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OCTOBER

1909

VOL. XXIV NUMBER 2

EPHASE

HIGH SCHOOL
REGISTER

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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

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Volume XXIV	THE REGISTER	Number 222
§	OMAHA OCTOBER 1909	§

Danny: The Little "Capt'n o' the Pirates."

Danny sat in his little room, staring with sad, dreaming eyes at the bare floor. It was hard, after all, he thought, to leave his little room and his home in the battered tenement house and leave forever "de Ole Street," as he knew he must tomorrow; and hardest of all, it seemed, to leave his old companions—"de Pirates," as they called themselves, of whom Danny had always been captain. He wondered what his small companions would do without him—without their "Cap'n Danny"—their leader, ruler, hero—without whom "de Pirates" had never been.

Danny recalled that sad event of four nights ago, when they brought his father home—not "dead drunk," as usual, but dead. He could not believe it at first, for the word "death" had never meant much to him, and the thought had never come to him that "de Ole Man" would die. Now, however, it meant a good deal—it brought a pang of loneliness and desolation. To be sure, Danny had not the best kind of a father, nor was his home the happiest; but, anyway, he loved him, and now that he was gone he was all alone. It was dreadful, he thought, to be alone, without anyone to care for him. But then, Mr. Benton and his mother—they at least were going to care for him, and there he would find a home. Danny had visions of charity, of wealth and ease, of a fine home and unknown happiness.

Mr. Benton had been the employer of Danny's father. He had known Danny a long time, and had always taken a keen interest in the bright and cheerful lad who had his little newspaper beat near Mr. Benton's office. At the death of Danny's father, his interest for his welfare went so far as to provide a place in his own home for the orphan, and as he was just about to leave for Europe for a stay of perhaps two years, he thought it would be hard to find a better companion for his mother, who would otherwise be quite alone.

The next day found Danny in his new home, in shiny black shoes, a clean blue suit, white waist and neat tie, with his brown hair combed carefully on the side. But life in this new home was quite different from what he had expected. He went to bed very early, and was up and ready ten minutes after Mrs. Benton knocked at the door in the morning. Then there was always the same daily routine from morning till night, and Danny's lame little back was glad to get to bed each night. He would help the cook with the breakfast and dishes, help dusting and cleaning, give plants fresh earth and water, and scrub flower pots. Then for one or two hours he would hold up rolls of yarns while Mrs. Benton wound them up; if he dropped a tired arm or let any wool escape from his fingers her black eyes would snap at him. Then he would go to the market, and run various errands; but these were faithfully done, for it was the only

outdoor exercise he had—except walking stately through the gardens with Mrs. Benton.

Danny learned many things from Mrs. Benton through her daily solemn lectures in the library—at least he might have learned. Her teachings, Danny thought, were very spiritual and ghostly, and having never heard of religion, her constant sermons on that subject half dazed him. However, she never went to church with him on Sunday mornings, for she said she could teach him better at home; but here Danny seemed to disagree with her. Danny was required to read at least ten minutes in his Bible each night, and as time passed he learned to say grace at the table—though it cost him a mighty effort.

"Danny, I have taken you from a terrible place, and you should be thankful," Mrs. Benton would say; "and here you have a home with me; you have nice things to eat, good clothes to wear, and I am not very exacting."

Danny probably thought otherwise, for a strange longing grew in him for "de Ole Street" and "de Pirates."

In this way the days passed on—each one more dreary than the preceding one, and Danny's longing for his old surroundings increased rapidly, until one day Mrs. Benton knocked in vain at his door—he was gone. However, he was soon brought back, and that ended like runaways; he was forced again, after a most severe lecture on kindness and duty, to resume this new sort of life. But from that day on the fond love with which he yearned for his former home manifested itself in many ways, and Mrs. Benton noticed it.

It was in the morning at breakfast time that he would wander away in thought to "de Ole Street," for it was then that he had always gone with "de bunch" for his morning papers.

One morning he was, as usual, wandering off from the breakfast table down the street with the boys. He had a bunch of papers in his hands, yelling at the top of his voice with the rest: "Poiper, sir, poiper?" when Mrs. Benton said:

"Danny, you may say grace."

Danny tried to forget his papers and be at breakfast with Mrs. Benton.

"We—we thank Thee, O Lord, for—for—'cause dis is de real 'ting in de shape o' grub, an' we're——"

"Danny!" rang loud and clear from the other side of the table.

Danny understood, and he began again with more care. He spilled his cup of coffee during breakfast, broke two plates and a glass later. While watering the flowers he mistook the pet cat for a geranium, and when she scratched him in return he wondered what had happened.

Days passed on, and one afternoon Mrs. Benton fell ill. Her old head was bowed, the erect figure lay quietly, and the black eyes grew dim. At first Danny only ran errands and supplied her demands, but soon he became faithfully attendant to her, and sat beside the bed on a big leather chair. Whether Danny's life in that home made him cling to her because she had at least cared for him, or whether her teachings had found room in his heart, he nevertheless had now, that she was helpless, the least

thought of deserting her. He would help the servant about the housework, and whatever work Mrs. Benton was wont to do; he would do what was required of him, carefully, but really quite unconsciously, and then, when work was done, he would sit at the bedside for hours without a sound, staring with sad and tearful eyes at the carpeted floor before him. One afternoon he fell asleep in his chair, and as he slept a sweet smile crossed his face, his lips seemed to move, his eyelids quivered, and he seemed as if ready to jump joyfully from his chair. He soon awoke, the smile instantly disappeared as he looked around, and he fell back in his chair with a sigh.

"What did you dream, Danny?" asked Mrs. Benton.

