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Vol. XXIII, No. I

1908

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Published Monthly from September to June by the Students of the OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL

LYLE ROBERTS
Editor

Entered at the Omaha postoffice
as second-class matter

HARRY DRUCKER
Business Manager

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Number 1.

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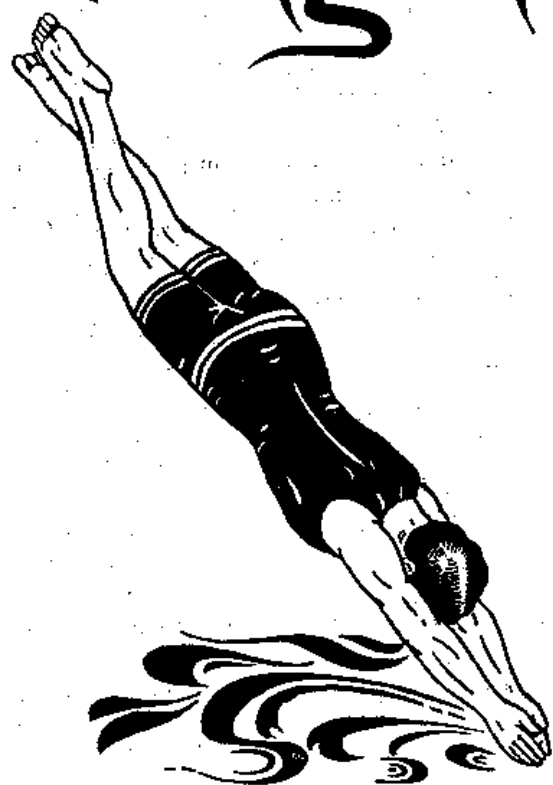
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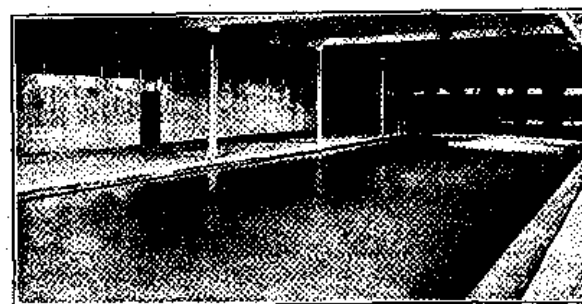
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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

Volume XXIII

OMAHA, SEPTEMBER, 1908

Number 1

A River Tragedy.

The Reverend Elijah Jeremiah Jones, a most worthy representative of the strict Orthodox Methodist church, leaned against the rail of the river boat with an air of quiet satisfaction. Unconsciously he was watching the passing beauties of the shore along the Ohio river while inwardly surveying his past and present life. Evidently it measured up to his code for something—almost a smile—hovered about his usually stern mouth. And, had he not good reason to smile? Was not *he*, the Reverend Elijah Jeremiah Jones, now answering a call to minister to the good people of Rome, Ohio?

"And then," he thought, "there is my pretty little wife, Alice, the very personification of everything good and true. And little Tommy, too. Ah! My cup is brimming over." He paused in his meditations to look at a comparatively young woman, who was carrying a struggling child in her arms. Yes, she was pretty—her hair was lovely, piled high in charming little puffs and curls. That was the way his Alice wore her hair. But in his efforts to get away, the child clutched at his mother's hair and then wildly waved a row of dangling puffs and curls in the air. The now deposed beauty tried to hide her scanty wad of hair, and dragging her son unmercifully after her made off toward her cabin below.

The Rev. Jones was shocked, horrified! "Such falseness! Shocking! Those—those—in his indignation he could not find the proper word—"those things" must have cost a great deal. And the money so foolishly spent might have been used for the education of "the Chinese girl who is to be a French teacher in Norway," he continued mournfully, for at present this was his pet charity. Framing a sermon on the vanity of women, he made his way toward his cabin when he spied his young son, chanting with several companions:

"Little whiff of powder
Little puff of hair,
Make the chorus lady
Look like she was fair."

"Atrocious," muttered the Rev. Elijah, "that even my little Tommy should be so contaminated," and with righteous wrath the reverend man dragged the child to his cabin where he severely reprimanded him.

"Take your mother as your ideal Tommy," and he smiled affectionately at his wife who was closing a valise.

"No! No! Elijah, you don't know—"

"Now, Alice, praise is perfectly proper when one deserves it and you certainly do—you, who are so much above the base deceptions and vanities of other women."

"Let me tell you," Alice broke in.

"What?"

"That I—that I—that we land in an hour," she supplied hastily. "Everything is ready, but perhaps you had better take a last look around to see if we have everything. Tommy and I are going up on deck now, and together they passed out.

The Reverend Elijah sat for a moment thinking what a charming wife he had, then he turned his attention to gathering several trifles. Finally taking a last survey of the room, his eyes fell on an object hanging on the chandelier. He stopped winking, his eyes slowly widening with the horror of his discovery. Step by step he advanced upon the pray—a row of false puff and curls of the same peculiar shade of hair as his wife's, his Alice, whom but five minutes before he had said was above the base falseness and deceptions of other women.

He felt of the puff gingerly, almost praying that he might be mistaken, but no, they only dangled tantalizingly before his eyes. Then he counted them—"one, two, three, four, good Lord! there are eight," the Reverend Jones was not purposely profane.

"As a minister it is my duty, as well as my desire," and he blinked uncompromisingly at the puff, "to relieve my wife of these instruments of vanity and wickedness."

Unconsciously his eyes fell on Tommy's large, white rubber ball—then an inspiration came. With a vengeance he pinned the puff securely to the ball. Then slipping it under his coat he made his way to the rear and unfrequented end of the boat and unnoticed dropped the ball into the river.

With a sigh of relief and of satisfaction, he walked to the other side to upbraid his wife for her duplicity.

Before he found her, cries of "Someone overboard," turned him from his course, to the rear deck where everyone was rushing. At some distance from the boat could be seen the head of someone, who kept afloat with ease. A boat was quickly lowered and sent to the relief of the unfortunate person.

The Reverend Elijah Jeremiah Jones prayed silently while the rest

of the passengers stood with bated breath. A shudder ran through the crowd as a sailor was seen to pull only a head out of the water. What horrible tragedy had occurred in this peaceful bend of the Ohio river?

Slowly the rescuers rowed back toward the boat, which had now considerably lessened its speed.

