intentions are carried out this time. Faithfulness, fellow students, is the key to success; if we learn to be faithful to our school duties we shall be faithful to the duties which shall be laid upon us when we are participants in life's combat.

Once more the season of debating is before us. At this time we most sorely miss Mr. Bracelin who, by his patient instruction and personal labor, has so materially aided in our past debates.

On January 23rd the preliminaries for the West Des Moines debate were held. The team chosen to represent us in this debate on February 15 was David Oberg, Gilbert Barnes and Robert Stout; Fredrick McConnell and Herbert Ryan were chosen alternates. It will be seen that once more the D. D. S. is coming to the front. All these boys but one are D. D. S. members; Herbert Ryan is a member of the Ciceronians.

The Ciceronian society is to have a debate with the Athenian society of the South Omaha High on the 8th of March. The team has not yet been picked for this debate, but will be shortly. This is to be the first debate South Omaha has held with another school and there are rumors which state that the team is working desperately. Our boys may have to get down to work, but we feel sure that our standard in debating will not be lowered in defeat.

Interest in debating, as in everything else, is at present somewhat iess than formerly. We regret this state of affairs and hope that our former attitude will soon be again reinstated.



HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

We Editors.

Editing a paper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-headed. If we don't we are fossils. If we publish original matter, they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church, we are heathens. If we do, we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office, we ought to be out looking for news items. If we get out, then we are not attending to business. If we wear old clothes, they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes, they say we have a pull. Now what are we to do? Just as likely as not some one will say we stole this from an exchange. So we did.—The Armour Institute Fulcrum.

Locals.

Miss Bridge of Fremont is a new teacher. She takes Miss Wilson's place, who has had a leave of absence for a year.

Miss Katherine Thomas has also been added to the faculty.

Miss Autumn Davis, formerly of the faculty of the Nebraska university, has taken Mr. Bracelin's place. Mr. Bracelin has gone to Minneapolis.

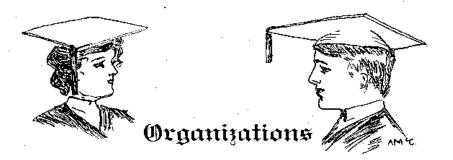
Miss Timms was absent a few days on account of illness, and during her absence Miss Edith Butler had charge of her classes.

With the new term, came one hundred Freshmen whom we welcome to our ranks. They average even smaller in size than in previous years. Owing to lack of room, several new lockers have been added for their use.

Again comes the cry, "Keep the hall clean." For aiding this purpose, waste-paper baskets have been distributed throughout the halls where the students are asked to place all waste material.

For the persons who habitually go to class unprepared in the day's work, a room of preparation has been opened to which the delinquents are sent to study. After three assignments to this room, suspension follows.

Myron Buck and Harold Keller have both received appointments to Annapolis, where they are preparing to take the entrance examinations, which come in June. Philip Frederick, Charles Meyer, Theron Woolverton and Carl Richie have left the high school to enter the Nebraska university at the beginning of the spring term. These, with previous departures, leave a deplorable gap in the ranks of the Senior boys.



FRANCES WILLARD.

On February I a humorous program was given. The roll call was answered by limericks. The program contained humorous recitations, a dialogue and a sketch, the latter entitled, "The Sense of Nonsense." * * *

CICERONIAN.

On January 11th, after a few improptu recitations by members, the society had a mock trial. Hawthorne Daniels was tried for horsestealing in Judge Brown's court. He was defended by Harris Vauce and Allan McDonald, and was prosecuted by Sam Reynolds and Leonard Larman. The jury, composed of society members, returned a verdict of guilty. After deciding certain matters concerning the Ciceronian-Athenian debate, the society adjourned.

On February I the Ciceronian-Athenian debate was discussed. The preliminaries will be held on February 8. The final debate will be held on March 8 at South Omaha. The semi-annual election of officers was held and resulted thus: President, Harris Vance; vice president, Hawthorne Daniels; secretary, Herbert Ryan; sergeant-atarms, Carroll Belden.

* * * D. D. S.