"I—I just—just dreamed I was down in ('de') Old Street with the bunch."

"Danny, are you happy living here with me?"

"Y-yes, m-ma'am," he replied slowly.

"Danny, you want to go back to the Old Street and your former companions."

Danny looked up suddenly, smiled sweetly, but said nothing.

"I have spoken with my son George, Danny, and we have made arrangements with an old neighbor of yours, and as soon as I am well you are going where you have always longed to return."

And so Danny returned to "de Ole Street," and became once more the little "Capt'n o' de Pirates."

STANLEY BERANEK, '10.

November Twenty-Fifth.

ELMERT REIDNACH, '10.

CHAPTER II.

M. & Q.—REX DISAPPEARS.

"Well, I declare, Bobby, listen to this will you?" Rex beckoned to him as he read a letter that he had just received. My father has just sent me a letter by special delivery. He says that he will send me by next mail a registered package containing a large block of M. & Q. stock. Says that little block is making trouble on the Exchange by its absence and certain firms have tried every means within their power to get it—thieving and violence not excepted. He warns me to be very careful of it and to tell no one but you of it. Seems that you've made a hit with the *Pater*.

"Um-m," said Bobby musingly, "Let's see. 'violence,' thieving,— 'big interests'—will stop at nothing—looks to me that we might have a hot time if they ever got on to the hiding place of that little chunk of M. & Q. What do you think?"

"Oh, I don't think so. Any way, they'll never know or suspect that it's here. Father's a pretty foxy old man—speculator all right; he's thrown them off the scent this time I bet."

Nevertheless they worried over it and planned a hiding place. The next day the registered packet came and as quickly as they could the boys put it in the hole they had fixed through the plaster on the wall and

pasting the paper back in place shoved the big box up against it. After that they breathed easier, surely no one could find it now unless told where it was hidden.

Bobby did not see Rex again that day until late in the evening, Bobby's lessons keeping him at home while Rex was out with the football squad. It was along about half past six or seven and Bobby decided to take a little walk toward the football field where Rex was practicing. He had not gone far before he recognized his chum coming down the street toward him on his way home. He waited and they walked homeward together. They passed a dark way and Bobby fancied he saw a movement in the shadow but could not be sure so immediately forgot it. They had gone but a few steps more when they were startled by a sharp piercing voice just behind them, almost in their ears, it seemed, "*November the Twenty-fifth.*"

They whirled quickly only to catch a glimpse of a white hand on the corner of the building as its owner swung around and down the dark alley.

"Well, there he goes again. Who gives a hang about November the twenty-fifth?" Rex sputtered.

"I tell you, Rex," Bobby said, "I don't like that guy prowling 'round. I think it's the same one that spoke his beautiful little ballad about November the twenty-fifth in the blissful moonlight last night."

"That's all right, Bobby, don't you worry about him," Rex answered. "You make me worry enough for both of us. Why, you poor chump! Why don't you get into the game. You've got a 'rep.' to sustain, don't you realize that?"

Rex was an old man in the academy, this being his third year. He was captain of the football team this year and, of course, wanted the best material available back of him. Bobby was a new man in the school, but an old friend of Rex's. His four years in High school had been one brilliant blur of glory for him. He had made the football team in his freshman year and had developed so rapidly that it was doubtful whether there was a better player in the state when he entered the Edgwood Academy after his graduation. So Rex had good reason to call him an "old chump" for not making the team.

"Why, Bobby," he scolded, "why don't you get into the game. You come poking out to practice about once in a week and, though you sure do play remarkable ball while your out, you know very well the coach won't dare put you on as a regular when you act that way. Why man, where's your school spirit? Brace up! Come on out and wipe 'em up. I want you on this team. We need you the worst way old man. Do it for me, can't you?"

But Bobby only shook his head slowly. It hurt him a great deal to have Rex talk this way to him. He knew he could make the team if he had time, but—oh, it was no use, he couldn't go out for practice and keep up his lessons too. Yet he knew that such an excuse would be scoffed at. For the scolding he cared little, but then, what was the use of making excuses anyway. So he kept silence and shut his teeth hard. It hurt him more than he liked to admit even to himself.

So matters stood. The next game was scheduled for Thanksgiving Day. On that day the championship of the league of Eastern New York academies would be decided. Edgwood, Bobby's school, had won every game thus far, and so had their rivals the Dover team. That game would be a battle, indeed. Quite appropriately it was named the "Great Game."

Edgwood's victories had been all hard won, well deserved ones and the whole school, faculty and scholars, had heart and soul back of their team. Even the townspeople turned out crowds of staunch loyal supporters, proud of their team and of its clean victories. Their chief object of pride was their crack captain and half back, Rex Fairfield. As captain of the team he had led them out of many a tight hole already overshadowed by defeat, to a glorious victory. During a game it seemed that some strange power possessed him; his whole being seemed tense and his whole mind and body drained their power into the play. To him a large portion of the team's success was due, and it was on him they relied to carry them to victory in the Great Game.

With so much depending on him you can imagine (or rather can't imagine) the dismay of the Edgwood supporters at learning on the day before the Great Game, that Rex Fairfield, their idol, had disappeared the night before. Coach Calen was wild and rushed about between Rex's and Bobby's rooms and the detective agency like a madman.

Bobby was despondent. He knew nothing whatever of Rex's whereabouts. Last night he had taken his hat at about half past nine and gone out, not even answering Bobby's question as to his destination. That was all Bobby would say, yet one fact kept forcing itself on his mind. It was the night of *November the twenty-fifth.*

The town was in an uproar. Rex Fairfield had disappeared—the captain was missing. It was whispered about—Rex had run away—been kidnaped—murdered perhaps! Maybe Dover had carried him off! Rumors were flying thick and fast.