Women left the deck not caring to see the horrible spectacle. The onlookers were shocked at the levity of the rescuing party and what was their horror when a sailor picked up the head and threw it into the center of the crowd. There was a quick stampede but too late. It hit the floor with a dull, sickening thud—even strong men shut their eyes in horror. The Rev. Jones was now praying aloud. But strange to say it bounced upward and hit the sedate clergyman in the face—then fell with another dull thud. Again people shuddered. In the following silence little Tommy Jones gave a wicked little laugh and cried out, "Why dad, there's my ball with ma's puff on it."

HELEN B. SORENSON, '09.

The Wish of a Ring.

The lumbermen were at the long pine boards in the mess room when the sub-foreman, Jim Hayes, rushed in, waving a telegram.

"Sherwood's goin' ter bring his wife and daughter here with him tomorrow," he shouted.

Immediately the room was in an uproar. It certainly was a treat to have the owner of the section come, for he brought news from the outside world, which they only knew from old newspapers. But his daughter!—that beautiful girl who whirled in society—they all turned to the three new men to explain that when she had visited the camp a few years previous, she was very attractive, but from what they had heard of her since, she must now be beautiful. Then they all ran off to "fix up" to suit the occasion while the irate cook scanned the untasted food on the table.

* * *

At Helena, Mr. Sherwood had secured accommodations and was being drawn across the route to the lumber district in Washington. At a one-horse station called Willton, they took the bus for a seven-mile ride to Sherwood's Lumber camp. After about two miles of the ride had been passed, Mrs. Sherwood, who was an invalid, asked for her salts. While her daughter, Nanette, handed them to her, she spied a newspaper which she hailed as a diversion. It was an old copy of a Butte paper, left there, perhaps, by some bus passenger. After glancing over the first page carelessly she turned to the second, where the

picture of a familiar face attracted her attention. Underneath it was the name, "Roy Harkless."

"Why father," she exclaimed, "this paper says the 'Roy Harkless, son of John Harkless, of Butte, has disappeared, after a disagreement with his father over money matters,' she read. 'He has not been heard of since he left home, Wednesday evening. That's just eight days ago!'"

"John Harkless' son! And over money matters, too. Well, I don't blame the lad, his father was quite close-fisted when it came to money. I only hope the boy hasn't done anything rash."

"And here is his description, too," continued Nanette, "They offer \$500 reward for information as to his whereabouts, just like a common criminal," she added contemptuously.

"Do you know him?" asked her father.

"Why certainly. We were at High school together and he took me to the Senior dance," she answered. "You remember him don't you, mother?"

"If I remember rightly, he is that honest, straight-forward looking fellow, who brought you home from school that windy day, two or three winters ago."

"Yes, that is he," Nanette said. Her thoughts stole back to that blustery day when she was in her Senior year of High school. The drifted snow had blocked all street cars and he offered to take her home. It was quite a distance, so he telephoned for his sleigh.

She looked at the circlet of gold on her hand that had never been off of her fourth finger since that ride homeward; and she blushed a becoming pink. She wondered if he had taken his ring off—that heavy gold band, set with a sparkling diamond, that she had once weighed in the hollow of her pink palm. He had said, "I will tell you my wish some day, when I find courage enough," as he slipped her diamond and ruby ring on. She could see him now, nestled in the lap robe, his merry blue eyes smiling at her, his aquiline nose, carefully parted hair—Her father's voice broke her reverie.

"Here's a pretty good description of him. 'Light brown hair, aquiline nose, blue eyes, smooth shaven, pretty good looking chap,'" he interposed, "'about six feet one tall, broad shouldered and twenty-seven years of age.'"

"When last seen, he wore a light gray suit, lavender shirt-waist, white tie, and a gray slouch hat. Information of his whereabouts will be gratefully received by his parents."

Sherwood sank back against the seat and examined the top of the bus.

"Feel sorry for the chap and his mother, but not for Harkless. He deserves it, although it's pretty tough, Roy being the only boy."

"I feel sorry for all of them," said Nanette slowly. "Don't you feel a little sorry for his father?" she asked quietly.

"I don't know," he said a trifle impatiently, for only five miles had been covered, and bouncing on the springless wagon kept him from falling asleep.

They arrived at Sherwood camp at about 5 o'clock. As the bus rounded a curve, a tremendous shout shook the surrounding trees and a hundred tongues of the forests sang it on for a few seconds. "They're come, they're come," they yelled.

"Hello, boys," shouted Mr. Sherwood, as he jumped out, glad to stretch his legs. But the men were pre-occupied. They crowded around the bus door, each one looked at his neighbor to see that his hair was straightened and his hat held in his chest.

"My daughter, Miss Sherwood," said her father, waving his hand to the assemblage. They bowed in acknowledgment as the only daughter of their employer supported her mother, as they passed between the lumberjacks.

Mr. Sherwood came to the camp every autumn to inspect before the winter work began. But owing to his wife's ill health he, thought that the air at the camp, loaded with the balm of fresh pines, would benefit her greatly. So now they were shown to the foreman's house, which was theirs while they stayed.

Mr. Sherwood lingered, joking with the men. "Say Keath," he called addressing the foreman, "I want to know the three new men."

The men came forward.

"This is Sam Swanson, Mr. Sherwood," touching a heavily built, typical lumberman on the arm.

"Glad to see you, Swanson," said Mr. Sherwood cordially. "Hope you'll like the work here."

"Thank'ee, sir," he answered clumsily.

"And this is Jim Lyons, sir," he continued. Lyons bent his legs stiffly and murmured, "How d'ye do, Mr. Sherwood, sir."

"Mr. Sherwood, this is Carl Page. He is sort of an assistant. When I'm in one building he's in the other," he explained.

He was quite tall, and his face was decorated with a fuzzy reddish-brown mustache, and beard that partly concealed his well-formed mouth. His light brown hair was smooth and shiny and his blue eyes singularly merry. He extended his well-formed hand, which Mr. Sherwood shook cordially.

"Do you have much trouble with the men?" he asked.

"Oh, no sir, they're very agreeable" he answered.

His twang was different from the lumberman's—not that droning sound that is only a lumberman's—and Mr. Sherwood noticed it.

"Were you a foreman before you came here?" he asked narrowly.

"Oh, no sir, I-er-a was working in Chicago before I came here."

"You'd better go now, sir, Mr. Sherwood, because the bell for mess-er-dinner, will ring soon now, sir."

"Alright Keath," he said as he walked away. "Hope you'll like

it here boys," he added. "That fellow, Page, is an escaped convict, or something else," he thought as he walked towards his quarters.

The men filed in as the mess bell rang. An awed silence filled the room as their employer entered, with his wife and Nanette. They had a separate little table, and Nanette sat facing the lumbermen's board. To see between fifty and sixty rough, brawny lumberjacks seated at mess is a sight which very few eastern people have witnessed.