The meeting of February 1st was devoted to the election of officers. The successful candidates were: President, Gilbert Barnes; vice president, Lyle Roberts: secretary, Frederick McConnell; treasurer, Robert Stout; sergeant-at-arms, Sam Cassel, and librarian Alfred Kennedy. After the election the new officers spoke briefly to the society.

· LATIN.

"New Year's Customs of the Romans" was the subject of the program of the Latin society on January 18. An unusual feature of the program was the Latin quotations with which the members responded to the roll call. On February 3 some of the most interesting religious customs of the modern Romans were explained.

P. A. S.

The Priscilla Alden society gave an unusually interesting program. February 1. Music was furnished by Sadie Kirschbraum, who played the "Madrigal" on the violin. Several poems were read and the program was greatly enjoyed.

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

M. F. S.

The Margaret Fuller held a purely literary program on January 11, the subject being, "American Humorists."

A most entertaining and original program was given by the Margaret Fullers on February 1st. The principal number was a travesty on one of the "Macbeth" witch scenes.

"The Examination Kettle."

First Witch—Alice McCullough. Second Witch—Elizabeth Sweet. Third Witch—Bess Gould. Inquirng Senior—Russell McKelvey.

* * *

PLEIADES.

The Pleiades held their New Year's program in room 108, Friday, January 11th. The most important feature of the program was the giving of resolutions, each girl stating in prose or poetry the resolution which she would try to follow the coming year. The program was given by Nellie Hunt's section.

February I Ora Russell's section gave a program.

During the month of January there was only one meeting of the Hawthorne society. This meeting dealt with Southern Life. Several very interesting selections from different important writers of the south were given. The Hawthorne chorus then showed what they were capable of by singing that rousing song, "Way Down South in Dixie." * * *

ELAINE.

At a recent meeting of the Elaine society an interesting as well as comical program was given. The main subject was New Year's day. The number enjoyed most was "New Leaves," in which the girls told of their experiences in trying to keep their New Year's resolutions. Each member received the usual souvenir, a dainty hand-painted program card. * * *

LININGER TRAVEL CLUB.

The first program of the year, held on January 11, was a very good one. A debate was given:

"Resolved, That simplified spelling should be adopted."

Lucile Hagar, on the negative, won over Lillian Johnson, the affirmative representative.

Other numbers were a violin solo, an excellent dialogue, a recitation, an original story and the society paper, "The Chronicle."

BROWNING.

On account of school having been dismissed at noon, Friday, the 18th, the Browning program prepared for that afternoon was postponed until Friday, February 1. Naturally, all the students were enjoying the relief after examinations and therefore the program very appropriately gave its opinion on the subject of examination, and joined in the general exaltation. Ruth Birchard was in charge and all the numbers were well appreciated.

A Romance.

(Interpretation of "Romance" by D'Ambrosio.)

'Tis a silver shower of music That, in a deluge of joy, Drowneth all things about me, Doth all dark thoughts destroy.

I am carried afar from the world, They hurl a lash of fire now,

I see not the cloudy sky; I hear not the cries of the wretched That faint, and fall, and die.

In the woods I am walking lonely In blissful solltude. And lovely nature around me Puts me in a dreamy mood.

The golden moon is half hidden In the fleecy clouds it doth light With a celestial radiance, Intense but yet not bright.

Beneath a drooping willow Two lovers sit alone-One a beautiful maiden. The other a knight of renown

Oh, now the music grows sweeter. And more intense it grows, And fuller and fuller of feeling, TIII it almost overflows.

I can feel that their hearts are throbbing With the passion of deep love, And the willow boughs cease moving The music grows deeper and deeper As if in suspense above,

He presses the maid's hand closer. But still is unexpressed The overwheiming feeling That throbs within his breast.

In the eyes of each other, seeing Only the light of love. Alas! They've not noticed the dark- Their throbbing hearts grow quiet, ening Of the moonlit heavens above.

The storm clouds hurl the lightning That in fiery brightness breaks, While loudly crashing the thunder Wildly the forest shakes!

