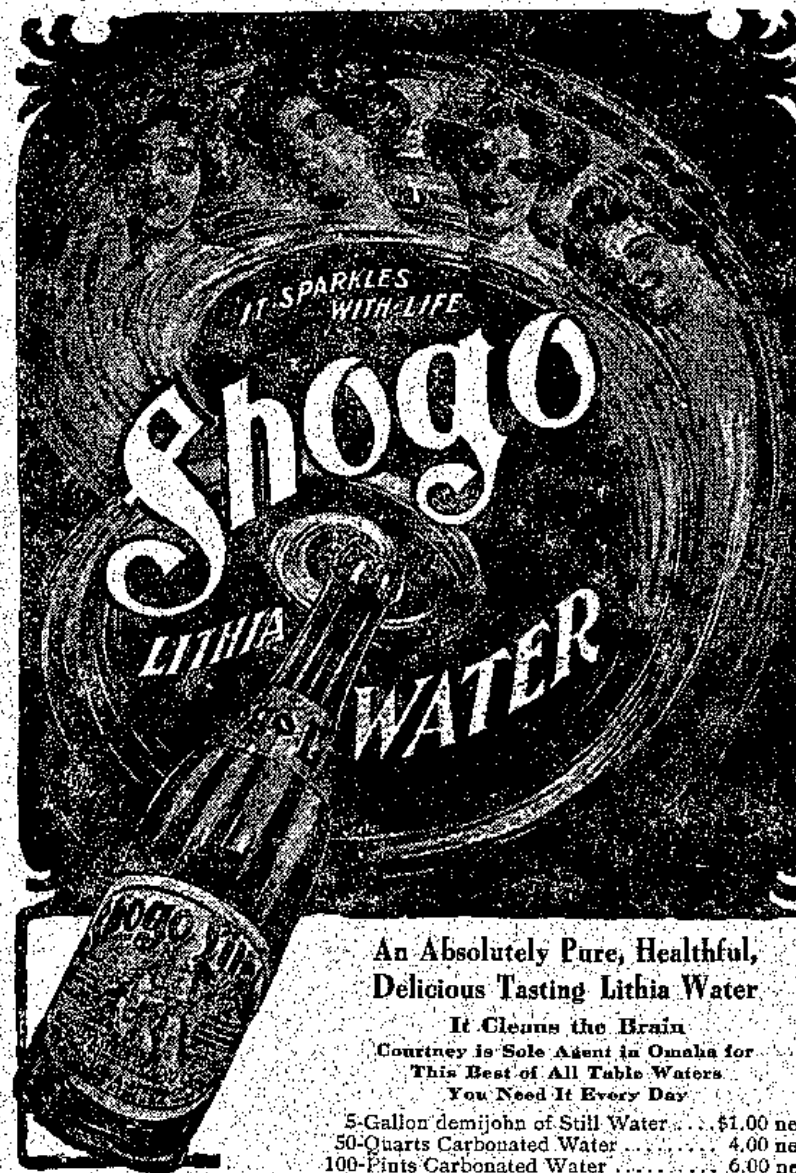


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MARCH, 1908



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(Continued on page 187)

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"Ha, ha!" croaked the frog, "that's a good joke, but how can you afford to go?"

"I always have a large bill about me," quacked the duck with a smile.

(Continued on page 188)



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"Please do not misunderstand me. I am not condemning law-colleges, but I am most emphatically and everlastingly commending the course of those young persons who have been wise enough to become stenographers in a Business College so that they might become stenographers in law offices so that they might become lawyers." JUDGE HARRIBAN.

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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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DAVID L. OBERG, Editor. JOHN L. WOODWORTH, Business Manager.
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No. 7.

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Gifford's Stratagem.

Burton Gifford, Harvard, '70, sat in his father's office in the Black Hills, on the great Sioux reservation that then comprised all that part of Dakota Territory. Accoutred, as he was, in befringed leather chaps, high boots, and six-shooters, he had the appearance of a genuine frontiersman rather than that of a college-man. Mr. Gifford, Sr., was the agent of the United States government on the reservation, and Burton spent his summers here, enjoying the freedom of the mountains and making himself useful. He had just received, secretly, an important bit of news and was impatiently waiting to report it.

On the preceding day, a message had come from Washington, ordering the removal of a number of rebellious Indians to Pine Ridge Agency, across the desolate wilderness of the Bad Lands. The order, when formally read, was resented as a violation of the treaty. Nevertheless, the commands of the Great Father must be obeyed and all preparations were made for an early departure on the morning of August 9th, 1869.

Burton had, by various means, won the good will of many of the young Sioux braves and on his hunting expeditions was always accompanied by one of them, the "Antelope." This youthful warrior now secretly sought Burton and warned him not to go with the party; that all arrangements were made for murdering the escort, composed of four guards, and escaping among the hills. Hold-up Ditch was the place decided upon—a deep ravine, forty miles away, through which the road led, darkened by the forest and surrounding cliffs. This stage of the journey was the most difficult on all that mountain road. It began with a laborious ascent to the summit of Duncan's Hill; then a dangerous descent; and, worst of all, the dangers of the "Ditch."

It was this information that Gifford was waiting in the Agency office to report, when he idly picked up an Almanac from the desk, absent-mindedly turning over its pages, until the following paragraph caught his attention, and he read:

"TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN."

"In the year 1869, August 9th, there will be a total eclipse of the sun. Visible to Alaska, and portions of Canada and the United States in a southeasterly course ending on the coast of Georgia. Occurring—"

"Aha! that's interesting. Here's a solution to the problem. It'll be the greatest joke on record! We are directly in the path of that eclipse and—let's see—according to this chart the fun ought to commence about noon, tomorrow! It'll require an early start and some fast riding but we must do it!" And now he seems to have forgotten his former anxiety and the information he was waiting to disclose, for he hurriedly leaves the office to make the needed preparations for the journey.

At dawn on the following morning the party set out, Gifford urging speed and the Red-skins, though sullen and ill-natured, willing to obey for reasons of their own. The sun had almost reached the zenith when Duncan's Hill came into view and they were soon on its rugged top. Here Gifford called a halt. The Sioux concealed their impatience and obeyed. Then he began to speak to them in their own language:

"My brothers, why are you angry? You are displeased at the command which takes you from your people in the mountains, but remember that you may be returned if you become peaceable. It is the will of the Great Father, and we, his servants, are protected by him. Be wise and give up the evil designs upon us that you intend to carry out in the Ditch below."

"No, brothers," he then added, observing that they were scrutinizing each other's faces as if to detect the informer, and that some were about to draw weapons. "There is no traitor among you. It was not from one of your number that I received my information. But I know this—that you are impatiently waiting to go with us into that ravine to murder us."

At this several young braves, made desperate by seeing their plot disclosed, and confident in their superior numbers, were about to spur forward when something in the countenance of the white man arrested their movement. A look of exultation overspread his face as he sat erect in the saddle and raised his hand toward the sun. "The Evil Eye," was the thought that ran through every Indian's mind. Picturesque always, they became doubly so as they crouched over the necks of their steeds, peering up at their enemy, with features in which many passions were mingled; hatred and revenge struggling with superstitious awe. Gifford's fellow-guards, as ignorant of danger as they were of his ruse to avert it, appeared scarcely less surprised at his action. All this, added to the natural wildness and ruggedness of the scene, made a picture to delight a connoisseur. Then, in a loud voice, came the command:

"Hide thy face, O Sun-god! I command thee in the name of the Great Father! Withdraw thy light from thy children while they perform their bloody deed! Such a massacre would be too awful by day. Make it night!"

And behold! The sun obeys him. Midday is exchanged for twilight and twilight becomes night. The angry deity, majestically retiring, sends behind him darting shafts of fitful light, and an indefinable fear prostrates the Indians, now thoroughly awe-struck, their faces on the ground. The white men, after a moment's astonishment, comprehend all and exchange significant glances, appreciating the situation. The darkness continues to grow more dense and a haze gathers on the horizon and fills the hollows between the hills but still that wrathful corona indicates the place where the sun has retired and mountains far away stand out plainly in the dim unnatural light. Imagine the terror of these savages, who supposed that the source of light had "gone to bed," as they said, at the command of a mere man. Imagine their consternation at the thought of such a condition existing forever. It seemed to them hours that they lay there, watching the darkened sun,

expecting some greater calamity. At length Bald Eagle, still quaking with fear, raised his hands in supplication, and cried in his native tongue: "Pardon, Great Medicine! We promise obedience to the Great Father and are proud to be his young men. See! We surrender our weapons. Give us light again that we may go where we were sent. Oh! Wake up the Sun-god or we die!"

The coveted reply was not given at once. The paleface seemed to take a grim delight in prolonging their torment. At last it ended, when with feigned hesitation, he said, "It is enough, but beware of greater evil for the second attempt." And as the second dawn appeared and by degrees brightened the mountain landscape the joy of success moved the Harvard man as it had often done on the gridiron, and he sent out to the echoing hills, with more energy than ever before, the victory-yell of his Alma Mater.

It was not long ere those hills again lay basking in the sunlight, the screaming eagle that had swooped down to its nest on the crag at the approach of darkness, again soared heavenward, and our party proceeded on its way, the Sioux submitting themselves to the will of their escort like broken-spirited animals, and the white men thanking heaven for their miraculous deliverance. Hold-up Ditch and the Bad Lands were passed and Pine Ridge gained in safety.

And to a certain dear girl in an eastern school, Gifford wrote, "My outlook for the future is most bright. I have already received a tempting offer of a position—of honor, if not of profit. My once would-be assassins wish me—nay, beg me—on the strength of my magic power, to become their Medicine-man!"

—ARTHUR B. RODGERS, '08.

A Tale of the Western Plains.

