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OMAHA

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER



VOL. XXIV

SEPTEMBER
1909

NUMBER I



CHASE

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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

Published Monthly from September to June by students of the Omaha High School

LUMIR C. BURESH
EDITOR

Entered at the Omaha postoffice
as second-class matter

GEORGE SUGARMAN
BUSINESS MANAGER

VOL. XXIV]

OMAHA, SEPT., 1909

[NUMBER 1

THE REGISTER STAFF—1909-1910:

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Subscription Price..... Per Year, Fifty Cents; by Mail, Fifty Cents

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Official Training School for Union Pacific R. R. Telegraphy Department.

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Volume
XXIV



THE REGISTER

Number
212

OMAHA & SEPTEMBER 2 1909



Crawford's Story.

They were comfortably seated in the smoking compartment of the west-bound limited swapping yarns and trying to pass the time away until they reached their destination. Anderson, the big broad-shouldered Swede, who was traveling for a Denver wholesale millinery establishment, had just finished telling of a strange experience of his with a kleptomaniac when Crawford took his pipe from his mouth and delicately brushed away the ashes that had fallen on his coat.

"You know, fellows, speaking of kleptomaniacs reminds me of a little incident that occurred during my vacation. I went up to Chautauqua for a couple of weeks to visit an aunt of mine who owns a cottage up there at one of the resorts. She had a sort of house party, a friend of hers with a small daughter of five and a couple of girls, mighty jolly ones, too."

A general burst of laughter broke in.

"How many hearts did you capture, Bob?" quizzed Anderson.

Crawford, ignoring the interruption, continued:

"One evening Kittie and I went for a walk. It ended by our going to the moving picture show. That and the dancing pavilion afforded the chief attractions at the Point. Now one of Kittie's fads was to carry a purse with her on all occasions, formal or informal. She said she always felt safer if she knew she had some change with her in case she ever got lost. That evening she carried her silver bag that her brother brought her from Florence and of which she thought a great deal. The show was exceptionally poor that time and we got out before it was half over and went back to the cottage to sit on the porch. At bed-time Kittie held out her hand.

"'Bob,' she said, 'I'll take my bag now and say good-night.'

"I looked at her with some surprise.

"'Why, Kittie,' I said, 'you didn't give me your bag. At least, I don't remember taking it.'

"Then to make sure I dug around in my pockets. Kitty looked perplexed.

"'Well,' she said, 'I must have laid it on the table in the parlor, but it's so covered with trash I'll wait until morning before I get it.'

"After breakfast the next morning Kitty came to me.

"'Do you know, Bob,' she whispered, 'I don't dare tell Auntie, but I simply can't find my purse anywhere. I've looked high and low in every nook and corner of this blessed cottage and I can't find it anywhere. Do you suppose I could have dropped it at the show? Won't you run down and see?'

"Well, I went. When I got to the tent I found a small boy cleaning up the peanut shells and popcorn bags. He knew nothing of the lost bag, but said that the manager of the show lived across the lake at Stowe and he might have found it. I didn't wait for any more, but rushed down to Mep's dock and jumped into a row-boat. Mep swore at me as I rowed off, but I didn't turn to look back. I was going after Kittie's bag!

"When I reached Stowe I asked where my man lived. A fellow pointed out the house, a little white one on the top of a hill with a hot, dusty road leading up to it. I set out for it. The sun was hot; not a tree threw a bit of shade on the road, and the dust—well, it was the limit.

"I went up and knocked on the front door. Then I waited. No one came. I went back to the kitchen. A round-shouldered, raw-boned woman was washing dishes. I asked for my man.

"'Wa-ell,' she drawled, 'he's a-go-ane to Jamestown an' I howardly expect him back afore tonight.'

"I asked her about the bag. She was positive none had been found. I walked back to my boat. I felt like a dog that has been chasing an automobile and comes back with his tongue lolling out and his tail between his legs.

"When I got back to the Point I started for the post-office. On the way I met Kittie.

"'Well!' she exclaimed breathlessly.

"I shook my head.

"'Let's go to the post-office and put up a notice,' I suggested.

"At the post-office we met Auntie, her friend and the baby. Kittie told them her troubles.

"'You and Bob had better go around and put up some notices in the hotels,' she advised.

"We went around to the hotels, four of them, and while I tacked up the notices Kittie inquired at the desk for her bag. Our walk home was rather quiet. Kittie was discouraged and felt worse about it than she would admit. I was hopeful. Kittie's name was engraved on the inside and I argued no one would keep it with that there.

"The next two days passed like a nightmare. Kitty was bluer than indigo and I—oh, I tried to cheer her up. The third night I proposed that we should go to the dance. I was getting tired of hanging around doing nothing. Now Kittie is a queer one and she won't wear the same dress twice the same week. After dinner she went up to get one of those filmy things that girls like to wear out of her trunk. I sat on the porch, tilted back in my favorite chair, smoking. Suddenly a voice from above (Kittie's) called excitedly: 'Bob! Oh, Bob! I've found it. My bag!'

"I brought my chair down with a jerk and dashed inside.

"'Where'd you find it?' I shouted.

"'Right under my dress in my trunk,' she replied.

"It seems, as we found out later, Kittie had put her bag on the table and the baby, when she went upstairs, had taken it. Kittie's trunk happened to be open, so she hid it there under the folds of Kittie's dresses. Why she didn't tell us about it when she knew we were breaking our necks trying to find it has always been a mystery to me. Sometimes I wonder

if the child just did it in fun or if she really intended keeping it. Do you think a child like that might develop into a kleptomaniac?"

They smoked a while in silence. Then Anderson, putting his cigar stub on the ash receiver, remarked with a hearty laugh: "Well, if she were mine I know what I would do with her. I'd spank her!"

N. R. E., '10.

November Twenty-Fifth.

ELSMIRE REIDNARC, '10.

CHAPTER I.

THE FACE.

"Snag him, there, Rex! Look out, he may have a knife! Here—help me! I've got his leg! Shucks, man, he's gone! Why, gee whiz, you stood there like a tar-baby and never moved an eyelash! You indian, we might have got him if you'd have helped me!"

Only one incident had occurred to mar the evening for Rex Fairfield and his chum Bobby Laird. They were attending an opening hop given by the Academy of which they were at that time pupils. They were walking along one of the beautiful, tree-lined avenues of the Edgewood Club grounds, at which the hop was given. They had tired of the dance, and with their partners, Peggie Wallscott and Kathrine Van Tyne, they had wandered far from the clubhouse.

The full moon threw its bright, pale light in silvery patches through the leaves above. The trees gave dark, impenetrable shadows in sharp contrasts that assumed wierd shapes and forms, vaguely suggestive.

Suddenly out in the blackness before them a dim shadowy blotch had moved—grown denser, if possible, moved and lengthened. A face thrust out suddenly in the moonlight—eyes staring directly into Rex's startled face.