The maiden grows pale with terror As she sees the tall trees sway

For the nearest place of shelter. The castle, is far away.

The music grows higher and stronger, The heavens are gathering might; Aimed at the maid and knight,

Crashing it strikes-not the lovers, But the willow tree behind, Stunned and dazed they cling to each other

And the flashes drive them blind.

But now the storm is clearing. The dark clouds drift away; While in the hearts of the lovers Joy once again holds sway.

How pure and sweet is the music! To God their hearts they raise. Filled o'erfull with a feeling Of gratitude and praise.

Then as a stream full-flowing Swelled by the spring-time rain, Its waters doth pour over All the surrounding plain,-

So his deep passion flooding His heart, and mind, and soul Bursts into vows of devotion That he cannot control.

As he kneels at the malden's feet, And that she be his forever. Passionately doth entreat.

And now the music is softer, Still flooded with happiness: The maiden, her livs trembling, Softly whispers, "Yes."

All is calmness now, and rest And in each other's presence They feel divinely blest.

Oh, life of joy and beauty That the melody foretells! The harmony of happy hearts, As in rapture it forthwells!

Pauline Rosenberg.



It certainly would pay our exchange editors to exchange with the Villa Shield of Rock Island, Ill., if they are not already doing so. The paper is a good example of what girls really can do when they try.

Last month we welcomed to our exchange table the Normalite from Peru, Neb. They seem to have entered on their career confident of success. We assure it to them, however, if they continue the present pace. A few more jokes would greatly brighten the publication,

Another paper made its first appearance on our tables this month. It was the Adjutant of Orchard Lake, Mich. The general make-up of this paper far exceeds any the exchange editor has seen in the line of school publications. We have no comments whatever to make concerning it, except that it is an excellent model to try to copy.

Advocate, why don't you liven up, instead of pegging along in the same old manner? Get some up-to-date jokes, an original cover design, and unique department headings. Can't you also afford a little better paper? Compare the interior of your publication to ninety-five per cent of the school papers throughout the country, and take a few suggestions. "Look within."

We admire the Talesman's taste in cover selecting.

In A. D. 1999 .- "Our nitting team wun the trofy agen this year," remarkt the coche proudly, pointing tu the croshade bed kwilt hanging on the wall. "'Tis tru," answered the venerabl president, "but only at the terifik cost uv three uv our men pricking ther fingers." And bursting intu teers he sat down and rote a nu plee for reform in athleticks.--Ex.

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her kid brother who got up and cried, 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!""-Ex.

Senior: "It's so dark in here I can't see."

Teacher: "Well then, I think you will have to recite from memory."

We suggest that the Tooter, from South Omaha, publish more literary productions.



The Junior Prom was given Saturday evening, January 12th, at Chambers, under the management of Mr. Earl Burkett, Mr. Frederick Wallace and Mr. Lloyd Smith. The decorations were in red and white, the class colors as were also the programs. Punch was served.

The Officers Prom will be given the evening of February 8 at Chambers. The committee in charge consists of Messrs. Clyde Simpson, John Brain and Roland Thomas,

Miss Bess Townsend was hostess for a most charming reception given the afternoon of January 3rd, at her home. The house was very prettily decorated with cut flowers. The guests were the members of the Priscilla Alden and Browning societies.

Miss Bess Gould entertained the Dipper club at a very pretty luncheon New Year's day. Covers were laid for seven.

Miss Irene Jaynes was hostess at a luncheon Saturday, January 19. Miss Myrtle Busk entertained the Bemis Park club the evening of January 3, at her home.

Miss Alice McCullough entertained a number of her girl friends at a most enjoyable house party January 3rd, 4th and 5th.

Alumni Notes.

Arthur Knapp, '03, will graduate this year from Cornell University, where his work has reflected credit on O. H. S.

Jessie Willis, '04, is at Mount Holyoke Academy.

Philip Reed, 1900, is running the skating rink which has been established at 20th and Farnam.

Homer Conant, '05, Adeline Fagan, '04, and Burleigh Withers. '04, are studying art in Chicago.

