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# High School Register



JANUARY, 1909

VOLUME XXIII

NUMBER 5

Phone Red 3523

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## HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

1



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# HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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

LYLE ROBERTS  
Editor

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as second-class matter

HARRY DRUCKER  
Business Manager

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Read the advertisements in this issue. They will interest you.

# HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

Volume XXIII

OMAHA, JANUARY, 1909

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## If All Ends Well.

Charlie Dillon gave the door a jerk and the wind carried it with such force that the little brass plate marked "mail" jumped up and down.

"Well, gee whiz—if this isn't the windiest place on earth," he thought, jamming his hat on tightly, "I'd like to know where it is."

A tap on an upper window of the first house attracted his attention and there stood Jack, his room-mate trying to mimic him. He first put his hands in his pockets and tipped his head to one side. Then he smoothed his hair, adjusted his tie, settled his collar and went through other maneuvers that a young man would be most likely to go through if his new suit had just been delivered from the tailor.

Dillon gave his hat a parting jam, muttered something unrepeatable and started down University Hill towards College Place. But nevertheless Jack's performance had the desired effect. It certainly did make him feel conscious of his new dark green suit with alpine hat to match.

The fellows certainly were going too far to turn a fellow out and tell him to take a walk all the way down town and back—it certainly was too much and just because his suit arrived before the other fellows. Well—he ground his teeth—he'd stick it through just to show 'em how smart they were. Just then a mighty gust of wind blew his hat along with hundreds of frost-painted leaves. It danced around the corner and in trying to catch it Chuck nearly knocked a lady down as she came around the corner, holding her hat on with both hands.

He yelled "Beg your pardon," over his shoulder without ever trying to stop, because if he should come home with a mud-bedecked hat—well, he'd never hear the end of it. He knew that he really hadn't hurt the lady, and intended continuing the chase after the unruly hat as a dangerous mud puddle stood a little way beyond. But a familiar peal of laughter made him stop short and turn round.

"Why-a-l," was all he could say. The hat, forgotten, rolled safely into a pile of clean leaves.

"Well, Chuck," she laughed, extending a neatly gloved hand, "So that's how you treat people. And, I suppose that if I hadn't giggled at your unique exercise, you would still be chasing your hat and poor I would be forgotten. Well, well!" and her rippling girlish laughter gave Dillon time to recover.

"Now, Marj, don't you start guying me too, I've had all I want of that," he said, picking up his hat and brushing it.

"H'm," she said, wrinkling her forehead and frowning becomingly. "Fall has started," and she surveyed him from his neat shoes to his wind-ruffled hair.

"Marjorie Barnes if you say another word about the way I look,

act or appear, I'll refuse to allow you to escort me down town or even enter Schrafft's tea room with me."

"I'll promise to comply, if you'll carry out your before mentioned plans. I'm nearly out of allowance and Ann Schrafft's telephoned me yesterday that she had just the thing for the affair this evening, and I told her that I'd come down if I could scrape her dreadful price together—you know we're going to have the Delta Sigma Delts over this evening and I promised to contribute the candy for the feast, and we're all prize candy eaters. Now you shall have the extreme honor Mr. Church of supplying the candy for the girls tonight. Then I think I'll be partially paid for my not mentioning your appearance."

"I'll certainly do that, and consider it an honor," he answered, gallantly placing his hand over his heart and bowing. But let's start for Schrafft's now, or we'll miss all the 'seeing to be seen' in the tea room."

In answer, Marjorie clapped her hand on her hat as the wind began to tip it to a dangerous angle.

"The wind is awfully cold, I wish that I'd brought my gloves, but the boys chased me off so quickly and—" he stopped abruptly.

"What?" Marjorie asked.

And then he had to tell Marj all about it but instead of making him feel foolish, she sympathized with him and said that the Kappa Sigma girls wouldn't make anyone go out without gloves.

Her reasoning made Chuck smile, but he felt for the first time how nice it is to have a girl friend like Marjorie, who understands how to sympathize in little things.

Unconsciously, his hands slipped from pocket to pocket. Breast pocket—what, no letters? Of course not. He hadn't taken his mail from his other suit. And his gloves he could just see them lying on—Suddenly he stopped and with a low, "Wait a moment, Marj." He began digging through his pockets systematically one after the other. No, he didn't—he simply couldn't have done that he thought. But it was all too true—he didn't have a red cent, not even a handkerchief with him!

Oh, he simply couldn't tell her about it—no, never!

"They—the fellows, you know, they didn't even leave me time enough to get a handkerchief or a watch!" he finished confused. But the wind helped him out.

"I'll tell you what, Chuck," Marj answered brightly digging into her purse, "I took a large handkerchief, because I have a slight cold, but you can have it because I'm sure I can get along without it."

"I know I'm a perfect cad—oh, I don't know what I am not," miserably—"but I'll borrow that handkerchief anyhow."

Then a bright idea struck him, "Where were you going, Marj, when I met you?" he asked.

"Oh, I've a little bill at the milliners, and as I really needed the walk, and my allowance just came, I thought I'd settle that before the money goes for something else."

"H-m!" then plans began to form.

"That looks great, Marj—I mean-er-a, when I'm taking you down town and you're carrying your purse. Put it in my pocket—I promise not to keep the bag—that's about all, though," he thought.

"Well, if you really insist, why," she said in mock prudence, "I guess I'll trust you."

"I certainly do," he interrupted, and then tried to suppress a gurgle of delight at what meant success to his plan.

So the purse was transferred to his coat pocket—the one farthest from Marjorie. Then Chuck's hand began to feel cold and slipped into his pockets. He opened the purse. Paper! And it certainly was money! But, perhaps it was only a one dollar bill—well then so much could be paid for. No there were two corners. Just his luck he thought; it was the ends folded to gether of the same dollar. Then, besides that, there was a little silver, about a dollar, he guessed—and that was all! Funny if she was going to pay a bill for a hat that she shouldn't have more than perhaps two dollars. More fishing was needed.

"Are you getting some more hats, Marj? Really you girls must get a hat for every day in the week."

"Some girls do, but I don't." It seemed almost as if she was trying to evade him.

"But why are you going to pay a bill at the milliner's, then?" he persisted.

"O, she gave me an estimate, and when this hat came home I sent it back, because it looked scrimped. Some more trimming was put on, so that came to more than the estimate and now I'm going down to pay it."