There had been a scream from Kathrine and an ejaculation of astonishment from Bobby. Yet neither Rex nor the face moved. Rex seemed charmed, bewitched, as it were, by the glowing eyes so close to his own. The silence was oppressive, stifling for a moment, then Bobby sprang at the face, swinging a full shoulder blow at the two coal-like eyes. The face ducked, the shadow dropped, but Bobby had grasped wildly into the darkness and caught the leg of the figure. He had called to Rex for help, for the man was wrenching and twisting. Rex had not responded. He could not hold on much longer, as his grip was slipping—slipping. A final wrench and the stranger was free. The dark, shadowy figure turned quickly and silently faded into the dead black again.

"'Wheeo-o Jee-osephat! What do you call it, anyway, Rex? Interested in your physiognomy, wasn't he, or maybe the color of your eyes? Why didn't you grab him? Gee whiz! we'd have put some rouge on his face. He didn't look particularly healthy, did he? Shucks!" Bobby was inclined to be humorous.

"Come on, let's go back, Bobby." Rex's voice was firm, not excited or nervous, but tense and strange as if he were under a strain.

They followed Rex back toward the clubhouse, wondering in silence. "Say, Peggie," Bobby broke the quiet, "you're a nervy little girl, I believe. Why didn't you 'whoop' like Kathrine did—or was it you that screamed?"

Bobby pretended that he did not know who screamed, but he did know. He had noticed, just as he sprang at the face, that Peggie was leaning forward, peering into the mysterious eyes and face watching as if to catch every expression. He had wondered at her and asked her this question in the hope of learning a clue to her conduct.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered him laughingly; "just plain scared quiet for once, I guess."

But Bobby was not satisfied. He felt sure that this was not the real reason, for she had looked to him more as one who seeks than one who avoids and is afraid.

They walked along in silence for a while. Suddenly Peggie turned to Rex.

"Do you mind telling me, Rex, what that man said?"

Rex looked his utter astonishment.

"What he said?" he asked incredulously. "Why, he didn't say anything. He just looked at me. Looked at me right between the eyes, till I was dizzy and my eyes smarted. After that I couldn't hear anything, and saw only those two black eyes swimming 'round and 'round like little balls of fire. Funniest thing! Never had such a queer feeling in all my life!"

"Was that all? Tell me just exactly how you felt, Rex," she asked breathlessly.

"Well, I really can't remember anything—that's the queer part about it," Rex replied. "I just seemed to be nowhere with nothing near me, and all that kept me there was that pair of swimming, shining black spots in space. Ugh! But really, Peggie, he didn't say anything—not a word. What made you think he did?"

"Why, I watched his face closely. His lips moved distinctly. I know that he spoke to you. I know—what he said, even! No, I will not tell you what he said if you don't know. Really, I can't, so please don't ask me to."

"Oh, Peggie, you're no fun at all," Kathrine said. "I wish you'd tell. Whisper it to me—please."

"No, dearie," Peggie answered. "Maybe some time I'll tell all of you, but in the meantime I have a nice little secret all to myself. Come on, Mr. Laird, won't you take me in for this dance?"

After the dance Peggie and Bobby found seats in a quiet little cozy corner where they could watch the dancers whirl by in an ever-changing kaleidoscopic picture.

Peggie broke the silence.

"Well, I guess I'd better relieve my conscience, Mr. Laird, about that incident out there."

Bobby looked questioningly at her.

"You see," she continued, "I just wanted to have a little mystery. All that man said was, 'November the twentieth. Perre Nezzio. Ten o'clock!' Nothing at all to hide, you see. He was insane, very likely—

yes, and that would account for the ease with which he hypnotized Rex." She seemed to be talking to herself rather than to him, Bobby thought.

"Then Rex lied," Bobby exclaimed indignantly. "Do you suppose he deliberately lied when he said that the man did not say a word?"

"Why—yes, he did lie, but he didn't know he did. Understand? You see he did not hear or remember what the man did say, so he thought that the fellow did not speak. But I know very well that he did speak—as I told you."

"Um-m, I guess that'll filter after a while," said Bobby, "but I don't see how it's possible."

"Oh, dear! I don't know how to explain it. No, silly, of course I didn't call you 'dear'—that was merely an exclamation. As I said, I don't know how to explain it. Maybe this will help: Did you ever hold a chicken's bill down touching a smooth board and then draw a chalk line out from its point?"

Bobby laughed. "Well, I hardly think so. What on earth would I want to draw lines on boards and hold a chicken squawking in my arms at the same time for? What has that to do with our little mystery?"

"Well, nothing, except that Rex was in the same condition as the chicken is after you draw the line. Try that experiment some time. You just hold the point of the chicken's bill down touching your board and whip a white chalk line out from it for about a foot. Mr. (or Mrs.) Chicken stays right there and never moves a muscle for hours if there is no sudden noise or motion near him. You must be very slow and quiet as you release him after you've drawn the line, or he will come to right away. Try it some time, won't you? You may need the knowledge or at least the theory some time—maybe not far away."

"Whee-oo, Peggie! You're such a mysterious person. I never quite understand you. I believe you know too much for me to be a good companion to you. I'm such a dunce at such metaphysical and what-you-may-call-it-acle stuff that I'm out of my place in that kind of water."

She laughed quietly.

It was not many weeks before Bobby had reason to remember her words.

That night when they were alone in their room Bobby and Rex were discussing the curious incident of the evening.

"Say, Rex," Bobby began in a serious tone, "now don't get sore, will you? I just want you to answer me one question: Do you gamble?"

"Gamble! Why—why, no. That is, no more than you do—than everyone does," Rex answered, flushing. "What the dickens difference does it make to you, anyway?"

"Well, well, don't get ruffled, now. I mean do you make a practice of it in some lowdown Italian resort. Do you know what that dough-faced Italian said to you tonight?" he added quickly. "What Peggie read on his lips?"

"Now look here, Bobby, I've stood a good deal from you. Now, by George, you eat those insinuations or I'll knock your teeth down your throat after I cram those words down. No, I don't know what any fool girl 'read on his lips,' he said with a sneer, "and furthermore and besides, I don't care. Now are you going to eat your words, dog-gone you?"

He stripped off his coat with a determined air. There was nothing on which Rex was more "touchy" than his honor, and he was up in arms at any slur against it.

"Now, now, Rex old chum," said Bobby, catching him by the shoulders and forcing him into a chair, "you sit down and keep cool. I apologize. I ought to have known better. I do know better. Come on, let's not fight about it."

"Well, all right, Bobby. You're no more darn fool than you used to be," grumbled Rex, ashamed of his flash of anger. "What did the charming Miss Peggie think the fellow said? I confess I don't believe I'd have heard him if he had yelled at me. I didn't hear Kathrine scream, as you say she did."

"You didn't? Well, what do you know about that?" gasped Bobby in amazement.