Vincent Vacek, '04, Curtis Lindsey, '05, are at Armour Technical Institute.

Miss Randall, recently of our faculty, is furthering her studies at Nebraska University.

Fredericka McIntosh, '03, is a Junior this year at Vassar.

Fred Flanders, '04, is with a surveying gang in Wyoming. Howard Blackburn, '04, is trying his hand at railroading.

Clement Chase, 'o6, and Sam Millard, 'o6, are first and second sergeants, respectively, in the cadet battalion at Cornell.

Squibs.

How times have changed! In James I reign each sick person who was touched, received a gold coin, now a person who is touched is forced to give up a gold coin.

Teacher: "Why is it that you are always behind in your studies?" Pupil: "Because if I were not behind with them I could not pursue them."—Ex.

Dorothy: "A strange man appeared, greatly emanicated." She: "Did you take father apart to speak to him?" He: "Not exactly, but he almost fell to pieces when I spoke to him."—Ex.

NEW VERSION.

"Lady-bug, Lady-bug, fly away home----Your house is on firc, Your children will burn!"

Said the Lady-bug, curtly: "Pray, don't be afraid-My house is insured and I'm an old maid."

Mr. Woolery: "You are not children any more, you are young ladies and gentlemen-almost!"

* *

Joe R. (translating): "Dido starts to speak, but breaks in the widdle."

"Did the murderer keep cool when he went to the block?" "No, he lost his head entirely."

> "She always darned her hose with silk---The holes were quite extensive---The price of silk was very high, Which made them darned expensive."—Ex.

Waiter: "Will you have pie, sah?" Guest: "Is it compulsory?" Waiter: "No, sah; it am raspberry."

D. L.: "Well, I thought I was thinking!"

Miss Paxson: "What does Mr. Bennett give for this construction?"

Pupil: "Green trading stamps."

Old Maid (purchasing music): "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight?" "

Clerk: "No-o-o! It must have been the other clerk."--Ex.

* * *

SOME NEW RULES.

t. Teachers shall be stationed in the lower halls and shall stop each student leaving the building, to find out whether the student is wearing his or her own hat.

2. Girls desiring to be excused in order to attend the matinee, must furnish (Miss Kiewit) the office, with candy and prove that they have the wherewithal for car fare.

3. Typewritten excuses will be excepted only when a student has no pen nor ink.

Miss Sullivan: "What were those men called who went south at this tme?"

Elizabeth: "Rag-carpets; Oh, no, I mean carpet-baggers."

To shave your face and brush your hair, And then your Sunday clothes to wear— That's preparation. And then upon a car to ride— A mile or two to walk beside— That's transportation. And then before the door to smile, And think you'll stay a good long while. That's expectation. And then to find her not at home— That's thunderation.—Ex.

* * *

Mr. Woolery (in algebra class): "Now watch me closely; I am taking three and four steps at a time."

Mr. Robertson: "Mr. Durkee, have you a conscience?"

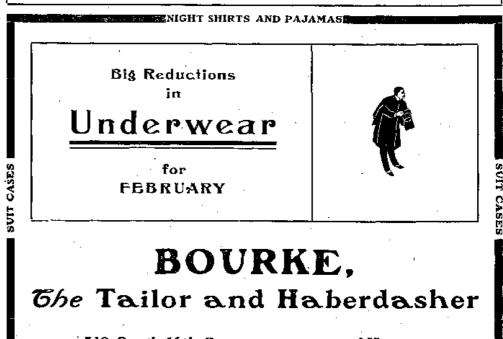
C. B.: "Do you like to sleigh (slay)?"



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SOME LATIN TRANSLATIONS.

"He squeezed two men." "Andromache went to the fatherland of her husband," "He let out the sheets headlong."

The Holy Tenor: "Say, pop, what did Kelly do?" Pop: "Why, what do you mean?" H. T.: "Well, I was telling the fellers how I stood on my liead for ten minutes, and they said, 'Like Kelly did?"—Ex.

> "Knock and the world knocks with you, Boast and you boast alone; If you roast good and loud, You will find that the crowd Has a hammer as large as your own."—Ex.