"Pretty clever of you, old boy," Chuck thought to himself, pat-on-the-shoulder fashion, but instead he felt like kicking himself. "Trimming," he thought, contemptuously. "Trimming," why that won't cost much, so most likely that bill is really only a one. And that will hardly pay for tea for us two, let alone the trimming on Marj's hat. A nice mess! I'll make those fellows squirm for it, though. I'll simply have to do something and quickly too. It's good that Annie knows me or the Delta Sigma Delta would be candyless and I'd be the laughing stock of the Hill. I'll make the money last through the tea room but just my luck, she'll remember the milliner's and then—well—"

"Where are your wits, Chuck? I've been telling you to look at Hazel and Ed for the last two seconds—and now you're trying to walk past Schrafft's—and they must be back in the tea room by this time. And you didn't even look at them—Hazel looked so cute and Ed had her muff. It looked awfully comfy. Do you want to use mine? You can if you want to, on the way to the milliners."

"We'll er-a-not go—not have time to go to the milliner's today. And remember you are escorting me so you must go where I go. First, we will make a straight line for a nice table in the tea room." And he held the door for her.

The tea room was buzzing and a gay throng was assembled to partake of dainty luncheons served at tiny tables by quick and noiseless maids. Marj and Charlie bowed in every direction, as around 5 o'clock

the rooms were crowded with college people who had large parental bank accounts upon which to lean.

"Oh, Marj, come here," Hazel called. "There is just room enough for two more and I want to have speech with thee' concerning this evening."

And while the two girls chattered, Chuck hastily whispered to Ed—"Say, old pal, lend me five, I'm stranded."

"Sorry, old man, I've only enough to tide myself over this afternoon," Ed returned, patting his well-filled wallet. He had met one of Chuck's frat brethren on his way down town and had not the heart to spoil the fun by lending Chuck any money.

"What are you girls chattering about?" Ed continued so as to change the subject.

"About this evening. We're certainly going to be royally entertained at Marj's house. 'O, what shall we have?' Hazel asked all in one breath as the maid appeared with the order card.

"I propose a nice little luncheon, piled to Chuck in honor of —." Ed was interrupted by a little cry of pain from Hazel.

"Well, you needn't crush my foot, Ed!" Chuck eyed Ed murderously, turned a dull red and let his heel dent Ed's patent leathers beautifully, while Ed apologized, keeping a Spartan face.

So Chuck ignored the card and Ed suggested quite a list of dainties, which was duly ordered to be served to four.

The buzz about him and the chatter of their own talk hardly made Chuck forget the impending disgrace long enough to enjoy the dainty morsels set before him. But Ed's evident enjoyment of his position goaded him nearly to scraping the flowers from the plate upon which Schrafft's best dessert was served.

It was almost 5:30 and growing dark when the girls again thought of the candy for that evening's feast. They, with Ed, who was grinning in anticipation of the fun, left Chuck at the desk and went to the candy department to pick out the sweets for the party that evening.

Annie was not at the desk. Chuck pulled out the money from Marj's purse and asked of the clerk, "What is my bill?"

The girl examined the card, frowned, and asked his name. "Why, this card is marked paid," she murmured, puzzled.

"Just a moment, please," she addressed Chuck, who was trying to get Ed's eye. But that personage was deeply absorbed in the candy question and too concerned to wish to be questioned.

The clerk spoke to Annie, and after quite a few moments returned and informed Chuck that the card had been paid by another gentleman. Chuck did not understand at first, to the bewilderment of the clerk. But when he turned around and saw Ed's grin, he simply turned on his heel and walked towards the girls, who were having an immense package done up.

"We'll have to take it with us," Marj announced. "It's too late for the regular delivery and I'm almost afraid it would be late if we

left it. It's best to take it along—we picked out such dandy 'eats,'" she concluded.

"You can charge it," Chuck said carelessly, addressing the clerk.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dillon, but the manager forbade our charging any more, because some of the gentlemen—oh, not you, of course—haven't the money to pay at the end of the month. He made no exception." Annie prepared to take the amount due. Ed grinned and the girls looked unconcerned.

"I expected to charge my bill today, and therefore didn't take any notice of the change I brought along." He lied beautifully. "You'll have to charge it today, Miss Annie. It'll be all right," he continued confidently, a pleading note in his voice.

"Well—," Annie hesitated, "It might lose me my position."

"O, I'll fix things," assuringly, "Come, girls it's getting late." Ed gasped and followed.

"As windy as before," Marj announced, after she and Chuck had left the other two and were walking to the corner for the car. She held onto her hat with both hands. Chuck had a clumsy package of candy under one arm and the service of his other hand was divided between helping Marj through the 6 o'clock crowd and keeping his own hat in place.

As they were at the corner, waiting for the overcrowded car, as luck would have it, Chuck's hat blew off and rolled over and over in the muddy water before it was recovered by a little boy. He received a "thank you" for his trouble, but not the expected dime or quarter.

It took Chuck about a half hour to get another hat. The clerk of whom he always bought was home to supper and red tape and telephoning were in order before Chuck was able to call for Marj, who was waiting at the hair dresser's for him.

The cars were hopelessly crowded and after letting two pass, Chuck recklessly decided to "cabby" home. So they were soon seated in a cab which wormed its way through the crowds in a most lifeless fashion.

"This is the funniest day—everything seemed to go wrong," Marj began, leaning back to rest. "Why, I haven't even attended to my milliner-bill! I really forgot all about it!" Chuck smiled sheepishly.

"Such a pleasant afternoon!" sarcastically from Chuck.

"O, it was nice, but I can't wait until this evening! Girls always have so much fun when no boys are around!" She teased.

"H'm, a nice slam. What would you girls do if the boys went to foot ball games alone?"

"Why, we'd have just as much fun—no almost as much fun—if we girls went alone, too," Marj answered bravely.

"Which will you do at the Colgate game—have fun going with the girls, or go with me?" he asked.

"I think I'll have fun," he started, "but I'll go with you," she finished, laughing.



"If you go with me, I'll see that you do enjoy yourself," he answered her, happy at the outcome.

There was a pause for a moment. "Remember the fun we used to have together at home—making mud-pies and playing soldiers?"

"We certainly did have fine times. You always seemed so much bigger than I, but I was always the commander." They laughed. "Isn't it strange we always said we'd always go to school together—and we did—when you went off to college and left me at high school it seemed all changed. Remember how you always played dolls with me?" Both laughed again, then Chuck said gravely, almost in a whisper, "And do you remember what we always said, about 'when we grew up.'"