The team, the townspeople, the faculty, everyone, from that moment devoted themselves to the task of finding the missing captain.

Only a day till the Great Game and the captain, the very heart of the team, would not be there. The very best detectives were put on the case, though in truth every man, woman and child in the academy and town was a self-appointed investigator of the case. Yet night came with no sign of the missing Rex. Tomorrow the Great Game would be called. Tomorrow would show the character of the Edgwood people. Tomorrow would place the academy either at the very top, at least, in one respect if not in two. If they rallied around their crippled team and boosted enthusiastically, hopefully, they would show a spirit that would be of untold worth to them as a school and would go a long way toward winning the game. Tomorrow would show. Were they "boosters" or "knockers"?

The night before the Great Game Bobby came in from practice. He was to play Rex's position tomorrow. Calen, a bundle of fiery irrepresible energy, had put him through a most gruelling course. Teaching, explaining, suggesting, hammering—hammering away until the new cog fitted into the empty groove of the football machine. He was tired.

Tired physically—that did not matter—it was his continual anxiety for Rex's safety. His spirit was broken. The responsibility of tomorrow's game was too great upon him. He lay back and pictured the game to himself. Ugh! he must forget it—he must not worry.

Mechanically he picked up the receiver to his wireless instruments and with delicate fingers, half abstractedly, unthinkingly, slid the spring up and down on the tuning coil.

Ah! there was some one sending now. He heard the faint tic—tic—tic—tic—tic of a message. He was mildly interested so he adjusted the coil still more delicately until he could catch the dots and dashes clearly.

Suddenly his eyes snapped wide open and his muscles tensed. His mouth half opened and every line of his face strained, first in astonishment and then in an endeavor not to miss a sound. Yes, there was no mistake. It was the familiar CJ—CJ—CJ, his call letter. *But Rex was the only person who knew it!*

It flashed on him that it must be Rex sending then. Nervously, he threw the switch and sent back the response. The purplish-green spark smashed across the gap with a report like a gatling gun as he tapped out the reply—Rx—Rx—Rx.

He listened again—nothing but that same eternal CJ—CJ—CJ—monotonous, slow, halting.

Again he responded: Rx—Rx—Rx. Again he listened excited, eager, tragic, but still that slow, ghostly voice from the air—CJ—CJ—CJ. But what was that?

His eyes dilated and then closed; his hand reached out as if he would gather in the faint life pulses off the wires. His whole self strained forward to catch and understand the mysterious whisperings that came, pulsing, almost exhausted through boundless space from the hand of his friend and fell like an exhausted pigeon fluttering at his feet.

Slowly in the strange tune of the ether came the dots and dashes:

B-o-b-b-y—, he choked and swallowed hard, R-e-x— —d-o-n-t— —w-h-e-r-e— —a-m— —n-o-t— —h-e-a-r— —y-o-u— —c-h-a-n-g-e— —M-Q— —h-i-d-e— —p-l-a-y— —h-a-r-d— —w-i-n— —f-o-r— —m-e— —g-o-o-d— —l-u-c-k— —B-o-b-b-y— —g-o-o-d—

Bobby strained, listened but the voice from the night was still. He whipped the switch over and smashed out the call into the night. Rex, Rex, I hear—I hear—Bobby—where are you—understand? The green flashing light from the spark died and he listened again. Slowly and with that peculiar jerky slow buzz it came clic, clic, clicachic, clic, zip, zip.

D-o-n-t— —u-n-d-e-r-s-t-a-n-d— —c-a-n-t— —h-e-a-r— —m-u-s-t— —s-t-o-p— —t-r-o-u-b-l-e— —I-f m-e-n-f-i-n-d— —p-l-a-y— —w-i-n—

It ceased suddenly with a sputter as if the sender had been interrupted.

He listened at the instrument for about half an hour in a silence broken only once by an unusually uncertain and irregular set of dots and dashes. He set them down to figure out at some other time. He re-

mained at the instrument far into the night, listening—listening until his brain was dizzy and sick. There was a continual drumming and buzzing in his head. He sent one final call out into space, a word of encouragement, and, rising, tried to find his bed.

His brain was reeling. He stumbled about and though he had turned on the lights he ran into chairs and tables blindly. He groped about until he found the bed and threw himself down upon it. He could hardly sleep—he did not want to sleep, but exhausted nature gradually overwhelmed him.

His last thought was of Rex's message—*'Play'—'win.'* Dear old Rex, the game before his own safety, always looking after other people before himself. "Play—win, Bobby," Rex had said and even as Bobby fell into an exhausted sleep his muscles swelled and his face lined itself with the look of conscious power that belongs to the conqueror. Would he make good tomorrow?

(To be continued in November issue.)

An Autumn Scene.

(A Freshman Composition.)

As I was walking through a country town one day in Autumn, I came upon a scene of great peace and beauty. The quiet street through which I passed was shaded by tall trees, now covered with their autumn foliage of red, brown and yellow. Along the side of the street, and in fast browning grass, were many leaves already fallen, while others rustled down from the trees to the ground even as I stood there. In one corner of a yard I noticed a great pile of leaves raked together in preparation for a bon-fire in the evening, while a faint odor of bon-fires was in the air. Looking upward I could see against the blue, cloud-flecked sky, a flock of birds flying toward the south; and in the trees near me I heard squirrels chattering as they ran busily about hunting food to last through the long winter. Away in the distance, and on either side, stretched broad fields gleaming in the afternoon sunlight like great masses of gold, and in them were piles of grain and hay, soon to be taken to the barns and granaries. In rugged outline against the sky were tall hills showing patches of red among the green and yellow upon them, while over all this peaceful scene hung that soft, smoky haze so often seen in late autumn.