The winds hurled the falling snow into huge drifts and the mercury had already fallen many degrees below zero. The inmates of the village hotel office drew their chairs nearer the fire and listened attentively as the host related his experience in a blizzard "nigh onto five year ago." "Yep," he continued, "it was just such a night as this and black as all get out. It was jes five year next Wednesday. I well remember it for it was just four days before St. Valentine's day. The plains were just as barren as they are now or ever will be in this western country. One could look for miles in the summer and see nothing but cattle feeding and here and there a group of cow boys and their ponies. In the winter it looked almost deserted. The houses and post-offices were few and far between. This here was the postoffice for all the farmers and cowboys for miles around. Many's the time a young rancher has come for ten miles to get a letter from his sweetheart or home folks."

"Jack Reynolds used to get a letter from somewhere in the east every two weeks regular. We jollied him a good bit about the little pink letters and the gal. Jack was a mighty fine looking chap. He was tall and as straight as could be and had ways that made one

think he was not used to this kind of a life. He didn't often drink with the other boys, although he was laughed at for being "so good." One day when he was in right good spirits after reading one of them letters, I asks him why such a good looking fellow as him was satisfied with this rough life and how he could stand it to be away from his gal so long. Then he up and tells me in a confidential way that he grew dreadfully tired of city life and that he'd come out here for a change. Then he 'lowed as how he and some gal and her pa had had some trouble, but he loved her more every day and wished he could see her. Well, to go back to my story, it was just four days before St. Valentine's day, five year ago. Jack came in on a cattle pony about noon and after reading his letter, loafed around a bit and seemed to be in extra good humor. It was a queer day. We hadn't seen the sun since early morning and it was growing colder every hour. No one thought but what Jack would stay until morning until we saw his pony brought around to the door. We all insisted upon his staying and told him he would never make it that cold night, for the wind was blowing right smart then. After shouted 'good byes' Jack was off at full speed.

"It grew dark early that night and the wind blew 'so hard that every casement in this old shack fairly shook, the snow was flying in every direction and beating against the panes. It was a fearful night for man or beast. Yet there was Jack riding over the barren plains against that piercing wind.

"Well, about midnight, we locked up and set a light in the window and were making ready for bed when some one come up and pounded on that door till the whole house was up. It was Hank Dillins. He had Jack's pony. Said he found it in his cattle shed and since it was saddled and out on such a night, he thought its rider must be lost. So while he was warming up, we stirs up the whole village, for to be lost on the plains on a night like that, in this country, means almost certain death. Soon the ten or twelve men on horseback and three or four cattle dogs were in search of Jack. We all knew the course Jack usually took, but couldn't tell much about course or direction that night. I tell you it was terrible, boys. The coyotes and wolves were howling and barking as if they were perishing. Well, after half an hour or so we all circled in at the old creek, down yonder by that little hill. Hank Dillins and his boy struck out for around the hill, and we all followed. On the south side was a large hole and we soon saw it was a coyote's den. And there lay Jack half frozen, with a coyote and half a dozen little ones watching him and it seemed waiting for him to die when they would have a feast of human flesh. Oh, how glad we were to find him in time to save him. We lifted him upon a saddle and with Hank on behind him, we came back to the village. Jack was unconscious. We thawed out his frozen limbs and before daybreak one of the men was off for the Junction for a doctor and with a message to be telegraphed to a Dorethea Reynolds of the east, Jack's sister, so we found out by the contents of that little pink envelope in Jack's pocket.

"The next two days were long ones. Every one was kind and willing to do all they could for the boy, but there was very little to be

done. He didn't seem to care for anything, but lay most of the time in a heavy sleep or kind of stupor, until one morning, it was the morning of St. Valentine's day, Jack's sister came. Although she had had a long journey and had ridden over the frozen ground from the Junction, I declare if she didn't look like a June rose. Everyone stood and stared at her, she seemed so gentle and different from our western gals. We took her up to see Jack. As we were entering he started up and gasped, 'Why Dorethea, is that you?' 'Yes,' she answered. 'I came to be your Valentine? Are you going home with me, Jack? I can stay only a week, and papa is anxious to see you.' He turned pale at these last words. Then we left them to themselves. We brought Jack down in the sitting room that day and I declare I never saw a man get well as quick in my life."

Then, with a hearty chuckle the host turned to a well dressed man in the group and said, "Well, Jack, come shake with these boys and you may finish the story as you know more about the remainder than I do." All greeted Jack heartily and after a few moments he went on with the story.

"It was exactly as our host has related," he began. "That was a terrible cold night. I had been leading my pony to keep from freezing in the saddle when I ran upon that coyote's den and thought I would lie down in shelter for a short time and rest. All I could think of was a few lines of a little poem. It ran through my brain time and again while I lay there:

"There from the blowing and storming
Crouching I sought to hide me,
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me."

"I have never known how long I laid there, but have only to thank these kind men for my life. When Dorethea came I realized all that had happened.

"I was Dorethea's brother. We were children together and we were schoolmates. We had shared childhood's pleasures and troubles. I had a brother's love for her and she a sister's love for me. But as we grew, difficulties arose. Yes, and I was the cause of it all. One autumn day, when I was eighteen years of age, my parents, I had thought the best parents in all the world, called me into the library for a talk. They told me I was their adopted son and only Dorethea's brother by adoption. I was the orphan of an old friend of Mr. Reynolds. Then they said they were afraid I had greater affection for Dorethea than I should have and they had decided to make a great change. It was a dreadful shock to me and for days it seemed as though I had dreamed it all. I remember how that afternoon I went to the orchard and stayed until almost dark, searching for four leafed clovers for good luck. This was one of our resorts when we were children and it always seemed to comfort and console us. With every four-leafed clover I found, I wished that Dorethea and I might not be separated. This was all in vain, for two days later I was told to arrange to go with Mr. Reynolds to the city where I would remain for a

year in a law office with a friend of Mr. Reynolds and of my father. I was almost heart broken at the thought of leaving my home, but how could I ever stand it to be separated from Dorethea. The time for parting and for saying goodbye came. Dorethea stood by the gate. Her face was red and the happy twinkle had gone from her fun-loving eyes. It troubled me to see her in this mood. I pressed her hand gently and said, "Try to be a brave little sister, maybe we will be happier some day. I am sure we could have had no happier childhood." She told me to be a good boy and to write to her often.

"Well, I stayed in the law office for six months, until it changed hands. I was well treated but still I was restless. I had too much pride to ask to go back home since Mr. Reynolds had said I was to stay in the office for a year, so I decided to hustle for myself. I came out here in answer to an advertisement. I grew to like this wild, rough, quiet life and determined to stay until Mr. Reynolds sent for me. And he did send for me. On St. Valentine's day five years ago in this very building Dorethea promised to be my helpmate through life. We were married just a year from that day at the old home. Then we moved to the city. There is a certain law office there. The one where I had my first experience. The sign is changed though. It now reads: 'J. E. Reynolds, Attorney-at-Law.' I have all the work I can attend to. It was necessary for me to come out this way to examine a piece of land and affix the valuation. Then Dorethea insisted on coming with me. When I bought the ticket I did not tell her I had arranged to stop off here. I am so happy with her that I wanted to show some of my old friends what joy there was in receiving a real live Valentine. And our host tells me," he continued, "that he is preparing a great dinner for tomorrow in honor of our arrival. I will take pleasure in introducing my wife at that time," and saying "good night" to his listeners, Jack left them to join Dorethea upstairs.

—F. E. WARTLEN.

A Story that "Auto" be a Romance.

Marie sat in her little room. Her books were pushed away from her and she was bending with a tear-stained face and swollen eyes over the daily paper. She glanced listlessly over the head lines of the first page and then turned almost reluctantly to the want add page. "What's the use," she said half aloud, "there is nothing I can do and go to school at the same time." Then she glanced down the column at the same adds for "Help Wanted" that had been in the paper for the past week. One firm wanted a stenographer, work of which Marie knew nothing; a music teacher wanted a girl to care for her studio after school in payment for music lessons, but this would not help Marie through the University, then there were the same old adds for cooks and waitresses. Suddenly Marie's eye fell upon a new ad which had not been in the paper before. Could she do it—she thought—and looked at her white hands. Yes, she would try for this was her last week in the dear old school unless she could find some means of earning enough outside of school hours to pay the necessary expenses.

Marie's father had died during her third year at the University. He left besides Marie a frail little mother and dear big brother Ben, who nobly laid his moderate earnings in his mother's hand and next day went whistling merrily away to work while none but the little mother knew with what yearning he looked at the fine clothes and good times of the other boys. Finding his sister in tears one day over her hopeless college course he had given her a pat on the shoulder and said, "Never mind little Sis, you've only a few more months to go and we can all get along fine till then."

But on this particular morning Marie had looked from her mother's worried face to Ben's brave, honest, brown eyes above his shabby suit, and her own eyes had suddenly filled. What a selfish girl she had been. The money their father had left them was nearly gone and only last week she had bought new gloves to wear to some class function while Ben had gone without his new suit which he needed so badly and the little mother had sat at home trying to make every dollar take the place of two. The girl's cheeks flushed with shame and she fled to her room where we found her at the beginning of this story. There she fought her battle with herself and firmly resolved that she would spend no more of Ben's and her mother's money. She could not give up her school so near the time to graduate; that would break her mother's heart, for her father had looked so eagerly and proudly to the time when their only daughter should graduate. But Ben had no college education and she would take no more of his money. She would find work to pay her own expenses or—she could hardly say it—she would stop school and go to work.

Thus it happened next day that Mrs. Joslyn went to the 'phone to talk to the sweet but nervous applicant who "called up in regard to her request for a young lady to help with the housework and be a companion after school hours." The note of culture in the girl's voice appealed to the lady and she consented to give her a trial. Marie had never worked except about her own home and at first the idea of her doing housework for a living was not to be thought of, but funds were low in the little home and Marie wisely insisted that pride must sooner or later give way to necessity.