They are seated at tables about twenty-five feet long—tables of rough pine, laid across horses and unornamented by a cloth. Knives and forks are sometimes given, but seldom used.

Nanette faced such an unusual scene. She noticed that the new man, Page, used both knife and fork, but a few others used their knives to shovel in their food.

After the meal, the foreman came over to Sherwood's table.

"Miss Sherwood," he said, "I'll try to show you about, but when I'm busy, Page, the new man, will. He seems to understand pretty well."

"Oh, thank you, very much. I've forgotten all you taught me when I was here last," she said, laughingly.

The next few days passed without much interest. Mr. Sherwood was busy inspecting and arranging; Mrs. Sherwood felt better after her daily walks and Nanette spent her time accompanying her mother on walks, or running from one milk house to the other with the foreman or Page.

Her second Thursday at the camp broke beautifully radiant, and about 10 o'clock just as she started out for a stroll, Page came up to her and touched his cap respectfully.

"Good morning, Miss Sherwood," he said, "I'm unoccupied at present, so I thought you'd like to see the new circular saw, we just had put up in the sawing house."

"Oh, yes, I'd be delighted if you're sure it won't trouble you."

"Not at all," he reassured her, "it will be quite a pleasure."

"How gallant!" she murmured.

After a walk of about a quarter of a mile they came to the rough shanty where the scaled logs are first sent to be sawed in halves or quarters. Nanette stood awed beside the huge saw that buzzed and stung at the wood, like a hive of angry bees. A wee bit of her old mischief over the revolving saw. Instantly, as might be expected, the wheel caught the lacy edge and whirled it around two or three times before Page's strong arm shot out and grabbed it.

She smiled as he handed her the shredded remains of the lace-edged linen.

"What did you bother for?" she asked, winding the frayed pieces around her left hand.

"For quite a few reasons," he answered, smiling at her. "I wanted to save the saw from being caught, and losing some teeth, to get your handkerchief for you, and also, if I may add, to see if I could

catch it. But I'm afraid, I got the worst of it," he added ruefully, looking at his left hand from which a little red stream ran.

"O-oh-oh!" she cried. "You'd better come and let me bind it up for you."

"That's nothing," he added carelessly. "I'll stay here."

"But you have to take me home—I mean back, you know," she said smiling.

"Oh, excuse me, I'd forgotten," he said gravely.

So they started back from the sawing house, walking under Nature's arches, the trees, that were frost-bitten to the most brilliant hues.

Nanette had on a red sweater and Tam-o'-Shanter; Page was still wearing his leathern apron. It was quite chilly, and Nanette's cheeks were pink with the glow of youth.

"Let me see your hand again," she commanded.

They both stopped and she began to examine the fourth finger which was quite badly lacerated, when she came upon a ring partly covered by blood. It was of curious workmanship, being extremely heavy looking, with a head on each side of a brilliant diamond, the hair forming the setting. Where had she seen this ring, or one just like it, before? Her face grew hot as she remembered vividly the ride homeward in a sleigh that snowy day with—"Roy!" she exclaimed, and looking up, to Page's face, she saw a hand grasp the beard and mustache, and whisk them off, and there was Roy Harkless!

In a few minutes all was explained, and their thoughts returned to the wounded hand.

"I must bind it up," she said. "May I take the ring off?" she asked.

"No, it has never been—oh, yes, you may take it off, if you tell me the wish," he added quickly.

"Yours first," she said.

"No, yours," he insisted.

"Alright," she assented. "Mine was that your wish would come true," she said, smiling.

"Really?" he asked eagerly.

"Why yes. Why?" she inquired.

"Because, because mine was that some day you'd come to me and that we'd have a home all to ourselves, you and I Nanette. Will you?" he asked gently.

"I suppose I'll have to stand by my wish, but really, Roy," he bent eagerly towards her; "I think I would have granted it anyhow," she said in her straight-forward way.

Never did the sun shine on two more happy people, and to them the world seemed to sing for very joy.

That night the telegraph operator sent a message to Mrs. John Harkless.

"Am working at Sherwood's lumber camp, in employ of Nanette."

Best Love,

"Roy."



ELLIS U. GRAFF.

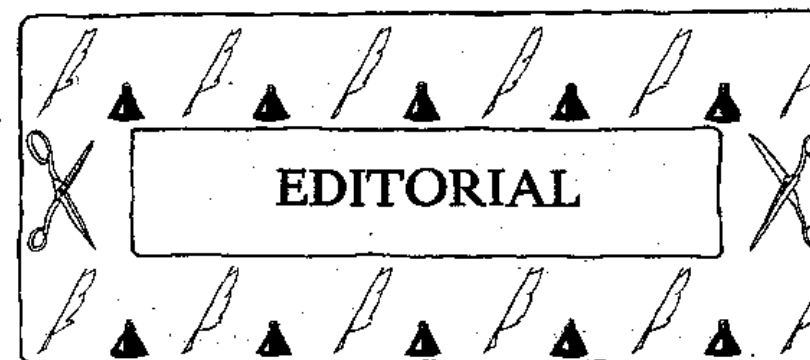
To the Members of the Omaha High School:

I wish to thank the editor of the Register for this opportunity to extend a word of greeting to the pupils of the Omaha High school. It is with a feeling of genuine pleasure and a sincere interest in the welfare of the school that I take up my work with you. I have already had occasion to express my appreciation of the attitude of loyalty and school spirit which I have found among you and I feel sure that such spirit existing, we are sure to have a pleasant and profitable high school year. My one regret in entering upon the duties of my position, is that I have been unable to meet all the pupils of the school and to become acquainted with you. I hope that I may be able to remedy this deficiency before the year is finished.

May I express a wish to be of the great possible service to each pupil in his school life. If there is any way in which I can help you during the coming year, I shall consider it a favor if you will let me know.

Sincerely yours,

E. U. GRAFF.



Our Principal.

As the Register, with its new staff makes its formal bow to the public, there is another who comes before the school at the same time, one who is to guide the O. H. S. through the years to come, and one who, if the prophesies of those who already know him count, will guide it unerringly and well. Mr. E. U. Graff, our new principal, comes to our school as a champion of all that is good and wholesome in High school affairs, and although it is with extreme regret that we think of the loss of Mr. Waterhouse, the Register, in behalf of the students of the Omaha High school, extends a most hearty welcome to Mr. Graff.

But if the O. H. S. is to continue in its almost unheard of advance in all lines, the principal must have the co-operation of every student. He cannot perform his difficult task of maintaining the present high standing of the school among the other high schools of the country unless every pupil does his best and recognizes that the school comes before the individual.

