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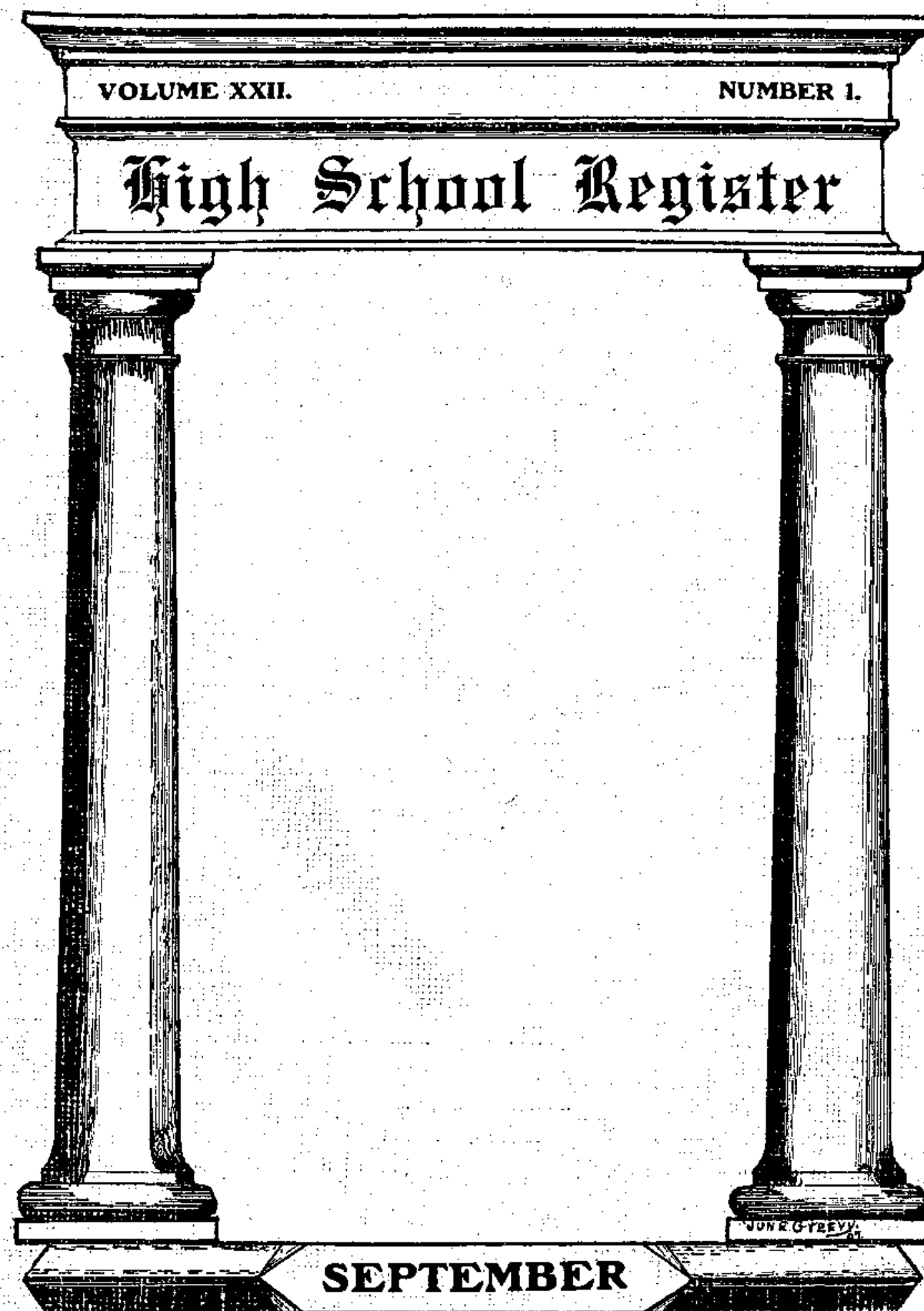
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VOLUME XXII.

NUMBER 1.

# High School Register



SEPTEMBER

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# HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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No. 1.

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## HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

Vol. XXII.

OMAHA, SEPTEMBER, 1907.

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### The Affair at the Switch.

Dick Burwell was in high dudgeon. Never, absolutely never, was anything so ridiculous! He slid an inch farther down his seat and was dangerously near falling off, if he had only known it. But Dick's thoughts as it happened were anywhere but on the possible extent of the seat of a train.

It was all right to join fraternities; they were jolly, good fun and all that. So were the initiations for that matter. But all things have a limit and this was going just a little too far. His hands deep in his pockets, his feet sprawled out before him, and his chin sunk deep in his collar, Dick scowled murderously at the end of his nose.

It was all very well for the other fellows to laugh and think it a good joke; they didn't have to go through it all. They were doubtless by this time—Dick jerked out his watch with unusual energy—yes, 9 o'clock, the dance had begun or, at least, the auctioneering of the girls had, and he wasn't there.