Mrs. Joslyn had told her that she might begin her duties on New Year's day, "And my dear," she had said, "if we are not here when you come, just come right in and make yourself at home. We are planning a family reunion on New Year's day and may be at the depot to meet some of our guests when you come."

It was with a trembling heart that Marie made her way up the beautiful avenue that New Year's morning, but the crisp, bracing air filled the girl with the vigor and hope of youth. How thankful she was that her mother had taught her to cook so many dainties, for they might help her now, she thought. This thought was quickly succeeded by a sudden chill creeping over her as she whispered to herself, "What if I should meet any of the girls? How could I tell them how I am to begin the New Year as servant for someone who is probably one of their most intimate friends." Then she would fall to pondering over her new mistress. "What did she look like? Was she sweet and gentle like the little mother?" Over the 'phone she had seemed very

pleasant and listened very kindly to the girl's story of the struggle she was having to gain her education. "But would she always be so kind? What was her husband like and would there be any sons and daughters?" In the midst of these puzzling thoughts Marie found herself at a large yellow mansion surrounded by broad drives and neatly kept lawn. "Here I am," she said, "19th and Fillmore." She tripped up the back steps and tapped timidly at the door. "Nobody home there," said a small voice behind her, "saw 'em go way a long time ago." It was a small boy who gave this bit of information as he ran across the yard to the one adjoining.

So Marie opened the door, went into the large, splendid kitchen and stole timidly on into the dining room. How fine it all was to be at home here every day. That would be almost as fine as some of the visits she had made to her girl friends. Yes, she believed she was going to like it, and how anxious she was, yet how she dreaded for Mrs. Joslyn to come home and she thought it must be time for her now. Then the thought came to her, "How are my friends to get their dinner? The lady said the guests were expected on the noon train and that they would come immediately home. Surely the lady does not do the cooking herself." Then she jumped from the chair in which she had been sitting during her contemplation of affairs and exclaimed aloud, "Surely she doesn't expect me to get dinner all alone in this strange house."

But suppose she should expect it—it would be a poor beginning to disappoint her on the first day of service.

With her usual quickness of determination she went to the kitchen and soon had the large goose, potatoes and other eatables laid upon the table and prepared for the oven. Soon the kitchen was filled with the appetizing odor of good things. Her cheeks flushed with the excitement of the adventure, she forgot her timidity and unconsciously began humming a merry song.

Then the shock came—the dining room door was jerked open followed by a "What on earth is this?" Dropping a tin pan with a bang to the floor Marie turned to face a very sleepy looking young man, his face a mixture of anger and amazement. "What the! — — excuse me miss, but I would like to know what on earth you are doing here" he demanded, very roughly. Marie's pink cheeks turned scarlet as she tried to explain that "his mother or sister or, that is Mrs. Joslyn had engaged her over the 'phone to help with the work." Then the young man seemed the one to be embarrassed for he laughed rather uneasily, stopped for a moment and then burst into a roaring laugh which made the house ring, until he looked at Marie's flaming and indignant face. Never before in all her life had Marie been laughed at and she turned upon the offender with flashing eyes. Something in the girl's dignified manner embarrassed the young man and he began a hurried apology. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I hate awfully to tell you, but I am afraid you have struck the wrong house. This is 19th street you know; Mrs. Joslyn lives on 19th avenue, just a block down—same corner. There, there girlie never mind, no harm done" for Marie could stand it no longer and sank down burying her face

in her hands and giving way to such a burst of tears that the young man could only stand and look on in silence.

This girl did not look like a servant girl, he thought, as he gazed at her white hands and noted the straight shoulders and well modeled form. And what an air of dignity and refinement in the flushed face and angry eyes of the offended girl a moment before when he had laughed at her mistake. Why, was the girl seeking such work as this? He would find out, he said to himself, so after some coaxing, he led her gently into the drawing room, where he sat down beside her and before she realized it she was telling the whole story of her school work, her mother and dear brother Ben, for the young man had a way of making people feel from the first that he was their friend and always ready to sympathize with or help any lady in distress. So before she had finished her story Marie herself was laughing at her mistake and the young man had told her something of his own college days and his struggles, not for money, but to win the diploma of which his mother would be so proud and which he had so nearly lost by some boyish folly during the first two years there.

His name, he had told her with a sweeping bow, was Eugene Ferguson, his mother and father were spending the day in the east end of the city and would not be back till early in the evening. Not caring to go, he had spent the forenoon sleeping and was just about to start down town for a solitary New Year dinner in some cafe when he chanced into the kitchen and discovered Marie.

Then a sudden idea came to him for Marie had already sought her hat and coat and was putting on her gloves. Would she share his restaurant dinner with him? He didn't care to eat alone and the people in the little cottage, not expecting her home to dinner, would have eaten long ago.

But before he had put his idea into words they both became suddenly aware of the odor of burning potatoes and forgetting all else, Marie made a rush for the kitchen, Eugene following to help rescue the burning feast. Here the laughing began again till Marie, having no lady of the house to turn to for advice, faced the lord of the mansion with the query, "Where shall I put these potatoes? they are more than done and the goose is roasted to perfection. I can't go away and leave them in the stove till evening!" Eugene stared at the oven in bewilderment. What did he know about where to put such things? He didn't come into the kitchen once a week. Then, being a practical young man, about the only practicable idea possible at this moment came to him, and he cried, "Do with them! There's only one thing I know of that we can do with them, that is to eat them or at least part of them." Then, as Marie protested, he argued, "Now, where would you enjoy your New Year's dinner? The Joslyn's dinner is over by this time and they have probably gone to the theater. Your mother and brother have gone and I would have to eat alone some place or other." So Marie was soon laughing at the young man clumsily flying about from kitchen to dining room, setting the table while she finished preparing the dinner. What a feast they had and how gallantly this young "Knight of the Round Table" waited upon her, and when their tardy dinner was over, he took her home where he made the ac-

quaintance of the little mother, while he and Ben immediately became warm friends. Of course. Marie had to again go through the embarrassment of explaining her dreadful blunder and the mother was almost as embarrassed as her daughter had been, while Ben burst into a roaring laugh similar to Eugene's laugh of a few hours before except that this time Marie did not cry but only blushed and puckered her pretty face into a pout which brightened into a smile almost as soon as it came.

Thus they all spent a merry evening and all declared that they had spent a fine New Year.

Marie did not go to work for Mrs. Joselyn. Much to her mother's and Ben's delight Eugene's father secured a position for her in the office of "J. W. Ferguson & Co., Grain Brokers." Here she spent her hours after school until closing time, helping with the books and no longer had to draw on Ben's small earnings for the necessary expenses and few small luxuries which every school girl feels she must have. When she graduated that spring none was more loved than Marie, for her many friends knew of her daily struggle and admired the brave, strong spirit of the girl who spent her afternoons working instead of studying, and then burned the midnight oil in order to give her name its well earned place on the Roll of Honor.

GEORGIA MILLER, '09.

Always Unfortunate.

Here I stand within the hall,
For the elevator bawl

With a frown—
"Going up?" I loudly cry;
And the urchin makes reply
"Going down."

II.

Here you see me after school
Working hard to learn a rule,
Feeling ground.

"Going up?" I boldly say,
But my teacher answers, "Nay,
Going down."

III.

When old Charon I shall meet
Looking mystical, but neat,

In his gown—
"Going up?" I'll murmur low,
And he'll doubtless answer "No,
Going down."

If boys are called sons, why arent girls called moons?



There is a tendency among a large number of students in the High School to shirk work whenever possible by assuming a bold exterior in their classes, and by various other forms of deceptive tactics. This practice is commonly called bluffing; if it is not absolutely dishonest it is insincere to the last degree. The mere mention of its insincerity should be sufficient reason for its discontinuance.

However, there are two personal reasons why we should avoid this practice:

First, Both students and teachers know and disapprove of the pupil whose laziness compels him to resort to this method.

Secondly, The habitual bluffer derives little or no benefit from his studies and he defeats the purpose for which he attends school. The knowledge acquired in this slipshod manner is seldom retained for any great length of time, the want of it before examinations forces him to the unpleasant and condemnable task of cramming.

While many can obtain their credits by this method with very little work and can achieve what seems to be success in High School life, yet very few if any will find that the same will be true in business or professional life, and that work of this character will not stand the test of time.

Scores of boys and not a few of the girls, who earn a part or all of their expenses through various sources of employment, while in

Students Who Work.

High School certainly deserve all the praise and admiration that the public and the press is bestowing on this class of students in their struggle for an education. They work under what might seem to the average person and student, to be adverse circumstances. Working side by side with the boys and girls who are provided with every necessity that money can buy to train their minds properly, without a thought as to the financial prob-

lem of an education. Contrasting these two conditions, we do not wonder that so many of these self-supporting students at the time of graduation from High School close their educational careers and devote all their time to the present needs. Thinking that struggles and trials too great to justify them in undertaking the task of continuing their education.

Yet, when we think of the struggles of a Garfield, a Lincoln and many others in securing a higher education, it should cause us to stop and think seriously before we give up the race. Because from the ranks of these self-supporting students have come many of the greatest leaders in the state and nation.

It is in the like of these young people who have learned to deny themselves in order to be fully equipped for the higher problems of life that the destiny of the nation lies, and by your standards the nation rises or falls.

Reasoning along these lines of thought no price is too high; no struggle too great for an education.

The world is always ready to recognize the man or woman who can do things, and the door of opportunity is ever open to them.

Locals.

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS.

The April issue of the Register will be dedicated to the girls of the Omaha High School. We hope to make the issue interesting by toasts and roasts from the boys, and there will also be some clever cartoons. Miss Helen Sorenson has consented to answer any pretty girl questions that may be asked. We hope that the boys of the High School will not hesitate to express their opinions about the fair sex, in a number of toasts.

See our \$2.50 hand-etched Sepia Folder. This is our special photograph for the O. H. S. students. Heyn, The Photographer, 313 South 15th street.