MARY HALLER, '13.

Chambers' High School Dancing Class, season 1909-10, has commenced. Reference required. Join now. Twelve weeks, \$8.00; season, \$15; past pupils, \$12.00.

Mistress—"Why didn't you put the watermelon in the icebox?"

Maid—"I did, mum."

Mistress—"But it isn't cold."

Maid—"Yes'm, I know, mum, but it was so big that I had to take the ice out to get it in."

Reflections.

I love to sit in the gloaming
When the twilight shadows fall,
When the flickering firelight often makes
Queer shadows on the wall.

I love to be in the deep dark silence
Of some lone and ancient wood,
Where the red men—perhaps my forefathers—
Often in silence stood;

Where the earth is carpeted softly
By millions and millions of leaves
That speak of the death of the forest
Until its new life receives.

I love to muse with the hidden forces
That speak in a language softly grand;
As though words were wafted once on pinions
From our loved in the sunny land.

I love to gaze on the mountains,
Or out on the deep blue sea
With its roaring and foaming billows
That speak in tones to me.

These things all tell in their beauty
Of the wonderful God on High,
Who reveals in Nature's kingdom
That none of His souls can die,

But that in a higher woodland
Than the forests here on earth
He will gather together the atoms
Lost in their lowly birth.

There each life will be perfected,
Whether of men or birds or flowers;
And we'll learn in that fairy kingdom
That Nature's God is ours.

C. EDGINGTON, '10.

The faculty have started a pleasing and helpful social feature among themselves. Monthly tea parties will be held to increase the acquaintance and good fellowship, especially among the new teachers. The first was given by Miss Paxson and Miss Wallace.

The Lincoln statue, which had to be removed from its pedestal because of damage during a storm, has been reset.



True School Spirit.

There is one element of high school life which presents itself very emphatically at the beginning of school—the start on a new career in the classroom; the opening up of athletics, debating, literary societies, and the many other interests of school. And not only does it present itself vigorously at the beginning, but it also remains prevalent throughout the whole year, and upon its firmness and extent depends the success or failure of all our high school interests. This element is spirit. Much has been said about school spirit, and much will have to be said in the future because of the mistaken ideas that predominate especially among the Freshmen and Sophomores, and to a great extent among the Juniors and Seniors.

School spirit is a broad topic and few students realize its extent. Spirit is that substance in anything that stimulates the progress and, in fact, the very existence of that particular thing. Wherever there is no spirit or life, everything is at a standstill and soon becomes worthless. If a man does not possess enough spirit to go out and get a living will he get it otherwise? No. If a man does not have a sufficient amount of spirit to desire to excel in anything, and if he does not exert himself to realize his desire, will he make any headway? Obviously, it is impossible. If we do not show our spirit by lending our aid for the school's progress, will it not recede constantly from a creditable standing? Certainly. Will it be a credit to us if the school's interest fail because of the lack of our support, and who will be the loser? Naturally, we will; for we are a part of this institution and its success means our success, its failure our failure. The examples above simply show how imperative spirit is to progress of any kind, and they also show the relation between school spirit and our success as high school students. If we do not show any spirit in our high school life, will we show it in our business life and life after we leave school? It is very doubtful.

In every-day life school spirit means different things to different students. To some it means attending mass meetings and athletic contests and displaying the school's colors, and yelling themselves hoarse. To some it means attending debates and things other than athletic. To others it means joining and working enthusiastically in a literary society. All these interpretations are good so far as they go, and should be encouraged energetically, but all of them are too narrow for a sound, comprehensive interpretation of the essentials of true school spirit. They are outward manifestations of loyalty existing in the heart and it is this that is true school spirit. It will further assert itself and show if it is of the right kind when the teams that represent us are losing. It is then that they need the most support and it is then that the student with real school spirit will come out and "root" twice as hard for our team as before when it was winning.

All these manifestations of school spirit have their place, but true school spirit is still deeper and bigger. To identify true school spirit it

may be said that that student possesses true school spirit who will do everything he can to promote the school's progress, and who will not do or say anything that may be a detriment to such progress or may injure the school's standing in any way. This student will sacrifice himself for the welfare of the school, thus displaying his sincere loyalty, and at the same time learning one of the greatest lessons of life — self-subordination — a lesson that a great many people fail to learn.

To be a student like the one above who is loyal and unselfish there is one essential of true school spirit which is fundamental, underlying all others, and which is overlooked by a great number of students. That is spirit in the classroom. The fundamental reason for attending school is to gain an education from the courses of study which will enable us to fight the battles of life bravely and successfully. It is upon this principle that they were founded and are receiving the financial and moral support of our parents. Should we not do all we can to gain this education which is given us and which we can get with so small an effort? Should we not co-operate with the teachers who try to give us a good, sound education? Should we be indifferent when we have to do something that is not the easiest and does not exactly and immediately meet our glad approval? These questions are easily and readily answered by a conscientious student, and he may feel that he possesses a strong element of true school spirit if he does his utmost to get that education which is so kindly prepared for him, by co-operating with his teachers and applying himself willingly to his work even though some obstacles may turn up in his way. The teachers have our welfare at heart, and deserve this co-operation and goodwill on our part, and what is of still greater importance, the very fundamental principles of our school demand these things from us.

How many of us upon looking back over our high school career will see the number of times we were not faithful in the classroom, and still thought we had true school spirit when we yelled at the football games and displayed the school's colors; and how many will see the number of times when we could have helped the school by a small self-sacrifice, yet were too selfish to place the school's interests first, though they are ours?