What good had it done him to tip the maid at the girls' dormitory to get that precious piece of knowledge he had coveted so long; namely, that Patty, dear, bright, pretty, vivacious Patty, was number nineteen? What good had it done him to write home for more funds so that he could bid high on nineteen and claim Patty for the whole evening? No, it hadn't done a bit of good; and here he was, his face pasted up with various lengths of court plaster; a questionable pair of jeans, made of two distinct patterns of cloth; and one leg decidedly the shortest, gracing the lower half of his body, a queerly cut guni-sack, which here and there boasted a brightly hued patch, doing service as a coat; and his hair, stiffened with flour and water, standing straight on end.

Oh, no doubt, he looked like an idiot, but of course that didn't matter. Dick said so, but nevertheless, he leaned out in the aisle to get a peep at the mirror; hoping, perhaps, that it wasn't quite so bad as it might seem. But the result brought him sharply back to his original position, and caused his innocent nose to get another scowl, twice as black and twice as threatening.

Now, as it happened, Dick Burwell had coveted nothing in the past ten weeks, so much, as membership in this particular frat. The boys knew this, and much as they liked him and wanted him as a fraternity brother, they had secretly determined to tax his temper and endurance; unmercifully, at the initiations. As Harry Laselle put it, "We'll pull him to the last ditch and pull him hard."

And so, when innocent Dick told his roommate that choice bit of news about No. 19 that young gentleman had congratulated him heartily on his "everlasting good luck" and then made a bee-line for

the corridor where he could laugh without restraint, and could congratulate himself "at least, on his occasional good luck."

And so a special meeting was called and Hal told about his information and his plans concerning them.

"And so, Mr. Chairman," he concluded, "I move that on the night of the dance we begin initiations; that we begin with our honoured friend, Mr. Burwell; and that we begin by having the said gentleman take a little trip on that evening to a certain small and secluded spot some eighteen miles north of here, which I, myself, discovered on the map," his chest swelled with self-pride, "and which boasts of two things, a name and a station. Of course, one of the fellows will have to go along to see that it all pans out right, and while Dick gets off at Rushville," he grinned, "to spend the night on the depot bench. His guard can go on to the first civilized spot where he can get a bed. The morning train, coming back at 10:30, can pick them both up again."

Here Laselle sat down, his face beaming with success, and with difficulty controlling the desire to shake hands with himself, while the rest of the fellows cheered and applauded. Then were added the necessary points as to clothing and train conduct, which go to make a thing of this sort complete.

And so it came about that poor Dick sat scowling at his nose, and—thinking of Patty.

One consolation there was, to be sure—old Harry had been voted for guard, as a reward for his "ripping idea," and there was no getting out of the thing. So he had to miss the dance too. The idea, in fact, was so pleasing and so consoling that even Dick grinned in his misery. And the more he thought of it the more he grinned, until a chuckle was dangerously near. But no such mirth for the prisoner.

A warning cough from the other end of the train meant attention, and Hal pointed meaningfully to the paper of directions. With an evil glance at his captor, Dick jerked open the sheet and read, and then, disgust written in every feature, rose to comply.

In his embarrassment he stumbled over a projection of the seat and the commotion attracted every one's attention, which was just what he wanted to avoid. With a rather futile attempt to imitate a child of three, he trotted awkwardly down the aisle, climbed upon a seat conspicuously to the front, pointed foolishly at something without, and cried in a high-pitched voice, "goo, goo!" while the on-lookers gazed with open-mouthed amazement, or shrieked with laughter. And, of course, then it was up to Dick to walk shamefacedly back to his seat while everybody else enjoyed the joke immensely.

"Rushville! Rushville!" called the colored porter. It had probably been months since anyone had gotten on or off at Rushville and the porter had many serious doubts and secret misgivings concerning the character of "the gemman wat got off at Rushville."

His disappointment somewhat mollified, Harry smiled blandly at his friend, his hands in his pockets, shambled off the train and across the lonely platform of the one-horse station.

A dim lantern light swayed drunkenly at the door, sending forth into the darkness a rather uncertain shaft of light. And it was by means of this that Burwell spied a delapidated bench.

He sat down and thought it all over. There was really no use making all the row about it. In fact, he was only making things more amusing for the fellows and most disagreeable for himself. Of course it was rough on a chap to miss all he was missing, but he always said he hated a fellow who wasn't game; and now when it came right down to it he wasn't going to turn tail and act surly. He flushed as he thought of his manner in the train and resolved to do better. As for No. 19—

Dick grasped the seat of the bench and sat rigid. From the other side of the little station house came the sound of crunching wheels and the soft beat of horses' hoofs.

There was no one living within miles of this God-forsaken spot, and the few widely scattered farmers who tilled the soil hereabouts would scarcely arrive at eleven o'clock to take the train passing at 2:30 next morning.

As Burwell turned these things over in his mind he heard the subdued murmur of approaching voices. It soon appeared that there were two of them; one, a big, burly voice which rumbled its commands, while the other, querulous and complaining, answered feebly.

