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High School REGISTER

Vol. XXIII

JUNE, 1909


No. 10

The Register Staff wishes to congratulate the Class of 1909 on the successful completion of their High School course, and extends to them the best wishes for the future. ~ ~ ~ ~

Commencement Number



50/2



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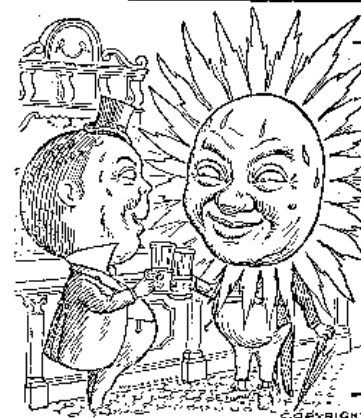
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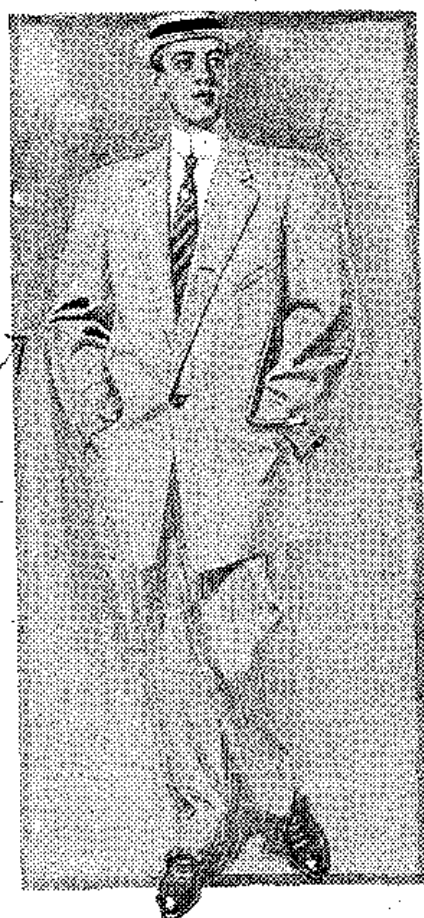


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LYLE ROBERTS
Editor

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HARRY DRUCKER
Business Manager

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Bobby was on parade—white gloves, white belt, polished buckle, shoes shined, white collar—full uniform as required in section twenty-nine, Drill Regulations.

But to start aright we must go back a day. It had been a long, hard day. A hot and stifling day with not a breath of a breeze. Now, at sunset, as Bobby lay stretched out on a bit of ground, soft and springy, with long, sweet grass that brushed his face, he heard a noise near him and started up, but sank back again with a grunt as he recognized Pete and Harold, his tent mates. They stretched themselves out beside him and thought of the morrow and the visitors it would bring.

They lay there for some time. Finally Pete roused himself and broke the silence.

"Say, guys, let's go swimmin'. Camp is open for an hour yet and we'll have plenty of time. Come on, I know a dandy place. Come on, let's hike, Bobby."

Pete was a second year man and knew many things. So they struck off under his leadership across camp, out over the low hills that overlooked the long rows of tents.

Here they stopped a moment to look back, but Pete hurried them on, for he saw a dim moving blotch and heard the clank of arms and knew that the guard was being posted that would shut camp in an hour.

Over a little hill, down through a little grove, they came suddenly on the "swimmin' hole." A little pool of water about fifty yards across, full of tiny, sparkling moon reflections and deep, shadowy splotches of over hanging bushes and trees. Oh! it was a beauty, enough to bring joy to any one's heart.

Without a moment's delay they stripped and, from the deep shadows on the high bank, three white bodies sprang out into the clear white moonlight in long, graceful arcs that ended in a "spluglug" of glorious satisfaction.

"Whoopie! Wow! Gee! but this is splendiferous." The owner of the voice gleefully pushed an emerging head near him under again and found himself pulled under by the ankles. They both came up spouting water and gurgling in pure, gleeful pleasure. They dived from overhanging trees to the dark depths of the pool, played tag, "ducked" each other and dived for a rock. Then, tiring of such sport, they floated on the surface and let the little wavelets lap over them as they listened to the rustling whispers of the night breezes in the nearby trees.

"Say, fellows," Harold broke the silence reluctantly, "I bet it's getting late."

"Gee whizz! We'll have to sneak guard for sure tonight," said Pete, as he struck out for shore. "Let's get out of this."

They scrambled up the bank and after dressing were soon swinging along arm in arm toward camp. As they went Pete was figuring out their mode of entrance.

"Let's see—the camp is laid out like this. Here, let's sit down and figure this out. The camp is like this"—he was tracing in a patch of moonlit dust—"now on these sides like a letter L is that wooded row of hills we came across and the open parade ground is on the east. We couldn't get in any of those three sides because one is too open and they'll have double guards on those wooded sides. But here on the north there is a kind of razorback like a railway embankment just a few yards from the last row of tents—"

"Say," Bobby cut in, "that's the place; it's all weedy and bushy around there, too, and—"

"Look here, don't you go and interrupt me again that way, you get me fussed; yes, that's the best way all right. The sentry walks along the top of the bank, I expect, so we'll have to be awful careful. You fellows just crawl and wriggle after me. Use every shadow and bush, and don't make a bit of noise. I'll get you through some way all right. Come on now, quiet, he's just over this ridge here."

Cautiously, carefully they crawled over the ridge, down the slope, wriggling along the ground and rolling from shadow to shadow until they were close to the bank along which the sentry walked all unconscious of their approach. Luckily, he was quite separated from the other sentries by a rise of the ground, and so they were left free from interruption. Looking about from where he and Harold were concealed behind a bush, Bobby saw Pete crouching behind another a little way off. Then to his astonishment he saw Pete rise to a crouching position as if about to spring, and then shake a branch of his bush vigorously so that the leaves rustled audibly.

The sentry stopped and looked around, but started off again. Pete shook the branch again.

"Who goes there?" "Halt!" The sentry's voice was sharp and tense, but with a note of uncertainty. Receiving no answer, he put his bayonet at "charge" and went down toward the bushes to investigate. He was at least no coward. He passed quite close to Bobby and Harold, who were stiff with fright, but did not see them, and kept on toward Pete's hiding place.

He was just a step past—he stopped, feeling a presence, and whirled like a cat to meet Pete's panther-like spring. Without a word they clinched and tumbled to the ground, Pete on top. They rolled and tumbled, writhed and thrashed about like tigers until Bobby effectually quieted him by sitting on the back of his neck while Pete held his legs.

"Tie him up," gasped Pete. "Tie him good and tight with our belts, Harold."

In a minute the sentry lay tied hand and foot. Then for fear he would call for help they gagged him with a stick and a handkerchief.

"Get hold there, fellows," whispered Pete. "Let's carry him over to that old tool shed that we passed back there, just over the hill."

"What!" gasped Bobby. "You're not going to lock him in there, are you?"

"Surest thing you know," answered Pete calmly. "See the face on the beggar? He's mad clear through, and besides that's 'Pinkey' Moulton. He'd squeal on us quicker'n scat if we turned him loose."

"But, Pete—" Bobby started to remonstrate.

"Now, Bobby, it's no use talking. Tomorrow is visitors' day and I for one don't intend to spend it in a guard tent or washing dishes. Why, boy, you don't either, because 'Sis' is coming and Nellie, and they'll have fudge and cake and chicken and all kinds of stuff. Harold has a girl coming in that bunch that Hickes goes with, so he don't want to miss it either. Nope, we—just—cannot—let Pinkey loose. Can't do it."

Satisfied and convinced, they carried him to the shed.

"Here we are. Heave him in, fellows. Now stick that bolt through the staple and both he and we are safe until after tomorrow. After then—well—" Pete's pauses always were suggestive.

Away they went, laughing, thoughtless of the suffering and pain "Pinkey" would endure.