Translating French: "I looked across the lake and saw the frozen ice."

Girls beware! One of the cadets informs us that he has five girls

on probation for sponsor. Maybe you are one of the victims.

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Is a popular place for High School folks, and we are glad of it.

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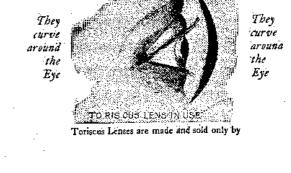
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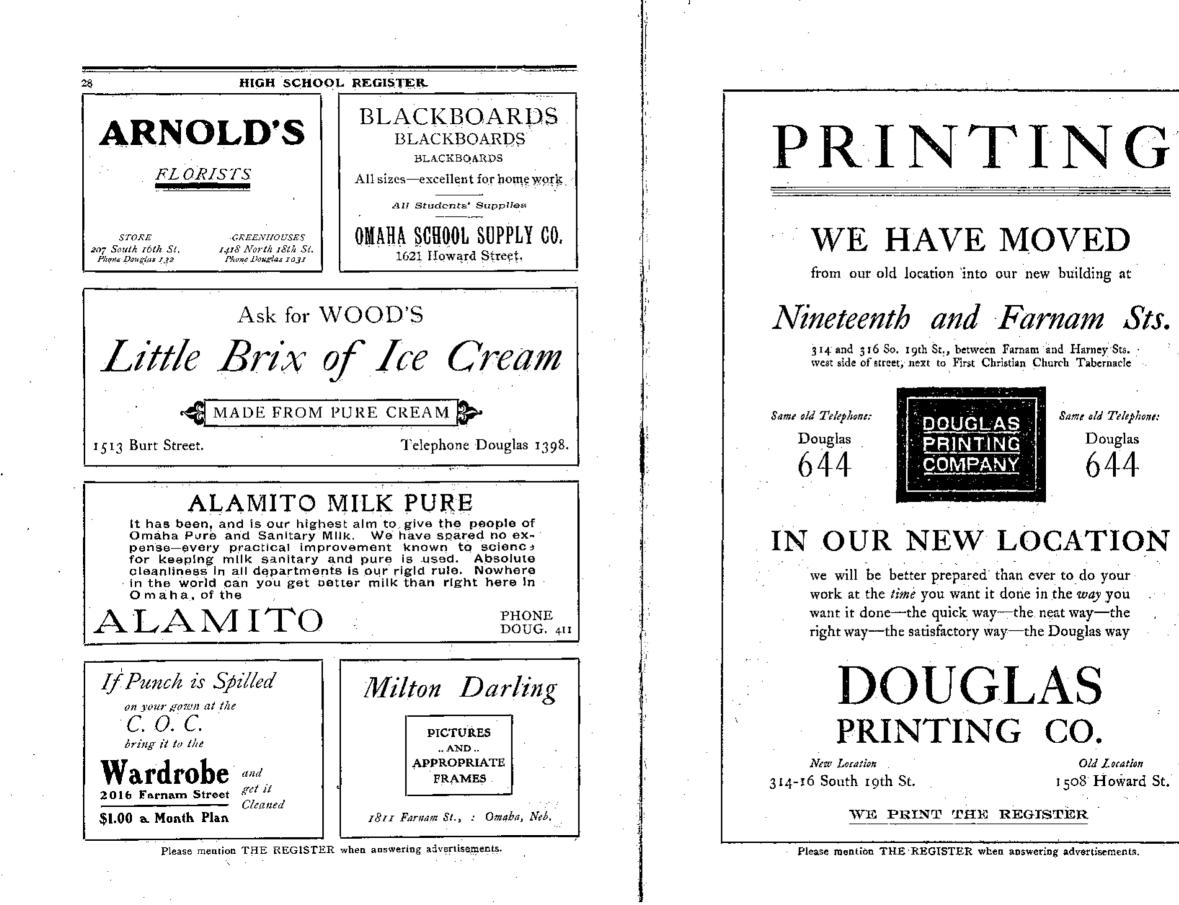


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