They turned the corner of the building sharply and stood directly in the light of the lantern. Dick, crouching in his dark corner, saw two men, their appearances in strict congruity with their voices. Both were dirty and splattered with mud, their clothes hung loose and limp about them, and the hard lines in their faces caused the watcher to shudder.

The big man with the gruff voice was speaking, in fact, he did most of the speaking.

"None o' yo' questions, now. That ain't in the game. d've see? All as I've got to say, an' all as ye've got to know, is that he's got them papers. I found it out. I was the one w'at tracked 'em up. An' a right sma't job it was, too. You a'nt got no du'ty work nex'n to what I've bin thu'. Oh, you ain't got no kick comin'."

He was no doubt a native mountaineer, for the accent ran true, and the brusque manner was familiar to Dick's ears. For he loved the mountains, and had spent many a happy summer among them, jiving in the camp life, and, incidentally, becoming accustomed to the rough mountaineers. He was all ears and eyes, now, straining every muscle to catch the low mutterings that passed between the men. The dance, the initiation, Hal, even No. 19, were all more than lost in the multitude of thoughts and doubts that chased through his mind.

"Oh, I want complainin'," piped the other; "I on'y jus' be'n wonderin' whether them papers, as you've be'n a speakin' on, was really of so much valyoo to the respected gentleman w'at wears the diamonds, and w'at hired you, as to make it worth his while, to—well, in plain English, to make it worth my while—you understand—" His voice tremulously apologetic trailed off from an unfinished question into silence.

His companion waited with quiet contempt. Then he leaned warningly toward his friend and spoke huskily, but with a slow deliberation, which made it easily audible to one within as close a range as to where Burwell crouched.

"Now, listen," he said importantly (and, had he known it, more than one readily obeyed him): "An' mark wa't I'm a tellin' ye'. The man as I've described to ye' carries in his satchel them there papers. Them papers," his voice dropped, "means the rise or fall of a great gov'inent enterprise, an' is worth \$50,000—or more—an' political power to the gentleman as you spoke on. They's worth a thousand t' each un of us." An excited tremble made his voice uncertain and Dick longed to grasp the flabby throat and choke back the murderous words. But he held fast to the iron rail on the bench, his clench fiercer than he realized, and continued to gaze at the two with unwavering attention.

"All as you've got to do," the man went on, "is to open the old switch a mile or so down track. Then watch your man, d'ye see? The old rails an't ben used for more nor a dozen years and they won't stand no weight, nohow. Then there's the block house right at the end; that'll get it good an' proper, an' there'll be the grand smash up, as'll do the business, d'ye see? Spot your man an' don't go givin' any second hand blows. You know the rest. Get the papers. I'll be a couple blocks eastward."

He moved away, and then turned. "An' say," he called, as an afterthought, "if ye' wants company on the way down—well, jus' think o' yer thousand," and with a smothered chuckle he made off.

Dick felt his nerves give and his body sway and realized he wasn't good for the strain much longer. He summoned all his courage for the final effort, and then, the remaining conspirator, muttering excitedly to himself, shuffled off for the switch.

With an effort Burwell contained himself till the man was out of ear-shot, and then, stretching his cramped and aching muscles scrambled to his feet. With feverish haste he jerked out his watch and held it to the dim light of the lantern. Twelve o'clock. He had just two and a quarter hours to make the ten miles to the next station, back. It was dark; he was unfamiliar with the road, and things were against him. But he had made up his mind and his determination was great. From the door he snatched the smeary lantern, and following in the wake of its dull glow, set off down the track.

Luckily, the moon was full, and the dull, half-radiance it shed so liberally was Dick's only hope. He raised his eyes to the heavens as though to thank the shining bodies for their aid, and then bent his entire attention to the uncertain lines of the track.

The crossboards were irregularly laid; now close together, now widespread; some straight and even, others slanting and almost crossed. Time and again Burwell made a misstep which nearly cost him a tumble. But with dogged persistence he struck on ahead, swerving from side to side and shooting forward with uncertain jerks.

It seemed to him he had walked thus miles upon miles, groping his way blindly and yet the mile posts came so seldomly.

Sometimes luck favored him and he could dimly discern a stretch of track where the boards were straight and even and taking hope would plunge recklessly ahead. It was at one of these times when he was leaping along the boards at a run that he missed his footing and struck against something in the track that sent him sprawling. The lantern, flung from his hand, struck the opposite bank, flickered and went out. With evident pain and difficulty Dick got to his feet. His light was gone, his left hand was torn and bleeding, he had stumbled along thus for some three or four miles, and already he was footsore and weary. He wondered confusedly how much of his time was gone, but the hands of his watch were not discernable. Then he broke the glass and felt.

It was an unreliable way of telling time, but the hands were close and by the bearings of the watch they pointed at one.

Burwell stood aghast. He knew now it was hopeless. When he had overheard the plans of the men he had determined to make the next station and warn the train when it stopped. Now he knew it was impossible. With a hand car he might make it, but his hasty glance down the long track revealed no such conveyance.