The following names of seniors have been given out by Miss Kate McHugh, as being eligible for places on the commencement program. Bessie Allen, Sadie Kirschbraun, Matilda Camenzend, Vera Walker, Grace Thompson, Mary Johnson, Ramona Taylor, Ruth Burchard, Sara Sorenson, Caroline Congdon, Fayette Thresher, Elsie Bolen, Mammie Meek, Alan McDonald, Searle Holmes, Ruth Randolph, Mary McCague, Nell Carpenter, Ethel Doran, Fern Nicholles, Minnie Pratt, Orie Devore, Helen Potter, Helen Wright. The above named have successfully passed their eleventh and twelfth English without receiving anything below an A on their cards. Any one who fails to earn an A in all their English work during these years is not eligible for the commencement program.



Battalion

The drill year is half over and every hard working cadet is looking forward to the excitement of camp and compet. If the efforts of the officers prove successful, competitive drill between the companies will this year be held in the Auditorium and not at some poorly lighted baseball park. This will make compet a special feature and one deserving the patronage of all. Several committees have been appointed by the C. O. C. to arrange for the procuring of the Auditorium and also for selecting a good camping place. Mild weather has made outside drill possible and all companies are practicing up the marchings as well as the manual of arms. In order to create more interest the several companies have purchased company medals for individual drill and have thus shown themselves more aggressive than in former years.

The following promotions have been made to fill vacancies left by cadets who failed in their studies:

To be Captain—First Lieutenant R. Peters, Company E.

To be First Lieutenant—Lieutenant Quartermaster Sergeant R. Curtis.

To be First Lieutenant Company E—David Oberg transferred from Signal Corps.

To be Second Lieutenant Company C—Sergeant R. Buddenberg.

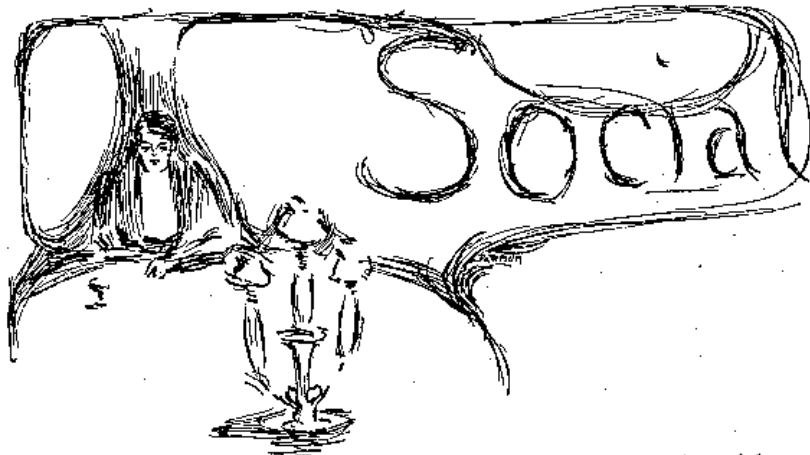
To be First Lieutenant Signal Corps—H. Summers.

To be Second Lieutenant Signal Corps—H. Burns.

To be Sergeants—C. Hoffert, Company B; C. Schrum, Company B; D. Brodkey, Company C; G. Parish, Company D; F. Carlson, Company E; W. White, Company E; M. Young, Company F; M. Parkinson, Signal Corps; C. Sears, Signal Corps; L. Larnon, Signal Corps; A. Heyn, Bugle Corps.

To be Drum Major—G. Kilwit.

To be Corporals—R. Atzen, Company A; H. Frazer, Company A; B. Nash, Company B; W. Howard, Company B; G. Johnson, Company B; A. Morris, Company E; D. Babbitt, Company F; H. Kulakovsky, Company F; M. Haman, Signal Corps; G. Wasberg, Signal Corps.



On Wednesday evening, February 19, a crowd of Junior girls and boys, notwithstanding the fact that the thermometer was low and the unpacked snow was lying in drifts on the roads, had a bob-sled party. Each girl during the ride "ponied up" a box of fudge or pinonche. After driving to Fort Omaha and return, the crowd stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Woodworth for refreshments.

Miss Louise Copeland was hostess at a luncheon February 29, given in honor of the officers of the Pleiades Society. The decorations were beautifully carried out in red and white. After luncheon was served plans for a general program were arranged.

On March 7 Miss Hannah Calder was delightfully surprised by a number of her High School friends in honor of her birthday. The house was prettily decorated in the high school colors. The afternoon was spent in guessing games, the prize being won by Miss Beatrice Cole. Later on refreshments were served. Miss Calder was the recipient of many pretty gifts.



On Friday evening February 28th, the W. W. W. club gave a very enjoyable dance at Dundee hall. It was enjoyed by about thirty-five couples. The souvenirs of the evening consisted of dainty maroon and white programs bearing the names of the club members, also a facsimile of the club pin embossed in gold on the back. The hall was tastily decorated in the club colors, maroon and white. The ceiling was festooned with twisted crepe paper and the walls were beautified by club monograms draped with paper bows and streamers. The most beautiful feature was a large club pin hung from the center of the ceiling and containing an electric light which glowed dimly down upon the dancers. The punch corner was rivaled by a cozy corner on the opposite side of the room, which was made attractive with pennants and pillows. Twenty-one numbers were danced and the affair was declared by all a roaring success.

The committee in charge consisted of Robert E. Schenck, Samuel W. Reynolds, Searle F. Holmes, Herrick Swan, Ralph Wood and Sigard S. Larmon. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Holmes and Mrs. E. H. Wood were the chaperones of the evening.

\$5—PRIZE—\$5

The Nebraska Clothing Co. will give a prize of \$5.00 in gold to the student writing the best 200-word essay on the inspiring picture to be seen in their advertisement in this issue. The essays may be either humorous or serious, and they must have the words "Asbury Hats" inserted at least twelve times. They will be due April 1, and are to be handed to Marie Hodge. Corinne Searle and Reed Peters, senior editors, have been appointed to act as a committee on judges.

McCartney Institute—new business college in the Brandies building. Business and preparation (Gregg System of Shorthand). Begin now. Tel. Doug. 107, or address Miss E. T. McCartney, Secretary.

If it is not this its something else—and thus the world goes around. The latest is the "new" rule, which was issued a few weeks ago from the office as a result of a few but important faculty meetings. The rule referred to is that which deals with the speedy dismissal from school and the clearing of the halls. The substance of the circular, in which the order was announced is, in brief, as follows: Bell rings at 2:18, when all halls must be cleared. In case a teacher holds a reception "guests" are requested to remain until another bell at 2:38, followed by one at 2:43, which signifies that such "guests" must be out of the building, unless they have another "party." If such be the case, the next dismissal is at 3:08, which is also the first dismissal from the library. At a bell at 3:14 the building must be cleared. More music comes at 4:00, when all must have left the building. Teachers have the privilege of "arresting" those who are found about the halls during the intervals between the ringing of the bells. In fact, the new rule, from beginning to end, "rings" with bells. A few of course were panic-stricken, during the first two or three days, but few arrests were made. As for the clearing of the halls the order is certainly justifiable, for the usual loitering after school had become quite a practice, but for the rest we cannot remark. Anyway, these columns are for facts, not comment.

The juniors held their third and probably last meeting February 24. The transaction of necessary business was the purpose of the meeting, but a few opportunities were offered for the expression of a few sentiments by members of the class, who realized that time was being wasted by engaging in unnecessary personalities and unwarranted motions. The class chose by a small plurality old rose and white for their colors, and pin number one, by a considerably larger number of votes. Claude Neavles was enthusiastically chosen class manager of athletics. The proposition of having an "Annual" was unanimously endorsed. Mr. Waterhouse came in before the class adjourned and gave them a good, sound, practicable talk on their attitude and influence in maintaining the proper spirit in the High School.

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The Des Moines-Kansas City-Omaha Debates.

The preliminaries for the debates which the Omaha High School is to hold with the Des Moines and Kansas City High Schools on April 3rd were held Monday, February 17. There was an especially good representation of debaters, in fact, the best in years, and the team selected could not be otherwise than a winning one. The question to be debated is as follows:

"Resolved, That the Commission form of government combined with the recall, the Initiative and the Referendum is the best form of municipal government which has as yet been devised for the government of American cities."

Those chosen to represent the O. H. S. were Harry Drucker, Will Ross and Harry Kenner, who will debate against Des Moines, and Harris Vance and Howard Roe who will debate against Kansas City.

The method to be used in conducting these debates is one which has been tried successfully in colleges but which we now use for the first time. The plan is for three debates to take place the same night, one at each of the contesting cities. Omaha will debate the affirmative of the question in Omaha against Des Moines and the negative at Kansas City.

The debate to be held in Omaha with Des Moines is one of especial importance, we having been beaten by that city two times out of three, therefore we have a score to settle with them. This is to be made one of the big events of the year and, since it will be held in some large auditorium and also since we have excellent chances of overshadowing in victory our former defeats, a large crowd is expected to attend. Here is another opportunity to aid your school. Come to the Des Moines debate!

Mr. John L. Woodworth's challenge to a half-mile swim at the Y. M. C. A. was accepted by Mr. Lester Phillips, who defeated him. As Mr. Phillips has permanently left school, the challenge is re-issued, and is desirous of securing an antagonist. For particulars or information address his manager and press agent, Frederic McConnell.

The Glee club was recently formed under the direction of Mr. Joe F. Barton. At the first meeting the club elected officers as follows: President, Frank Latenser; vice president, Howard Roe; secretary, Guy Wood, and treasurer, Frederic McConnell. Frank Selby, who holds down the piano for the octette, holds the same position in the Glee club.

During the same week a mandolin club was organized with Carl Potts as leader.

The Lincoln statue arrived a few weeks ago in Omaha and is now in storage preparatory to its unveiling April 14th.

The month of February has shown a larger increase in the average daily attendance of the High School than any previous month. At the present date there are enrolled 212 seniors, 263 juniors, 467 sophomores, 909 freshmen, making a total of 1,851.