* * *

Help us boost the subscription list of the Register. Show your school spirit by boosting your school paper. We have now a larger subscription list than the Register ever had before, but yet we have not as large a subscription as a school with such an attendance as the O. H. S. ought to have. The larger the subscription list the better the paper, and the better for you. We are now making a final effort to raise the number of subscribers to 1,000. If there are any of your friends whom you know have not subscribed, persuade them to do so and we will greatly appreciate your kind efforts. Every student of the high school should be a subscriber, for we know that the Register is as close to the pupils as anything else in the school. We notice that there are still a number of teachers who have not subscribed. This negligence was due, undoubtedly, to an excess of work and lack of time, and we simply wish to call their attention to this fact and we sincerely hope that those teachers will readily rectify this small matter, for which we desire to thank them beforehand.

LOCALS

Louis Sweet, '07, won a prize in Amherst, given in a Greek contest.

Kent Hunter, '10, has entered the St. Thomas Military College, St. Paul, Minn.

The subscription to the Athletic Association was well supported by the school. The subscription amounted to \$174.00.

The night of the 25th of September was opening night at Chambers' Dancing School. A large and delightful crowd enjoyed the evening.

Hiram Salisbury of the Senior class, who has been ill with typhoid fever for the past month, is coming back to school again, much to the joy of his classmates.

Logan McMenemy and Ray Lowe went to Harlan Saturday, October 9th, to test their motorcycles on long distances and to see the O. H. S. Harlan football game.

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.

Thursday and Friday of last week were half-holidays—Thursday due to the military parade and Friday to attend the programs given by the soldiers at Fort Omaha.

On Tuesday, October 5th, the Freshmen and Sophomore girls were excused from their sixth hour classes and were entertained in room 304 by Miss McHugh with an interesting talk.

Will Rose, formerly of the O. H. S., who was attending Annapolis, was forced to return home on account of sickness. He will return to Annapolis next April to take a physical examination for entrance.

The O. H. S. Glee Club has been organized again this year. The membership is now sixteen. The club will sing on special occasions in the school, and later on it is planned to give entertainments outside. Credit will be given for two years' consecutive work.

Under the direction of Miss Shwartz, assisted by Erna Hadra, a girls' tennis tournament is now being held. The school has suffered long for such athletic enthusiasm among the girls and it is hoped that this tournament will prove successful and become permanent.

Miss Ruth McDonald, '09, is a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority at the Nebraska University. Miss Anna McCague, '08, Miss Marie Hodge, '09, Miss Louise Northrup, '08, and Miss Ruth Lindley, '09, are members of the Kappa Alpha Theta of the same university.

On Monday, October 4th, Coach Carns called a meeting of the old members of the Boosters' Club for the purpose of reorganizing. The club, reorganized, then elected the five Junior boys represented in the society. Another meeting, held October 11th, finished the business of election.

Hot chocolates and dainty sandwiches that always please at Beaton's.



ALUMNI NOTES



There are undoubtedly many members of the Alumni who read THE REGISTER and whose main interest lies in the Alumni column, as they are anxious to know what their schoolmates are doing and where they are. How much more interesting and complete would this column be if you Alumni would drop a card to the Alumni editor and let her know of your whereabouts? If you know of any of your classmates do not hesitate to drop a line to THE REGISTER and its readers will sincerely appreciate your kindness.

Martin L. Sugarman, '99, is now practicing law in Omaha.

Fred Hoffman, '06, has been elected President of the Senior class at the University of Nebraska.

Miss Uanette Aikin, '06, and Miss Gertrude Schermerhorn, '06, are in their senior year at Wellesley.

David Oberg, '06, is attending Stanford university, California; Vaughan Bacon, '08, University of Wisconsin.

Eddie Burnett, '06, is coach of the Peru Normal School football team. He played four years here, being captain his last year.

Miss May Nickels, '08, Miss Ellen Patterson, '08, and Miss Hazel Hartley, '08, belong to the Kindergarten Training Class.

Miss Hazel Howard, '09, and her sister, Miss Carol Howard, '09, have returned home from an extended trip throughout the East.

Fred Carlson, '09, is shipping clerk for D. J. O'Brien. Curtis Lindsay, '08, is working with his father in the Lindsay Jewelry store.

Merrill Howard, '08, who has and is taking a lively interest in our football team, holds a responsible position with the Updike Milling Company.

Fred Schneider, '91, associate editor of the Register in 1889, was in the city last week attending the Ak-Sar-Ben festivities. He now resides in Kansas City.

Herbert Shrum, '06, has returned to Purdue university, Lafayette, Ind. He has received the highest military office in the Purdue regiment, that of colonel.

Mr. Harry Drucker, '09, a prominent member of his class, entered Harvard this fall. He is the first to enter there directly from the High school since 1904.

Ben Cherrington, '04, who did much to give the O. H. S. a champion football and track team last year, has accepted the position of assistant coach to the Cornhusker football team.

Miss Lucy Hart, '09, Earl Burkett, '08, Waldo Dennis, '09, Ernest Huberman, '08, Miss Olive Hammond, '08, Joseph Noone, '09, and Roy Brownell, '08, are at the University of Nebraska.

Miss Helen Davidson, '09, Miss Marguerite Walker, '09, Miss Edith Shrum, '09, Miss Margaret Anderson, '09, and Bert Hene, '09, are taking post-graduate courses at the High school this year.