"No, I didn't," snapped Rex. "What did he say, I asked you?"

"Say, old man, you're all unstrung. There, now, keep still, I'll tell you. Don't half believe it myself; she must have been mistaken. She says that he said: 'November the twentieth. Perre Nezzio. Ten o'clock.' Nonsense, you see. Can you make anything out of it? I'm sure I can't."

"'Perre Nezzio, November the twentieth,'" Rex repeated in perplexity. What on earth would he say that to me for? Why, no, I can't see sense to that. Who or what is Perre Nezzio? Never heard of it or him before, have you?" Rex was undoubtedly as perplexed and mystified as Bobby.

"No," answered Bobby, considerably relieved at his friend's ignorance of the mystery, "but it sounds like some of those thieving gambling-house proprietors, and I—I—was afraid—no, I wasn't either—but that's what came into my head first thing. You know, Rex, that I don't object to a little excitement at poker now and then among our own fellows, but when it comes to these regular resorts—you see why I was so worked up, though I really knew better."

"Yes, it's all right, Bobby. Let's drop it; that blamed Italian makes me nervous. Let's get out the 'junk' and tinker at our wireless apparatus a while. I've a new idea for a receiving set." Rex was opening a large box in one corner of the room. "Here she is, Bobby," he cried as he pulled a little box out of the tangle of wires and electrical apparatus. "Take a look at that for compactness and simplicity," he said with some pride.

"Well say, Rex, that's all right," said Bobby in admiration. "Where did you get the dinky little telephone receiver? That's great, but I can make it simpler yet. Don't need to carry this great bulky battery around. Here's the way I fix it up. Just take two pieces of carbon, small as you can manage, wrap a fine wire around one end of each, put them side by side this way and lay a nail, for instance, across them. Hook up one carbon to your air wire and one to the ground wire and shunt your 'phone and battery around the whole thing, and there's your receiver."

"Yes," said Rex doubtfully, "but you haven't any battery in there."

"Well, just wait a minute. Hand me that flower pot, will you? Now just put a piece of copper wire in this moist earth and a piece of iron or zinc wire beside it and there's your battery. Just hook it up like you

would any battery. Hear how it clicks the telephone receiver. Why, man, give me a little ball of fine wire and a couple of nails and a telephone receiver and I could rig up a receiving station in five minutes and catch messages from here anywhere within a radius of two miles."

"Well, Bobby, you are a wonder. I believe you're right. Say, let's get to work on this sending apparatus here so we can try it some time."

Bobby consented and they worked far into the morning fixing and testing the delicate instruments that would one day in the near future play an important part in their lives.

The clock chimed three as Bobby snapped off the light and climbed into bed. It was perhaps well for his nerves that the utter weariness of body made his sleep sound. The sight of a pasty white face with skin drawn tight over the bones, peering cautiously in at the window, and then of a silent, shadowy form gliding to the desk and bending over its contents as if in search for something—that sight, it is to be feared, would have made the peaceful sleep of the two boys a sad impossibility.

(To be continued in October issue.)

It Doesn't Pay.

Al Burton had a decided liking for football. In that respect he was little different than many another boy of high school age. But Al Burton did not have a very decided liking for studying; but even in this respect he did not differ much from other boys—yet thereby hangs a tale.

The football season was at its height and Al Burton in his glory as one of the stars on the local high school team. But Al had one thorn in his rose of pleasure, and that was his inability to keep up in his studies and therefore a constant fear of being forced to leave the team. As hard as he tried and as late as he sat up, the passages of Cicero and the problems of Physics did not appeal to him and as he bent wearily or drowsily over his books, he wished that the seven hills of Rome had been buried by an earthquake and that the science of Physics would go up in smoke.

"How I wish I could get my lessons as easily as Paul Lawrance. It's no effort at all for him to get a translation. I wish he'd do mine."

Just then a thought flashed through his mind. Why couldn't he get Paul to do his translations? He had heard of its being done quite freely in college, and furthermore Al Burton was wealthy, while Paul Lawrance was not quite so well endowed with the world's goods.

The next day, after school, as Al was leaving the building, who should he encounter but Paul, who was also just leaving. His blood was pounding through his veins as he fell into step with Paul and began a conversation. Football, their teachers, the chance for championship, all subjects were discussed before Paul happened to bring up the subject of the year's studies. This was Al's opening and he rushed blindly into the subject.

* * *

"Yes, I shall have your translation ready for you before school tomorrow," said Paul coldly, through his gritted teeth. "No, I do not care for the payment just now," and he shuddered as Al eagerly held forth a bill.

The following day Miss Langdon, in charge of second-hour Latin,

was most agreeably surprised to see Al's hand raised for the first time in quite a long space of football activity. She greeted his willingness gladly and forthwith called upon him to translate.

Al arose and began. Miss Langdon raised her head in surprise as he continued. Then consternation, amazement and various other phases of surprise chased themselves across her expressive features. Still Al continued until a faint titter from one of his classmates caused him to pause a moment to discover its source. Before he could recommence, Miss Langdone spoke coldly. "That will do, Mr. Burton. I should like to see you after sixth hour." And the class grinned broadly while he seated himself in amazement—all but Paul Lawrance.

The result of that after-school interview was that Al confessed his deceit in offering a false translation for his own. The next time Miss Langdon met Paul Lawrance in the hall, she stopped him and taking his hand, said, "Paul, I wish to thank you for the forceful lesson that you have taught Al by giving him such a conglomeration in place of a translation. Al Burton will never do a deceitful thing again and you are the one who has strengthened him."

The next time Al met Paul, he held out his hand and they shook hands heartily, silently—closest friends.

ELLA S. FLEISHMAN, '11.

Manual Training.

There is one department in the High School that has been disregarded to some degree in connection with the other departments, and its worth has been underestimated many times. That one is manual training. But to one who stops to consider the importance of this branch of study it presents itself as a very urgent factor in many of the professions of today, and its rapid progress during the last few years in this High School and in every other school where it has been taught bears out its significance.

The chief aim of manual training is undoubtedly educational. It is not a study that you once take up and that never comes up in practical use again, as is the case with many. The usefulness of it, however, is shown in the following professions which are incomplete without it: engineering, mechanical, electric, civil, or mining; architecture; surgery; and dentistry. There are many other instances of its practical application that need not be mentioned here as they are all too well known.

The great interest that is being manifested in manual training may be judged from the enrollment of the classes this year, which amounts to 270, a gain over last year. These large classes will have to work in the same rooms used last year, and they were very crowded. A great deal of interest has been inspired into the boys by the splendid prizes and exhibits that Mr. Wigman gave last year, and the boys have started to work earnestly and are making fast progress.

There are a number of boys that are taking the one-hour course, but the only way to derive the best results from your work in manual training, as explained by Mr. Wigman, is to take the two-hour course, and the difference in time will be very much less than the value received.