Then it was, when despair was beginning to steal over him, that the one plausible method, which had eluded him in his hasty flight, suddenly dawned upon his consciousness with the warm glow of hope. In fact, as the completeness of the plan struck him he smiled at his dullness and laboriously climbing the side bank, sank upon the tall grass to await the train.

Never did an hour and a quarter seem so hopelessly long. In fact, Dick had fully decided that no train ever intended coming that way. His mind was becoming clogged and his thoughts began to wander among strange lands and strange people. His head felt oddly light, while it sank nearer and nearer the ground.

Then, a sudden wild shriek and roar and a thundering rumble down the track brought him sharply to his feet. He blinked dazedly at the bright glare coming closer and closer, and then with a flash he remembered all.

It was almost too late, but with a fierce wrench he tore off his coat, struck a match, and waved the flaming garment, high above his head. Madly as he signaled, the puffing monster hurled past, with unslackened speed, and then, just as a cry of anger and despair burst from Dick's lips, it slowed up and stopped.

Engineers and others hurried from the train to the side of the young hero demanding an explanation. Brokenly, and with uncertain voice, Burwell gasped out incoherent snatches of the story, warning them of the danger. And then of a sudden everything whirled about him and became black.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is pleasant to be the hero of a whole school, and Dick Burwell enjoyed beyond measure the many congratulations, the hearty praise and frank admiration of his friends. He knew where he stood in their estimation, and that he should be perfectly happy for that alone. But somehow his cup of joy was not quite full. He tried to laugh the thought away, but it persisted and haunted him.



A few days later he met Patty in the hall. All she said was, "That was a brave thing you did, Dick; we're all proud of you." But the look that filled her shining eyes, as they gazed up at him, spoke worlds more; and his head grew absurdly dizzy. Then he smiled contentedly, for he knew that now, at last, his cup of joy was full to overflowing.

E. B., '08.

### Back Again to the Lunch Room.

(After "The Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my school-days,  
When fond recollection presents them to view!  
The Omaha High School—its halls and its byways,  
And every loved spot which in those days I knew!  
Room two hundred four—oh the studying (?) I did there!  
The "prep" rooms—there of all my sins I'd repent!  
The principal's office where culprits would repair,  
And e'en the good lunch-room down in the basement—  
The good-smelling lunch-room, the substantial lunch-room,  
The reliable lunch-room down in the basement.

That orderly lunch-room I hailed as a treasure,  
For often at noon when fourth hour was o'er,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—  
A fine well-filled stomach—pray, who can want more?  
I quickly bought tickets with hands that were glowing,  
And down the broad stairs, oh, how quickly I went!  
Then soon, with my plate heaped up and o'erflowing,  
I left the lunch-counter down in the basement—  
The busy old lunch-room, the noisy old lunch-room,  
The reliable lunch-room down in the basement.

How sweet 'tis to drink, when you're thirsty, believe it,  
Old Missouri, drawn from the tank on yonder ledge!  
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Because I had taken the Temperance pledge.  
And now far removed from my old Latin "pony",  
The tears always fall that I cannot prevent,  
As fancy reverts to that baked macaroni,  
And other good things that were in the basement—  
The commodious lunch-room, the glorious lunch-room,  
The reliable lunch-room down in the basement.

RUTH RANDOLPH, '08.

### Reminiscences of Camp McCague.

"Three months ago? Why, it seems but a fortnight since I heard that bugle's warning blast!"

Especially do we visitors remember that longed-for day when we early forsook our couches of ease to make due preparations, and

discovered with great disappointment that the "gentle rain from heaven was falling on the earth beneath." However, after looking at the sky, times without number, we were just *sure* it was going to clear up, and anyway we *knew* the boys would be so disappointed—and hungry—if we didn't come. So after much discussion most of us reached the station ere the clock was striking the hour of departure.

Seven car-loads of eager, happy people cheerfully set on their way, their spirits in no way dampened by the inclement weather. Before long we reached a little village nestling in a beautiful wooded valley through which a pretty little stream was weaving its winding course—but we didn't see the scenery at our first glance.

The place was teeming with a mass of grayish, blue coats; before long we distinguished the individuals from the mass, and recognized the smiling faces. In most cases the smile had difficulty in piercing through the tan and sunburn, but it generally was forthwith if the proper person was there to receive it.

Well, it was raining here too, how uncalled for! However, some of the boys had thoughtfully provided hacks and carryalls to carry us to the camp grounds. So girls and lunch-baskets were quickly stowed away. After a ride of about a mile we reached the grounds, just beyond the city limits.

The location seemed ideal and Camp McCague was beautifully laid out, and scientifically too, by the engineering department. The tents were pitched on a pretty hillside overlooking the surrounding country, and the broad streets led down to the Y. M. C. A. tent and mess headquarters.

Camp McCague was a model of neatness, so cozy and inviting, you know, and we were sorry to be driven in by the excessive dew. We all crowded in and each tent received a rigid examination. *Many* revealed signs of excellent home-training and *none* seemed to need the services of a *maid*. In one tent an incandescent light had been devised from an inverted tin basin with a candle attached beneath by means of a wire. Doubtless, this shed a very satisfactory glow upon the study table beneath. We supposed this was intended for a study table, although it hinted of a previous relation with soap.