With no misadventure they gained their tent through the now deserted post and quietly prepared for bed. They were almost asleep, untroubled by any thought of their prisoner save from Harold yawning—"Say, we ought to have—g-e-e but I'm sleep-y—ought to have taken that dirty stick out of his mouth—poor sinner!"

* * * * *

"Pete! Pete! wake up! There's reveille sounding now! Come on, wake up, or I'll douse this cold wet water all over you!"

Pete opened his eyes and started blankly at Bobby, then turned over with a sigh to go to sleep again. In an instant more he sprang up sputtering, his face dripping with water, and threw a cartridge box at the retreating Bobby as he dived through the tent flaps, laughing. Seizing a towel he dried his face and dressed, muttering all the time about "blamed fool freshies," and then went out to "roll call" and "setting-up exercises."

Every one worked hard that morning, so by noon the camp was almost virtuous in its neatness in readiness for the visitors.

The morning had been so full of duties that none of the three gave

a thought to their prisoner; so Pinkey went without his breakfast.

Bobby and Pete were in the crowd on the station platform as the train pulled in and scanned, with hundreds of others, the happy, laughing crowd, as it poured from the cars, for an expected face.

"There they are, Bobby, over there. See? Gee! don't the girls look pretty when we haven't seen them for about a week. Now they see us. Hey there, Sis! come over here. Here's Bobby," he offered as a special inducement.

Pete was radiant. "Say, kiddo," slapping Bobby's back. "Did you see that big basket Sis had? Wowee!"

At last they were part of the great, jolly crowd that streamed out between the station and camp. They went through the camp, by the "com's" tent, by the Grand Old Flag that every one saluted, by the "cook-shacks" and the "mess" tables, in and out through the various, orderly rows of tents, and at last out to the grassy edge of the wooded hill that bounded the camp on one side. Here they sat and rested in the cool shade and watched the kaleidoscopic crowd among the white tents. Then what fun they did have that day! The girls put on the uniform coats and caps, shouldered the heavy guns and marched about in true military syle. They took pictures and had a grass fight and—and—O everything—but you know—you remember.

But listen! The call for dress parade is sounding. Bobby and Pete fall in with their company, while the girls seat themselves on a grassy elevation and watch the display.

Bobby and Pete? You know how they felt, for you remember. Only they were not so hot, for this was a most perfect day, kind of cool and blowy, that made you feel just fine.

But the crowning triumph of the day, for the boys at least, was yet to come. How they did long for that "feed." After dress parade they rested a while until Pete could stand it no longer.

"Say we have some eats, girls."

Laughingly, the girls agreed and began to prepare the lunch.

Now just here unkind Fate, unjust Fate, fickle Fate, that had served them so well thus far, grabbed hold of Bobby's coat-tail and gave his conscience a dig somewhere around his fifth rib.

"Say, Pete, that poor sinner of a Pinkey hasn't had a thing to eat nor any fun, and he's laid there all night with that stick in his mouth, and more than that, he won't get no feed at all. I say that's too bad. I'm going to let him out if he promises to keep mum. I'll be back in a few minutes."

"All right, Bobby, we'll start eating right away, but you can hurry back in time." Pete was not going to wait for anything or any one; he was hungry.

Poor Bobby! With the coming of light "Pinkey" had found a projecting nail and had hacked loose his bonds from around his wrists and was soon free. He could hardly move for the pain and soreness in his muscles. His lips were parched and swollen, his tongue was dry and painful. He was hungry and thirsty. As the day wore on he grew savage with the contemplation of the wrongs done him and overwhelming, overmastering rage changed him from a boy to a beast, savage, mad.

With beaming face Bobby withdrew the bolt and threw open the door. Poor Bobby!

The pent up rage was turned on him. "Pinkey," transformed, his face as hard as stone and his eyes a terror to look upon, struck terror into Bobby's heart and he was a limp and helpless kitten. With wild fury "Pinkey" knocked him right and left, batted him against the walls and on the floor, and finally seized him and, with almost superhuman effort, lifted him high and dashed him, a limp and huddled mass, into the corner. Then, standing for a moment as if his rage had spent itself, he turned and with a low laugh of satisfaction walked out. Bobby heard the bolt slip in place and the receding footsteps.

Bobby sat up slowly, as in a daze. His eyes were fast swelling shut, he could feel that, and his head was as bumpy as a bag of rocks. Carefully he felt of each bone to see if he was all there. But his spirits were not to be so easily downed, for he rose with, "Well I'd better be getting back or all those 'cats' will be gone."

He tried the door. It was locked, yes he remembered. "Pshaw, he had fixed Pinkey so nice, and now Pinkey had fixed him with his own fire." After an hour of trying to get out he gave it up and sat down, bemoaning his fate.

"Aw, gee whizz, what did that 'Pinkey' go and do this to me for? I was going to let him out, the ungrateful Indian. Aw shucks! Now I'll miss that feed and Pete'll eat it all up—doggone the luck, anyhow! He just will eat it all up and then come pokin' 'round to see where I am. Aw rats! I wonder how 'Pinkey' got loose."

Just then he heard steps outside and voices, the bolt was withdrawn and Pete and the girls looked in with astonishment on Bobby.

"Say, Pete," whispered Bobby entreatingly, forlornly. "Say, Pete, did you eat it all up—all? Pete, if I could half see and wasn't so lame I'd lam your grinnin' face off of you." There was a pitiful little break in the voice.

Pete said nothing. He guessed what had happened. The girls said nothing, for they were wise girls and knew when not to ask questions.

Slowly Bobby got to his feet. Slowly and painfully he limped back to camp, leaning on Pete's shoulder. Once in his tent he lay down on

his cot, battered and bruised, but disheartened and prostrated not by his injuries but by what he had missed—that long cherished "feed."

The visitors are gone. Nellie and Pete's sister are gone. The camp is quieting down to sleep. Bobby is lying on his cot with little patches of beefsteak tied over the various spots on his face. A single candle in the bayonet stuck in the floor furnishes light for Pete and Harold to read by while in bed. From somewhere away off over camp the bugles sound that most beautiful of all calls—

"Lights out for the night,
Lights out, Lights out."

It is taps.

Pete stretches out his hand and, with a flick of the finger, snaps out the flame and settles back with a contented sigh.

Then from out of the darkness comes Bobby's weary voice:

"Pete! O Pete! I wish you had gone."

Pete, yawning: "Nope. Don't be-lieve—I'd have liked—to-o-o. Gee but that chicken and fudge and cake and—"

"Pete," pleaded Bobby. "Please don't. Let's go to sleep."

C. T., '10.

The Builders.

From the very earliest times Nature has always been given a great share of the love in men's hearts by reason of the beauty and the wonder she reveals to them. She was their first and closest companion with whom they lived and from whom they drew their life. They gloried in their sight which enabled them to see her in her beauty, yet the more they saw of it, the more they marveled and the less they were able to comprehend it.

At length these people, in order somehow to account for things which they could not understand, conceived the idea of a supreme power beyond the beauty of nature, which had created it and was controlling it, with perfect understanding and infinite power. A vast extent of mystery lay between Nature and this conception, till men began to span the distance by a bridge of knowledge, constructing it piece by piece from reasons and laws which they discovered and worked out for the existence of Nature.

How many ages, how many workmen through the ages were required to locate the pier at the farther end from us, and to carry across to it the master-cable, upon which should rest the hugest structure ever conceived—how many workmen were engaged in this vast work, it is impossible to estimate.

We can begin to count the builders only after the first huge cable is in place, and then the number is appalling, infinite. Down the ages from that time we find them—men who love Nature and have devoted the best of their lives toward spanning the distance that lies between Nature as they see her, and a complete understanding of her.

To some it has been given to descend into the intervening space, and hew out mighty timbers from the chaos there. Eagerly, yet patiently, they labor, now with forceful, ringing strokes that tell, now slowly and

with difficulty, often pausing to brush away the debris, ever desiring to put forth beams that shall be worthy to be used in the framework of the structure.