Manual training has now been given representation in the Register, a thing that it has needed badly in the past. We will make all announcements of concern to those interested in manual training and will trace the progress of this department through the year.



With this issue of THE REGISTER the new staff makes its formal bow to its subscribers, as their representative. The first question that arises to the reader is: "Will THE REGISTER be a success this year—will it be worth while?" At the very outset we earnestly desire that it be understood that THE REGISTER is a magazine for the pupils, by the pupils, and of the pupils of the O. H. S., and that it is not a private organ of the staff in charge. We have been chosen to manage and arrange the material constituting THE REGISTER only, but by no means are we the only parties interested. Every student should consider it his personal duty to see that THE REGISTER is a true and worthy representative of our school, and he should see that he does his utmost to make it such. Upon you depends the success or failure of THE REGISTER, as much as upon the staff. We will do the best we possibly can, and the rest lies with you. Will you do your best?

We hope that we will receive contributions liberally during the coming year, and we hope that when you notice something in THE REGISTER that you do not like and think radically wrong you will not knock and go through the halls saying to everybody you meet that THE REGISTER is "rotten," or some such expression, but that you will boost by coming to us and by making your objections and suggestions, if you have any, directly to us, and we in turn will be glad to make explanations, if necessary, and receive your suggestions. It is this co-operation of the pupils with the staff that will make THE REGISTER a genuine representative of the whole school, and thus a thorough success, such as every conscientious student desires to see.

* * *

In speaking of the support which THE REGISTER should receive from the student body, one way in which you may prove yourselves very valuable in making it a grand success is by patronizing our advertisers. Too much importance cannot be placed upon this one thing, because the advertisers are patronizing us, and is it not but a fair return that we patronize them?

If each one of you could realize how much work it takes to get a single advertiser and how much it counts in running THE REGISTER, we are convinced that you would make special provisions for patronizing them. If the advertiser sees that the returns from his ad are not large enough to make it profitable for him to continue advertising, he will simply discontinue it, and our funds will in turn suffer the loss, and we will be unable to spend money upon improvements, and the standard of THE REGISTER will decline as a result. So the next time you go to town to buy anything, look into THE REGISTER and see if you can't buy it at one of our advertisers, and go to him and tell him you saw his ad in THE HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

However, to make it easier for you we have provided cards which you will get with each issue of THE REGISTER, and if you should run

out of supply step into THE REGISTER office and ask for more. Keep these cards and when you buy anything hand one of them to the person behind the counter and the card will go to the right place. We are sure that this plan will be grasped enthusiastically by our subscribers, and that you are all ready to boost and boost hard.

* * *

Last year a great effort was made by Dr. Senter and the Register Staff to complete the files of the Register, and the success was gratifying. The idea, as suggested by Dr. Senter, was to collect a complete file from the date of the first issue in 1886 down to the present time. As the yearly files become complete they will be bound in substantial bindings and then preserved. When complete they will be of great value to the future editors of the Register in tracing the history and progress of the paper. It will also prove valuable to the business manager to examine the advertisements. Then in those files there will be the history of the Register and the history of the school for twenty-four years carefully preserved.

Still, however, there are quite a number of the files incomplete, and eight of the early volumes are entirely gone. So if you have any "Registers" in your possession, or know of anybody else who has, have them look them over and see if they haven't some of the numbers that are in the list below. If you find that you have any or if you can get any from your friends, the Register will greatly appreciate your kindness if you will either send them to the editor-in-chief or drop them in the Register office. The following is the list of missing numbers:

- 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.
- Volumes 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.
- Volume XVII., 1902-03—June.
- Volume XX., 1905-06—April.

The students of the High School wish to express their profound sympathy with Miss Borglum in the loss of her father.



ORGANIZATIONS



School has begun. Everybody is ready to work hard, and the time has come for the literary societies with their broadening and refining influence. Every Freshman is eager to join a society and to try his talents. All students who have been members of any society are equally as anxious to come back and continue their progress in literature and art, such as can be obtained in no other way in the school. The prospects are fine for large memberships in all the societies, and a greater membership means a better society, so let's all boost for our society, and the organizations this year are bound to be a unique success.

Many of the societies held meetings before the close of school last year and elected their officers for the coming year.

DEMOSTHENIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

The D. D. S. will start the year with a large and enthusiastic membership and its success this year will undoubtedly surpass all previous years, because it will be under the new and able leadership of Richard Barnes, chosen president at the last meeting. The other officers to cooperate with the president are: Vice-president, Alfred Kennedy; secretary, Lumir Buresh; treasurer, George Sugarman; sergeant-at-arms, Charles Hardy; librarian, Wallace Troup.

WEBSTER DEBATING SOCIETY.

The regular semi-annual election of officers was held at the last meeting in June. The following officers were elected to head the society until February: President, George Gerb; vice-president, Leonard Hoffman; secretary-treasurer, Maurice Shillington; sergeants-at-arms, Paul Brown and Will Ross. The society officers are planning for an exceptionally large membership for the year from under classmen.

THE GERMAN SOCIETY.

The German Society this year will be under the leadership of Miss Bowen. It is planned to have the meetings alternate every week, business and program. The programs will consist of plays and recitations and music furnished by the chorus, which will be directed by Miss Towne. The annual election of officers will be held at the time of the first meeting.

THE LATIN SOCIETY.

The Latin Society has made no definite plans for the coming year. The first meeting was held Wednesday, September 22, when the officers for the first semester were elected.

HAWTHORNE.

The Hawthorne Society held its annual election of officers last June. These are the officers for the coming year: President, Nancy Haze; vice-president, Sara Ayres; secretary and treasurer, Mae Yeats; sergeant-at-arms, Welcome Hauchin; reporter, Alice Gideon.

BROWNING.

At the last meeting of the year in June the officers were elected for

this year. They are: President, Marion Carpenter; vice-president, Dora Sass; secretary, Irene Smith; treasurer, Claire Patterson; sergeant-at-arms, Helen Weeks; editor of "The Oracle," Erna Hadra; reporter, Nellie Elgutter.

MARGARET FULLER.

Annual election of officers was held at the last meeting of the society in June. Following are the new officers: President, Helen Buck; vice-president, Mildred Marr; secretary, Helen Rayley; treasurer, Henrietta McCague; sergeant-at-arms, Adelyn Wood; reporter, Harriet Blake.

ELAINE.

At the final meeting of last year the Elaine Society elected new officers for this year. The elected president, Edna Bartlett, has resigned owing to ill health. The other officers are: Vice-president, Louise Fearon; secretary, Marie Gordon; treasurer, Josephine Congdon; sergeants-at-arms, Isabel Jones and Ruth Clarke; reporter, Edith Wilson.

The alumni girls of the Elaine Society held a meeting Friday, September 10, the following program being given: Piano solo, Miss Gretchen McConnell; paper, Miss Gladys Solomon; vocal solo, Miss Adah Klopp; reading, Miss Ella Fearon; piano solo, Miss Katherine Cajorie; vocal solo, Miss Hazel Smith; reading, Miss Eorantha McGavock.