Marj blushed, then said severely, "We were only neighbor children then, Chuck, with no other children to play with. Now we are really 'grown up' and those things which we then said as children, don't count. Anyhow, this isn't the time, nor the place."

"It's the girl, though," he broke in enthusiastically.

"Please don't Chuck," she pleaded. "We're nearly home, now," she noticed, looking from the cab window. That made Chuck think of Marj's purse again.

When they alighted at Marj's chapter house, Chuck told the cabbie to wait. "Are you as lazy as that?" Marj remarked.

"No, just plain tired," Chuck lied.

After the usual farewells had been said, Chuck ran down the stairs, the purse still in his pocket; but as he was about to slam the door Marj called, "O, Chuck you forgot my purse!" But, of course, Chuck didn't hear. So Marj re-entered the house and Chuck fast approached his chapter house, congratulating himself on his luck. "I'll just pay the cabbie—there's plenty in the purse—and, I'll tell Marj that I forgot to return it," he thought. "I was lucky to get her for the Colgate. Thought sure that Rob had asked her. He insinuated as much."

The cab drew up before the chapter house. The parlor shades were up and the boys grouped around the piano made a pretty home-like picture. Jack was leaning against the piano, playing his mandolin. Rob was at the piano and the rest were singing. The strain that whispered to Chuck from the evening air tugged strangely at his heart. His brothers were singing the alma mater.

"Here we are, sir," the cabbie broke in. Chuck gave the man a dollar and seventy-five cents with two cigars. Then he started light-heartedly for the door. He was anxious to join the boys around the piano.

"Hey!" the cabbie called, "you didn't give me 'nough."

"What!"

"Two-fifty for the trip," the cabbie growled.

"How's that?" Chuck asked.

"Dark night, cold and all up hill for a long ways. Two stops," was the stolid reply.

"You're overcharging," Chuck menaced.

"O, no, sir," the cabbie replied.

"Well," Chuck said, resignedly, "here's your—" his hand was

(Continued on Page 32.)

### The Palace on the Mountain.

Once upon a time there was a palace on the mountain overlooking a broad and fertile country, a country of rolling hills whose broad banks were washed by the yellow waters of a swiftly flowing river. In the palace was enthroned the Princess Savant or, as she was more commonly known the Princess Learning and from far and near, even as Harry from Beemer, and Don from Oklahoma, they came as suitors for her hand. But, alas, some wicked fairy had so willed it that at least eight years must be spent in climbing before the summit of the mountain could be reached and many there were who fell by the wayside.

Cecil was a blue-eyed youth with golden curls and and a complexion like the rosy dawn at break of day. So far he had bravely overcome all obstacles and on that mellow September morning he boldly flung open the door of the palace and strode in. From now on a new life began for him. From that day on he must strive to accomplish the tasks set him to win the hand of the princess.

His life was now a series of trials. Unseen feet tripped him and evil spirits mocked him on all sides with cries of "Fresh! Fresh!" Every morning he went through the sweating process, to the delight of his audience, of painfully crying in sharp unmelodious trebles "Igk! (ich) Igk!" and he fell in a faint on that dreadful day when he was dragged into that evil of evils, the German society. With what tremblings and misgivings he passed those torture chambers of the literary societies, where he heard his brethren, on pain of death, proclaiming in shaken accents:

"Then out spake brave Horatius, the captain of the gate;  
To every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late."

And ah! with what wistful glances on Wednesday afternoons he shyly peeped into that place of bliss and happiness, that place devoid of all freshmen, 204, the Latin society.

So the first year passed and again September found him in the halls of the palace. But was this the same Cecil? No longer his blue eyes remained glued to the pavement; no longer those golden curls fell in loving ringlets round his temples. The golden curls were shorn and in their place a stubby pompadour was being trained to lend distinction to his grace. At last he was one of that select band who made it his duty to allow the new comers to fully realize their places. He too helped knock the books out of their hands and trip them. He too mocked them with cries of "Fresh!" However, tiring of this sport, and seeing that it in no way brought him closer to the princess of his heart, he started in on a new line of conquest, the combat of the tongue and pen. He fought from morning till night and from night until morning, never stopping, never ceasing. He pitted himself against that fierce adversary, Lincoln; he threw himself into the bloody talons of Des Moines and withdrew victor. Loud did the praises ring and even the Princess Savant acknowledged his triumph.

Another year had flown. Now Cecil found himself plotting traps for the downfall of his haughty opponent, the Senior, who was nearer, by one rung of the ladder, the princess of his desire. In the ordeal of the conquest of the pigskin, he has gained on him. In his prowess, fighting with the precious leather close to his breast he has fallen, not once or twice, but many times. Still each time he has valiantly risen and rushed with renewed energy into the fray. Thus he succeeds in holding his ground. Again he triumphs with his pen and tongue and once more the princess rewards him. He has been chosen captain of her guards and with this distinction attached to his name no longer Cecil, but now Sir Cecil, the dawn of his fourth year is ushered in.

He now towers above the others, tall and handsome. His clear-cut features and firm, determined mouth command the awe and admiration of those struggling up the difficult ladder. Even the wise counselors of the princess have begun to respect his learning and to esteem his zeal in protecting the princess and her followers. During the long winter he struggles, ever repelling his weaker adversaries, ever drawing closer to the prize he covets. April's tears have blossomed into the smiles of May. The decisive moment is approaching. The supreme test is close at hand. He must plead before those stone images. He must move them to smiles and tears. Can he conquer? Can he win the prize for which he has worked so long? He must! He will! The dry, cackling laugh of the wicked fairy smites on his ears. He rises desperately to his feet:

"Omaha, Omaha  
Every rooter give a hoorah-rah;  
Hit that line  
Every time,  
Jiminy crickets, but your doing fine."