If, in the course of human events, a girl desired a mirror, and looked for it, her search was generally rewarded. One might have thought that soldiers were less effeminate. And, stranger yet, in numerous cases where the nasal organ has been burned to the proper consistency, we noticed they had faced the powder.

The drizzling rain kept most of us inside till lunch time; then as many as possible gathered into a large tent and made ready for the coming feast. Everyone contributed a hearty appetite and a cheerful disposition to make way with the goods. The lunch quickly progressed and proved quite an essential feature of the day. An unexpected surplus remained and was put aside for future use.

By this time the sky had cleared and everybody rushed to the top of the hill to see the view. Here a vantage point was seen just beyond, commonly known as the "Dippy House." At once everyone



wanted to go, and so from here on our troubles began. We waded through tall, wet grass, went on and on through more grass of the same kind for quite a distance; in fact, it was much like chasing the end of a rainbow, the desired point was just over the hill beyond. After a while we came to a barbed-wire fence which must be gotten over, under or through. We went through; some went back; others went dippy.

We then came to a road, quite too muddy for travel, so we took to the high grass. This we found on the edge of a steep bank, outside of the fence. We managed to proceed on our hazardous way by clinging to the wire fence and holding our breath. Next appeared a high stone trestle supporting the railroad tracks. We could mount this only by climbing huge stone steps; we couldn't climb them, we were pulled up.

The buildings were now near at hand, so we wandered around through the grounds and later were invited in to dance. Some went in and had a very good time dancing while the rest of us went down town.

Soon we heard the bugle call and so we hurried back for guard mount. It began to rain again and we fled to the tents, but the valiant soldier boys stood staunch and firm in their ranks, despite freshly creased ducks, so starched and white.

The rest of the time was spent merrily in the tents, talking and playing games, and when we whirled away from the station that night we decided that we were most grateful to the O. H. S. Cadets for a jolly day spent in their camp; so

Here's to the boys of Camp McCague,

Hosts, so gallant and thoughtful;

May our memory of the day ne'er grow vague,

Nor their treats less gay and delightful.

C. S., '08.

School has begun again. The happy days of summer have gone, the industrial life of fall begun. Our books must come down from their dusty haunts to refresh our minds and prepare us for the work to come. The year promises to be a pleasant one to all who wish to make it so. Besides success in studies there are great opportunities for everyone in the different department of the school life, such as the battalion, athletics, debating and literary societies. Let every student who is loyal to his school do his best to make this year a bright and successful one.

Every pupil has by this time noticed the granite pedestal on the southeast corner of the campus. For the information of those who have just entered it might be stated that that pedestal is the base for the Lincoln statue, for which money was raised last year. The latest news concerning the statue that we have heard from Mr. Whitmore, who is now in Europe, says that the statue is now on its way, so let us all be patient and wait for the happy day of unveiling.



Many years have passed since the prospects have been brighter for a more successful year in every form of High School activity than those facing us this year; athletics should come up to our highest expectations, as an unusually strong foundation was laid last year. Our debating teams should be invincible since we have such excellent material to select from. There is every reason to believe from present indications that the battalion will reach the high standard of former years. The Literary Societies should also prove to be stronger than those of any previous year.

Whether or not these fair hopes are to be realized depends entirely upon the individual student, and the support he gives to the various organizations of the High School. The amount of pleasure and profit a student derives from his school life depends upon the amount of interest he takes in the High School. Following these suggestions nothing can prevent a most successful and enjoyable year.

First show your interest in the school by subscribing for the Register that you may keep in touch with the affairs of the school, then make business men feel that the Register is a profitable paper in which to advertise, by patronizing Register advertisers exclusively. Second: Do not fail to help the literary side of the Register by contributing original poems, stories and squibs. Lastly, remember that it is the individual student who determines the success or failure of the various organizations of the High School, therefore let every student do his part and the result can be nothing but success.



## In Memoriam.

During the past summer four of our beloved classmates have been removed by the hand of death, three of which were boys and one a girl, the deaths of the boys were particularly shocking and pathetic as they were strong, healthy fellows cut off in the prime of life without one moment's warning, and the Register on behalf of the students of the Omaha High School hereby expresses its deepest and most sincere sympathy for the bereaved parents.



We feel that we have suffered a distinct loss in the death of Miss Olive Ladd, a Junior. Miss Ladd died July 1 from an attack of appendicitis after a week's illness; her body was removed to her home in Central City for interment.



July 17 we were shocked to receive the report of Robert Haaker's death, who was drowned while bathing at Cut-Off lake. In his death the Sophomore class loses one of its ablest members.



August 3 the Sophomore class was again called upon to surrender one of its brightest and fairest members, in the death of Harold Thomas, who met a most tragic death in an elevator shaft.