THE FRANCES WILLARD.

The officers for the first semester of this year were elected at the final meeting of last year. They are: President, Edna Morrow; vice-president, Martha Frankfurt; secretary and treasurer, Marjory Beckett; sergeants-at-arms, Lila Cayley and Ruth Ness; reporter, Marion Parsons.

PRISCILLA ALDEN.

Following are the new officers of the society, elected last June: President, Loa Howard; vice-president, Beth Alderson; secretary, Louise Willard; treasurer, Wilma Damon; sergeants-at-arms, Mary Taylor and Jennie Undeland; reporter, Ethel Koss.

LININGER TRAVEL CLUB.

The Lininger Travel Club held its election of officers last June. The new officers are as follows: President, Agnes Nielson; vice-president, Ruth Lake; secretary, Elsie Petersen; treasurer, Eula Crawford; sergeant-at-arms, Leola Grandon; reporter, Fay Cole.

THE COLLEGE CLUB.

The College Club is a new organization formed last June. Earlier in the spring the Collegiate Alumnae Association of Omaha entertained the Junior girls for the purpose of interesting them in going to college. The first week in June about twenty girls organized a club similar to clubs in various high schools under the auspices of the Collegiate Alumnae Associations to further the same purpose. As the school year was so nearly over, nothing was done except election of officers. They are: President, Harriet Blake; vice-president, Gretchen Williamson; recording secretary, Irma Gross; corresponding secretary, Emily Chase; treasurer, Ruth Sheldon; librarian, Ruth Gould.

PLEIADES.

The officers of the Pleiades Society for the coming year are as follows: President, Ruth McIlvaine; vice-president, Louise Copeland; secretary, Ruth Cowgill; treasurer, Grace Burington; sergeant-at-arms, Mary Beech; reporter, Claire McGovern.

A Freshman's Dream.

AFTER RILEY.

They all climbed up on a high board fence,
Nine little Goblins with green glass eyes,
Nine little Goblins that had no sense,
And couldn't tell Freshmen from second year Highs.
And they all climbed up on the fence and sat,
And I asked them what they were staring at.

And the first one said, as he pulled out a card,
And held it up so I could see it was pink,
And shook his finger and glared at me hard,
"Say, what's this fer, now what do you think?"
And he screamed at me, as he punched his mate,
"Say, that's what you got the day you were late!"

And the third one said, with a chuckle and roar,
As he waved in his hand a locker key
That was marked so plainly 484,
"My, you're as green as green can be!"
And they all of them yelled from each to t'other,
"Go pay a quarter and get another!"

And a fourth I spied in my new drill suit,
But he'd cut off the trousers below the knee,
And he cocked one eye and said with a toot,
"How do you like this style on me?"
And he clapped his hands while I sighed in despair,
And thought of drill, and my demerits there.

Then a dignified Goblin, tall and thin,
Drew forth a pen and a long narrow book
He wrote on it while I looked at him,
Then tore off a slip which I quickly took
As he said, "If you want your paper soon,
Come any time to the Register Room."

And then the whole of the Goblin band
Danced on the fence top to and fro,
And they passed from each one's hand to hand
A great big round black letter D.
The letter D that brings such woe,
That is, when it's on your card, you know.

And even they kept their green glass eyes
Fixed on me in icy glare,
And I grew greener than green gage pies
As they held me in this verdant stare.
And I felt the heart in my breast snap to
As only a Freshman's heart would do.

And they cried, "Poor little Freshman, you're asleep!
There are no goblins with green glass eyes,
It's only a dream at which you peep,
When without your lessons you mean to rise,
And you're doomed to dream this way, they scoff,
Every night until you're a Soph."

ALUMNI NOTES.

We were pleased to hear that Allan McDonald, '08, received the award of the scholarship to Harvard offered by the Howard Club of the Nebraska.

There was probably no greater surprise than the announcement of the marriage of Claude Neavles and Margaret Cole, both graduates of the high school last year, on Wednesday, September 15. They will make their home in Bowling Green, Ky., where Claude will take up his new work as physical director of the Y. M. C. A. On behalf of their friends and the students of the high school the Register wishes to congratulate the newly married couple with the hope that their future life may be one of happiness and success.

Last week it was our good fortune to meet one of our old friends and schoolmates, Clyde V. Simpson, who was a member of the class of '07. Clyde has been attending the University of Wyoming and was business manager of the college paper last year and was re-elected to the same position for the coming year.

Miss Ruth Harding, '06, Miss Carolyn Harding, '08, and Miss Caroline Congdon, '08, return to Vassar.

Alan McDonald, '08, Joe Swenson, '04, Fay Felker, '06, enter Harvard.

Miss Myra Breckenridge, '07, Miss Helen Wright, '08, Miss Alice Woodworth, '09, and Miss Elizabeth Sweet, '08, are enrolled at Smith.

Arthur Wakeley, '07, Sanford Gifford, '09, Milton Williams, '08, Herbert Kessler, '09, George Thummel, '09, and Frank Selby, '08, go to Cornell.

Wellesley will count among its numbers this year Miss Marie Hollinger, '09, Miss Gretchen McConnell, '09, Miss Nell Carpenter, '08, Miss Myrtle Busk, '07, and Miss Corrine Searle, '08.

Carol Belden, '06, John McCague, '06, Reed Peters, '08, and Robert Stout, '09, enter Amherst.

Miss Agnes Russell, '09, and Miss Beatrice Barnhart, '09, go to the Iowa State University. Miss Jennie Peters, '09, and Miss Henrietta Flack, '09, to Burnham preparatory to Smith. Miss May Roe, '09, to the Chicago School of Physical Culture and Expression. Miss Beulah Hun-

ter, '09, Miss Margaret Anderson, '09, and Miss Gladys Solomon, '09, to the University of Omaha.

Evan Rogers, '09, and David Brodkey, '09, enter the Boston School of Technology. Harold Thompson, '08, Dartmouth. Lee Mitchell, '09, Hobart. Lloyd Matson, '08, Oberlin College. Elliott Gilmore, '08, Worcester College, Mass. Bert Henc, '09, Will Haynes, '09, Sam Kellner, '09, and Wallace Nelson, '09, Armour. Louis Sweet, '07, Williams. Max Flothow, '09, the Creighton Medical College. Frank Latenser, '08, and John Latenser, '06, Columbia. Drexel Sibberson, '09, Lawrenceville preparatory to Princeton. Lake Duell, '06, Princeton.