Now come other workmen, and going in and out among the timbers to test their strength and durability. Some they find weak in vital places, or too slight to stand the strain that would be put upon them. These are put aside for use later according to their worth. It is those that are sound to the heart, and possessing great sustaining power, which the builders are in search of now; they dare not hazard the strength of the bridge by using any but perfect beams for the framework.

Whenever such a beam is found, it is lifted into place. Yet even now it may fall short of the distant pier, or by reason of its own weight may come crashing down about the very heads of those who reared it up. But only grateful that the weakness was discovered now rather than later, they raise another, mightier beam to replace the one that could not stand.

Thus the framework has been built up of mighty timbers, strengthened and made firm, till it is a work worthy not only of its builders, but of those who shall fill in the vast amount of detail, bringing it nearer a state of finished perfection. The number of workmen here is great, and the work is in proportion. Each man takes his place among them, according to his skill and his ability, to do his part. It may be in hewing out timbers of every shape and weight, that no space may lack a covering. He may rather stand among the keen, clear-sighted workmen who swing the timbers into place, or work with those who rivet the whole structure securely together, or who visit each timber separately, and adorn it with rich, beautiful handiwork.

Even the humblest laborer, pausing for a moment to gather new strength, gazes down the long, shining vista before him. At the end, as far as he can see, stretches the world in all of its beauty and splendor—the heavens in glory, the waters in strength, the earth in tenderness. As the master-cable rises from here, from this splendor and beauty, he sees it gleaming and glowing with the mighty thought that beyond the glory of the universe is a supreme power, with perfect understanding and infinite knowledge.

So likewise, the huge beams appear to him in their true light, running parallel to the master-cable. Each beam is a great law, which great men have traced through Nature, and upon which they have discovered she is built, thereby making this self-same law a sustaining element in the framework of the bridge.

The detailed construction, although it serves to a great extent merely to work out and strengthen the larger beams, nevertheless, to this workman, is most fascinating. He himself is working out a minute detail, and in every timber and plank, rivet and bolt, each a gleaming bit of mosaic, that fitting into its proper place, becomes a part of a beautiful whole, he recognizes the work of a fellow builder. Each is a fragment of one of the first great laws, different from the rest in size and shape and contents. Each has been developed to its finest details and is displayed in all its marvelous beauty and intricacy of construction. Great and beautiful thoughts, catching up details here and there, have worked out the relation

of the fragments one to another, and binding them fast, have joined them securely to the master laws.

Now the workman turns about, and, taught by the work which the builders have accomplished, traces out the bridge to the distant pier and gains a true vision of the perfection to which it is leading.

GLADYS SOLOMON.

The Illuminating World.

The story is told of the first experience on the stage of a little girl who tended an apple stand. An actress had taught her some fancy dances, which she was going to give for the first time before an audience, while the actress tended her stand. The little maid stood in the flies of the theater, waiting for her turn to come, when suddenly an unaccountable feeling came over her. She felt her breast heaving, her cheeks burning; her breath was coming thick and fast, and a feeling of utter weakness swept over her. But what was it? Her first impulse was to fly to her instructor. When she reached those sheltering arms, and described her mysterious sensation, the experienced woman said easily: "It was 'stage fright.'" Then the writer adds a significant sentence: "She was so glad to find it had a name."

But her experience was not unique. The simple act of naming things has tremendous power. It is not merely a convenience. The power of a name is so great. It may relieve, enlighten, or oppress us; but it always changes, somehow, the character of the thing named. It is as if good and evil spirits resided in words and wreaked their will upon objects.

Relief from the mystery of the unknown often comes with a word. We see a strong, hearty man, who has never been ill, suddenly feel as though he wished he could get away from everything he had ever seen. He even feels the tears rising, and his anger blazes forth at every trivial annoyance. At length he consults his physician, and after describing the queer symptoms, he learns that it is only "nervousness." What a relief that little word brings.

A child wakes from its slumbers crying with fright. On being questioned, he sobs out an almost incoherent tale, about a bear that was chasing him, and he fell, and—and the bear was just going to carry him away,—ending in another storm of tears and sobs. But mother comforts him, telling him: "Never mind, it was only a dream." The sobs grow quieter and soon he is again peacefully sleeping, soothed by the name "dream." It was the fear of the nameless, the dread unknown that was so terrible.

Sometimes we recognize and avoid the definiteness of a name. All the time that Macbeth and Lady Macbeth were planning the murder of Duncan, they carefully avoided using the word "murder." They planned all about it in other terms. Even when all was clear in their minds, Lady Macbeth says, in vague terms, though with hideous definiteness of purpose,

"What cannot you and I perform
Upon the unguarded Duncan?"

The dread of mere words, and the recognition of their power, is

shown constantly by what we call euphemisms. Somehow we cannot bear to speak of death, as it really is. We say: "He has passed away;" "He has gone to sleep," or "He has passed on." Thus avoiding the definiteness of a name.

There are, however, good as well as evil spirits among the words. Much happiness may result from naming a thing. A pleasant sensation becomes much more pleasant when it is named. A man, very tired from his day's work, is just going to his new home in the suburbs. During the short walk he is greeted by a delicate but strangely sweet odor. What can it be? He tries to connect it with its source. All at once there rushes to his mind a memory of his childhood days, and—yes it must be the pink clover, such as grew in his father's meadow on the farm. How delightful it seems; how refreshing, and all through the naming of that sweet odor. He smells it more and more strongly, saying "sweet clover" to his companions.

Sometimes the habit of naming things with a large and splendid name lends them dignity. An optimistic woman is making the most of her surroundings. How the little two-by-four entry seems to grow in size when called a "reception hall." And what new dignity is added to the little old-fashioned parlor when it is termed "drawing room."

But it is not only with men and women that a word increases the pleasure of a sensation. The merest child knows its force, instinctively. Here is a tiny toddler given an old rag tied with a string, to play with. When told it is a "dolly," the little tot will play with it contentedly for hours.

Not only accidental words, but words chosen deliberately, have this illuminating power. The power of a poet consists, after all, chiefly in this,—that he can apply a name, choose a word that illuminates the object as with a flood of light. Keats makes marigolds different, more significant, when he calls them "ardent." Milton gives us a glimpse of Satan's abode when he tells us that there was "not light, but darkness visible."

Every one knows how much the pleasure of reading and conversation is enhanced by the words we meet which have associational values. Somewhere we hear the word "sultan." Instantly there springs to our mind a vision of the whole Orient. We see the luxurious Persians, the persecuted Armenians, the mosques, and minarets, the fez and the flowering veil.

The word patriotism in itself means nothing. It is the souls of the heroes who have bled and died to promote our glorious Union that make it what it is. We see the battles they fought, the wounded and dying, the courage and dominant spirit, and all else having been sacrificed at the call of freedom. We see our statesmen, too, working with might and main, for the good of the land. And it is all called forth at the sound of a word.

Hamlet, when asked what he is reading, replies: "Words, words, words." And this is enough. The significance of an idea, the value of a thought, is not guessed at until it is clothed in words, and by the magic power of a name, made to show its worth.

CZARINA HALL.