Brenton Douglas, a Senior, died August 8 from blood poisoning caused by a small scratch on the elbow to which septic pneumonia had laid siege. We feel his death most keenly but while he is dead the influence of that noble life will live on, and the world is better because he has lived in it.

## Organizations.

The literary societies, of all high school interests, are perhaps the easiest to forget and slight. While, with real ambitions for the future, we may take up our work, striving to gain not only our fourth of a point, but also real help from those things in art and literature which leave a broadening and refining influence, making us better and more useful to others.

Just as the "Keep-off-the-grass" signs foretell the approach of spring, so the plans for the literary societies announce the return of school. Eager Freshmen are awaiting with breathless interest until their brilliant worth is discovered and they are initiated into the mysteries of essays and orations. Even the Seniors, in their calm and dignified manner, are bending their minds from Virgil and Chemistry to the lighter pursuits of learning.

The Webster Debating Society won the championship of the High School, by defeating the D. D. S., on the question; Resolved that the suffrage should be restricted by an educational qualification. Owing to the fact that the debate was held during the closing days of school, only a few attended and the debate was not up to the usual standard. We hope that the inter-society debating will not be neglected this year, and that the school may have the privilege of hearing at least two strong debates.

## Locals.

Miss McCloud and Mr. Clausen are the only new additions to the faculty.

Hawthorne Daniels, '08, has received an appointment to Annapolis.

We are glad to have Miss Landis and Miss Randal back with us. They were both away last year.

Robert Stout, '09, one of our strongest debaters, is going to MacKenzie School, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., this year.

Only two of the faculty are absent this year. Miss Towne, who is traveling in Europe, and Miss Nickell, who was married recently.

Chambers' High School Dancing class, season 1907-'08, commences Saturday, September 28. Reference required. First night complimentary. Past pupils and friends call at office for admission card. Twelve weeks, \$8; season, \$15; past pupils, season, \$12.

In the June number of The Register we predicted that the Mosher-Lampman Business College would be a success. Their present large enrollment of high grade students proves the correctness of our assertion and also proves that there is a demand in Omaha for a first-class high grade business college. High school graduates form a large percentage of their attendance. We are glad to know that the young people of Omaha are improving the unusual privileges which this school is affording them.

## Athletics.



When the "Call of the Gridiron" was sounded throughout the foot ball world, it was answered from every section of our country. Particularly from the campus of our Old O. H. S.

On the first of September ten candidates assembled for practice, while on the tenth, we had about four times that many. Although a number of the old men are back, and are in very promising condition, yet the new men that have come out are going to make competition very strong for the old men. The team appears to be heavier and a great deal faster than any team of the last four years. If the same interest, enthusiasm, and spirit is shown throughout the school as is shown among the players, we have no doubt as to the result. A winning team with a good chance for the state championship. Let this idea be in the minds of all when the teams call on you for assistance either in a financial way or backing from the side lines.

Preliminary practice has been carried on since Sept. 1st, and all the men are fast rounding into shape and good condition. Quarterback, our weak spot last year, will be most ably filled this year, as we have five fast men working for the position. The kicking is also a great improvement over last year, there being about nine men aspiring to the position of star kicker of the O. H. S. foot ball team. So far the race seems about equal, although young Howard is punting the ball with a regularity that speaks good for his chances and for those of the O. H. S.

The schedule for this season is almost completed and will probably appear in the next Register. Some of the prospective home games are; South Omaha, Beatrice, Lincoln and one or two other good teams. If these games with our out-of-town games are won the O. H. S. would have an undisputed claim of the state championship. Let all of us put our shoulder to the wheel and Boost! Boost!! Boost!!! for Foot Ball in the Omaha High School.

—M. H. H., '08.

Morand's High School Class for Dancing will reopen on Saturday, October 5th, 7:30 p. m. Reference required. Course of 24 lessons 6 months, one pupil, \$8; two from the same family, \$12. An orchestra will furnish the music for this class.

## Alumni Notes.

Juliet Griffin, '07, will attend the University of Chicago.

Ola Bell Hervey, '06, will be at the University of Nebraska.

Margaret Whitney, '05 will be a Junior at Wellesley this year.

Louis Sweet, '07, will enter Williams College at Williamstown, Mass.

Howard Blackburn, '04 is acting as a civil engineer for the Union Pacific.

Ruth Harding, '06 has returned to Vassar to continue her college course.

Miss Laura Congdon, '02 was married to Mr. Arthur Rogers on Sept. 4, 1907.

Elizabeth Charlton, '07, and James McCullough, '05, will be at Monmouth this year.

Roger McKenzie, '07, and Claude Peak, '05, will leave soon to enter De Pau College at Green Castle, Ind.

Doane Keller, '07, received an appointment to West Point. The appointment was given by Senator Brown.

Louise Grant, '06, will be at Lutherville, Maryland, where she will specialize in art and modern languages.

Anna McCague, '07; Mildred Foster, '07; Ethel Kiewit, '07, and Hazel Ralph, '07, are doing post graduate work.