Miss Czarina Hall, '09, is attending Lombard college, Galesburg, Ill. Miss Pearl Jancy, '09, Chicago university; Miss June Greevy, '08, Chicago School of Art; Miss Elizabeth Becker, '09, Chicago School of Music.

Coe Buchanan, '09, is surely becoming popular in the University of Nebraska. We find that he is getting into Freshman politics. We sincerely hope that he will be successful, as it is a good recommendation for our school.

Miss Frances Nieman, '08, Miss Grace Stenberg, '08, Miss Anna Carruthers, '07, Miss Blanche Marshall, '08, Miss Mamie Chapman, '07, Miss Myrtle Srouse, '08, and Miss Johanna Chapman, '08, form the second year Training Class.

Miss Frances Thompson, '07, is teaching at Park School; Miss Ethel Kiewitt, '07, at Beals; Miss Katherine Bunnigan, '07, at Mason; Miss Mabel Anderson, '07, at Farnam; Miss Myrtle Catteroe, '07, at Sherman; Miss Mabel Graham, '07, at Omaha View, and Miss Bertha Elsassar, '07, at Columbian.

The girls in the first year of the Training Class for the Public Schools of the city are Miss Geraldine Gifford, Miss Mabel Craighead, Miss Beulah Whittemore, Miss Viola Pederson, Miss Ione Beats, Miss Freda Cayley, Miss Irma Book, Miss Ruth Dolan, Miss Edna Field, Miss Easter Devalon, Miss Hazel Ralph, Miss Wylda Blamey, Miss Ethel Reese, Miss Mabel Anderson and Miss Hedrig Sorenson.

MANUAL TRAINING.

LESSON No. 1.

In the high school system for manual training the first instruction a boy receives should be mechanical drawing. The instructor describes the first lesson on the board, which is to make letters. He then furnishes them with tea-squares, paper and ink. Then the boys begin to make the alphabet and numbers. Some make them straight and readable, while others don't. It is in the other department where the trouble is. Here the instructor demonstrates the first lesson with the class sitting around on the benches. He calls for the dulllest jackplane in the room. A boy brings him a plane iron, dull and full of nicks. The instructor then takes the class to the grindstone and demonstrates to the class how to grasp the plane iron with both hands, to press the elbows closely to the body, to lean forward and to grind the plane iron.

Each pupil is in attention. Not a sound is heard in the room save the plane iron on the grindstone. After a few minutes the plane iron is ground, and it has a wire edge. The instructor then puts the oilstone in the bench vise, shows the proper position of the feet, shows how to stand erect, to grasp the plane iron with both hands and to bring it down on the oilstone to the bevel as on the grindstone, then to raise the hand a shade for a second bevel, a few long sweeps on the oilstone and the wire edge is gone. The whole thing takes five minutes.

After placing the iron in the stock the instructor will show how to raise and lower the iron in the stock, how to work the lever from right to left. He then takes a piece of material and starts to plane it to certain dimensions. The plane is sharp and the boys smile, it is so easy. The block is then gauged and sawed and sandpapered. Each boy gets a block to practice on. Then the fun begins; the planes are dull; some have got nicks in them, and trouble soon develops because all want to grind. A few can get shavings and are happy. Soon the bell rings and it's all over.



ORGANIZATIONS



By this time all societies are in full sway, the new officers have become accustomed to their duties, and the new members accustomed to the hard work as well as the delights of their organization. A new debating club has been formed among the boys and this we hope will arouse more interest in society work among boys who have hitherto belonged to no society.

MARGARET FULLER.

The Margaret Fuller Society held its first meeting Friday, the 17th. It was a strictly business meeting and seven new members were voted into the society.

The Margaret Fuller Society held its meeting Friday, October 1st, in Room 304. The following entertaining program was given: (1) Piano solo, Clem Dickey; (2) vocal solo, Hazel Evans; (3) initiation of new members; (4) vocal solo, Hazel Evans.

HAWTHORNE SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the year was held in Room 208, September 17th. New members were voted in, of whom most were freshmen; a few from the other classes. A short and entertaining program followed.

On Friday, October 1st, the Hawthorne Society gave an interesting program, appropriate to Ak-Sar-Ben time, on "Fall Festivals in Other States." An initiation of the new members was planned to be given Friday, October 8th, at the home of Avilda Moore.

GERMAN SOCIETY.

On Wednesday, September 29th, the German Society held its election of officers. The results were as follows: President, George Geib; vice-president, Erna Hadra; secretary, Grace Burrington; treasurer, Stuart Gould; sergeants-at-arms, Blanche Cohn and Harry Lindberg; critic, Elsa Haarmann.

The purpose of this society is to increase the students' interest and enjoyment of the language, and to promote fluency in speaking and understanding of the German language. The society will meet every Wednesday in Room 31. Folk songs will be sung every meeting, and programs will be given on alternate Wednesdays.

FRANCES WILLARD SOCIETY.

The society held its first meeting in Room 100 on September 17th. As the president and vice-president have left school new officers were chosen to fill those vacancies. They are: President, Edna Ostrom; vice-president, Lila Cayley. Program committees were arranged and several other minor business matters attended to.

At the meeting of the society on October 1st, the new members were accepted. The program was given by Marion Parsons' division and was as follows: Piano solo, Eleanor Gillian; vocal solo, Josephine Pardoe; recitation, Addie Fogg; vocal solo, Alice Parsons.

Punch and wafers were served and an attempt was made to have the new members become acquainted with the old.

LATIN SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the year was held Wednesday, September 22nd, in Room 204. It was a purely business meeting and a large number of new members were voted in. Then followed election of officers with the following results: President, Alice Gideon; vice-president, Wyman Beebe; secretary, Ruth Sheldon; treasurer, Marjory Beckett; sergeants-at-arms, Louise Copeland and Wilson Heller; reporter, Irma Gross.