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1909

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\$50.00

Commencement Program

Omaha High School



Friday Evening, June 18, 1909

CREIGHTON THEATRE



SUPT. DAVIDSON, Presiding

THE CLASS OF 1909

<p>Allyn, Frances E. Ammons, Mary A. Anderson, Elizabeth J. Anderson, Hazel A. Anderson, Margaret E. Barnhart, Beatrice. Barrock, Pearl H. Beats, Vera Ione. Becker, Catherine V. Becker, Elizabeth J. Beebe, Zella C. Bellis, Blanche E. Belt, Jessie L. Betz, Lucile. Blish, Helen. Book, Irma M. Brain, Jessie. Carlson, Wilhelmina. Carlyle, Mary L. Carpender, Hazel A. Carson, Anne L. Caley, Freda I. Churchill, Hildred. Colo, Margaret. Craighead, Mable. Curtis, Louise F. Damon, Frances. Daugaard, Antonia. Davidson, Helen Mehard Dean, Mary W. Dolan, Ruth E. Downing, Helen H. Drexel, Ada I. Droste, Augusta M. Duncan, Bertha A. Fearon, Claire Finlayson, Lucy E. Fitzgerald, Vera M. Flack, Henrietta L. Frazier, Ruby L. Fulton, Wilhelmina. Gibbs, Lutte M. Gifford, Geraldine. Gille, Bertha A. Granville, Pearl. Hall, Czarina. Hansen, Fredericka. Hansen, Carolyn C. Harte, Lucy C. Hempel, Grace I. Hendrickson, Clara J. Hodge, Marie A. Hollinger, Marie D. Howard, Hazel. Hunter, Beulah C. Hustead, Elvera C. Isaacson, Ruby. Janney, Perle M. Johnson, Dora O. Johnson, Esther V. Jones, Clara A. Lamoreaux, Rhea. Langdon, Irene A. Latey, Bessie H. Lay Margueritta. Lee, Ivy M. Lenhart, Katherine E. Levi, Edna. Lindberg, Ellen A. Lindley, Ruth E.</p>	<p>Lindstrom, Elvera. Linn, Julia M. McCandless, Myrle. McConnell, Gretchen. McMurphy, Laura. McDonald, Ruth M. Matthies, Irene K. Meyer, Anna E. Miller, Georgia. Miller, Wilma. Mitchell, Nellie V. Muir, Jeanette W. Muxen, Anita K. Oxford, Valeska. Partridge, Ruth H. Pavlik, Helen M. Pedersen, Viola M. Penn, Madree. Peters, Jennie B. Peterson, Florence M. Poulsen, Christine M. Reese, Ethel M. Rice, Marie L. Roe, Mary F. Rogers, Frances E. Roman, Bertha M. Rood, Mable E. Russell, Agnes C. Russell, Ora M. Sallenbach, Stella M. Schaffnit, Lairilla L. Schultz, Mathilda E. Scott, Frances B. Scott, Uarda M. Sears, Guilelma. Seymour, Olive M. Sherwood, Ruth M. Shrum, Lillian E. Smith, Blanche. Smith, Marjory C. Solomon, Gladys W. Sorensen, Hedvig. Sorensen, Marie H. Sorenson, Helen B. Steward, Anna E. Sweesy, Harriet M. Swenson, Martina C. Talleruphus, Lillian H. Taylor, Edna D. Treat, Helen F. Van Horn, Florence E. Vickery, Catherine. Walker, Marguerite C. Watson, Jean M. Wentworth, Barbara M. Westergaard, Carrie. Whitehouse, Mabel E. Whittemore, Beulah E. Williams, Pansy Z. Wolfe, Florence M. Woltman, Anna M. Woodworth, Alice. Workman, Mabel B.</p>	<p>Blackburn, Casper K. Boien, Fred. Bowen, John S. Brodkey, David. Buchanan, C. Coe. Buffington, Geo. W. T. Burket, Earl H. Carlson, Frederick. Carpenter, Harry C. Carrier, Sam C. Dennis, Waldo W. Dille, L. Hubert. Drucker, Harry W. Egen, Lothar F. Entrikin, Harry G. Flohow, Max. Frederickson, F. M. Fricke, Lawrence. Gifford, Sanford R. Greenberg, Abe. Gregg, Lowell E. Griffith, Walter L. Haynes, William E. Hene, Bert B. Heyn, Frederic. Johnson, Lawrence E. Kellner, Sam B. Kessler, Herbert H. Kiewit, George A. Lang, Charles C. Larmon, Leonard L. Larmon, Sigurd S. Laurance, Archibald L. Lehmer, Phillips T. Linn, J. Lovejoy. McConnell, Frederic C. McCullough, Roger S. McLafferty, Joel E. Marowitz, Arthur. Meyer, Carl T. Meyer, Fredrick G. Mitchell, Lee G. Montgomery, Victor L. Nagl, Carl F. J. Neavles, Claude A. Nell, Jesse F. R. Nelson, Emory H. Nelson, Wallace J. Nesbit, W. Earl. Noone, Joseph. Parish, George E. Prentiss, Will L. Rannie, Alma E. Richey, Harry W. Rickel, Lytle. Roberts, Lyle J. Roe, Howard P. Rogers, Mark G. Rogers, Samuel E. Rosenberg, Edwin J. Ross, William L. Ryan, Herbert W. Ryley, Eugene W. Salisbury, Stanton W. Sears, William C. Sibbersen, Drexel. Toney, Perry S. White, Shelly P. Wood, Donald L. Young, J. Morley.</p>
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PROGRAM

PART I.

Overture—"Maritana"	ORCHESTRA.	<i>Tobani</i>
Invocation	REV. THOS. J. MACKAY.	
Presentation of Cadet Certificates	MR. JAMES W. MAYNARD, Acting for the Teachers' Committee.	
Oration	MR. WALTER BERNDEN.	"The Daily Press"
Essay	MISS HELEN SORENSON.	"The Need of Humor in America"
Piano Solo—"Andante Spianata Polonaise"	MISS GRETCHEN MCCONNELL	<i>Chopin</i>
Oration	MR. HOWARD ROE.	"The Ideal Citizen"

PART II.

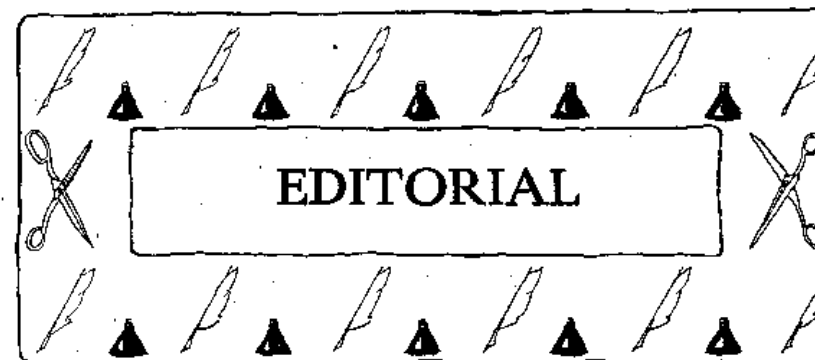
Selection from "Babes in Toyland"	ORCHESTRA.	<i>Herbert</i>
Vocal Solo—"The Pilgrim's Song"	MR. WILL PRENTISS.	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>
Essay	MISS MARIE HODGE.	"A Billiken Age"
Essay	MISS MARTINA SWENSON.	"Norse Ideals"
Violin Solo—"Serenade"	MR. DAVID BRODKEY.	<i>Drdla</i>
Oration	MR. HARRY DRUCKER.	"The Secret of Municipal Success"

PART III.

Waltz—"Janice Meredith"	ORCHESTRA.	<i>Gustin</i>
Presentation of Diplomas	MR. ALFRED C. KENNEDY, Vice-President Board of Education.	

The Faculty.