Sympathetic Friend, approaching the gloomy one: "In despair?" Gloomy One: "Naw! Indigestion."



O. H. S. DEBATERS.

LINCOLN TEAM:

BARNES (1)
DRUCKER (3)
KENNER (2)

DES MOINES TEAM:

DRUCKER (3)
KENNER (2)
ROSS (6)

KANSAS CITY TEAM:

VANCE (5)
ROE (7)
E. F. DENNISON, Coach (4)

Basket Ball.

S is for students, whose support has been good.
 T is for Thomas who plays as he should.
 A is for Arnstein, our center so fine,
 T is for teams we have hung on the line.
 E is for Ed. our forward so fleet,
 C is for Carl and Claude, a pair hard to beat.
 H is for Howard who never snoozes.
 A is for ability that each player uses.
 M stands for the money the O. H. S. school needs if we run our
 athletics at present high speed.
 P is for practice most every day,
 S is for substitutes, both Sam and Ray.

Our boys are state champions
 As these letters tell:
 Let's all get together
 And give a school yell.
 O-O-O-M-A—A-A-A-H-A
 O-MA-HA-HIGH SCHOOL.
 * * *

The Basket Ball team, champions of Nebraska and Iowa.

CARL NAGL, '08, Forward, Captain.

"Dutch" used to play guard, but has been doing even better in his new position, and that's saying a good deal. He is strong and fast from foot ball work, and always makes things interesting for his opponents. His team work and quick playing on signals are prominent features of every game, and he also has an eagle eye for the basket. As captain he has been a capable representative of the team in its contests.

ED. BURDICK, '10, Forward.

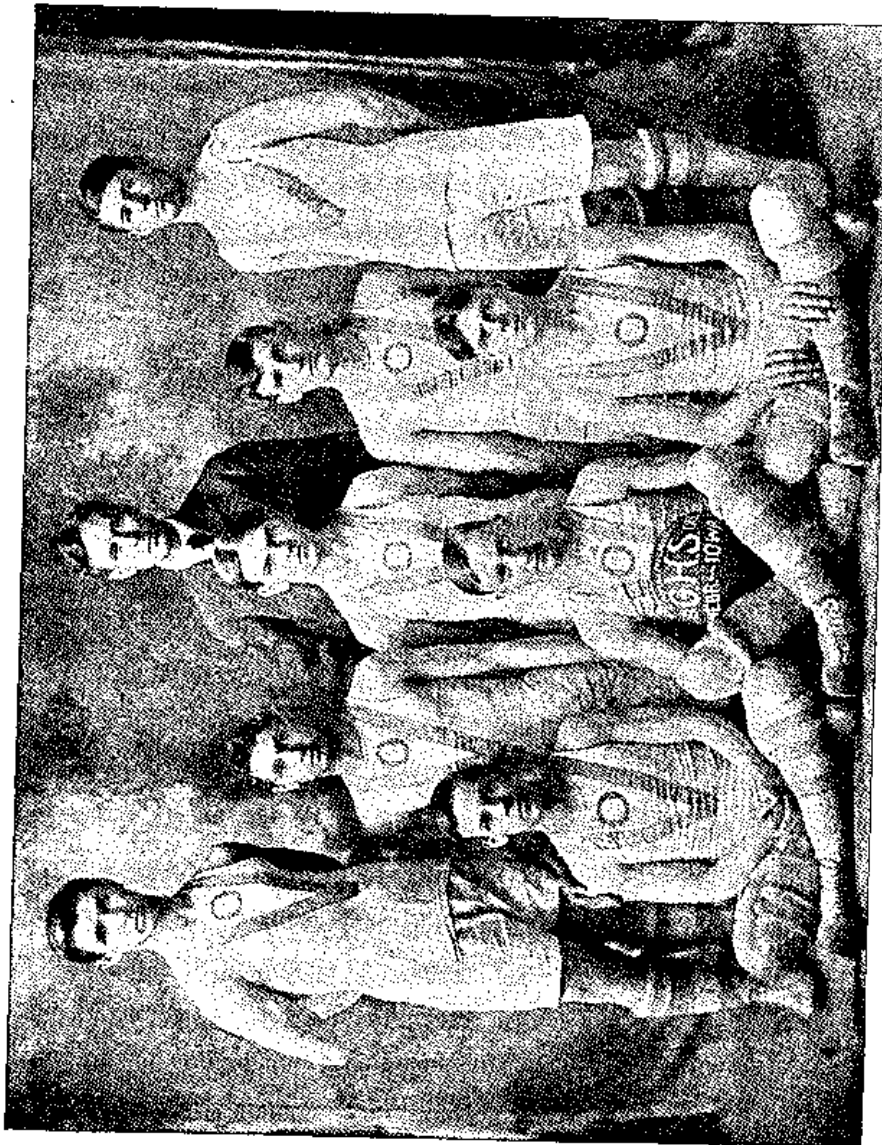
Ed. always plays in fine form and succeeds admirably in throwing goals from difficult positions and in avoiding his guard. Omaha's goals on fouls were thrown by him this season. The school is especially proud of Burdick, as basket ball is only one of his many athletic accomplishments.

HERBERT ARNSTEIN, '08, Center.

A tall "—Stein," with the reaching propensities of a ten-foot pole. Unlike the ordinary stein, however, Herb is chuck full of that very important basket ball requisite, the ability to cage the ball. In fact he has thrown as many as eighteen field goals in one game, and rarely misses an opportunity for "two more." His fine head work and superior skill at the jump off has counted for much in making Omaha victorious.

CLAUDE NEAVLES, '09, Guard, Coach and Manager.

Experience as captain last year had made Neavles a very efficient coach and manager, so he was chosen to take charge of the 1908 champs-in-embryo, and both players and school are satisfied with his work. As a player, Claude is best known for his strong, sure passing and close guarding in the back field. The man he "covers" very seldom throws a goal.



BURDICK
 ARNSTEIN
 HOWARD
 CONGDON
 McWHISKEY
 NAGLE
 THOMAS
 NEAVLES
 CARRIER

MERLE HOWARD, '08, Guard.

With not much basket ball experience to back him, but with enough pluck and energy to over-balance any other deficiency, Merle was suddenly called on to take the place of an ineligible player in the York game, and since then has won a regular's place on the team. Forwards representing rival schools know too well that he "sticketh closer than a brother," and is not often scored on.

WARREN THOMAS, '08, Guard.

A 1906 player who returned to the O. H. S. in February and won a position on the team in just two week's time. His experience and strength was a valuable addition to the five, and netted returns in the games at York, Lincoln and West Point. Good work, Eph!

SAM CARRIER, '09, Substitute Forward.

Still "coming;"—the day he "arrives" will be a happy one for the purple and white. Sam didn't get into any games this season, as our regular forwards were always able to play, but he was always ready with fine team work and basket tossing. Other aspirants will have to hustle to beat him out for a place on next year's basket ball quintete.

RAY McWHINNEY, '10, Substitute.

Ray is "utility man"; he can play any position with the kind of skill that produces results. He will be at O. H. S. next year, so we'll hear more from him in the basket ball line.

THE SECOND TEAM.

The valuable practice three times a week that our champs have had with the second team players has been partly responsible for our successful season, for no team can develop without strong opponents to practice against. During the season the second team has consisted of players chosen from this squad:

Larmon, Knudson, Flack, R. Kiewit, Kulakofsky, Gilmore, McKinney, Ross, G. Kiewit, Deams, Burns, Stevens, Clark, Brownell, Weirick.

THE GAMES.

York, 28; O. H. S., 34.

This was our first match and was played in Omaha. The visiting team was strong, but our five smothered it.

Lincoln, 28; O. H. S., 44.

Omaha's wider margin in this game was due to hard practice and quick development after the contest with York. The capital city boys put up a fast lot of play and were good at basket work. The O. H. S. guards shined brilliantly and held Lincoln's forwards down to almost nothing.

Sioux City, 21; O. H. S., 44.

In their first out-of-town game the wearers of the purple and white so outplayed their opponents that they made friends with the Sioux City spectators. We think the boys knew we were at this end of the telegraph line, loyally awaiting the outcome of the contest, for they played their best brand of basket ball and didn't disappoint us.

West Point, 11; O. H. S., 65.

Speaking of scores, a margin of 54 points isn't so bad. And the game with W. P. H. S. played in Omaha's Y. M. C. A. "gym" wasn't slow either, for although the visitors didn't throw many goals they worked hard at all times. The boys with the O's on their shirts merely worked harder, and with accurate signal work, lightning passing, and goal throwing that was eye-opening in its speed and skill, they piled up the scores at the rate of one every thirty-seven seconds. Arnstein threw eighteen field goals, which is probably the record for a Nebraska high school player. Burdick and Nagl were also in fine form and turned out some marvelous team and basket work. Neavles, Howard and Thomas watched their opponents so well that only two field goals were thrown for West Point.

York, 25; O. H. S., 49.

The big trip of the season included games at York and Lincoln, and the team kept up its reputation by bagging both scalps. The score at York indicates an easy game, but it was not a walk-away, however, for the Yorkites put up a formidable line of play and worked our bunch hard enough to tire them out for the match with Lincoln. This was Thomas' first whole game, and he certainly did himself credit. The other title-winners also delivered the goods, as the score shows. Neavles' passing and guarding, with Eph's work, held York down to a comparatively small number of points, while Herb, Dutch and Ed took care of Omaha's scores. Maybe Burdick's little green ribbon "hoodooed" the York aggregation, but more likely it was purple and white that did it.

Lincoln, 20; O. H. S., 24.