The best way to support the school is to support the principal. If he requires of the school what may seem an injustice to a student here and there, stop and consider whether or not his wishes are for the good of the school. In practically every case they will be found to be so.

The great trouble with us as High school students, is that we dislike to think, when thought is all that is necessary to make us see things as they are, and not as some knocker sees them. We are too ready to side with the few who are dissatisfied, when we should stand up for the O. H. S. by loyally supporting our principal and by ceasing to bother him with our petty personal troubles.

There is one more thing which we ought to consider in connection with our new principal. Mr. Graff has not been with us very long, but every day he is surely learning more and more about the school. We

wonder whether his opinion of the O. H. S. grows better or worse as the days go by. We hope that he is not disappointed. But it lies with us whether or not our school comes up to his expectations. Let us show him that it can surpass them. In our athletics, in our battalion, in our class meetings, in our loyalty to our school, and last, but not least, in our recitation rooms; let us show him that ours is a school to be proud of. Let us prove to him that nowhere can be found a school better than the O. H. S.

A New Plan.

We are putting forth our best efforts this year to make the Register the paper it really ought to be. We are only too willing to do our part, provided our readers do theirs. The Register, to a very great extent, depends upon the advertisements in each issue. The business men who place those advertisements there believe in the Omaha High school, and do all they can to help it along. Is it more than right that we should show our appreciation by patronizing them?

We have several hundred cards in the Register office which we want you to ask for. When you enter a store or office and make a purchase it will require no work to give the salesman one of these cards, which will be forwarded immediately to the advertising department. By these means advertisers can see the results they are obtaining and consequently the Register will be benefitted.

This is a new plan. Its success or failure depends upon you. We will do our part and are confident that you will do yours. Boost for the Register and watch the Register boost for you.

We regret to announce the death in Colorado of Dr. Francis Jacob Gish, a former editor of the Register.



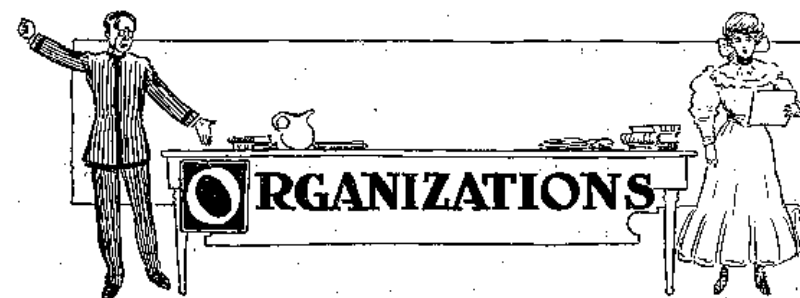
The Register, in behalf of the students of the Omaha High school, extends its most sincere sympathy to Helen and John Rayley, who lost their mother last summer.



We were very sorry to hear of the death of Morton Waugh, a former High school boy and brother of Charles Waugh.



We wish to express our sincerest sympathy to Mme. Chatelain, who suffered the loss of her husband a few weeks ago.



With the beginning of another year our thoughts once more turn to Literary work. Last year a great interest was taken in the literary societies as is shown by the enthusiasm taken in the joint meetings in 204 and 304. We are hoping that this same enthusiasm will be maintained this year. We know it will if each one does his part. A great many of the girls' literary societies had elections of officers before the close of last year.

D. D. S.

The last meeting of the year was given up to the election of officers, at which the following results were obtained: President, Frederic McConnell; vice-president, Donald Atchison; secretary, Coe Buchanan; treasurer, Warren Hamilton; sergeant-at-arms, Alfred Kennedy; librarian, Wallace Troup.

The chairman of the program committee for the following year will be Edwin Rosenberg.

A special feature of the meeting was a talk by Prof. A. H. Waterhouse, the founder of the D. D. S.

WEBSTER-CICERONIAN.

The Webster-Ciceronian elected officers at the close of the last semester. They are as follows: President, Evan Rogers; vice-president, Claude Neavels; secretary, Donald Wood; treasurer, Stanton Salisbury; sergeants-at-arms, Joe Woolery, Victor Kaley.

With this new set of officers the society expects to have a banner year.

The final meetings of last year were characterized by a large attendance and much enthusiasm which are expected to remain leading features this year, especially so, considering the strong reinforcements received from the recent union with the Ciceronian society.

The Margaret Fuller society elected: Elizabeth Doud, president; Winifred Cox, vice-president; Henrietta Gilmore, secretary; Jasmine Sherraden, treasurer; Bessie Latey, sergeant-at-arms.

The Elaine society had an election of officers which resulted as follows: Gretchen McConnell, president; Mona Cowell, vice-president; Lucy Finlayson, secretary; Margaret Cole, treasurer; Marie Hodge, editor; Geraldine Gifford and Henrietta Flack, sergeants-at-arms.

The Browning society elected Marv Phillippi, president; Marion Carpenter, vice-president; Margaret Fahs, secretary; Daisy Fry, treasurer; Florence Nason, editor; Czarina Hall, sergeant-at-arms.

The Hawthorne society elected the following officers: Pauline Gale, president; Alice Gidcon, vice-president; Florence Rosenzweig, secretary and treasurer; Nellie Pritchard, sergeant-at-arms; Margaret Walker, reporter.

The Pleiades society elected Mary Roe, president; Florence Smith, vice-president; Louise Copeland, secretary; Ruth McDonald, treasurer; Ruth Cowgill, sergeant-at-arms; Ruth McIlvaine, reporter.

The Frances E. Willard society elected: Marjory Beckett, president; Edna Ostrom, vice-president; Antonia Daugard, secretary; Edith Jacobsen, sergeant-at-arms.

The Lininger Travel club elected: Pearl Janney, president; Katherine Lenhart, vice-president; Ruth Lake, secretary; Elsie Peterson, treasurer; Leah Jones, editor; Martina Swenson, sergeant-at-arms.

DEBATING.

The scenes have been shifted, and we are now entering another year; a year which, without a doubt, will go down in the annals of debating as a memorable one; a year which, if present indications mean anything, will without doubt be the brightest and most fruitful in the history of debating in the O. H. S. In the times of Bryson, Cherrington, Swenson, Jorgenson and Hunter, debating was great, but we have even better prospects and have excellent chances to outstrip by far all previous records.

We have, as a starter, secured Ben Cherrington as debating coach. This assures us not only well drilled teams, but something more; for Mr. Cherrington has expressed himself in favor of a series of inter-society debates. Also it is proposed to start a class in public speaking. Finally another scheme proposed by our new coach is to have a squad of about ten or fifteen boys chosen by preliminaries. These men will be drilled in both sides of the question, trained in the rudiments of oratory, and finally from these a team will be chosen. This will insure a good team, and therefore make the place one of more honor and one more to be striven for.