ELLIS U. GRAFF.....	Principal
KATE A. McHUGH.....	First Vice-Principal and Head of Dept. of Literature
J. F. WOOLERY.....	Second Vice-Principal and Head of Dept. of Mathematics
Anna T. Adams.....	English and Mathematics
Mabel C. Allison.....	Typewriting
Ada I. Atkinson.....	Hd. Dept. History
Nathan Bernstein.....	Hd. Dept. Physics
Daisy F. Bonnell.....	Physiology and Botany
Theodora M. Borglum.....	English
Abba Willard Bowen.....	German
Hellen Brandels.....	Physiology and Algebra
Laura B. Bridge.....	Mathematics
Nona S. Bridge.....	Mathematics
Carrie O. Browne.....	Mathematics
Edith Butler.....	English and Algebra
Alphonsine Chatelain.....	German
B. M. Cherryington.....	Hd. Athletics
Henry Clausen.....	Com. Arithmetic and Writing
May L. Copeland.....	Latin and Greek
Autumn Davies.....	History
Evelyn Dudley.....	English and History
Albert M. Fairbrother.....	Bandmaster
Marian E. Fay.....	Asst. Librarian
Ida Fleming.....	English
Mary A. Hanting.....	Free-hand Drawing
Katherine H. Hilliard.....	English
Louise E. Hughes.....	Mathematics
Adelia Kiewit.....	Sec'y to Principal
J. J. Kerrigan.....	Manual Training
Mary Alice Landis.....	Hd. Dept. Modern Languages
Lydia S. McCague.....	Mechanical Drawing
Jeannette McDonald.....	English
Florence McHugh.....	English
Genevieve McLeod.....	Latin and Mathematics
Miss Fulton.....	
Miss Hultman.....	
Edward E. McMillan.....	Mathematics and Physics
Eugenie M. Mackin.....	History
Belle von Mansfelde.....	Mathematics
Jo von Mansfelde.....	English and Physiology
Katherine Morse.....	English
E. H. Orchard.....	Mechanical Drawing
W. H. Oury.....	Commandant Cadets
Susan Paxson.....	Latin
Anna L. Peterson.....	Greek and Latin
Ella L. Phelps.....	French and English
Alice D. Pritchard.....	Clerk
Mary E. Quackenbush.....	Mathematics
Nelle Randall.....	History
Jasper Robertson.....	Hd. Commercial Dept.
Pearl Rockfellow.....	German
Ellen Rooney.....	Latin and History
Elsie E. Schwartz.....	Physical Culture
H. A. Senter.....	Hd. Chemistry Dept.
Zora Shields.....	Latin
Jane Sprott Smith.....	History
Penelope M. Smith.....	English
Bessie J. Snyder.....	Hd. Greek and Latin Dept.
Mae Somers.....	German and English
Mary L. Stearns.....	Library
Eunice Stebbins.....	English
Mabel C. Stirling.....	Latin
Margaret D. Stirling.....	English
Caroline E. Stringer.....	Hd. Dept. Biology
Grace B. Sudborough.....	Physical Geog. and Geology
Mary Sullivan.....	English
Katherine Thomas.....	History
Lillian Timms.....	English, German, History
Jessie M. Towne.....	English
Neva W. Turner.....	Domestic Science
Emma J. Ure.....	Mathematics
Janet Monroe Wallace.....	Economics, Com. Geog. and English
J. E. Wigman.....	Hd. Man. Tr. Dept.
Belle R. Willson.....	Mathematics
E. A. Zartman.....	Writing and Stenography



The Success of the Omaha High School.

One more school year with its work and its pleasures has rolled by; a year which has been the most successful that the Omaha High School has seen in many years. In whatever light the activities of the old school on the hill are viewed, it must be conceded that they bear the stamp of Success. The school stands upon a higher plane than it has ever reached before. And it is with mingled feelings of pride for what we have accomplished and regret that the year is over that we look back upon the past ten months.

It was in football that we first made our mark as winners. To have played seven strong teams, to have beaten them all, to have been scored against only twice, and to have completed the season champions of two states is a record of which any team might be proud. We accomplished all this and more; for we aroused more school spirit in the old school than there had been for many a day. Our team had made a name for the Omaha High School.

In other forms of athletics also our school has forged ahead this year. Although a championship basket ball team was not produced, our boys on several occasions covered themselves and their school with glory. In track work, our indefatigable coach, B. M. Cherrington, placed the team on a level which had never before been reached. Not only are we champions of Nebraska in track athletics, but almost half of the records, some of them of long standing, were broken by our nimble athletes.

But it is not in athletics alone that we have made such marked progress. In every other branch which we have taken up have we succeeded. Although our debating teams have not always been victorious, owing to the broadened scope of debating during the past year, nevertheless more strong debaters have been developed this year than ever before in the history of the school, and the season was closed by our signal victory over the Englewood High School of Chicago.

But these are only the outward evidences of what the school stands for. There is a spirit of industry among the mass of the students which has placed the O. H. S. where it stands today, among the foremost high schools in the country. It shows itself in the class room. It shows itself among the graduates, the product of our great institution. It is what makes possible the victories which we have won. For the O. H. S. has succeeded during the past year in the high standards which the students as a whole have upheld.

But after all is said and done, after due credit is given to our principal, Mr. Graff, and our athletic and debating coach, Mr. Cherrington, for the work which they have done in so materially raising our standards, after the Boosters' Club has been congratulated upon the results which it has accomplished, all that has really been done has been the giving to the school a firmer foundation of success, upon which the classes of the years to come may build. It lies with the next school year to see that foundation added to until it towers far above its present level. A brilliant future is in store for the O. H. S. ere the class of 1910 shall graduate. It lies with the members of that class and their underclassmen to surpass all which has up to this time been accomplished.

Do You?

Do you think the college paper is sometimes a little dry and that you could do lots better if they'd only let you try; or that the editorials would make better printer's pie, and would you sign your brilliant thoughts with great big capital "I;" or if you think we do not print alumni notes enough and do not publish what you send do you get in a huff and when we put instead of that a lot of local stuff, do you, gentle reader, think that that's a little tough; or do you wonder how we're spending all the money that is made and think in getting rid of it we'll need a little aid; or do you want to knock this number—if you do, don't be afraid—it cost you only ten cents and I'll bet that isn't paid.

The Prize Winners.

In the October number of the Register an announcement was made setting forth prizes for the best stories published during the current year. In accordance with this offer, we announce awarding of prizes to the following: First prize, Fred Nelson, author of "Babe Brown, Substitute;" second prize, Chandler Trimble, author of "Bobby;" third prize, Clarence W. McCullough.

We wish to sincerely thank the Class of '09 and faculty of the O. H. S. for their extremely liberal patronage this year, and we also extend heartiest greetings to the Class of '10.

In reply to numerous inquiries we will extend our special rates to graduates until July 15th. This will be a great saving on your commencement photographs.

HEYN, the Photographer.
16th and Howard Streets.

Social

On Saturday evening, April 17, the Les Hiboux gave a delightful, informal dance at Dundee Hall. The guests were given souvenirs, which were distributed during the favor dance. The young ladies were each favored with a Les Hiboux pennant and the young gentlemen with a cane decorated in the club colors. About twenty couples were present.

Miss Edith Wilson gave a small informal card party on Tuesday evening, April 13, for her cousin, Dr. Dorsey Crother, of St. Joseph, Mo.

The Matinee dance, the last O. H. S. hop of the season, was given on the afternoon of May 1. It was a great success and every one enjoyed themselves. The committee in charge consisted of Jack Bowen and Robert Thompson.

On May 8 the Junior Club had its last dance at Chambers' Hall. The decorations were in old rose and white. Punch was served during the evening and refreshments were enjoyed near the close of the dance.

Miss Hazel Evans, the sponsor of Company A, entertained the boys of the company at her home Friday evening, May 28. An outdoor marshmallow roast was the chief feature of the evening.

Thursday evening, June 3, the boys of Company D were given a rare treat at the home of their sponsor, Miss Marie Hodge. All during the evening they were compelled to perform many difficult and tedious tasks. Those who accomplished them were rewarded with prizes. The party closed with many lusty cheers for the captain, the sponsor and the company.

Friday afternoon the members of the Les Hiboux gave one of the most enjoyable affairs of the year, a hay-rack party and supper in the country. After supper the party was driven over to the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Payne at Fairacres, where they spent the evening dancing.

Miss Gretchen Williamson entertained a number of her friends Saturday evening, June 5, at a picnic dinner at her home in Bemis Park.