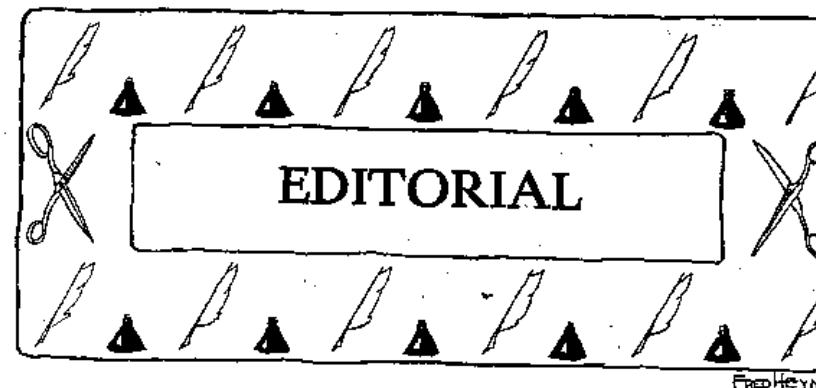
A deafening crash is heard. Everything turns black. Slowly the light returns, Oh triumph of triumphs! A crack is seen on the stony faces, stretching from ear to ear, and with a cry of joy he falls at the feet of his princess.  
NELLIE ELGUTTER, '10.

There was an old man so benighted,  
He never knew when he was slighted,  
He went to a party  
And ate just as hearty  
As if he'd been really invited.

There was an old man from Dundee  
Who used to eat sand in his tea,  
'Till he woke with a shock  
To find that a rock  
Had formed on the inside of he.

Army Surgeon—I am afraid I will have to perform a major operation on you.

Patient—I don't think I'm entitled to it doc, I am only private.



#### BY WAY OF WARNING.

The foot ball season has passed. Vacation has come and gone. Now, while we have so good an opportunity is the time to study. There is little to occupy the minds of most of us now, besides our own school work, and after so good a rest we shall do the wise thing if we spend our spare moments in study, now, in expectation of the rush later on in the year.

But the trouble with most of us is that even though we do realize that we should make the most of our time by preparing for the time when we shall have more work than we can handle, still we put off what we might just as well be doing now until we have more work than we can ever do. It is well known how much there is to take up the time of a High school student at the end of the year, especially in the case of the senior. It therefore behooves us now to study, because we probably shall never have as good an opportunity. If we took this attitude toward our school work there would be less worrying about our examinations; work for several months would not pile up to be done in a few days and the results in the end would be far better.

There is one class of contributors to the Register to whom very little credit has been given and to whom a great deal of credit is due. They are those who do the artistic work. There are, of course, our staff artists, Bert Hene, Fred Heyn and Emily Chase, who have done such faithful work. Besides these we are indebted to Frances Willard for the design for the October cover, to John Rayley for the cartoon which appeared in the November issue, to Walter Oehrle for the heading for the social column and to Donald Wood for the cartoon in the foot ball number. Although the cuts in a high school paper are more of a luxury than a necessity, still the pages in the Register would look very bare without the work of our friends with artistic ability.

We neglected to state in the Football number of the Register that we are under obligations to A. E. Dunin, staff photographer of the Daily News, for the pictures of the first and second teams and the individual pictures of the players. The World-Herald kindly let us use the picture of the "First Team," which appeared on the cover. This is another evidence of the interest which Omaha is taking in the O. H. S.

Don't forget about the squib box. It is supposed to be useful as well as ornamental.

Omaha lost the Lincoln-Omaha debate; but, my, how close it was! We wish we could meet you again this year, Lincoln.

What the Register can do for the school depends upon what the school does for the Register.

### THE GIRLS' NUMBER.

The February issue of the Register is to be exclusively a girls' number and is to be managed entirely by girls under the direction of Alice Woodworth, as editor-in-chief, and Geraldine Gifford as business manager. This publishing of an issue of the Register under the supervision of the girls exclusively is an innovation; but with a staff headed by two such girls as those mentioned above it cannot help but be a success.

### Toast to the Class of 1910.

Here's to the class of 1910,  
The finest class that has ever been;  
The class with a record so wonderfully great  
That it's even surpassed the class of '08;  
The class with a bunch of athletes so fine  
That it's hard to break through their foot ball line;  
The class that in track work will always shine  
And continue to beat the class of '09;  
The class that in ticket selling knows how to work  
And to keep it up without a shirk,  
So that when it's all over one can hear them tell  
Of that beautiful banner they earned so well.  
The class with a president of such renown  
That he is known all over the town  
For his vaulting, his running and basket ball plays  
Learned from hard practice of many days.  
Now isn't this a class of which to be proud,  
And one whose praises should be sung aloud?  
So, here's to the class of 1910  
The finest class that has ever been,  
And may it continue throughout its career  
With a record such as it has this year.—E. D., '10.



### MARGARET FULLER.

The Christmas number on December 18, was very interesting and especially well rendered. There were several readings and a very clever little play. Afterwards, light refreshments were served.

RUTH GOULD, Reporter.

### THE PLEIADES SOCIETY.

Mary Beeche's division gave a very interesting program December 4, called a German program. They also had the privilege of hearing the German chorus give a few selections.

On December 18, Ruth McIlvaine's division gave a Christmas program. A dialogue given by three girls representing the foreign country customs at Christmas time was cleverly given. An original acrostic completed the program.

### HAWTHORNE SOCIETY.

On December 4 the society enjoyed a delightful program entitled "There Will Be Speakers this Afternoon in the Schoolhouse." On December 18, a very interesting Christmas program was given, one of the numbers being a playette "A Fallen Idol." Old Santa remembered each person with a box of candy and popcorn, and the program closed with much laughing. The society begins its new year with much zeal and a promise to improve on every program given last year.

MARGUERITE WALKER, Reporter.

### LATIN SOCIETY.

The last program of the Latin society was a very original one, the subject being "Romanas Mulieras" or Roman girls. It was opened by a piano solo "The Lohengrin Wedding March," by Marjorie Becker, followed by a recitation "An Etruscan Ring," by Wyman Beebe, Marjorie Becker and Muriel Baldwin read extracts from letters of the Roman girls. Valhelmina Fulton sang "The Song of the Vestal Virgin" and responded to an encore with "I Love You Truly." Ruth Matthews read a paper on the "Vestal Virgins." The program was closed with the reading of the ever interesting Satura Romana, compiled by Irma Book.

### LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.

"Le Cercle Francais" is a new society organized by the advanced students in French, with Miss Phelps as the head teacher. Practice in conversation and reading is the object of the club whose members are

Helen Blish, Irene Langdon, Ruth McIlvaine, Bessie Latey, Caspar Offut, Gretchen McConnell, Marie Hollinger and Helen Sorenson.