Besides these facts, we also have most of our old stars back, Drucker, Rosenberg, Ross, Roe, and Ryan are all back anxious to be in the fray. There is also a supply of very promising young material from whom the aides of the veterans can be chosen.

The season was opened by a debate in the Y. M. C. A. on Friday, Sept. 18th. It was on the merits of the Republican and Democratic platforms.

Now, let us all get out and boost for debating and our school. Let us co-operate with Mr. Graff and Mr. Cherrington, and by our support, boost debating. Let us show the famous O. H. S. spirit, and we can rest assured that in this year debating will reach its par and will go down in our annals as the greatest year of debating in the O. H. S.



The outlook for a successful year in drill is most promising and indications are that the Omaha High school battalion this year will eclipse those of all previous years.

Starting drill Tuesday, Sept. 15th, things rapidly rounded into shape. The officers, although laboring under difficulties, due to the absence of the commandant, Capt. Oury, have so far succeeded very well and deserve to be complimented. An unusually large consignment of new members has been assigned to the various companies and, although they have the usual green appearance, it is easy to see that there is excellent material among them.

Among the changes in the battalion this year is the changing of the name of the Signal Corps to Co. G, and the making it into a regular Infantry company with no signaling whatever. This sets the company on the same footing with the other companies and gives it an equal chance for the flag. To all present indications it will not be out of this race for the flag, for with its present corps of officers and men it is certain to make an excellent showing in its first annual public exhibition.

Arrangements are being made to have the cadets take part in the Ak-Sar-Ben parade and three picked companies will represent the Omaha High school.

Until the return of Capt. Oury, about Oct. 1st, the Battalion will be in charge of Capt. Buchanan, Acting Commandant. Aiding him will be the following officers, who have been appointed:

STAFF.

First Lieutenant and Adjutant—Claude Neavles.

First Lieutenant and Quartermaster—Will Haynes.

Ordinance Officer—Frederick McConnell.

Sergeant Major—Porter Spaulding.

Q. M. Sergeant—Harold Graham.

Company A—Captain, Herbert Ryan; first lieutenant, Wyatt Richie; third lieutenant, Stanton Salisbury; sergeants, Alfred Kennedy,

Don Pittman, Sanford Spratlin, Merrill Rohrbough; corporals, Benson Rowley, Edwin Anderson, Elbert Wade, Raymond Atzen, Alfred Peterson, Lothardt Jensen.

Company B—Captain, Donald Wood; first lieutenant, acting, DeWitt Babbitt; first sergeant, Warren Howard; sergeants, Chandler Trimble, John Chadwick, George Johnson; corporals, Paul King, Warren Carey.

Company C—Captain, Sigurd Larmon; first lieutenant, Geo. Bufington; second lieutenant, Herbert Kessler; third lieutenant, Fred Frederickson; sergeants, first, Milton Weeks; Q. M., Clarence Allyn; second, Fred Fernald; third, Fred Boien; fourth, Stuart Gould; fifth, Russell Lockwood; corporals, Phil Downes, Irvin Hughes.

Company D—Captain, Sam Carrier; second lieutenant, Geo. Parish; sergeants, first, Lumir C. Burish; Q. M., James McAllister; second, Phillip McCullough; third, Robt. McCague; fourth, Stanley Beranek; corporals, Roy Young, Frank Daley, Donald Howe, Albert Cahn, Leland Wykert.

Company E—Captain, Max Flothow; first lieutenant, Coe Buchanan; second lieutenant, Fred Carlson; third lieutenant, Lothar Egan; sergeants, Calvin Davis, Allan Tukey, Hiram Salisbury; corporals, Dexter Corson, Lawrence Chapman.

Company F—Captain, Howard Roe; first lieutenant, Lyle Roberts; second lieutenant, Evan Rogers; sergeants, first, Clarence Patton; second, Henry Hansen; third, Kenneth Hatch; corporals, Fred Larson, Emil Willrodt.

Company G—Captain, Harry Drucker; second lieutenant, (acting) Joseph Noone; sergeants, first, Geo. Geib, Q. M. (acting), Barton, Nash.

That the encampment of the battalion last June was a success in the eyes of the people of Blair is proved by the following, which appeared in the Blair Tribune in connection with a letter from Guy C. Wood, First Lieut. Adjutant:

THE CADET ENCAMPMENT.

Our city was favored with the encampment of the Omaha High school battalion of cadets from Monday to Saturday of last week, and let it be said to their credit, never was a more gentlemanly bunch entertained by our city. Perfect order was maintained at the camp and in the visits of the boys up town while off duty. The committee in charge are enthusiastic over the treatment accorded them by the Commandant, Capt. W. H. Oury of the regular army. May they come again is the wish of all our citizens.



Once again the old gridiron on the hill is called into service, and the ground is packing hard under many energetic feet, eager to win their laurels on the football field.

Never before in the history of the school have athletics looked so bright as at the present time. Our new principal, Professor Graff, is an ardent supporter of all athletics and under his auspices even the school board seems to suddenly have taken a lively interest in our football team. They have procured for us a coach, the best to be found in the state, and are thinking seriously of removing the driveway at the west of the school and extending our field. To top all their kindness, the school board are furnishing the team with what is known as a dummy, a device for the squad to practice tackling.

With such facilities and able coaching our team promises to be one of, if not the fastest in the state.

About half of last year's team are with us, among whom are Harold McKinney, Warren Howard, Ray McWhinney, "Rube" Nash, "Chuck" Gardner, Wilson and our "star" quarterback, Lehmer.

But the thing that makes the team look most promising is the splendid quality as well as quantity that have come out in their football garb, every one with the intention of making a place on the team.

Practice started on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 10, Cherrington putting the boys through some preliminary work consisting of running and passing the ball. Real practice however, started on the following Monday with every fellow of the fifty candidates fighting hard for a place on the team.

With such brilliant prospects for a fine team every student in the Omaha High school should make up his mind to do his part in winning the championship of the state. For without the support of the student body, girls as well as boys, no team, no matter what the material, training and coaching, can prosper.

In former years students have said, "Why, what can I do to help the team win games?" Every pupil in the school has that priv-

ilege. In the first place, go to the games and cheer, cheer for your team. Every football man will tell you what new strength and courage is given him by a powerful cheer from the side lines. Every boy or girl with only a spark of loyalty to their school should be present at not only the first game, but at every game played on our home grounds.