On Thursday, June 3, the Toshiyori Bo gave a hay-rack ride which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. After riding about ten miles west on the Dodge road they stopped at the home of Mr. Ryan, where they enjoyed dancing and a picnic lunch.

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Elizabeth Stewart, '02, has a position in the city library.

Miss Harriet Borglum, '02, has returned from a trip abroad.

Miss Carrie Harding, '08, completes her year at the Misses Liggett preparatory school. Next year she will enter Vassar, where her sister, Miss Ruth Harding, '06, is a Junior.

Miss Mary Dallas of '02 and also a Vassar graduate, has been teaching in Brownell Hall.

Miss Louise McBride, '07, is attending the Art Institute, Chicago.

Mr. Lawrence Sidwell, '02, who graduated last year from the Omaha Medical College, has been practicing in Ottumwa, Iowa.

Miss Juliette Griffin and Miss Ione Bellamy, '07, are attending the Chicago University.

Mr. Max Harding, '04, graduates from Yale College this year.

Miss Beulah Buckley is among the graduates at Wellesley.

Miss Minnie Heller, '02, has for some time been studying in Germany.

Mr. Watson Smith, president of the class of '02, is field engineering.

Mr. Fred Hoffman, '06, graduates from the University of Nebraska this year.

Miss Edna Snell, '07, graduates from Peru Normal this year.

Miss Irma Wiederman, '08, left last week for Europe, where she will spend a year.

Mr. Ralph Christie graduated from the Omaha Medical School this spring.

Mr. Curtis Lindsay, '05, graduates from Armour Institute, Chicago.

Mr. Claude Moore, '02, is a practicing physician in Omaha.

Miss Irene James, '07, has been attending the Minnesota University.

Mr. Randall Curtis of the class of '08 from the University of Nebraska attended the Chicago-Omaha debate on June 4.

Mr. George Flack, '08, is home from the University of Nebraska.

In the group of Wellesley College Seniors who presented a unique drama dance on Tree Day, June 1, were Miss Margaret Whitney and Miss Mary Schermerhorn of Omaha.

Miss Nell Carpenter of the class of '08 of Wellesley spent her spring vacation at home.

The alumni of the O. H. S. will give their annual reception to the graduating class on the evening of June 21st at the High School.

Omaha will be represented this year at the University of Nebraska by a large number of graduates. Those who will take their degrees from the College of Literature, Science and the Arts are Mr. Walter Kenner, Mr. Hubert Robertson. Miss Vera Fink and Miss Bessie Fry

will take their degrees from the Teachers' College. Mr. Albin Hamel, Edwin Pelster and Claude Tillotson will graduate from the Industrial College.

Mr. Stanislav Letovsky, a member of the class of '07, has created quite a sensation among the great musicians of Germany. While a member of the High School he became famous in Omaha and surrounding cities, his wonderful talent giving great promise of a brilliant future as one of the world's pianists. Upon graduating from High School he left at once for Berlin, and after studying at Prague became master of scores of musicians twice and even thrice his age.

Mr. Walter Kenner, '04, of the University of Nebraska, has recently been promoted to a captaincy in the state militia.

Mr. Robert L. Fisher '08 is making a name for himself at the Colorado School of Mines.

To the Alumni and the Members of the Omaha High School:

A special effort has been made this last school year to obtain a complete file of all the back numbers of the Register, and when this file is complete it will be a very valuable aid to future Register staffs, being, at the same time, a most interesting history of the Register from its first copy down to the present day. Many volumes have been completed through the kindness of friends, but many still remain to be filled. The Register staff and those interested in this research work would be most grateful for any of the missing numbers, which are:

Volume	I., 1886-87—All Numbers.
Volume	II., 1887-88—All Numbers.
Volume	III., 1888-89—All Numbers.
Volume	IV., 1889-90—All Numbers.
Volume	V., 1890-91—All Numbers.
Volume	VI., 1891-92—All Numbers.
Volume	VII., 1892-93—All Numbers.
Volume	VIII., 1893-94—All Numbers.
Volume	IX., 1894-95—All Numbers except May.
Volume	X., 1895-96—December.
Volume	XII., 1897-98—November, December, March, April.
Volume	XIII., 1898-99—November, January, April, May.
Volume	XIV., 1899-1900—September, May, June.
Volume	XV., 1900-01—October, January.
Volume	XVI., 1901-02—April, May.
Volume	XVII., 1902-03—June.
Volume	XX., 1905-06—April.

At a meeting of the Junior class recently Mr. Graff presented them with the athletic cup for the year 1908-9. Robert Thompson received the gold medal for being the best all-round athlete of the school and Ralph Weirich received the silver medal.

In the preliminary tryout for the Senior program on Commencement Day, twelve persons were chosen from those eligible. The successful ones were Walter Berndes, Harry Drucker, Helen Sorenson, Marie Hodge, Martina Swenson, Marguerite Walker, Czarina Hall, Howard Roe, Ruth Partridge, Helen Davidson, Gladys Solomon and Mary Carlyle. From these twelve the six who are to participate on the program were chosen.

At the dual track meet between the Lincoln and Omaha High Schools, held at the Rod and Gun Club, Lincoln was defeated by the close and interesting score of 57 to 64.

There will be the annual Alumni Reception Monday, June 21, at the High School.

Memorial exercises were held at the High School on Friday, May 28. Colonel Conover, a graduate of Princeton, class of '61, and a civil war veteran, spoke to the Seniors in Room 204.

Friday, May 17, was High School day at Lincoln. A number of Omaha people were down at the state capital to see the athletic meet and to visit friends. Many were entertained at the sorority and fraternity houses over Saturday and Sunday. One thing of special interest to the High School cadets who attended was the government inspection of the University battalion Saturday morning. The appearance and drill of the University boys was excellent.

At a recent Senior class meeting Dean Beecher was elected to give the baccalaureate sermon. It was decided to hold the banquet on Saturday evening, June 19, in the banquet room at the Rome. Plates are to cost a dollar and a quarter. After a warm contest Max Flothow was elected toastmaster. Those who were selected to give toasts were Ruth Lindley, on "Our Past;" Herbert Ryan, "Our Future;" Donald Wood, "What We Have Accomplished in the Battalion;" Geraldine Gifford, "Class Photograph;" Sigurd Larmon, "Our Success in Athletics;" Harry Drucker, "Boosters' Club;" Helen Sorenson, "The Senior Fair;" Will Ross, "What We Owe to the School;" Marie Hodge, "The Educational Garden;" Howard Roe, "The Class." There will also be short talks by Mr. Graff and Mr. Davidson and Mrs. Fleming.

A few weeks ago the battalion was greatly surprised to hear of Captain Oury's transfer. He is one of the finest commandants who has ever had authority over the cadets and one and all were very sorry to lose him. Lieutenant Haskell has come to fill this vacancy and he is already highly esteemed by the boys.

On Monday, May 31st, Memorial Day was celebrated and so there was an all-day holiday. In the morning the Seniors started a very original custom by having a class breakfast. Although only about a third of the class went, seventy-five girls and ten boys, still all who did had a

fine time. After a good lively walk from Florence all arrived at Pries Lake about 8:30 and immediately ate their breakfast lunches. Then dancing in the pavilion and rowing on the lake were enjoyed, and the class tramped back to Florence and thence took the car home.

On this same afternoon of May thirty-first the cadets marched in the annual Memorial Day parade to the Auditorium and there disbanded.

The annual Cadet Encampment was at Ashland this year, from Monday, June 7, to Saturday, June 12. About 450 boys went down and enjoyed a week of almost unalloyed pleasure from beginning to end. Although the weather was not all that could have been expected, still it might have been worse. On Visitors' Day, Thursday, 10th, Camp Davidson fairly overflowed and everybody, big and little, said they had the best time of their lives.