Lyman Bryson, '04, Miss Pauline Rosenberg, '07, Edwin Rosenberg, '09, Ned Kirschbraum, '08, Miss Florence Sherwood, '07, Robert Fisher, '06, Johnny Woodworth, '08, and Jack Webster, '06, are enrolled at Ann Arbor. Howard Roe, '09, Miss Juliet Griffith, '07, and Miss Harriet Sweesy, '09, at the University of Chicago. Roland Andrews, '06, and Miss Ethel Rhicker, '08, at the University of Minnesota. Miss Lucile Patterson, '08, Miss Mabel McBride, '07, and Harry Entricken, '09, at the Chicago Art Institute. Roger McKenzie, '07, and Miss Hazel Weirich, '06, at De Pauw. Donald Wood, '09, at a university in Oklahoma.

Among the students that are attending the University of Nebraska are Miss Louise Northrup, '08, Maurice Blish, '06, Miss Anna McCague, '08, Miss Marie Hodge, '09, Sam Carrier, '09, Miss Ruth Lindley, '09, Lyle Roberts, '09, Miss Doris Wood, '08, Hiram Burris, '08, Miss Ruth McDonald, '09, Miss Alice McCullough, '07, Frederick McConnell, '09, Miss Martina Swenson, '09, Coe Buchanan, '09, Miss Grace Rohrbaugh, '08, Philip Lehner, '09, Miss Helen Sommers, '07, Randall Curtis, '08, Miss Mabel Solmon, '07, George Flack, '08, Miss Louise Curtis, '09, Van Stone Fullaway, '08, Miss Olla Belle Hervey, '07, Rolan Thomas, '07, Albert Patterson, '07, Roger McCullough, '09, Carl Meyer, '09, Miss Marjorie Thompson, '07, Stanton Salisbury, '09, Miss Ruth Haller, '08, Searle Holmes, '08, Miss Mildred Bevins, '08, and Ben Cherrington, '04.

Miss Jeanette Muir, '09, enters Queen Margaret College in Scotland.

Doane Powell, '09, also editor of the Register and now illustrator for the Omaha Daily News, will leave very soon to take up work with the Record-Herald in Chicago.

In Memoriam.

It is a cause of sincere regret that we are forced to announce the proceedings during the summer of that relentless something—death.

Gretchen Emery, a graduate of the High School and a beloved member of the class of '06, was removed this summer from our midst by the cruel hand of death. On behalf of her classmates and the students of the Omaha High School, the Register wishes to extend its deepest sympathies to the bereaved parents.

Again the class of '06 was called upon to give up one of its members who was loved by everybody who knew her. On September 9 Mrs. Vera I. Lyman died at her home after a brief illness with pneumonia. Again in behalf of the students of the High School the Register desires to extend its most sincere sympathy to the bereaved parents and husband.



The preliminaries which occur at the beginning of every school year are now over and the students are settling down to steady work. For the boys, however, another important factor looms up. It is the drill which most every boy takes part in. This should be a matter of much importance to all, for it benefits the boys and helps to create, more than anything else in the school, good fellowship and acquaintances with fellow students.

If a boy buckles down at the beginning of the year, keeps up his studies and takes a good, lively interest in his drill, he is sure to be promoted and may in time become one of the leading officers of the Regiment. It takes a good character too, and a boy who is willing to work. For the one who strives to do his best and does his best zealously, drill soon becomes a pleasure. On the other hand if a boy starts in with the idea that it is work or a drudgery, if he takes no interest whatever in it but fools away his time, it will continue to be so until he realizes that in order to be successful he must take a real interest in it, as in anything else.

Drill this year has started and the freshmen have been divided and allotted to the various companies according to their size. A fine lot of freshmen have started to drill and there is a bright prospect for the coming year. If every freshman would now at the very beginning make up his mind to work hard and to attain an office, he is bound to be promoted, and by gradual steps he can become an officer of a high rank.

The two battalions of last year have been abolished and a Regiment, consisting of three battalions, has been formed, each battalion having three companies. The officers for each battalion have been appointed and each set have their own battalion to look after. The first battalion consists of A, B and F, the second D, E G, and the third C, H, and I. In order to form a regiment of three battalions, a new company had to be formed. Thus in the last two years, two new companies have been formed, showing to a great extent the remarkable progress of the military department of the school.

Lieutenant Haskell, who was with us the latter part of last year, is now acting commandant and will continue in charge of the Regiment until the return of Capt. Oury. Lieutenant Haskell is well liked by both men and officers, and the work under his direction should progress very rapidly.

At the close of last year's drill the flag and cup offered for the best company drill was won by Company A. But every company starts this year with an equal chance for those trophies, so let everyone of us do our best to make our own company the best and at the end of the year we may say with pride that we helped to win the flag and the cup.

The following list of promotions has been announced:

Regimental Staff—Captain and Adjutant, W. Howard; Captain and Quartermaster, A. Millard; Captain and Ordinance, W. Harm; Captain

and Commissary, L. Scott; Sergeant Major, Voyle Rector; Quartermaster Sergeant, W. Linn; Commissary Sergeant, J. Gideon.

First Battalion—Major, G. Geib; Adjutant, E. Burdick; Quartermaster, C. Shrum.

Second Battalion—Major, B. Nash; Adjutant, J. Berger; Quartermaster, P. McCullough.

Third Battalion—Major, C. Hoffert; Adjutant, P. Payne; Quartermaster, L. Nelson.

Company A—Captain, A. Kennedy; First Lieutenant, H. Fraser; Second Lieutenant, M. Parkinson. Sergeants—First, E. Alderson; H. Lindberg, E. Wade, R. Atzen, F. Nelson. Corporals—E. Ayerig, M. Baldrige, G. Loomis.

Company B—Captain, C. Trimble; First Lieutenant, J. Carnaby. Sergeants—First, H. Charleton; W. Corey, G. Collier, A. Mason. Corporal—R. Strehlow.

Company C—Captain, M. Weeks; First Lieutenant, C. Allyn; Second Lieutenant, F. Fernald. Sergeants—First, P. Larmon; I. Hughes, H. Larimer, J. Albert. Corporals—S. Sussman, G. Metcalf.

Company D—Captain, L. C. Buresh; First Lieutenant, S. Beranek; Second Lieutenant, J. McAllister. Sergeants—First, A. Cahn; L. Wykert, D. Howe, G. Loomis, J. Offut. Corporals—A. Edholm, J. Morrow.

Company E—Captain, A. Tukey; First Lieutenant, G. Sugarman; Second Lieutenant, H. Salisbury. Sergeants—First, W. Fellers; C. Offutt, W. Lycke. Corporals—W. Noble, L. Thomas, S. Salisbury, C. Lindberg.

Company F—Captain, C. Patton; First Lieutenant, H. Hansen; Second Lieutenant, H. Kulakofsky. Sergeants—First, E. Wilbrodt; F. Larson, D. Fox, V. Caley. Corporals—H. Millard, D. Bowman, F. Rogers, H. Jacobson.

Company G—Captain, C. Nieman; First Lieutenant, V. Magney; Second Lieutenant, H. Kulakofsky. Sergeants—First, E. Willrodt; F. J. Cutright, D. Davidson, L. Lavidge. Corporals—J. Danielson, H. Saunders, H. Fisher.