The Latin Society held its regular meeting Wednesday, October 6th. Five new members were voted in. An interesting program entitled, "Judgment Day in Hades," was given. The cast included Pluto, his Herald and Recording Imp, and the Shades of Sulla, Marius, Cato, Cicero, Catiline, Virgil, Caius, Gracchus, Brutus and Caesar.

BROWNING SOCIETY.

On September 17th the Browning Society gave an impromptu program which consisted of a recitation by Miss Nell Carpenter, '08, a six-handed piano selection by Mamie and Hortense Spiesberger and Blanche Cohn, and a recitation by Claire Patterson. Before the program fifteen new members were voted in.

At the meeting of the Browning Society on October 1st, the new members were initiated. An informal reception followed.

PRISCILLA ALDEN SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Priscilla Alden Society was held September 17th. There was no program and the time was taken up with business.

A meeting of the Priscilla Alden Society was held Friday, October 1st. The program was as follows: Darkey Selections, Irene Loomis; Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mable Conklin; play, "Scene From Uncle Tom's Cabin." Watermelon was served as refreshments.

ELAINE SOCIETY.

The Elaine Society held a business meeting Friday, September 17th. The resignation of the president, Edna Bartlett, was accepted with sincere regret. Frances Todd was chosen to fill her place and new members were voted in.

At the meeting of the Elaine Society on October 1st, the program was prepared entirely by the new members. Helen Eastman was in charge and the following program was given: Piano solo, Lulu May Coc; violin solo, Marie Book; magician tricks, Marion Burchmore and Minnie Johnson; piano solo, Gertrude Aikin; song, Elizabeth Carr, accompaniment, Lucile Dennis.

At the next meeting the new members are to undergo the tortures of initiation.

LININGER TRAVEL CLUB.

On September 17th the Lininger Travel Club held a short business meeting at which eighteen new members were voted in. The club enters upon its work this year with great enthusiasm, and this promises to be one of the best years in its history.

On Tuesday, September 21st, the members and teachers of the Lininger Travel Club were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Haller at her home.

The following interesting program on Yellowstone Park was given: Essay, "Yellowstone Park," Eleanor Cahill; reading, "Rivers-Josephine Goettsche"; recitation, "A Daily Scene," Marie Slovak; essay, "Geysers of the Yellowstone," Bernice Border; recitation, Ruth Berg.

After the program Mrs. Haller presented the club with a beautiful picture showing incidents and pictures of the club artistically decorated with the club colors.

Then followed music, dancing and games.

On October 1st, the Lininger Travel Club held its regular meeting. An excellent program on the North Pole Explorations was given. It was as follows: "Search for the North Pole," Edith Anderson; recitation, "The Water Fowl," Leola Granden; original story, Hazel Day; original dialogue, Florence Goodland and Ethel Albach; selected reading, "The Silent Places," Grace Day; selected reading, "Iceland," Olga Anderson.

A fudge party followed the program.

PLEIADES SOCIETY.

The Pleiades Society held its first meeting in Room 204, September 17th. Many old and new members were present, and a very enjoyable musical program was given with Ruth Matthews as chairman. This was followed by a fudge party.

The Pleiades Society held its regular meeting in Room 108 on October 1st, and there was a large attendance. A playette entitled "Bridget's Investment," was given with Mildred Mullin as chairman of the committee. Each of the performers took her part well, and especially Mildred Mullin as "Bridget." After the program, new members were voted in.

ART SOCIETY.

The Art Society held its election of officers Monday, September 20th. They are as follows: President, Emily Chase; vice-president, Helen Buck; secretary, Hazel Evans; treasurer, Paul Horning; sergeants-at-arms, Viola Pierce and Herbert Harris; reporter, Ruth Berg.

October 4th a meeting was held, at which the members settled down to the work of the coming year, sketching from life.

THE GRADUATE CLUB.

The Graduate Club was organized two years ago for Omaha High School graduates, but graduates of other schools and colleges were admitted. The work in the club consists of lecture courses given by Miss Florence McHugh and Miss Kate McHugh. This year Miss Florence McHugh will lecture on Browning, and Miss Kate McHugh on Shakespeare. The first meeting will be held on October 13th.

D. D. S.

If indications are correct this society is entering upon the most successful year of its history. At the first meeting on September 24th, over seventy members were present. Mr. Denison of the Y. M. C. A. gave an instructive speech, and Fred Fernald and Robert McCague

played a mandolin duet. Then Mr. Bernstein gave a very interesting extemporaneous talk.

At the meeting on October 1st the following program was rendered: Current Events, Merrill Rohrbough; debate, "Resolved, That the Income Tax Plan is Desirable." Affirmative, Stuart Gould and Fred Rybins; negative, Paul Byers and Joe Brodkey. Extemporaneous debate, "Resolved, That the Ak-Sar-Ben Carnival is Desirable." Leaders, Chester Arnold and Wilbur Haynes.

ATHENIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

On account of the increased attendance of boys at the school this year, the faculty deemed it necessary to form a new society. Accordingly, Miss Belle Von Mansfield, Mr. Wooley and Mr. Orchard were appointed to act as society teachers and organize the new boys' society. The first meeting was held on September 24th with twenty-one present. On October 1 the election of officers was held. The officers elected were as follows: President, Harry Fraser; vice-president, John Reel; secretary, Edw. Newman; treasurer, Joe Berger; sergeant-at-arms, A. Solomon. The name for the society decided upon was the Athenian Debating Society.