This year, as never before, loyalty and patriotism to the school seem to prevail. Even the class of 1908 are showing up in full ranks. They have placed a cannon at Dietz park and for every touchdown the Old School makes they will fire a shell. Already they have accumulated 100 shells, and are figuring on more. Will Omaha be champions of the state? At present indications certainly point that way. So come out one and all to our first game and give cheer for old O. H. S.

O-O-OMA; A-A-AHA;
O-ma-ha; High School.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Among the throngs of students in the halls the first week of school were seen many faces of the alumni, and former students of the O. H. S. Some came back because they couldn't stay away; others returned to say a last farewell. Among the number we noted the familiar faces of Mr. Gilbert Barnes, '08; Mr. Carroll Belden, '07; Mr. Harris Vance, '08; Mr. Robert Stout, '09; Miss Grace McBride, '08, and Miss Lucille Patterson, '08.

The marriage of Miss Grace Whittaker of the class of '08, to Mr. Gale of this city took place since the close of school in June.

Miss Helen Wright, a well known and popular member of the class of '08, has just returned from a delightful summer vacation in Europe. She starts the thirteenth of this month for Smith college where she will enter her freshman year.

Mr. Ben M. Cherrington of the class of '04, has been elected by the Board of Education as director of athletics and debating in the Omaha High school. When a student in the High school he not only took an active part in athletics, but also in debating. He was prominent in the battalion having served as Captain of Co. B. His enthusiasm and interest in debating and athletics are sure to carry the entire school with him. The result will be an aroused school spirit which will mean much for the present and future good of the High school.

Miss Caroline Congdon of the class of '08, is to enter Vassar college this fall. She will soon become as prominent there as here.

Miss Emily Dyer of the class of '08, has returned to her home in Mexico City, where she is to spend the coming winter.

Mr. Herbert Shrum, '06, who has been attending Purdue university, has been made Captain of Co. A of Purdue.

Miss Myra Breckenridge, '07, has returned to Smith, where she will enter her sophomore year.

Mr. David L. Oberg, '08, editor-in-chief of the Register last year, has returned to his home in California. He will enter the University of California next year.

Miss Marguerite Kennedy, '07, will enter her sophomore year at Wellesley.

Mr. Louis Haller, '07, will attend the University of Michigan as a sophomore.

Mr. Edwin Kirschbraun, '08, will attend the University of Michigan.

The marriage of Miss Adele McHugh, '06, to Mr. Claire L. Baird of Omaha, occurred on Wednesday, September 9th.

Miss Caroline Harding, a prominent member of the class of '08 is attending the Misses Liggett's school, Detroit, where she will prepare to enter Vassar.

Miss Nell Carpenter, a prominent and popular member of '08, will enter Wellesley as a Freshman.

Miss Margaret Lee will study domestic science at a school in the suburbs of Boston.

Sam Carrier—

You can hear him in the cellar,
You can hear him in the hall,
But when he's in a class room
You can hear him not at all.

Miss Sullivan in English class—"Miss Withnell, what would you do if a man came up to you in the middle of the street, and said he loved you?"

Miss Withnell—"Er-r-I don't know."

Chambers' High School Dancing class, season 1908-1909, commencing Saturday, October 3rd from 8 to 10 p. m., beginners one hour earlier. First night, complimentary. Past pupils and friends call at office for admission card. Twelve week, \$8; season, \$15; past pupils, \$12.

50

LOCALS.

Back Again!

Once more we return to the school on the hill for another year of work, intermixed with its joys and pleasures. The school is somewhat changed, for last year's seniors are now alumni and in their stead have come the large annual batch of freshmen, larger than ever this year. We are about to enter upon what promises to be the most successful year the High school has ever seen. Experienced coaching, combined with the splendid material which we have, is bound to produce champion athletic and debating teams. The football season is now on. Boost!

Isaac Carpenter, who left school last February, to accompany his parents upon a European trip, is again in school.

Miss Nellie Fay, who has had charge of the book room for some years past, was married the first part of the month.

A. W. Parker has been elected assistant janitor, thereby making it possible to have a night watchman at the High school.

The commandant's office has been moved to Room 34, as the office used last year has been converted into a recitation room.

We regret the loss of several of our most enthusiastic teachers and especially Professor A. H. Waterhouse, our former principal, who is now superintendent of schools at Fremont.

Mr. Congdon has accepted the position of Principal at the Fremont High school. Mr. Lansing is now head of the English department at the Agricultural College of Minnesota.

There have been very few new teachers added to the Faculty this year. We welcome to our midst Professor Ellis U. Graff as principal, Miss Edith Butler, Miss May Somers and Miss Neva Turner, teacher of domestic science.

Work will soon begin on the south wing of the new building, and it is hoped that it may be completed and ready for use when school opens next September. Complete particulars concerning this new wing will appear in the next issue of the Register.

Mr. and Mrs. Morand's High School class reopens on Saturday, October 10th, 8 p. m. The great success which our High school attained last season induces us to believe a continuance of the same patronage will be accorded us this fall. We respectfully refer to the officers of last year.

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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One of the visitors to the High school during the first week of school was C. F. Coulter of the Iowa State University. Mr. Coulter is a member of the Iowa University team which is soon to debate the University of Wisconsin and his visit to Omaha was for the purpose of gathering material for use in his debate.

Ben Cherrington, '04, has been engaged to coach the athletic and debating teams during the coming year. Mr. Cherrington was a prominent athlete and debater while in the High school, and since leaving it has proved a very successful athletic coach. The various athletic teams under his coaching have made a very excellent record, for they have won 106 games out of 138 played.

Last year a federation headed by Mr. Mosely sent 500 teachers over here from England to study American schools. Only one, however, came west of Chicago. This year 350 teachers will go from the U. S. and Canada to study English schools. Miss Kate McHugh, Miss Fitch and Mrs. Anderson are the representatives from Omaha. Miss McHugh and Miss Fitch left on the Caledonia for Glasgow, Sept. 19. Miss Anderson will go later. Scotland will be visited first, then England and Ireland. The teachers will return about the 1st of December, but Miss McHugh will spend some time visiting the eastern colleges and high schools, returning at the Christmas holidays.

We suggest that the officers of Co. G wear yellow chevrons in honor of their captain, the future football hero.

E. R. (Am. Hist.)—"The French came to America to gain power and fish."

Rayley (English—"Elaine had a case on Launcelot and on his shield, too."

Miss F. McHugh—"If you should see someone shivering in the outer office what emotion would you consider that to represent?"
B. S.—"Cold."

Dr. Senter—"I'd rather you wouldn't wave your hand at me; I don't believe in palmistry."

GEOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

The S(c)enter of the High school is located in room 301.

\$1.50



WE ARE MOVED TO REMARK.

That Uarda Scott has become Phil-ed with enthusiasm for football and football heroes.

That Harry Drucker needn't think he's the whole ocean just because he has a little wave in his hair.

That Geraldine Gifford has become an expert at Roe-ing.

That if Marie Hollinger's aspirations are indicated by her collars, she undoubtedly will reach Mars.

That Le Page's glue would materially aid Allan Tukey in keeping his locks in place.

That Kiewit prefers the "Iima" Books to the "Elsie" Books.

That Wood is a good substance to knock on, but that "Buzzard" might object.

That football players cannot drink water as they have iron constitutions and might rust.

That Gretchen Stout-ly denies any insinuations pertaining to Robert.

That we need material badly.

That it is up to YOU to help us out.

It may be stale, and old and dry;
What matters that—'tis still a joke.
You may have heard it a dozen times,
A joke's a joke for a' that,
And for a' that, and a' that,
A joke's a joke for a' that,

The Fall Term of the Mosher-Lampman Business College

has opened, but it is not too late for you to enter school.

This college has made the best record of any school ever started in Omaha.

Our attendance now is about fifty per cent larger than a year ago. There must be some reason for this. There must also be some reason why students are coming to our school from all other business colleges in the city. Here are a few of the reasons given for this:

First—We have the best rooms and equipments.

Second—We have the best systems of book-keeping and shorthand published.

Third—What is far more important, we have the most expert and capable teachers to be found in any business college in the West.

The large number of High School pupils who have enrolled in this college within the last few months is sufficient evidence that the students of the Omaha High School thoroughly appreciate the fact that we are running a school which stands in a class by itself.

We invite you to visit our college, examine our courses of study, meet the teachers, and see for yourself that the claims we are making are based upon FACT rather than FANCY.

Every High School student who calls at the college will be given, upon request, a beautiful souvenir.

If you cannot call, you should write today for a catalogue and specimens of beautiful penmanship.

Mosher-Lampman Business College

Seventeenth and Farnam Streets
OMAHA, NEBR.

Young Men's Suits

Our line of Suits and Overcoats for the young man this season is the most complete we have ever shown.

These Suits and Overcoats are strictly *young men's styles*, just a little ginger put in them, not enough to make them freakish, but just right.

Hats and Furnishing Goods for the young fellows are here also, and *correct*.

If you need a uniform you should order from us, and have one that fits, for there is nothing so noticeable as an ill-fitting uniform.

See the new Pennants.

Browning, King & Co.

Bell, Douglas 618--BOTH PHONES REACH ALL DEPTS.—Ind., A-1241

Men's Furnishings

ALWAYS ready to meet your wants and supply the best only. In neckwear the new fall patterns are beautiful. The popular shape is the four-in-hand style. Endless variety of patterns at 50 cents each. **WE SELL PENNANTS too.** O. H. S. Pennants galore; and from other schools and colleges as well. If we haven't what you want, let us order it. Only takes a couple of days. Stop in on your way from school. Meet your friends here. Always welcome.

Thompson Belden & Co.

Boost the Register by patronizing advertisers.

The following statistics are the result of accurate compilation on the part of a senior and therefore must be correct:

It is estimated that the acreage of all the girl's headgear in the High school, exclusive of teachers, if laid out in lots would be sufficient to permit of (1) Three football games; (2) One class rush, simultaneously.

If all the freshmen looking for elevators on the first day of school had found them it would take 7 elevators to supply the demand; 7 elevator men at \$50 per—total, \$350; a sum sufficient to buy one lunch counter meal a day for 817 years, 2 months, 189 days.

If all the looking glasses in all the girls lockers were taken out and placed in a row, side by side, it would take two Juniors and a Freshman to see to the end. If the mirrors were placed in a column, one on top of the other, and then pushed over, the crash would be sufficient to cause the Seniors who were studying in the library to stop studying for 4 2-5 seconds. Then they would all resume.

If all the ice cream which is eaten at the High school in a week were put in a solid mass, there would be enough to: Freeze a small polar bear to death in 2 minutes, 13 seconds; make the janitor start a furnace fire which would consume enough coal the first day to make it profitable to buy the ice cream and throw it into the river.

F. H. '09.

Engraved Invitations

Visiting Cards Coats of Arms Book Plates Monograms

"Matthews" name on your Stationery
signifies *Style, Quality and Excellence*

Fountain Pens that Write, every one Guaranteed

BOOK LOVERS WILL APPRECIATE THE TONE, VARIETY
AND SUPERIORITY OF OUR BOOK COLLECTION

Exclusive Designs in Brass Novelties

CHOICEST IMPORTED LEATHER GOODS

MATTHEWS BOOK AND PAPER SHOP
122 SOUTH 15TH STREET

Ask about our new card plan.

Lives of football men remind us,
We can write our names in blood,
And departing leave behind us
Half our faces in the mud.—Ex.

Clemmie looked at Verna—
Oh! what a pretty Miss;
He crept a little closer
Then gently stole a-way.

"All history repeats itself,"
A proverb says, I've heard,
But when in class I'm called upon,
It never says a word.

Some folks if they "make both ends meet"
Believe themselves in clover,
But others think it incomplete
Unless the ends lap over.

There once was a lad from Alibene,
Who was far from wise it would seem.
He lighted the fire with gasoline
And since then he hasn't benzene.

Freshie came to school one day,
Room he lost, right away;
Elevator to the basement took;
Senior spanked him with a book;
Home he ran to mamma.

Our Specialty

*Choice New Jewelry, 1908 Designs, is being received
daily and open for inspection.*

We carry many new and attractive styles of Shirt Waist Rings.

Diamonds, Watches and Stick-Pins

are found in our stock in great quantities. You are invited to call
and look over our store.



Mawhinney & Ryan Co.

Corner 15th and Douglas Sts.

Register advertisers merit your patronage.

Miller & Morrell

LEADING BARBERS

214 South 15th Street 213 South 16th Street

Employ the Best of Workmen
Eighth Floor New Brandeis Bldg.
Room 871

BATHS IN CONNECTION



BLACK

Men's Furnisher
and \$2.50 Hatter

109 South 16th St. OMAHA

C. B. BROWN & Co.

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

RELIABLE GOODS AT REASONABLE PRICES

222 South 16th Street



CORRECT DRESS FOR MEN AND BOYS

Young Men's Smart Suits

We've the young men's ideal Suits.
Suits that are dashing and distinctive.
These Suits have a swinging grace of
form, with "young man" written all
over their fashioning.