Company H—Captain, J. C. Davis; First Lieutenant, C. Wassberg; Second Lieutenant, L. Hoffman. Sergeants—First, W. Beebe; R. Weeks, E. Guyer, J. Rosenberg. Corporals—D. Crane, H. Thomas, E. Landale.

Company I—Captain, R. McCague; First Lieutenant, C. Keller; Second Lieutenant, S. Gould. Sergeant—L. Wood. Corporal—E. Peterson.

The Register staff has had cause for extreme joy during the last few days because of the consideration and generosity of the girls of the literary and squib departments in providing a much-needed fixture for the Register office. It takes the form of a very artistically decorated folding paper waste-basket, which adds extremely toward beautifying our office and is certainly a charming sight. It is an utter impossibility for us to express our sincere gratitude and appreciation for this donation.



Although many of the High School students were away enjoying themselves, those at home certainly were not at a loss to know how to keep busy. The clubs seem to have afforded the places for many good times. Not only were they popular, but the private homes of many were equally so.

On July first Miss Elizabeth Doud entertained the Margaret Fuller Society, of which she was president. The house was prettily decorated in blue and white, the society colors, and the refreshments were quite novel, being also blue and white.

On the afternoon of July thirty-first Miss Ruth Dowling entertained a number of her friends at a lawn party. A fortune teller was engaged for the afternoon, and the future of many was revealed.

In honor of her guest, Miss Marjorie Stohr, Miss Jassamine Sherraden entertained twelve couples at dinner at the Field Club. The evening was spent in dancing.

On July fifth the members of the Les Hiboux Club entertained about fifteen couples at a dinner dance at the Happy Hollow.

In honor of Miss Marjorie Stohr, who was the guest of Miss Jasmine Sherraden, Miss Louise Bedwell entertained at dinner at the Field Club.

Miss Beula Bessire entertained about sixty of her friends at a lawn party in the latter part of June.

Miss Nancy Haze entertained about twelve couples at a garden party. Those present were given programs and filled them out as they thought for dancing. A surprise awaited them, for instead of dancing they prom-enaded for five minutes with each partner and then changed to the next. In this way the evening was very pleasantly spent.

Miss Mildred Marr entertained a number of her friends on August second. A very appropriate game was played. Each girl was given some colored tissue paper and thread and were given a few minutes in which to make a hat. The prize was a pretty hatpin and was won by Uarda Scott.

On July twenty-fourth the Les Hiboux gave a dinner dance out at the Happy Hollow, about twelve couples being present.

On September tenth Frederic Renner entertained a number of boys and girls at his home.

Miss Irene Shepherd gave a small dancing party at her home during the latter part of June.

A club called The Widells has been formed by twelve of the Senior girls. A few social affairs are expected to be given throughout the year.

Miss MacIntosh is taking charge of Miss Borglum's classes. Owing to the death of her father, Miss Borglum is not in school at present.

LOCALS.

Miss Sullivan has returned from her recent trip abroad.

Miss Turner will have charge of the lunch room this year.

Mr. McMillan was married to Miss Cynthia McCague in July.

Miss Daisy Bonnell of the department of science is back from a trip to Europe.

Miss Margaret Kennedy's engagement to Mr. Chas. Brome has been announced.

Loyle Cohn, who has spent a year traveling and studying in Europe, is in school again.

The new south wing of the school which is now being built will be in use by next January.

Mrs. Fleming, head of the department of constructive English, has made her home in Salem, Oregon.

The band will be under the able leadership of George Green this year instead of Albert Fairbrother, as heretofore.

The new picture, "Kinghood," by Leighton, was purchased and given to the school as a memento of the class of 1909.

Miss Margaret Kennedy is registrar this year. Miss Stearns of last year was married this summer to Mr. Irving Cutter.

Miss Eunice Stebbins, who was absent most of last year on account of illness, has again taken her regular classes for the year.

Mr. Zartman, head of the commercial department, has accepted a position as vice-president in the Omaha Commercial College.

Miss Abba Bowen has returned from her half year's stay in Germany. Miss Bowen is now head of the modern language department.

It is a pleasure to know that Howard Roe, '09, won the scholarship to the University of Chicago, awarded by the university to the High School.

During the summer Stanley Letovsky, '07, gave a successful concert at the Boyd Theatre. For two years Stanley has been studying music in Germany, where he has again resumed his study.

Mr. Ben Cherrington, last year's athletic director, is back in the State University. His vacancy was to be filled by Mr. Hugh Craig, who is now on the Pacific coast because of sickness. Mr. Raymond Carns is in his place.

Everyone will be glad to know that Henry Howes and Robert Koran are back in school again. Two years ago "Hank" held down left end in the football team with great success and three years ago "Bob" played a great game at right end.

Chambers' High School Dancing Class, season 1909-10, commences Saturday, October 2. Reference required. First night complimentary. Past pupils and friends call at office for admission card. Twelve weeks, \$8; season, \$15; past pupils, \$12.

At the close of the school year in June, the class of '09 organized as "The Alumni Class of '09." Will Ross was chosen president and Max Flothow, secretary and treasurer. The purpose of the organization is to keep the class together as a class, and it is planned to have at least one reunion a year.



DEBATING



School is in full swing once more with all its work and many interests. Never before has a year opened with such happy prospects. In every department the outlook is encouraging, but the most brilliant future of all lies in the prospects for debating.

The work done by the debaters in the past year was excellent. Although most of our debates turned out to be defeats nevertheless, those defeats were far from disgraceful. In fact, so splendid was the work of our men, that they might fitly be called victorious defeats. Too much praise can not be given to the boys who defended the O. H. S. in these contests. However, any pride which may have been lost during this period was more than regained at the Chicago debate, where the splendid work of Harry Drucker and Will Ross brought for the O. H. S. the unanimous decision of the judges in favor of Omaha.

The work done last year was extraordinary, but we should make that of this year even better. In fact, there is no reason at all why this cannot be made a banner year in the history of debating. During this year, as in no previous time, have the growing debaters opportunities to develop. They have the debating societies, the D. D. S., and Webster, in which to gain experience. In addition to these, in all probability, a class will be organized to teach the principles of debating. With such inducements many new men should try out in the preliminaries.

The one thing lacking and the most important thing to have to make debating this year a success in the O. H. S. is enthusiasm; enthusiasm of both faculty and pupils; enthusiasm that would give the debaters the support that they require; that would bring out a crowd to the debates such as pack the bleachers at a football game. This is what they need and this is only what they deserve. If they feel that they have the hearty support of the whole school behind them, nothing can keep them from victory. Therefore, it is up to each of us as loyal members of the O. H. S. not only to attend these debates, but also to boost them, to advertise them among our friends and thus show our boys that we appreciate the work they are doing for our school.