#### GERMAN SOCIETY.

On Friday, December 18, 1908, the German society gave its annual Christmas program. The following numbers were given:

Lied—O Du Frohlichei ..... Society  
Gedicht ..... Frl. Brotherton  
Song and Dance ..... Tiroler  
Erna Hadra, Elizabeth Larson, Emma Seller, Harry Lindberg, Sam Kellner, Paul Brown.

Gedicht ..... Frl Hunziker  
Lieder ..... O'Tannenbaum, Ihr Kinderlein  
Violin Quartette—Grace McBride, Eloise West, Jennie Undeland, Madge West.

Der Hirten Wiegenlied Madchenchor.

Weihnachts-spiel—Peter, William Houston; Tannerich, William Richeson; Spotterich, Leroy Bunce; Neckerich, Herbert Davis.

Ein Anderer Kobold: ..... Clarence Wilson

Lied ..... Heilige Nacht

All of the numbers were very beautifully rendered and several of them were enthusiastically encored.

#### PRISCILLA ALDEN SOCIETY.

The Priscilla Alden society gave a very interesting Christmas program Friday, December 18. The Christmas customs of Germany and Scandinavia were related by Jean Watson and Alice Woodworth. The other numbers consisted of a recitation by Florence Wheeler, a piano solo by Ruth Sherwood, a story by Loa Howard, a reading by Ruth Sherwood and a piano solo by Ruth Harte. After the program Mrs. Santa Claus visited the society and distributed gifts.

#### ELAINE SOCIETY.

On December 18 the Elaine society enjoyed a thoroughly social program. Miss Mona Cowell delightfully entertained the girls at her home where all were much amused by a diminutive Christmas tree loaded with all sorts of queer packages which were given to the girls by a jolly old Santa. After this an impromptu program of music and recitations was given followed by a social good time. Surely, a meeting of this sort once in a while helps to benefit and develop each girl quite as much as a thoroughly literary program. Why not have more of them?

#### WEBSTER SOCIETY.

The Webster society held meetings on December 4 and 18. At the first meeting a good program was rendered including two debates, one extemporaneous. On the 18th the program prepared was postponed and the meeting devoted entirely to business. Hiram and Stanton Salisbury will represent the society in the first intersociety debate which takes place on January 18 with the same subject as the coming tri-city debate.

Miss Stebbins, the society's most faithful teacher, has been ill for several weeks. The society wishes to extend it's hopes of her early recovery.

#### D. D. S.

Two very well rendered programs were given during the month. The program of December 4 consists of: "Current Topics" by H. Bittinger; Mandolin duet, by Fred Fernald and Bob McCague. Debate, "Resolved that immigration should be restricted by educational qualifications," affirmative Brodkey and Rosenblum; negative, Barnes and Kennedy.

On December 18 the following program was given: Current topics S. Sugarman; violin solo, Hugo Heyn; debate, "Resolved that the United States government should have absolute control of interstate railroads," affirmative, W. Heller, P. Larmón; negative, S. Gould George Metcalf. Extemporaneous debate, "Resolved that the hours of the High school should be from 8 a. m. until 12 m." Talk, Mr. Joseph Swenson.

Fred McConnell and Lumir Buresh were chosen to represent the society in the first intersociety debate with the Webster society.

#### DEBATING.

The holidays are over and school is once more in session. Work is going on with renewed vigor. Debating is now fairly on it's way and the routine is becoming more rigid. One debate has already taken place and another will follow soon.

On Friday, December 11, the Omaha team met the team from Lincoln, and were defeated by a very narrow margin, Lincoln getting the votes of two judges and Omaha the vote of one. It was the unanimous verdict of all that it was a very close debate. Our boys covered themselves with glory and the defeat was a glorious one.

Now, let us not feel discouraged over the result, but enter with renewed vigor in the coming debates. The next debate will be the tri-city, Kansas City-Des Moines-Omaha debate. This is a big affair and must be made successful. We must win. More should enter the preliminaries and try out. A squad of ten will be chosen, thus giving a large number an opportunity to get training under Mr. Cherrington. From the ten the two teams will be chosen later. No one who has any learning and desires to enter debating should miss this excellent opportunity of benefitting themselves. Do not think you cannot, but say I will and so enter the preliminaries and boost for victory.

Mr. Cherrington has started a class in debating which meets twice a week. The object of this work will be to train boys in the rudiments of argumentation. Brief making and delivery will be dwelt upon. Here is an excellent opportunity for a large number of boys to get a start in debating and gain knowledge and power to address a body of people. This power is essential to success in this world and so all who possibly can should enter this class.

Let every member of the O. H. S. boost for a successful year in debating. Encourage a large number of boys to enter the coming debate and to become a member of Mr. Cherrington's debating class. Boost for success in debating and the carrying of the purple and white to victory.



Great progress is being made in rifle drill, as drill indoors must necessarily be confined almost exclusively to the manual of arms. Each company is primarily divided into two divisions consisting of three already versed in the manual and the new men. In all cases the past vacation seems to have improved the company spirit and individual proficiency of the cadets.

For the first time since September the companies are now able to show a practically full complement of commissioned and non-commissioned officers. This marks the beginning of actual military work, for companies may be correctly sized and officers definitely assigned to their respective posts. In fact, the only condition necessary for the best possible condition is an order making it compulsory to wear uniforms. No matter how well drilled, well armed and equipped a body of cadets may be, if they are not in full, neat uniform the whole effect is spoiled. For a company of soldiers engaged in active warfare the requirement is efficiency as a fighting machine; but for militia, the highest ideal is accuracy in military movements and correctness in the details of appearance. If this were the standard of each cadet company, it is unnecessary to say that this would be the most interesting and the most brilliantly successful year the military department of the High School has ever known.

During the Corn show the two battalions, in accordance with the request of the Omaha Commercial club, very informally straggled through mud and rain to visit Council Bluffs. On the way across the Douglas street bridge as the leading car was derailed, it became necessary to disembark and take to other cars ahead of the obstruction. By the time the cadets landed in Council Bluffs, it would have taken more than ordinary genius to tell whether they were a peaceable bunch of cadets or a bunch of revolutionists. Although there was no cornstalk drill, as was reported, the expedition did not suffer from lack of originality. It was understood that the cruise was not intended to be a military undertaking, but merely for recreation and pleasure and for these it surely measured up to the expectations of all.