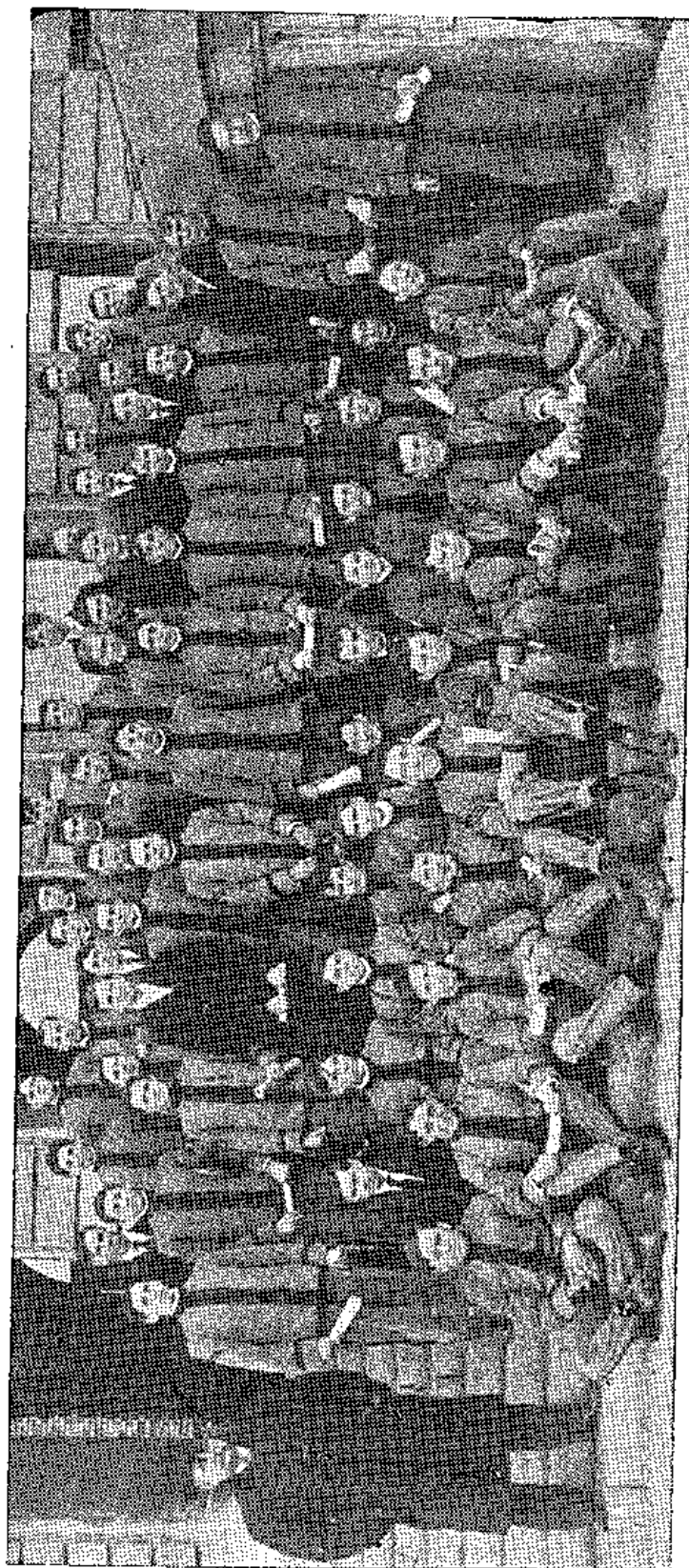
We hope that by this time Lincoln regrets the conduct of her players in the game there on February 22. At any rate Omaha regrets that her representatives sometimes have to meet such unsportsmanly players as were on the Lincoln team. But with clean, characteristic basket ball, the state champions taught their opponents that basket ball games are won by teams that play basket ball, not by those which resort to dirty foot ball tactics.

West Point, 19; O. H. S., 28.

This was the first time West Point was ever beaten on her own floor, a 2x4 affair with a twelve foot ceiling. The fact that Omaha defeated the same team in a respectable gymnasium by a margin of fifty-four points shows what an advantage W. P. H. S. had in its little box. The work of the various O. H. S. players was so nearly on a par that individual mention is unnecessary.

Sioux City, 21; O. H. S., 36.

Three cheers for the team! They beat the Hawkeyes again, even though the latter bunch had been strongly re-enforced since the two teams met at the Iowa town. Arnstein again demonstrated that basket ball is his element, and during one part of the game he threw three field goals in rapid succession. Burdick also did star basket work with Nagl's fine signal and team work to back him. Dutch also got some baskets. Ed and Herb did well with the free throws, too.



O. H. S. GLEE CLUB.

Thomas played a strong game and so did Howard for the few minutes he was in the contest. Neavles was not scored on at all.

Congratulations! champs; we're proud of you.

The sum total in all our games is—Omaha, 324; opponents, 173;

A summary of the goal throwing by our team might be interesting. The forwards caged the ball like this: Nagl, 20 field goals; Burdick, 24; Arnstein, 66. Burdick also threw 59 foul goals during the season. The guards also captured a few stray scores, and players on opposing teams made the following records:

Against Howard, (four games) 6 field goals; against Neavles, (eight games), 17 field goals; against Thomas, (four games), 5 field goals.

THE INTER-CLASS GAMES.

Three games of basket ball were played among the classes, as the first event in the indoor athletic contest. The first match was between the Seniors and Juniors, and the upper classmen won. Two weeks later the sophomores defeated the freshmen, and in the finals the seniors ran off with five points for first place, and the sophomores got three. The teams were as follows:

Seniors—Brown, R. Kiewit, Clark, Doud (captain), Pagels, Burns and Brownell.

Juniors—Larmon, Parish, Carrier (captain), Ross and G. Kiewit.

Sophomores—Finley, Deams, McWhinney (captain), Knudson, Trimble and Patton.

Freshmen—Rosenblum, Searle (captain), Stevens, Hunter and Rector.

THE INDOOR ATHLETIC CONTEST.

The athletic events run off in connection with the Sioux City game on Saturday, March 7, constituted the most successful indoor meet held for several years. A large representation was present from every class, and a high standard of athletics was obtained. Messrs. Congdon, McMillan, Zartman, Kerrigan and Orchard were present to make things go right and other members of the faculty were interested spectators. Physical Directors Pentland and Clark of the Y. M. C. A. were also officials, and Kavan and Hugh Wallace, at one time O. H. S. athletes, were on hand.

The results in the various events were as follows:

Pole Vault—Brown, senior, 5 points; Thomson, junior, 3 points; McKinney, junior, 1 point. Height, 8 feet 3 inches.

Running High Jump—Brown, senior, 5 points; Osborn, sophomore, 3 points; Lehmer, junior, 1 point. Height, 5 feet.

Twenty-yard Dash—McKinney junior, 5 points; Brown, senior, 3 points; Lease junior, 1 point. Time, 24-5 seconds.

Rope Climb—Lehmer, junior, 5 points; Brown, senior, 3 points; Young, junior, 1 point. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

Obstacle Race—Seniors Howard, Woodworth, Buddenberg and Kirschbraum, 5 points; freshmen, 3 points; other classes disqualified.

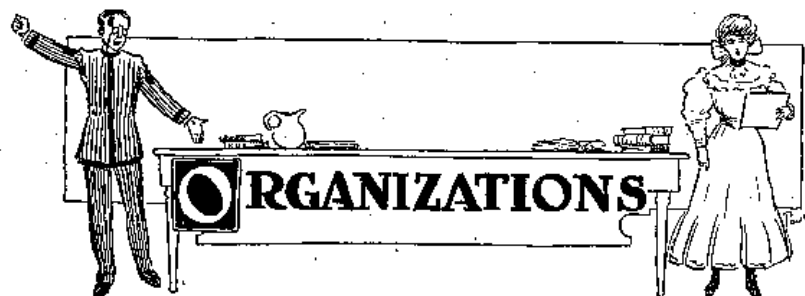
Standing Broad Jump—Arnstein, senior, 5 points; Lehmer, junior, 3 points; McWhinney, sophomore, 1 point. Distance, 9 feet, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

Shot Put—Burdick, sophomore, 5 points; R. Kiewit, senior, 3 points; Wilson, freshman, 1 point. Distance, 36 feet, 9 inches.

Relay Race—Seniors, Howard, Brown, Flack and Arnstein, 5 points; sophomores, 3 points; juniors, 1 point.

Thus the meet was won by the seniors, who made 39 points. The juniors made second place with 21, the sophomores third with 15, and the freshmen fourth with 4. Individual rank was as follows: Brown, first, 16 points; Lehmer, second, 9 points; McKinney, third, 6 points.

O. H. S. has now successfully completed seasons in two sports. The next in line is track work. Training has already begun, and the outdoor practices will begin very soon. Let's get busy and win a third state championship by turning out a winning bunch of track athletes. We've got the material: all it takes is spirit and work. Haven't we those, too?



GERMAN SOCIETY.

On February 5th Madame Chatelain was in charge of a very interesting program consisting mostly of music and two well-rendered playettes.

On February 19th Miss Landis had charge of a very interesting play. The octette also rendered some selections.

* * *

LATIN SOCIETY.

On January 15th the Latin society gave an interesting program consisting mainly of reading, recitations and the telling of early Roman legends. On January 29th the program was on Travel in Ancient Rome, and was very creditably given.

* * *

ELAINE SOCIETY.

On February 21st the Elaine gave a very original program pertaining to George Washington's birthday. Several clever recitations and papers were given, and also a recitation by several girls, illustrated in Pantomime. Candy hatchets were received as souvenirs. The program was in charge of Henrietta Flack.

HAWTHORNE SOCIETY.

The program of February 7th was given at the home of Helen Davidson. The numbers were mostly on Scotch life and dress, with especially interesting essays on Robert Burns. On February 21 the following officers were elected: President, Ruth Waterhouse; vice president, Pauline Gale; secretary, Louise Willard; sergeant at arms, Mattie Alperson; reporter, Nancy Haze.

* * *

BROWNING.