Myrna Boyce, '10, is now traveling in Europe, where she has spent most of the summer.

Under the auspices of the Boosters' Club of last year, Frederick McConnell, '09, succeeded in getting the copyright sign of H. P. Whitmore removed from the Lincoln statue. This inscription now graces the pedestal, "Presented by the Pupils of the Omaha High School, 1908."

Several new teachers have been added to the faculty, Miss Dallas and Miss Fay Towns in the English department; Miss Fulton in the language and history departments; Mr. Anderson in the mathematical and Mr. Carstensen in the commercial. Altogether, we now have seventy-two teachers in the school.



Athletics

'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Omaha,
Omaha,
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Omaha,
Omaha, Omaha,
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Omaha,
Omaha, Hooray!!

Resurrect your pennants and brush up the old songs and yells, for foot-ball season has once more rolled around with the opening of school. Enthusiasm is what we want and enthusiasm is what we must have in order to have a successful foot-ball season. The enthusiasm and interest shown in the team last year exceeded that of any previous year and the results proved very satisfactory. This year we must exceed even that of last year, for no matter how good a team we have, without the hearty co-operation of the students the team will not have the confidence it should have.

The prospects this year for a successful season are exceedingly bright. On September 8 a large and enthusiastic meeting was held for the candidates. Principal Graff, Coach Carns and Prof. Carstenson all gave interesting and helpful talks. Preliminary practice was announced for the following Monday, and a squad of about thirty-five candidates reported and have been hard at work every day. Eight old men—McWhinney (captain), Andrus, Howard, Payne, Thompson, Klopp, Mills and Rector—have reported, and with the aid of these and plenty of promising new material Coach Carns expects to whip into shape a first-class team.

Coach Carns, who has succeeded Mr. Cherrington as director of athletics, is a graduate of Dartmouth and was coach at Doane College last year. He is assisted by Prof. Carstenson, who has kindly offered his aid in coaching the team.

The schedule as yet has not been arranged, but there is promise of some big games besides those with Lincoln, Council Bluffs and York. It is hoped that the schedule will include Englewood High School, Chicago, West Des Moines and Ida Grove.

So with this bright outlook let's all get together and boost for the team, and for the old school on the hill.

O-O-O-m-a, a-a-a-h-a,
O-ma-ha High School.

The complete schedule has not been definitely arranged, so far, but the following is a list of most of the games: October 2, Nebraska City at Omaha; October 30, Des Moines at Omaha (not definite); November 6, Council Bluffs at Council Bluffs; November 13, Lincoln at Lincoln; November 20, St. Joe at Omaha; November 26, Englewood (Chicago) at Omaha (not definite).



A woman who can make a good lemon pie is more to be desired than one who can spout Browning.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The domestic science department opened this year with as large an enrollment as could be accommodated.

One of the changes is that of supervisor and assistant. Miss Turner will continue as supervisor and Miss Jenks of the Chicago University School of Domestic Science has been appointed as her assistant.

Another new feature is the introduction of chemistry. A short course will be taught to enable the students to observe the chemical changes in food.

The general principles of practical cooking will be taught on three days of the week, the other two days being devoted to lecture periods.

The various factories and packing houses will be visited each month with the purpose in view of showing how the food articles are manufactured.

The domestic science course, at present, is for one year; the same credit being given as for Manual Training. The students are chiefly Juniors and Seniors. Locker rooms will be provided for the domestic science students near the department.

A luncheon will be given on the last Thursday of each month to give practice in table setting, serving and compiling menus.

DON'TS FOR FRESHMEN.

Don't crowd in the elevator.

Don't aggravate your teachers if you want respectable marks.

Don't skip classes.

Don't fail to subscribe for the Register.

Don't run through the halls.

Don't forget to study your lessons.

Don't do anything you shouldn't do.

This is the kind advice of those who know hereof they speak—Sophomores.

Everybody works but the Juniors,

They loiter around all day,

Hands deep in their pockets,

Loafing their time away.

Sophomores take up Latin,

So do Freshmen, too,

Everybody works but Juniors,

But goodness! what do they do?



FACULTY POSSESSIONS WHICH WE CAN NEITHER INHERIT NOR BUY.

1. Mr. Woolery's hair.
2. Miss Sullivan's grin.
3. Miss Wallace's importance.
4. Miss McHugh's dignity.
5. Mr. Bernstein's walk.
6. Miss B. von Mansfeldt's height.
7. Miss Rockfellow's hammer.
8. Dr. Senter's aprons.

Willie Green,
Sad regrets,
Age nine,
Cigarettes.

Park & Tilford's famous New York chocolates at Beaton's, Farnam and Fifteenth.

There was a young lady named Doud,
Who got squeezed in a terrible crowd.

The thing that most vexed her
Was that there stood next her
A man who said d—n right out loud.

Washington chocolates, always fresh, at Beaton's, Farnam and Fifteenth.

"My son, you'll find it takes tact and ingenuity to get along with the girls."

"Yes, dad, and lots of money. Could you let me have a five?"

Hot chocolate and dainty sandwiches that always please at Beaton's, Farnam and Fifteenth.

Mary had a little lamb, When the donkey saw the zebra,
Lank and lean and bony, He began to switch his tail.
When Mary college Latin took, "Well I never," was the comment,
She swapped it for a pony.—Ex. "Here's a mule that's been in jail."

We are Omaha agents for several very exclusive candy houses. That's why our candy business shows an increase each month. Beaton's, Farnam and Fifteenth.

He put his arm around her, You may laugh and you may grin
And the color left her cheek, At these jokes that we put in,
And it showed upon his overcoat But if you'll sit upon a pin,
For just about a week. Ten dollars says you'll rise again.

R. S. V. P.—Rat shows very plain.

The Jack of All Trades

THE man who "can do most anything" is not the one who will secure the highest position. Hundreds of men of this sort can be hired for \$1.00 or \$2.00 a day.

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Small Boy (in school discussing zones)—"There are two kinds of zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine is both temperate and in-temperate and the feminine is both horrid and frigid."—Ex.

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First Freshman—“Do you have to?”

Second Freshman—“You'd better call my mamma up and ask her if I can!”

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"Mamma, I'm at the head of the class in school."
 "But wouldn't it sound better if some one else said it?"
 "Yes'm, I've got a cold."

A father once said to his son,
 The next time you make up a pun,
 Go out in the yard
 And kick yourself hard,
 And I will begin when you're done.

10 mills made 1 cent.
 10 cents make 1 dime.
 1 dime makes 2 pies.
 2 pies make 1 sick.

Teacher—"Give me an adjective with termination 'ous.'"
 Pupil—"Dangerous—full of danger."
 Teacher—"Very good. Give me another."
 Pupil—"Pious."

As learned in Domestic Science—Gingo, gingere, gingerbread, gimme-some.

Mr. Woolery (IIIhi. taking study hours)—"Isn't it queer that no one in this room has IIIhi. study."

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