The formation of two battalions from one will necessitate regimental drill, so that probably in the near future a new corps of officers will be installed. The battalions are at present under the command of the senior and junior captains when in battalion or regimental formation.



With the close of foot ball comes basket ball; and prospects never seemed brighter. Coach Cherrington is with the boys and all through Christmas vacation practice was kept up. Much fine material has come out and a winning team is assured all supporters of the game.

For the forward positions we find Burdick, who has played on the team for two years; Dodds, an old Y. M. C. A. man; Deams, Carrier and Parish. At center McWhinney, the foot ball star, and Finley are making swift progress. For the guard positions many candidates are on the floor, Neavles, Captain two years ago, Trimble, Larmon, Patton, Kiewit, Geiband and Hoffert.

As yet no scheduled games have been played; but one in the shape of a practice game was played with the West Side, Iowa, High School Five. As usual Omaha walked off with flying colors defeating the Iowa team, 49 to 28, on their own floor, which was small and exceedingly slippery, proving a difficult matter for the visiting team to overcome.

The Y. M. C. A. have kindly offered us the use of their floor for our home games and after the wonderful support given the foot ball team it seems justifiable to think that basket ball will receive the hearty co-operation of the student body. The game is played indoors where every one is comfortable and may sit down. So at the first basket ball game don your colors and come out and root for the team as you did during the foot ball season. Help make the school win in every line it takes up, be it along the line of athletics or that of debating. If the school as a mass turn out to the games then rest assured that our team will win.

Only a few games are definitely settled upon as to the date, but a full season is in store for every loyal student. On January 23, Omaha plays South Omaha at Omaha. On February 6, Omaha plays Lincoln at Lincoln and March 13, Sioux City at Sioux City. Other games will be played with Crete and Red Oak. Come out and bring a friend to give a yell for the old school.

O, o, oma, a, a, a ha.  
Omaha-High-School.

On March 6 the annual athletic carnival will be held at the Y. M. C. A. Classes should elect their leaders and start in practicing as soon as possible.



Miss Frances Todd entertained at tea Sunday evening, December 6, when those present were the Misses Hazel Howard, Carol Howard, Jennie Undeland, Marie Hollinger, Gretchen McConnell, Messrs. Will Ross, Lloyd Osborne, Ted Millard, Charles Keller, Waldo Dennis and Ted Wallace.

On Monday night, December 21, one of the most successful High School Proms. that of the senior class of 1909, was given at Chambers' academy by Lee Mitchell, Waldo Dennis and Will Haynes, the committee in charge. It was attended by many alumni as well as active students. The hall was beautifully decorated in the class colors, old rose and white. Floral shades covered each light and large clusters hung over the punch bowl and from the ceiling. Hanging ferns and High school pennants were suspended in the balcony. About one hundred couples enjoyed the dance.

Friday evening December 11, after the Omaha and Lincoln debate, a very enjoyable banquet was given at the Hanson cafe for the two debating teams. About a week later, on Thursday evening, December 17, the Hanson cafe was witness of a very brilliant scene when another banquet was given for the famous foot ball team, under the auspices of the Booster's club. The room was artistically decorated in High school colors and pennants.

On Thursday evening, December 24, one of the most brilliant dances of the Christmas season was given at Chambers by the Phi Lambda Epsilon. The hall was beautifully decorated to represent an Arctic scene. Artificial ice and snow was used in all available places, upon the pillars, around the punch bowl and on the Christmas trees at the end of the hall. The whole scene was set off by the soft glow of different colored lights. The programs were of white leather with the fraternity emblems upon them and were distributed to the dancers by little girls at each Christmas tree. About seventy-five couples were present.

The Les Hiboux and their alumni members gave a most enjoyable banquet on Tuesday evening, December 29, at the Rome. Various toasts were given by the different numbers. Mr. Ralph Doud acted as toastmaster.

A small watch party for a number of junior friends was given Thursday evening, December 31, by Miss Elizabeth Doud, vice president of the junior class. A number of original games were played

and a contest, which consisted of guessing conundrums answered by the names of the guests.

Miss Henrietta Flack gave a beautifully appointed luncheon at her home on December 20. The Christmas spirit was carried out in the decoration, dainty holly cards marking the places of the twelve guests.

Miss Jennie Undeland entertained at an informal card party on the afternoon of December 31.

Miss Agnes Russell gave an informal afternoon party on December 29. About thirty guests were present.

Among the past social events of the Christmas vacation the Gamma Sigma formal dance was one of the most attractive and enjoyable affairs. The beautiful ball room of the Hotel Rome was decorated with palms, and the fraternity colors, old rose and white, were also used in the decoration. The programs were especially attractive, having a cover of white leather, around the fraternity seal done in mother of pearl. A pleasant surprise of the evening was a gift to each young lady of a hat pin done in the arts and crafts style on copper. Fifty couples attended the dance.

On Friday evening, January 1, the members of the H. R. U. Camping club gave a very novel and original dinner at the home of Mr. Sam Carrier. The boys cooked the dinner and served the different courses themselves, much to the delight of the lady guests present. Covers were laid for twelve.

Miss Louise Bedwell entertained at luncheon on December 31 for her guest, Miss Story of Des Moines, Ia. The table was prettily decorated with holly and Xmas greens.

On New Year's eve a delightful dance was given by the W. W. W. club at Dundee hall, which was tastefully decorated with O. H. S. and W. W. W. pennants. From the center of the room hung a huge New Year's bell gathering together streamers of red and white drawn to the corners of the room. The programs of red and white with the W. W. W. seal in gold were decidedly original. At 11:30 a watch party was formed around the two roaring fireplaces and the party entertained by magic lantern pictures and selections of mandolin music and songs of farewell to the old year and of welcome to the new.

The annual Cadet Officers' Hop will be held Friday, February 26 at Chambers' dancing academy. This is the big social event of the year and everyone should come. The committee in charge is Herbert Ryan and Sam Carrier.

The Junior Hop will take place on Friday, January 29, at Chambers' academy. It is to be given under the direction of Lloyd Osborne, Brandon Howell and Charles Keller, who have planned several unique features.

On Friday evening, November 27, Miss Beatrice Barnhart entertained informally for about twenty of her senior friends. The evening was pleasantly spent in guessing contests and other sports.

Mr. Arthur Aycrigg gave a very delightful and informal dance at his home, Friday evening, December 4, where ten couples enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

## LOCALS.

Robert Stout, '09 and Earl Davenport, '09, who are away at school, spent their Christmas vacation in Omaha.