The fabrics are entirely new and
rather striking in effect. Our prices are
moderate. They always are.

\$7.50 up to \$25

We Make UNIFORMS of EVERY DESCRIPTION

Berg Clothing Co.

Tell them you saw their ad. in the Register.



The Columbia Graphophone plays all makes of records—disc or cylinder—and makes them sound almost as good as Columbia Records.

Outfits at all
Prices on
Easy Terms

Columbia disc and cylinder Records fit any "talking machine" and make it sound almost as good as a Columbia Graphophone.

Finest Tone, Longest Life,
Widest Choice



Columbia Graphophone Co.
1621 Farnam Street

Note Books Rings ..and.. Note Paper



Books and
Stationery

Omaha School
Supply Co.

Pasteurizing

is the only known process which will rid milk of all dangerous germs and impurities.

Use Pasteurized Milk and Cream

and you will be perfectly safe. Recommended by Department of Public Health at Washington, D. C. Sold only by the

Alamito Sanitary Dairy Co. (Incorporated)

Office, 1812 Farnam Street
Phone Douglas 411

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Natty Hats for
College Chaps....

\$2.50 and \$3.50

FALL STYLES IN

Kelley & Heyden

319-321 N. 16th St.

Diamonds Watches Jewelry
Silverware Cut Glass

Louis A. Borsheim
Jeweler and Silversmith

506 South 16th Street
Phone Red 6854 Op. Her Grand

Ask for the Little Brix of Ice Cream

MADE FROM PURE CREAM AT

SLOUP-SHERRY BOTTLING CO.

1513 Burt Street

SUCCESSORS TO M. R. WOOD

Telephone Douglas 7398

There was a great doctor named Herman,
And he was an eminent German,
On intimate terms with all kinds of germs,
Was Herman the great German germ man.—Ex.

Our cook, she was a sight for kings,
She had such lovely hair;
But once she made a big mistake
She laid it on a chair.
Her lover chanced to come along
He knew, now, which was "which,"
And there he saw his train of love
Wrecked by a misplaced switch.—Ex.

B. H.—"Do you think they will put the four wings on the building?"

Mr. Wigman—"Yes, and then she'll fly away."



No Kissing

is thought of when our Confectionery is at hand. Osculation may be sweet, but it can't beat our Candies in saccharine quality. If candy doesn't reach perfection in our goods, then it never will attain this point. The richest, most luscious and finest flavored productions made or sold anywhere comprise our assortment of indescribable temptations for young and old. Try our Merry Widow Chocolates at 35 cents a pound.

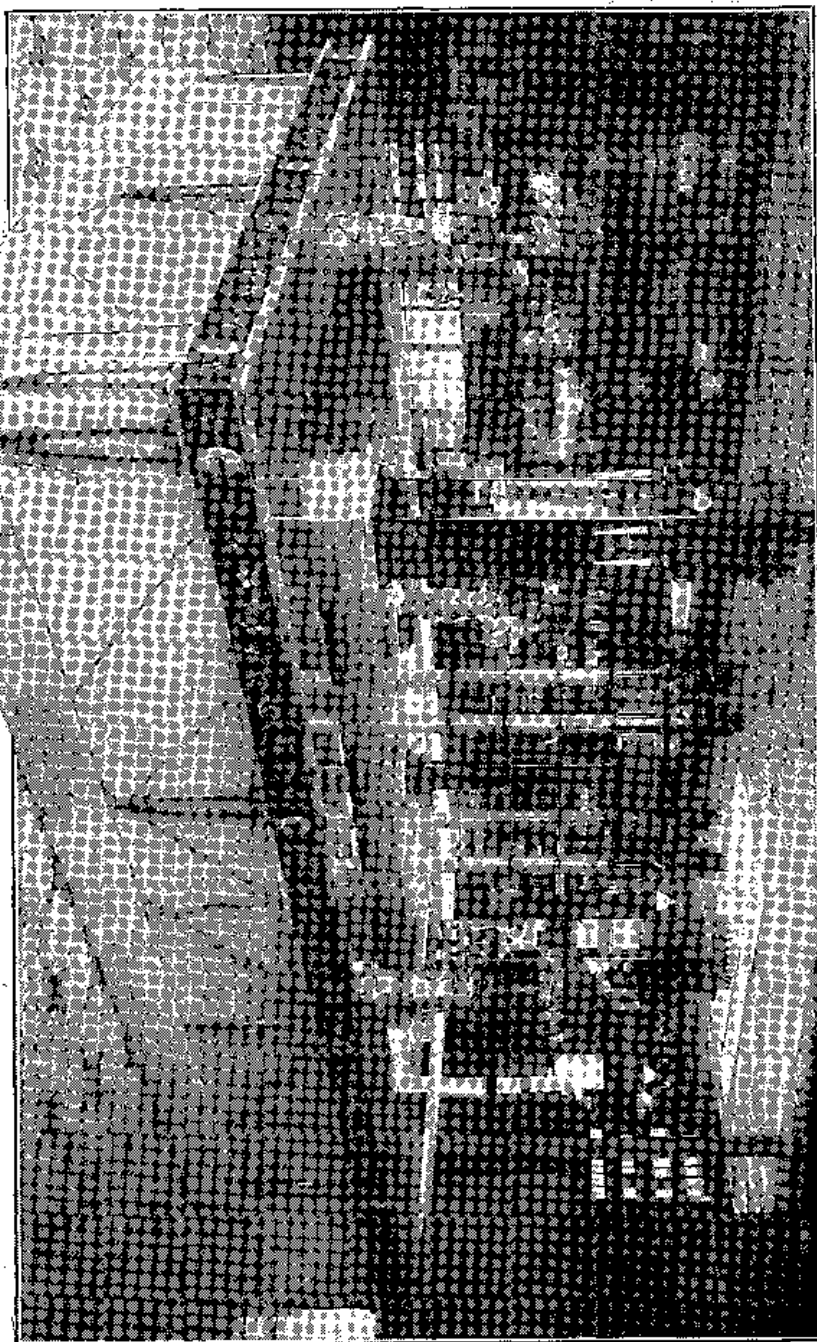
Olympia Candy Kitchen

1518 Harney St., Tel. Douglas 5200
First door West of Burwood

Ask about our new card plan.

650

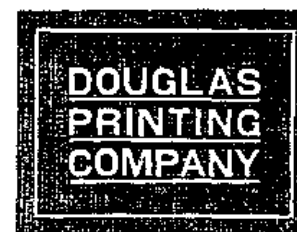
The big store where they all go for Soda Water



MYERS-DILLON DRUG CO., 16th and Farnam Sts.

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

650



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