The engagements of Blanche Grotte and Helen Myers, both members of the class of '06, were announced this summer.

Mattie Bliss, a member of the class of '05, has gone to Chicago where she will take charge of one of the Mission Kindergartens.

At Amherst College there will be three prominent High School members; Carroll Belden, '06, John McCague, '06 and Prentise Lord, '07.

Ione Bellamy a well known member of the class of '07 will attend the University of Chicago this year, for which she has a scholarship.

Montrose Lee, '03, will enter Columbia. He will study mining engineering in which he has been engaged for the past year in Mexico.

At the University the class of '07 will be represented by Irene Jaynes, Alice McCullough, Grace Rohrbough, Mayone Thompson, Mary Fahs and Frank Hoel.

Margaret Kennedy, '07, who was editor of "The Register" for the year 1906-7 will enter Wellesley College. We hope that she will become as prominent there as she was here.

Myra Breckenridge, '07, the assistant editor of "The Register" for 1906-7 will enter Smith College. Welcome Ayer, '07, Elizabeth Sweet, '07, Rosina Mandelberg and Dorothy Levy will also be at Smith.

## Battalion.

The outlook is most encouraging for an exceedingly fine battalion, as Captain Oury has been chosen commandant. Captain Oury graduated from the Omaha High School in 1893, after which he attended the Nebraska University, where he took a prominent part in university life and won many honors. He was captain of a company of the Pershing Rifles and also senior captain of the battalion.

When the Spanish-American war broke out he was given his degree a few months before the close of school that he might enlist in the army; he was made captain a short time after his arrival in the Philippines, where he served three years. Captain Oury has proved to be a most efficient and popular leader, both in school and army life, so that the success of the battalion is certain. While many of the promotions were very surprising, yet there is no doubt but that splendid results will follow from these promotions which are as follows:

A Company—Captain, Roy Brownell; first lieutenant, Norman Schroeder; second lieutenant, Simpson Standeven; first sergeant, Herbert Ryan; second sergeant, Claude Neavles; fifth sergeant, Stanton Salisbury; corporals, Alfred Kennedy, Otto Jones, Isaac Carpenter and E. Truitt.

B Company—Captain, Merle Howard; first lieutenant, subject to further orders, Lloyd Magney or Guy Wood; second lieutenant, Frank Latenser; first sergeant, Donald Wood; quartermaster sergeant, Perc Tony; fifth sergeant, Herbert Edling; corporals, C. Hoffert, C. Schrum, W. Dennis and Brandon Howell.


C Company—Captain, Harry Cockrell; first lieutenant, Ralph Wood; second lieutenant, Harold Pagels; first sergeant, Sigurd Larmon; quartermaster sergeant, Frederick McConnell; second sergeant, G. Buffington; third sergeant, F. Frederickson; corporals, C. Wassberg, T. Belknap, F. Fernald and C. Hudson.

D Company—Captain, Vanstone Fullaway; first lieutenant, Carl Epplen; second lieutenant, A. Nelson; first sergeant, Sam Carrier; quartermaster sergeant, J. Meister; corporals, P. Stoddard, R. McCague, R. Priday and L. Buresh.

E Company—Captain, Ralph Doud; first lieutenant, Reed Peters; second lieutenant, Carl Nagl; first sergeant, Max Flotho; quartermaster sergeant, Coe Buchanan; corporals, A. Tukey, J. Davis, L. Nelson, C. Patton and G. Sugarman.

F Company—Captain, Searle Holmes; first lieutenant, Robert Schenk; second lieutenant, Vaughn Bacon; first sergeant, Howard Roe; quartermaster sergeant, Harry Drucker; second sergeant, Lawrence Fricke; third sergeant, Lyle Roberts; fourth sergeant, Evan Rogers; fifth sergeant, Bert Hene; corporals, Morley Young, Henry Hansen and Sam Kellner.

No promotions have been made to the staff except the position of adjutant, which lies between Guy Wood and Lloyd Magney, the bone of contention being the relative strength of the contestants' voices in giving commands; the winner to get the office of adjutant and the loser first lieutenant of Company B.



## Squibs.

Eng. Teacher—"Did you study your English well?"

Pupil—"Well, I looked it over."

Eng. Teacher—"Yes, I thought you over-looked it."

Teacher—"What is the plural of baby?"

Willie—Twins.

A Fresh stood on the burning deck,

As far as we can learn,

He stood in perfect safety

He was too green to burn.

Mrs. Atchinson—"Do representatives always fill full their promises (or anything else)?"

Miss Landis—"Fraulin Smith stand up."

Pause.

Miss L.—"Isn't your name Smith?"

Fresh—"Yes, but my first name is Olive."

Freshy—"Mr. Fitzgerald, what kind of a dog is that engraved on your watch?"

Mr. Fitzgerald—"A watch-dog, of course, my son."