The Bell.

Behold, the most perfect example of absolute perversity—the hour bell. Its functions are arranged to give the greatest amount of trouble with the least expenditure of energy. The inventor of the hour bell is unknown, but so also is the profligate wretch who established Latin as a study!

The hour bell divides the day into six theoretically equal periods; but in actual fact they are far from equal. The study periods, and examination periods are invariably too short, while the recitation periods are abnormally long, especially on a day of unprepared lessons.

When the six periods are over you might think, gentle reader, that the bell would take a rest; but again you are wrong; the bell rings merrily on, and woe betide the inadvertent pupil who is caught between bells, for he is the most miserable creature in existence. These late periods put all others to shame for length, for they not only take up all conceivable time, but they "trespass on eternity."

(My, what an escape of gas!!)

Poet—"Don't you think the opening lines of Tennyson's poem, 'Break, break, break,' are sad?"

Unfortunate Speculator—"Yes, but I think 'Broke, broke, broke,' more pathetic."

A PRAYER.

Now I get me up to shirk,
I hope I will not have to work.
If I should die before the night,
Why, then, I'll have no work in sight.

First Chauffeur—"There's one thing I hate to run over, and that's a baby."

Second Chauffeur—"So do I; them milk bottles raise Cain with the tires."

Resolutions Unanimously Adopted by the Students of the Mosher-Lampman Business College.

At a meeting of the students of all departments of the Mosher-Lampman College, held in the Business Department of that institution on the 28th day of May, 1909, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We, the students of the Mosher-Lampman College, wish to give expression to our hearty appreciation of the high character of the work done by this school and the advantages it offers to young men and women for the acquisition of a thorough business training, we beg to call the attention of the public to the following:

1. That the Mosher-Lampman College furnishes its students, of all departments, the instruction of capable and expert teachers of many years' experience.
2. The personal attention and individual instruction of such teachers are of untold advantage to the students of this college.
3. We know by the work done by our fellow students, who have already completed their courses of study that the system of shorthand, and method of bookkeeping taught in this college are exceptionally practical and capable of producing results that are unsurpassed, if indeed they are equalled by the methods in use in any other business college.
4. The Mosher-Lampman College affords its students the *personal* instruction of one of America's foremost penmen.
5. The Mosher-Lampman College makes good every representation and pledge in its catalogue and advertising.
6. The Mosher-Lampman College is fair and square in its dealings, and reasonable in the prices it charges for books and school supplies.
7. The Mosher-Lampman College takes a deep interest in the welfare of its students, not alone while they are in school, but to our knowledge, after they have completed their courses, manifesting this interest by being ever on the alert for obtaining higher and better positions for its ex-students.
8. The Mosher-Lampman College takes a hearty interest in the promotion of athletics, not alone in spirit but in financial support.
9. The superiority of the Mosher-Lampman College is all the more apparent to some of us who have previously attended other schools. Therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we, the students now in attendance at the Mosher-Lampman College, being in a position to know whereof we speak, take pleasure in giving this formal expression of our endorsement of the Mosher-Lampman College, and that we hereby recommend this institution to young men and women of the *West*, and assure them that here they will find a school, which by reason of its unexcelled courses of study, capable instructors, honest dealings, and keen interest in the welfare of its students, is fully worthy of their patronage.

RESOLVED, That we tender to the Faculty of Mosher-Lampman College this expression of our hearty good will, and our best wishes for the prosperity, continued growth, and usefulness of the school of our choice—

MOSHER-LAMPMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

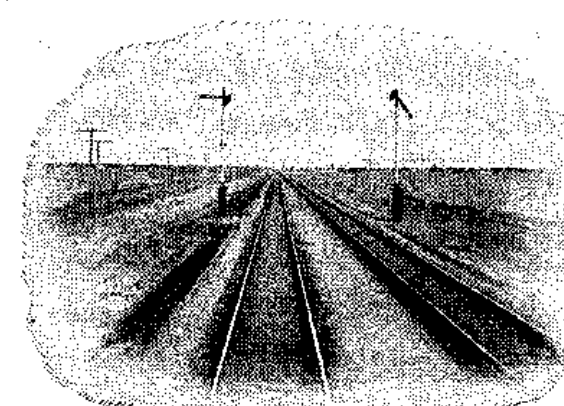
Respectfully submitted,

P. PERCIVAL PERRIN,
CHAS. J. MORGAN,
MINNIE E. GREELEY,
F. L. CATLIN,
LAURA BENNETT,

Committee.

Locals P. 24.
200

Union Pacific Tours to the Seattle Exposition June 1 to October 16, 1909



UNION PACIFIC MAIN LINE NEAR KEARNEY, NEB., SHOWING BLOCK SIGNALS.

THIS TRIP affords a splendid opportunity to combine education with pleasure—to learn about the new west and the great northwest. Union Pacific trains traverse the heart of these beautiful and interesting lands.

Safety, Service, Speed

"The Ideal Travel Combination."

Electric Block Signals

Dining Car Meals and Service "Best in the World"

Dustless Roadbed—Perfect Track

For beautiful descriptive literature and full information relative to rates, routes, etc., call on or address

CITY TICKET OFFICE.

1324 Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Phones: Bell, Douglas 1828; Independent A3231.

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.



H. Drucker (in telegram to father)—"Am. sick. Have no money."
 Father (in return)—"Am well. Have plenty of money."

Last week was an old clothes revival among the girls as the boys were at camp.

Would that this were a prohibition state, if the weather would also dry up!

Teacher—"What is the rule for feminines in the singular?"
 Pupil—"Marry early."

The Palace Stables

Livery and
Boarding



W. W. MACE
 New Proprietor

Carriages for the
 Senior Banquet
\$5.00

Phones—Bell, Douglas 257
 Independent, A-1862

17th and Davenport Streets

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Wedding Gifts Worth Giving

Exclusive Foreign Novelties.

Leather, Brass, Porcelain and Copper, Brass Desk Sets, Vases, Bric-a-Brac, Candlesticks, Tea Sets, etc.

There is a tone of elegance and superiority about our foreign goods that is sure to please the most fastidious.

Books—beautifully bound and rich in quality.

Engraved Wedding Invitations, Visiting Cards and Monograms.

Dainty Place Cards and Decorations for bridal tables.

MATTHEWS BOOK AND PAPER SHOP
 —122 SOUTH 15TH STREET—

We desire to thank the Students, their Parents and friends, in this last issue of The Register, for their patronage during the past year, and we hope that we will continue in the good graces of our friends for the ensuing year.

Mawhinney & Ryan Co.
 Jewelers and Silversmiths. Douglas and Fifteenth.

Register advertisers merit your patronage.

Butcher—"Come, John, step lively now; break the bones in Mrs. Jones' chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket."

John—"All right, just as soon as I've sawed off Mr. Brown's leg."

Soph—"Why is a woman like a hinge?"

Junior—"Don't know."

Soph—"Because she is something to a-door."

Teacher (to a pupil who had failed in Trig.)—"Do you know that when Washington was your age he was one of the best surveyors in the country?"

Pupil—"Yes, sir, and when he was your age he was President of the United States."



*Start Life
Right...*

Your feet must
guide you
through life.

*Strike
Stryker*

to get the style
and foot-com-
fort—you will
do the rest.

*Men's
Shoes*

STRIKE STRYKER

312 South
Sixteenth St.

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

BLACK

**Men's Furnisher
and \$2.50 Hatter**

OMAHA

Cadets!

BRING US YOUR CARDS

WE can supply you
with everything
a dapper young gen-
tleman needs : : : :

LUCIEN STEPHENS

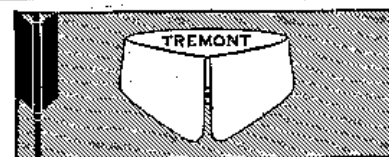
307 South 16th Street

NOTICE!