Mr. Cherrington has organized a class in debating which is to meet once a week.

A new fire escape was placed upon the west side of the old building.

The boys' locker room has been remodeled and new steel lockers will soon be installed.

The many friends of Miss Roberta Eddy '10 and Richard Kitchen, a former High school student were surprised to hear of their marriage at Blair during Christmas vacation.

Christmas vacation has come and gone. It was a pleasant vacation for everybody, as there was always "something doing" during the entire two weeks. Several club and fraternity hops were given and were all voted great successes. Many indulged in skating at Hanscom park and Lake Nakoma. Altogether we may vote this Christmas vacation the best we ever had and we return to school refreshed and ready to prepare for the approaching examinations.

Mr. Milton Darling has presented Prof. E. U. Graff with a very handsome O. H. S. shield, which has been placed on the west wall of the office.

The Sons of the American Revolution have offered a prize for the best essay on the subject, "Why Did the Revolution Succeed?" This contest is open to the students of the O. H. S. and L. H. S. The essay will be submitted to a committee of the local members, who will choose the best essay in each city. These will then be submitted to a disinterested committee, who will decide upon which is the better of the two. This one will receive the first prize and the other the second prize. The prize will be a picture of Gilbert Stuart's "Washington," on the frame of which will be a plate bearing the name of the society, the winner, and otherwise suitably engraved. The picture will be the property of the school. If the school already has a picture of Washington, another appropriate picture will be selected. The contest will take place on or about February 22, 1909.

A very large and handsome copy of Whistler's portrait of Carlyle has been placed on the south wall of room 101.

The faculty gave Mr. Fitzgerald a very handsome Morris chair with Spanish leather cushions, for a Christmas present in appreciation of his long and excellent service in the O. H. S. Mr. Fitzgerald was very much pleased with the gift, and was enthusiastic in his praise of the chair and the faculty.

Miss Kate McHugh returned from her trip abroad Friday morning, December 11. Mr. Graff and several members of the faculty, besides a large crowd of the seniors were at the station to meet her. As the train was late the seniors were excused from their first hour class.

Miss Schwartz has organized a skating club among the "gym" girls, which meets whenever the weather permits. After the skating is over there will be a "hiking" club. One day a week will be devoted to cross-country tramping and the aim of the club will be to reach Florence. During the spring swimming will be taken up. The movements will be learned in the "gym."

There will be an indoor base ball nine as soon as the necessary bats and balls can be obtained. Although the diamond has been marked since the first of the term, no provision has been made for the bats and balls.

Miss Snyder was absent from her classes a couple of days last month on account of illness. Miss Dumont acted as substitute.

Miss Stebbins, who underwent an operation the first of December, is now doing nicely. Her sister has charge of her classes.

The O. H. S. students were given tickets for the Corn show to be used between 4 and 6 o'clock, Friday, December 11.

Domestic science began Wednesday morning, January 6, under the instruction of Miss Neva Turner. Although regular work does not begin until after the examinations the majority of those intending to take the course began on the first day. The time until the end of the term will be devoted to hemming tea-cloths and dusting-cloths, washing dishes and pots and in generally getting everything ready for the regular work, although there will be some lectures and a little cooking. Practical cooking will be taught principally, but, along with that, food adulteration, chemistry of foods, house and sanitary setting and serving will be taken up. Each girl has thirty-nine inches of space in which to work, with all the necessary utensils, linen and supplies. Everything is furnished and there is no expense to the girls, except for an apron. Although the work takes one hour every day for each pupil, there have been more applications than can possibly be filled, as the domestic science room only accommodates twenty-four girls each hour.

Some very attractive stationery with an O. H. S. monogram on it is in the hands of some of the Senior students. The idea is a good one and if the paper is placed on sale, there will be quite a demand for it.

### EXCHANGES.

We were pleased to receive quite a few new exchanges this month, among them the "Red and Black," Wymore, Neb.; the "Eagle," Mexico, Mo.; the "Oracle," Bakersfield, Cal.; the "Penn Charter Magazine," Philadelphia, Pa.; the "Acorn," Ogden, Utah; the "Pennant," Elkhart, Ind.; the "Stentor," Lake Forest, Ill.; the "Nooz," Stevens' Point, Wis.; "Whims," Seattle, Wash.; the "Sandburr," York, Neb.; and "Town and Gown," Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

The exchange department of the High School Recorder, Brooklyn, is excellent. The other departments are also very well written. We have only one criticism to make. There is no separate joke column, but the jokes are scattered all through the paper. However, it is one of the best High school papers which we receive.



"The Spectator," Coffeyville, Kan., contains several interesting stories. The cover and cuts are good too.

"Round-Up," North Platte, Neb., there is much room for improvement in your paper, but for one so recently started, you do pretty well. Can you not add to your literary department?

Your literary department is very good, "Whims." The cuts and general appearance of your paper are excellent, also.

The "Penn. Charter Magazine," Philadelphia, is one of our best exchange. It is gotten up very well and the reading matter is entertaining and instructive. The number of local jokes seems rather small, however, for so large a paper.

The "Owl," Rockford, Ill., would be improved by a table of contents, and a few cuts would also add to its appearance.

The athletic department of the "Retina," Toledo, is well written. The magazine presents an excellent appearance and the picture of the high school makes a very attractive cover.

### ALUMNI NOTES

During the past two weeks we have seen many familiar faces of the former students of O. H. S. Many have been home from school and College for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Caroline Congdon, Miss Corrine Searle, Miss Nell Carpenter and Miss Helen Wright, all of '08, have been home from the eastern schools.

Miss Verna Hayes, '08, is spending this winter at home, but hopes to attend school next year in California.

Mr. Guy Wood, '08, was in Omaha for a few days, during which time he attended the class reunion.

Miss Myra Breckenridge, '07, spent the Christmas vacation in the east, where she is attending school.

Mr. Elliot Gillmore of the class of '08, left a few days ago for a ranch at Camp Cook, S. D., where he will remain until school begins in the spring, when he will enter Wooster university.

Miss Grace Rohrbough, Miss Olive Hammond, Miss Irma Staples, all of '07, have been home from the University of Nebraska.

Mr. Gilbert Barnes, '08, is attending the University at Delaware, Ohio, for two years, from which school he is to go to Ann Arbor.