On January 10th "Ballads" was the subject of the program given by the Browning society. The program was under the leadership of Ruth Birchard and consisted of the following numbers:

1. Ballads Ruth Birchard
2. Illustrative Ballads Doris Wood
3. Original Ballad Blanche Cohn
4. Story of the Lay of the Last Minstrel Irene Smith
5. Modern Ballad Hazel Degen
6. Reading Nell Carpenter
7. Oracle Elsie Bolln

A miscellaneous program under the leadership of Edna Leir was given February 7. First was a dialogue by Ruth Byers and Mae Engler, next Anne Brown read a selection from "Love Letters of an Irish Washer-woman." The last number on the program was a play, "The Miss Biddles." The girls who took part in this play were assisted by Mr. Myron Van Brunt, pupil of Miss Fitch.

MATTHEWS BOOK AND PAPER SHOP

122 SOUTH FIFTEENTH STREET

WEDDING INVITATIONS VISITING CARDS

Our Engraving stands for Style, Quality and Super Excellence

BOOKS WORTH HAVING

The best in Fiction, History, Biography and General Literature

All \$1.50 Late Books of Fiction \$1.08

Juvenile Books a Specialty

FOUNTAIN PENS—Every one of them guaranteed

Please mention The High School Register when answering advertisements.

On February 21 Doris Wood was in charge of a Colonial program. It consisted mostly of recitations. An original story was written by Erna Hadra and the Oracle was read by Ruth Byers.

* * *

PRISCILLA ALDEN.

The meeting of February 21 was much enjoyed. The most interesting features were diaries written by the wives of the early presidents of the United States, Mrs. Washington, Dolly Madison, Mrs. Monroe, Mrs. Adams. The life of this time was most originally portrayed.

* * *

PLEIADES SOCIETY.

Edith Shrum's division gave a very entertaining program on February 21st. The numbers contained an Italian's account of George Washington, a book review, a reading, an original story, and a recitation.

Pop-corn balls were enjoyed by the members after the program.

* * *


MARGARET FULLER SOCIETY.

On February 21st a delightful program on Washington, Lincoln and Margaret Fuller was given. Amy Nelson also gave a violin solo.

* * *

WEBSTER.

The Webster Debating society at a recent meeting took one more



**Niftiest
Nobbiest
Toppiest**

CLOTHES

In Town

W. T. BOURKE

Young Men's Clothes & Tie Shop

319 So. 16th St.

step in their steady advancement. They adopted a new constitution. They also held their semi-annual election of officers with the following results:

President Will Ross
Vice President Evan Rogers
Secretary and Treasurer Claude Neavles
Sergeant at Arms George Guirts

* * *

D. D. S.

The Demosthenians are proud of the fact that they were the first society to win the prize of one dollar awarded every two weeks to the society having the best and most appropriate poster announcing their program. This poster was drawn by Fred Heyn. The D. D. S. has much artistic talent and expects to win some more prizes before the semester is over.

At the last meeting of the society there was a pleasant surprise in store for the members. Burdette Lewis of New York, one of the charter members of the D. D. S., gave a most interesting talk, which was thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by all.

We are making a special Student Folder Photograph for \$2.50 per dozen. Heyn, The Photographer. (This is no squib).

At Heyn's Studio Frank Latenser taught Guy Wood how to face the powder.



**A Very Clever
and Popular
Suit Style**

**FOR
SPRING
1908**

Will be the two but-
ton Sack.

HAYDEN'S

Have them in de-
lightful assortment
of colors and fab-
rics.

Illustration shows
one of several of
the 2 button styles.

You'll vote them
the nobbiest yet
shown.

See Our
New Spring
Line.

Remington & Kessler

Tailors

Range Block Omaha



Squibs.

Senior class meeting Monday, February 24, 1908.

Yes, the oft-recurring question had come,
But what was best, was revealed to none;
So in worried groups and anxious bunches,
They discussed it, some even neglecting their lunches.

But when the inevitable hour had arrived,
And the swarms of Seniors were safely hived
An athletic captain was to be elected
For which an able man should be selected.

Mr. Doud and Mr. Brown were quickly nominated,
And as promptly Mr. Doud arose and related
The just merits and strong claims of his adversary,
And that for honors and of honors he was unfitted and weary.

TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 618 REACHES ALL DEPARTMENTS

Correct Furnishings For Young Men

CERTAIN stores get to be arbiters of men's fashions by virtue of always being right in styles. It's the usual thing for such stores to "soak" its customers for all they will stand. Because men—lots of them—will unhesitatingly pay a good price if with it goes the feeling of safety as to style. Hence many men naturally grow to think that style can only be had at a good fat price.

Thompson, Belden & Co. is changing all that. It is rapidly proving to more and more thoughtful dressers every year that correct style need not hinge on an exorbitant price.

Next time you need a shirt, a pair of half hose, or a tie, try Thompson, Belden & Co's Men's Department.

We sell Pennants too. Stop in on your way from school.

THOMPSON, BELDEN & CO.

DRY GOODS

Corner Howard and 16th Street.

Please mention The High School Register when answering advertisements.

SENSIBLE PRICES

For Satisfactory Garments

IT TAKES all kinds of people to make a world and all kinds of clothes makers to cater to their wants. We're catering to the man who wants to dress well at a moderate cost—whose price limit is between \$25.00 and \$50.00.

A man inside one of our \$25.00 suits or overcoats get a heap of style and comfort for his money.

Trousers \$6 to \$12, Suits \$25 to \$50

209-211
South 15th
Street

Nicoll
THE
TAILOR

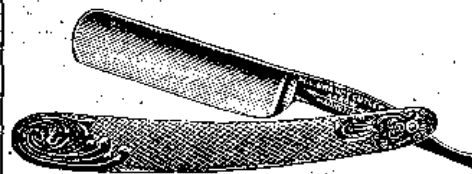
WILLIAM JERREMS' SONS.

Karbach
Block
OMAHA

Drug Store Pictures and Prices



Nail Clipper.....25c



Razors, Safety and old style, \$1 to \$5



Chest Protectors.....\$1 to \$3

Complete Drug Stock One of the distinguishing features about the Sherman & McConnell Drug Stores is the completeness of stocks, and another is that the price of the article you buy is always as low—generally a little lower—than can be obtained elsewhere. Do you ever remember of asking us for any article we did not have—or do you recall ever having paid us more for an item than it could have been purchased for elsewhere? Some sample every-day prices: All standard patent medicines at cut prices.

25c Packer's Tur Soap for 15c	50c Pozzoni's Face Powder, 25c	25c Cuticura Soap 20c
25c Woodbury's Facial Soap, 15c	1 lb. Pure Borax (mule team) 14c	50c Societie Hygiene Soap for 25c
50c Hind's Honey and Almond Cream, 25c	50c Violet Water for 25c	

SHERMAN & McCONNELL DRUG CO.
Cor. 16th and Dodge

THE OWL DRUG CO.
Cor. 16th and Harney

Please mention The High School Register when answering advertisements.

So without more adieu or rivalry over it
Mr. Brown was selected on account of his merit,
To lead forth into battle the class forces so strong,
Its high standard and position in athletics to prolong.

The subject of the "Annual" was then introduced;
An issue which the Faculty had effectually seduced;
The manager swore to produce a graftless edition
So the class voted the "Board" and the Faculty to petition.

The "Cap and Gown" question was next on the slate
And Miss Kate McHugh was then asked to state
Arguments and advantages for "with" and "without,"
Nerves grew tense and brows furrowed with doubt.

No one would delay for parental suggestion,
But immediately were calls heard for "The Question!"
But promptly, peaceably and to all satisfactory,
Were "Caps and Gowns" relegated to ancient history.

'08.

* * *

Father (from top of stairs)—"Elsie, what time is it?"

Elsie—"Eleven, dear father."

Father—"Well, its twelve up here, and eleven and twelve make—
The young man departed.

Collegiate Shirts

Choice
patterns

of Madras and Percales.

The cut-to-fit and general excellence
of Collegiate Shirts make them very
popular with young men who are partic-
ular about their linen. Each \$1.25 & \$1.00

Star Shirts Cut along the good
old custom made
lines, "full and roomy" a variety of
sleeve lengths and neat patterns, at
\$1.50 and \$1.00.



Barker Collars

Sox Sox

Barker Collars are LINEN Collars, quarter
sizes. 15c, two for 25c

Something different in sox, linen heel and toe,
fortified at points of greatest wear, pair, 15c

BENSON & THORNE CO.

Both Phones Young Men's Outfitters 1517 Douglas St.

Please mention The High School Register when answering advertisements.

Julius Dreifuss
MEATS & GROCERIES.

Delicatessen, Fruit, and Vegetables



20th and Farnam Streets

Telephone Douglas 157

BEATON'S Hot Chocolate

and Dainty Sandwiches fill
a want after school hours



BEATON DRUG CO.

15th and Farnam Sts.

Please mention The High School Register when answering advertisements.

They were sitting in the alcove
 She'd a neice upon her knee;
 Chaperons, although unconscious,
 Children very well can be.
 Pauses in the general chatter
 Sometimes come—a thing to rue;
 Suddenly a voice beseeching
 Cried, "Oh, aunty, kiss me too!"

Everyone at that reception,
 Crowded—'twas a sunny day—
 Heard that artless little maiden
 Give her pretty aunt away.
 Here one smiled, there one tittered,
 Spinsters murmured—"Not quite nice."
 From the alcove came distinctly
 "Grammar pet! Say, kiss me twice!"—

Johnny—"Grandpa, will you make a noise like a frog?"

Grandpa—"What for, my boy?"

Johnny—"Why, papa says we shall get ten thousand when you croak."

Little Girl: "Oh, Mr. Policeman, won't you please come quick?
 Some horried boys over there have tied a can to a poor doggie's tail!"

Policeman: "Is it your dog?"

Little Girl: "No, sir; but it's my can."