Cadet Suits
Cleaned and Pressed
for **\$1.00**

Teddy Bear Cleaners

19th and Harney Sts.



"TREMONT"

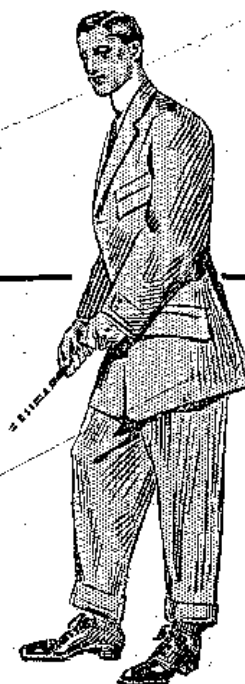
The style of the season

—it's an

**ARROW
COLLAR**

25 cents each — 2 for 25 cents
Cluett, Peabody & Company, Makers

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.



Vacation Time

Solving problems will be
set aside for awhile. Even
the summer clothes problem
will solve itself if you come in
here someday and look around
—not only our Suits, but our
Straw Hats, Negligee Shirts,
Neckties, etc., will impress
you favorably.

Young Men's Suits
\$5 and up.

Everything else moderately
priced, too!

THE NEW STORE

King-Swanson Co.
16th & HOWARD STS.

THE HOME OF QUALITY CLOTHES

COLGATE UNIVERSITY

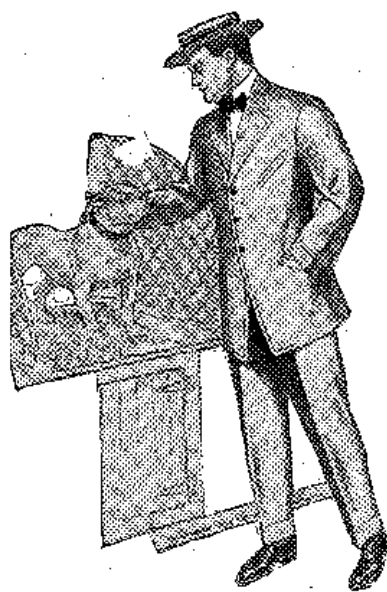
Begins Her 90th Year Sept. 23, 1909

Has fine traditions and is jealous of her high standards of scholarship. With magnificent equipment and large endowment she is prepared to give the best in training and in culture at moderate cost. Address Registrar, VINCENT B. FISK, Hamilton, N.Y.

A young theologian named Fiddle,
Refused to accept his degree,
"For," said he, "'tis enough to be Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle, D. D."—Ex.

'Tis wrong for any maid
To be abroad at night alone,
A chaperon she needs till she
Can call some chap-er-own.—Ex.

"Do you use slang?"
"Nit. My maw would biff me one on the beak if I ever made a
stab at any dope like that."



"Samneck"
BEST MADE CLOTHES

The Selling Event of
Omaha in Clothing Circles

\$15 now

For any Young Man's Suit marked
\$20.00—yes, even \$22.50.

Including every color and fabric
in mixtures, and

Blue Serges for graduation

Young men, get busy!

BENSON & THORNE CO.

1515-1517 Douglas St.

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Diamonds Watches Jewelry
Silverware Cut Glass

Louis A. Borsheim

Progressive Jeweler
of the 500 Block

Phone Red 6854 Op. Her Grand

Piano and Harmony Instruction.

ONLY a limited number of pupils considered. Call or communicate with the Music Rooms, Twentieth and Farnam streets, as early as possible, to obtain particulars and make arrangements for hours of instruction.

SIGMUND LANDSBERG,
Music Rooms: 20th and Farnam Sts.
Suite 4 and 5 Baldrige-Wead Bldg.

Pasteurizing

is the only known process
which will rid milk of all dan-
gerous germs and impurities.

Use Pasteurized Milk and Cream

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

**Alamito Sanitary
Dairy Co.** (Incorporated)

Office, 1812 Farnam Street
Phone Douglas 411

The Real Business of Life

Commences for you now.

Occasionally perhaps
your studies have
seemed irksome and
you have wondered,
mayhap, "What's
the use?"

We wish you unqual-
ified success for the
future, and all the joy
that comes from work
well performed—and
after all, that is where
the real satisfaction
lies.

In starting out, do
your part to uphold
integrity in business
dealing, and give your
support to those busi-
ness institutions
whose methods are
reliable.

Your fathers and
mothers have been
our patrons—follow
their example and our
store will be your
trading home.

**Thomas
Kilpatrick & Co.**

Register advertisers merit your patronage.

R is for Rayley,
A long time a Junior,
We most ardently hope
He'll next year be a Senior.

A wise old owl
Sat in an oak;
The more he saw,
The less he spoke;
The more he learned,
The less he'd coo;
Now why can't you
Learn this rule, too?

He called her "pretty little bird,"
Her eye with anger glowed;
She did feel unkindly slurred,
For she was pigeon-toed.

Dear old naughty-nine!
Long may our glory live!

ICE

*Omaha Ice and Cold
Storage Co.*

MANUFACTURERS OF

**DISTILLED WATER
and ICE**

Water Delivered in
Bottles and Cases

423 South 15th St.

PHONES

Bell, Douglas 455 Independent, A-4155

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

To The High School Students:

In this the last number of the Register for the school year, we wish to thank the students of the O. H. S. for their valued patronage during the last season. May it continue here in years to come. Wishing all a very happy and joyous vacation, we are

Very truly,

Thompson, Belden & Co.

The Store That Sells Good Dry Goods

Pennants, Too.

Howard, Corner 16th St.

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Nicoll's Special!

Just to keep our large organization of tailors active we offer you

A full blue, black or gray Serge Suit, \$25

with extra Trousers of same or striped material.

These serges are *all pure wool* and guaranteed not to fade.
Suggest you drop in today.

Trousers
\$6 to \$12

Nicoll
**THE
TAILOR**

Suits
\$25 to \$50

209-211 South 15th Street

ADVO Foods—always pure

ADVO Foods—always full weights

ADVO Foods—always best.

That's Why

*you should always insist that your
grocer send you the
Advo Brand*

See our Street
Car Ads

McCord-Brady Co.

Register advertisers merit your patronage.

CAMPING Outfits

Now Is the Time
to get ready for your camp. We carry a full line of Camp and Porch Furniture.

AWNINGS

Sure, now is the time to buy them. Telephone us and our representative will call.

PHONE DOUGLAS 883 OMAHA TENT & AWNING CO. 11th & HARNEY STS. OMAHA, NEB.



Friend—"In what course does your son expect to graduate?"

Father—"In the course of time, I expect."—Ex.

Magistrate—"The next person who interrupts the proceedings of this court will be expelled from the room."

Prisoner—"Hooray; Whooper-ee! Now lemme go!"

The Pessimist's Comfort.

A man's life is full of crosses and temptations. He comes into this world without his consent and goes out against his will, and the trip between the two is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the features of the trip. When he is little the big girls kiss him, and when he is grown the little girls kiss him. If he is poor, he is a bad manager. If he is rich, he is dishonest. If he needs credit he can't get it. If he is prosperous everyone wants to do him a favor. If he is in politics it's for the pie. If he is out of politics you can't find a place for him, and he is no good to his country. If he doesn't give to charity he is a stingy cuss. If he does it's for show. If he is actively religious he is a hypocrite. If he takes no interest in religion he is a hardened sinner. If he gives affection he is a soft specimen. If he cares for no one he is cold-blooded. If he dies young there was a great future before him. If he lives to an old age he has missed his calling.

The road is rocky, but man loves to travel it; and after all there is a good deal of satisfaction, especially if a man gets a COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE at

Columbia Phonograph Co.

1311-1313 Farnam Street.

**DOUGLAS
PRINTING
COMPANY**

314-316 S. 19th St.

PHONES { Bell, Douglas 644
Indep'd't, A-1