Mr. John McCague, '07, was home from Amherst. He has been accorded the high honor of having been elected assistant manager of athletics of that institution. Mr. Carrol Belden, Mr. Frank Selby and Mr. Prentiss Lord also spent their vacation at home.

The class reunion of 1908 was held at the home of Nell Carpenter. About 100 of 1st year's class were present at the reunion and enjoyed a royal time.

Mr. John Latenser, jr., of the class of '06, has returned to Columbia college, New York, after spending his vacation in Omaha.

Mr. Ralph S. Doud, '08, has been promoted from the night to the day staff of the Omaha Bee.



Customer (in a book store)—"Have you Dante's Inferno?"  
Clerk—No, but we have "Who's Who in Chicago."

### LATIN LAUGHS.

"He stopped his voice with his foot."

"We waded in and mixed ourselves with the Greeks."

We stood with ears erect.

Ne credite equo—credit not thy pony.

The ancient languages often show

A propensity to go us one better;

In English woman is a mule we know,

In Latin she is mulier.

Mr. Cherrington, "The colonist believed in no representation without taxation."

Mr. Woolery, "Civil engineers think so much of their table of logarithms that they have them bound in morocco, and carry them next their hearts."

Mr. McMillan, "In consideration of the smallness of the class will the female constituents kindly fill the vacant seats in the front?"

Sweet little Emily Rose

Was tired and about to repose

But her brother, named Clare

Put a tack on the chair,

And sweet little Emily Rose.

Last Christmas some men seemed bent on giving their friends presents. Some were even "broke" on it.

Dr. Senter (to Sears)—Never mind; Mr. Mitchell's hair. It will stand up by itself.

Stranger (pointing to Creighton college)—Is that a hospital?

Youth—No, that's a morgue.

(This joke had one foot in the grave when we received it.)



## SHAKESPEARE ON BLUFFING.

To bluff is nothing;  
 But to bluff safely; Our fears in our teachers  
 Stick deep, and in their royalty of nature  
 Reigns knowledge that should be feared; 'tis much they know  
 And to the profound wisdom of their minds  
 They have a daring which doth make them do  
 That which they wish. There are none but them  
 Whose quizzes I do fear; for under them  
 My bluff cannot sustain me.—(Adapted from Macbeth.)

"When a man has three wives, is it bigotry?"

"No, it's trigonometry.

Student (meeting another student)—Here, give me that dollar  
 you owe me.

Cleopatra, when they maligned her  
 Resolved to reform and be kinder.

"If when pettish," she said,

"I should knock off your head,

Won't you give me some gentle reminder?"

A canner exceedingly canny

One morning remarked to his granny,

A canner can't can

Anything that he can;

But a canner can't can a can,

Can he?"

Willie tried to tack a carpet,

Willie's thumb received a slam

Which made Willie very angry

And he softly murmured—"Mama—

Mamma bring me the linament."

## A RESOLUTION.

Whereas, The faculty of the Omaha High School has declared  
 that in case of fire, we, the students of the above mentioned institu-  
 tion, must carry from the building the hated trophies of the class-  
 rooms (our books), and,

Whereas, This action is adding insult to injuries already received,  
 therefore be it,

Resolved, That we, the undersigned members of the O. H. S. re-  
 fuse to leave this building in case of fire, unless the aforesaid much-  
 mentioned enactment is stricken out; and we do solemnly declare that  
 we, the most illustrious students of this institution and the most es-  
 sential to the welfare of the school will perish in the flames rather than  
 submit to the ignomy of the aforesaid very much mentioned insult.

LIZZIE BURESH,  
 DAGO JOHN SUGARMAN,  
 DR. LYLE ROBERTS,  
 DIANA J. ROSENBERG

Signed:  
 SATAN RUNT DRUCKER,  
 AQUA DOMUS CARLSON,  
 MONSIEUR QUAKER OATS BABBITT.

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If All Ends Well—(Continued from Page 14).

stayed in his pocket. There was only a few cents of Marj's money left." "Wait a moment," he exclaimed, "I haven't enough here," and he started for the back door.

"Where you goin'?" the cabby called, catching him. "If you belong here, go in de front door way."

"But I can't," Chuck pleaded. The boys stopped singing to get the direction of the conversation. "Those fellows mustn't know," he said wildly to the cabby. "I'll go to my room and get the money, but the fellows needn't know! They'll be out here in a moment. Let me go, I say," he yelled wildly, as the porch lights flashed on.

In an instant he was around the corner of the house. The fellows were on the porch looking for the excitement. He rushed into the kitchen, scaring the old darky man-of-all-work nearly to death.

"Fo' de Lord's sake, Massa Chahles! Wey yo' been?" he asked. The cabby had kept Chuck's hat and his tie was over one shoulder.

"Never mind, Jackson—Quick, give me some money," he whispered hoarsely.

The old man stared. "How much, Massa Chahles," he asked.

"O, anything—five!" he yelled. The boys were coming in again. Most likely a cab had stopped at the wrong house.

The servant opened the household purse and Chuck grabbed a green-back and ran out again.

"He sho am daft," the old man thought, shaking his head.

"Here you are," to the waiting cabby.

"Here's your hat, sir," the cabby reminded him as Chuck started again for the front door.

"What?"

"Your hat and the change," the cabby called.

"Keep the change," he said hurriedly, as he jammed his hat on.

The man was delighted. The green back was a five.

Hello, Chuck! the fellows called. "Have a nice walk? Why, what is up? they asked when they saw him.

"O, nothing, I-I just came home in a cab, that's all," he protested, straightening his hat and collar.

The fellow said nothing and dinner was announced. When the boys were nearly finished Jackson came to Chuck and asked for the change.

"The change? O, there was none," he answered, unconcernedly.

"Why, massa, that was a five, sah!" the old man said, and a tradesman is waiting to be paid."

"What! A five?" Chuck exclaimed, "I gave it all to the cabby."

"What's the fuss?" Bob asked. The boys were all attention.

"O, nothing. Jackson, just take five from my room," Chuck said.

"Yes, sah."

"Well, fellows," Chuck laughed jovially. "We're all taken in. You thought I didn't have any money. I did. I spent it all, didn't get any visible benefit, but I got the best of all anyhow. Marj and I are—"

"What?" all the boys asked.

"Going to the Colgate game together," he replied, leaning back in his chair and eyeing Bob.

ERNA L. HADRA. '10.



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