Sporting Goods

THE MOST INTERESTING STORE IN OMAHA

Everything from a FISH HOOK to a MOTOR BOAT. The Largest and most complete stock of ATHLETIC goods in the West

Punching Bags and Platforms Whitley and Racine Exercisers

Tennis, Base Ball and Golf Goods of all descriptions

Bathing Suits, Dumb-Bells, Indian Clubs and Gymnasium Supplies

CLARK'S IMPERIAL Base Ball Goods and Tennis Rackets are manufactured for us and are fully guaranteed

We have in stock the LARGEST ASSORTMENT of METALLIC AMMUNITION in the WORLD. Come in and see it

Special attention shown to members of the High School

WALTER G. CLARK CO.

1414 HARNEY STREET

Please mention The High School Register when answering advertisements.

First Choice of Young Men who Dress Well

\$2.50 The "Asbury" Hat \$2.50



*"Asbury! Asbury! Asbury! rah! rah! rah!
 Huckleberry, blackberry, naw! naw! naw!
 Asbury Hats are the best we ever saw!"*

HIGH SCHOOL CHAPS

You'll grow enthusiastic over the nobbiness of our Spring Styles in Asbury Hats.

Every one portrays Eastern Campus Ideas.

Nebraska Clothing Co

Please mention The High School Register when answering advertisements.

For catalogue address the Mosher-Lampman Business College, 17th and Farnam.

The one who can do the work a little better than the other fellow is the one who is given the position; the one who gets the promotion; the one who gets the better salary.

If you take a course at the Mosher-Lampman College you will be able to do work better than the other fellow.

Because, every teacher in the Mosher-Lampman College has had from ten to twenty years' experience in training young people for the business world.

Because, the Mosher-Lampman College has the most rapid and most legible system of shorthand ever invented.

Because, the Mosher-Lampman College has one of the best penmen in the United States, and he knows how to teach others to write.

Because, the Mosher-Lampman College has the most practical system of bookkeeping published.

If you will visit our College we will prove every one of the above statements to be true.

Hubby: This pie, my love, is just the kind mother used to buy at her bakery.

A. McDonald (in history)—"Honestly, Miss Davies, I don't understand this 'proposing' business at all."

D. O.—Yes, he's one of the kind that would run a splinter in his tongue, eating a club sandwich.

THERE'S TRUE ART

In every line of our Young Men's Clothes for Spring. Not only do the best designers draft the patterns but the best journeymen tailors sew them together. That's the only kind we sell—we are just as particular about the kind of clothes we sell as you are about the kind you wear—the "thrown together" sorts find no place in this store.



**WE INVITE YOU TO SEE THE NEW
CREATIONS FOR SPRING**

You'll like the prices as well as the clothes.

Berg Clothing Co.

Please mention The High School Register when answering advertisements.

BAKER BROS
ARTISTS
ENGRAVERS
HALF-TONE & ZINC ETCHERS
OMAHA

PENCIL SKETCH CLASS

(Tuesday Evenings—7:30-9:30)

DOANE POWELL, INSTRUCTOR
Room 817 (McCartney Institute) New Brandeis Building.

The Studio Grand

Both Phones ^{Red} 3933



Special prices on all Photographs to
to O. H. S. Students

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood right up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Sis', you're got him at last."

A Kansas butcher was somewhat surprised not long ago to receive the following note:

"Dear sir: Please do not send me any more meete yet alrety. I have butchered myself."

No really, I wouldn't inhale too deeply. You might break one of the new rules, you know.

Vaccination is past, the next plague looming up in the near future is the exams.

BRANDEIS
"BOSTON STORE"
& SONS

Good Clothes for Young Men



The Best in Point of Style and Quality



Well Dressed Young Men Buy their Clothes Here

Please mention The High School Register when answering advertisements.

We are Showing the Largest Line of

BASE BALL GOODS

In the West. Ask for your Discount.

TOWNSEND GUN CO.

We went to see a football game
I thought that I could do the same
So rashly I joined the eleven—
I'm sending this from heaven.

—Ex.

Captain of Varsity Team (at training table)—"What's the matter with you, Grouch? I said 3-11-39-B. Don't you know better than to pass the butter when I give the mustard signal?"

A maiden named Josephine King
Dropped dead while trying to sing,
Then a neighbor next door
Whom her songs had made sore
Bowed his head with—"Death,
where's thy sting?"

ASK FOR THE

Little Brix of Ice Cream

Made From Pure Cream

.....AT.....

SLOUP SHERRY BOTTLING CO.

Successors to M. R. Wood.

1513 Burt Street.

Telephone Douglas 7398.

GUARD AGAINST

Typhoid and other Disease Germs

BY USING

*ALAMITO Certified or
ALAMITO Pasteurized Milk*

You will run no risk,
because all ALAMITO
MILK and CREAM is

PASTEURIZED

Our Wagon passes
your door every day

Office 1812 Farnam

Tel. Douglas 411

Please mention The High School Register when answering advertisements.

Wear Clothes

That are the essence of all that is correct and distinctive in style, shape and individuality—clothes that are

Made for You

alone, to fit you perfectly and give you the appearance that commands attention and respect.

My Price is \$25.00

for the very highest grade of workmanship on your choice of my exclusive Spring fabrics. Nowhere else can you duplicate the value.



DRESHER The Tailor

1515 Farnam St.

Omaha, Nebr.

DEDICATED TO THE SENIOR CLASS.

If you can't do
Your English thru
But sit and stew
Till you are blue;
Soon you'll rue
The day that you
With Miss McHugh
Do not get through—
The laugh's on you—
Boo Hoo!

SOROSIS SPRING OXFORDS

Are now here. Buy your Easter Shoes early and avoid the usual rush.

SOROSIS SHOE STORE

203 South 15th Street

Please mention The High School Register when answering advertisements.

All Work Guaranteed First-Class

BATHS

Richeson Bros.**Barber Shops**1219 Farnam Street
213 So. 14th Street

"A Pleased Customer is Our Best Ad."



THE HOTTENTOT TOT

The Hottentot taught Hottentot Tot

To Tot ere a tot could totter,

Ought the Hottentot Tot

To be taught to say "aught"

Or "naught," or what ought to be taught her?

Or—

If to hoot and toot a Hottentot Tot

Be taught by a Hottentot Tooter,

Should the tooter get hot if the Hottentot Tot

Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

—Ex.

**VOLLMER'S**

EXPERT

Clothes Fitters**This is an Invitation**

It is extended to young men and men who are interested in good clothes and who want to buy a spring outfit that will do credit to their taste and return them daily dividends of pride and comfort for their investment. Our invitation is for you to see the new Spring Suits and Overcoats. They are well worth coming to see, for they mirror the latest fashions faithfully and are without peer in the ready-to-wear field. We hope for your early acceptance.

Prices, \$40 to \$15

VOLLMER'S

107 SOUTH SIXTEENTH STREET

Society Brand**DRESS FOR YOUNG MEN**

Please mention The High School Register when answering advertisements.

*The Bennett Company***OMAHA'S GREAT STYLE STORE**

*Omaha's First and, as yet,
Omaha's Only Complete De-
partment Store. We sell every-
thing--everything for the per-
son and the Home.*

WHAT WE SELL

Groceries, Provisions, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Candies, Fruits, Meats, Fish, Poultry, Bakery, Drugs, Perfumery, Cigars, Tobacco, etc., Hardware, Enamelware, Tinware, Cutlery, etc., Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Domestic Coal, Woodenware, Basketry, Refrigerators, Ice Chests, Trunks, Valises, Harness, Stationery, Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Men's and Boys' Clothing, Men's Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Dry Goods, Ladies' Coats, Suits, Children's Ready-to-wear, Millinery, Jewelry, Silverware, Crockery, Cut Glass, Art Bric-a-brac, Pictures, Picture Frames, Toys, Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, Wall Paper, Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music.

*S. & H. Green Trading Stamp Premium Parlor**Soda Fountain.**Lunch Parlor.*

(Continued from page 189)

the frog presented his greenback, the lamb his fore-quarters, but the poor skunk was refused admission. He had only a scent and that was a bad one.

As the skunk turned away he met the sardine, who was going in, and he told his troubles to him.

"Oh, that's all right," said the sardine; "come with me, I have a box."

The skunk was very grateful and thanked the sardine profusely.

"Never mind the thanks, old man," said the sardine with only politeness, "I feel very kindly toward you because of our relationship. You know we both belong to the smelt family."

If advertising pays, many of the girls will be using Asbury hats.



I invite an early inspection of my line of
Shirtings---for 1908

Orders entrusted to my care will receive prompt and careful attention.

ALBERT CAHN

SHIRT MAKER 1322 Farnam St. MEN'S FURNISHER

FRESHMAN YELL.

I want to go home, boo hoo, boo ba;

I want to go home to Ma and Pa;

Freshman! Freshman! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Bessie T. (translating "I love you and you love me" in German)—
"Lch liebe sie"—then a pause—

German teacher: "Arn't you sure of the second part?"

Twixt handkerchief and nose

A difference arose;

And a tradition goes

That they settled it by blows.

"There was a crowd, for there were three,

The girl, the parlor lamp and he;

Two is company, and, no doubt,

That is why the lamp went out."

—Ex.

Miss Davies, in history—"Yes, Miss Hash, what do you know about that?"

"Conductor, which end of the car shall I get off?"

"Either end, madam. They both stop."

On being told her husband was quite a model Mrs. Givit Back looked the word up in the dictionary where she found—"Model—a small imitation of the real thing."



SIT IT OUT OR DANCE IT OUT

However you spend your days there is nothing like
a Columbia Graphophone for the long evenings.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.,

1621 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

Please mention The High School Register when answering advertisements.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

(and others) who desire to
use printing of the finest
grade are invited to call on

DOUGLAS
PRINTING
COMPANY

314-16 S. 19th St.

or Telephone "Douglas 644" and
we will call upon you with sam-
ples and prices of our work. X X

WE PRINT THE REGISTER.