On Thursday, August 29th, the Mosher-Lampman Business college gave a public opening which was attended by hosts of their friends. Their spacious rooms were filled to their capacity with a representative audience of business and professional men and young people. A very enjoyable program was rendered. Music was furnished by Dimick's Orchestra and the needs of the inner man were bountifully supplied by Balduff, the caterer. It was a most enjoyable occasion and on all sides one could hear expressions of delighted surprise at the elegance of the equipments provided by this school for the use of young men and women in quest of business knowledge. Those who were not fortunate enough to have the privilege of inspecting the rooms on that evening will find a hearty welcome at any time they may wish to do so. This school does not do things by halves, but on the contrary has spared no expense in providing the very best of everything for the use of its students and the enthusiasm and interest of the large number now enrolled is the best evidence that the efforts of the management are fully appreciated.

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"Dorothy Vernon" the latest.


OUR store has for nearly two decades been the leading Drug Mart of the West. To those who are our customers or have inspected our warehouse and laboratories this is not hard to understand. Our superb stock of goods is gathered from the ends of the earth and comprises about everything that is ever sold in a drug store. Our popular prices are additional drawing features.

### A Few Sample Prices:

50c Pinaud's Powder.....39c	\$1.00 Dr. Pierce's Medicine 89c
75c Rubber Gloves.....49c	1-lb. Mule Team Borax.....14c
\$1.00 Squibbs Sarsaparilla..75c	25c Mennen's Talcum.....15c
25c Packer's Tar Soap.....15c	Full Pint Calif. Olive Oil..75c
\$1.00 Pinkham's Compound 89c	\$1.00 Wine of Cardui.....89c
25c Egg and Olive Tar Soap 14c	Herpicide, for hair..45 and 89c
\$1.00 Dr. Cooper's Medicine 89c	Agents for <b>Huyler's Candy</b>
60c Saturday Candy (Liggett's) every Saturday, only.....29c	
The Gem Safety Razor, <b>Shaves</b> but does not cut the face...\$1.00	

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## Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.

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The Wellesley girls say,  
As at vespers they pray:  
"Help us good maids to be;  
Give us patience to wait  
Till some subsequent date;  
World without men,—ah me!"

Hall of Fame—Containing News of the Great and Near Great.

During the summer we find that Sam Reynolds has conceived a great fondness for Bo(w)len.

Cal is still continuing her French with the same old enthusiasm.

The friends of Helen Shireman will be pleased to know that since they last saw her Helen has grown to be quite a "loldy" (Lloyd).  
(Who said Irish!)

Jessie's recitations show that she is as Brain(y) as ever.

Ask Doris W. how Webster's latest edition appeals to her! We thought we heard rumors of a copyright.

What happened to the annual crop of engagement rings we generally see distributed around the faculty after the summer has passed?

Freshies—Apply to the floor walker for Certified Milk.

"No wonder me darlin' is cross-eyed,"  
Said love-sick young Pat to his mother;  
"For both of her eyes are so pretty  
That each wants to look at the other."

—F. T. E.

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## Thompson, Belden & Co.'s Store

*The Home of Pretty Pennants*



WE want the High School folks to buy their Pennants here; if we haven't the desired kind in stock we will make it to your special order and have it ready in two days. The first time you are in our store, step over to the Men's Department and see the pretty Pennants. We make Banners and Arm Bands also. Popular prices always.

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exclusively for SAVINGS*

I wish that my room had a floor,  
I don't care so much for a door;  
But this walking around  
Without touching the ground  
Is getting to be quite a bore.

Cleopatra who thought they maligned her,  
Resolved to reform and be kinder,  
"If, when pettish," she said,  
"I should knock off your head  
Won't you give me some gentle reminder!"

There was a dear lady of Eden  
Who on apples was quite fond of feedin'  
She gave one to Adam  
Who said, "Thank you, Madam,"  
And then both skidaddled from Eden.

There was a young man who was bitten  
By twenty-two cats and a kitten;  
He said: "It is clear  
My finish is near,  
No matter, I'll die like a Briton!"

There was a girl of New York  
Whose body was lighter than cork;  
She had to be fed,  
For six weeks on lead,  
Before she went out for a walk.

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The most complete and up-to-date line ever shown  
in Omaha.

## Football Goods

Athletic Clothing, Shoes and Supplies of all kinds.

## Guns and Ammunition

Call and look over our new store at 1414 Harney St.

**WALTER G. CLARK CO.**

## AFTER SCHOOL

Meet your friends at Beaton's  
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## THE BEST SODA



*Proctor & White's Chocolates*

Most delicious on the market and sell for 80c a pound.

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15th and Farnam Sts.

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FOR PARTICULAR DRESSERS

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**ARTISTS**  
**ENGRAVERS**  
**HALF-TONE & ZINC ETCHERS**  
— OMAHA —

JUNE 21st.

Said he: "Did you recollect, my dear,  
That this is the longest day in the year,  
And so happy a one, that I'll never regret it."  
"I did know," said she, "but you made me  
forget it."

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is going to look, and continue to look—how  
it is going to fit and retain its shape, you will  
probably be anxious to see us as we are to see you.

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Uniforms that can be had—but we can make one that  
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