THE WEBSTER SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the society was held in Room 304, where the following program was rendered:

1. Violin solo by Joe Woolery.
2. Current Events, Maurice Shillington.
3. Debate, "Resolved, That the Galveston System of City Government Should Be Adopted." Affirmative, Ross and Davidson; negative, Moon and Strehlow.
4. Practical talk by Prof. Graff.
5. Lecture by James Van Avery.

The meeting on October 1st in Room 202, was a strictly business meeting.

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

The work in the girls' gymnasium is in full swing again. About three hundred girls are now enrolled, the largest enrollment in the whole time of this work in the high school. A swimming class of the gym girls has been organized, to be directed by Miss Shwartz, the lessons to be taken at the Y. W. C. A.

The O. H. S. was an enthusiastic participant in the greeting of President Taft during his recent visit to the city. The south campus of the high school grounds was covered with the students and the teachers to welcome President Taft as he passed the school on his parade through the city. The O. H. S. regiment was especially noticeable, for all the cadets who had uniforms were equipped with guns, and then marched down to Farnam street, where they formed a guard from Fifteenth to Eighteenth street.



The middle of the term is now drawing near and the cadets have progressed wonderfully. It has been due, however, to the hard and steady work they have been put through in the last month. It was Commandant Haskell's idea to have each company represented in the Ak-Sar-Ben parade this year and as a result the freshmen had to be rounded into shape in a very short time. Heretofore only old men marched in the parade, all the companies being combined into about three. The old method was greatly improved by the representation of each company and the participation of the freshmen. Each company consisted of three squads which gave them a much better appearance. The cadets should certainly be congratulated upon the fine impression they made on the public.

After the parade all cadets who were still able to move started for the carnival as fast as their weary condition would allow. Following their former custom they would assemble before some special show and root until the manager of the show, deciding that they would be good boosters and advertisers, would invite them in. As the cadets rambled about the grounds they were joined by six or seven policemen who broke into the crowd and put about three-fourths of them out. This action on the part of the officers was altogether uncalled for because at no time had the cadets been more orderly. Those who were driven out justly decided that they had been mistreated, so they swarmed to the mayor's office and made an appeal. The mayor soon understood the boys and their appeal and kindly accompanied them back to the carnival, where by his order they were again admitted. Three cheers for the mayor!!!

There was one feature of the Regiment missing in the parade, and that was the band, as not a sufficient number of the musicians reported.

Since the parade is now over the freshmen who have been rushed through so rapidly, will be attended to with much more care in their development into first class cadets. It is remarkable how well they have done considering their short experience in drill. In fact they have done so well that many of them cannot be distinguished from the old men in the manner in which they execute the few maneuvers they have been taught. If such development continues the standard of drill in the Regiment will be much higher than ever before.

As is usual the cadets upon dismissal are inclined to be somewhat disorderly and to remain too long in the building. In order to prevent this as much as possible an officer is stationed in each company's hall until all the cadets are gone.

A list of delinquencies has been posted on the bulletin board so that all cadets who have been demerited may see them, and it is hoped that the men will endeavor to keep their records as clear as possible.

As a special indication of his appreciation of the work done by cadets in the parade the commandant expressed his congratulations and said that each cadet who participated would receive credits for his good work. This inspired the cadets and made them feel good after their hard march.

EXCHANGES.

Our various exchanges are entering upon a new and, we sincerely hope, a prosperous year. And as the exchange column is one among other points which add to the interest of the paper, we wish to make ours as complete as is possible.

The Comet, Ohio: You must have a competent staff, from your paper.

The Whims, Seattle: A characteristic name; your class editing system is fine.

The Daily Nebraskan, Lincoln: A fine paper which we welcome as a daily exchange.

The Red and Black, Philadelphia: A welcome exchange, and a paper worthy of its school.

The Helios, Michigan: Your reading matter is fine; just liven your exchanges by a few squibs.

The Forum, Missouri: An excellent paper with just one thing omitted—a table of contents.

The Cogswell, San Francisco: A unique cover adds to the interest of a splendid paper for September.

The Sotoyoman, Healdsburg, Cal.: A fine commencement number indicating success for this year.

The Cosmos, Cedar Rapids: A newsy paper with a very complete and interesting literary department.

The Mt. Marty, Kansas: An excellent commencement number; your departments are unusually complete.

The Eagle, Missouri Military Academy: Boys alone certainly edit an interesting as well as instructive paper.

The Tiger, Colorado Springs: A compact edition of school events with everything essential except more exchanges.

The Tooter, South Omaha: A fine paper as far as it goes, but if we may advise, why not publish a monthly and have a more complete issue?

"The automobile is rapidly dividing the public into two classes—the quick and the dead."—*Ex.*

Antonio—"Have you heard of Bassanio's extravagance?"

Launcelot—"No."

Antonio—"He paid three thousand ducats to press his suit."—*Ex.*



Omaha 12, Nebraska City 0.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Three cheers for the team for thus the score stood at the end of the second half. The score does not tell half of the story of the ease with which the team beat them. The game was held at the Y. M. C. A. park and was attended by a fair-sized crowd, considering the inadequate car service. The field was in bad shape and the weather was too warm for fast work on the part of either team. At no time in the game was Omaha's goal in danger. Although some of the old men were unable to play, the men that filled their places, with the exception of the lack of team work at times, showed up in fine form. The work of Howard, who was switched from right end to quarter, deserves much praise. His long end runs were the features of the game. Rector at left tackle carried the ball exceptionally well and did some fine tackling. The touch down Omaha made in the first half was not allowed by the referee because of a poor decision of his.

It is hoped that some of the old men will be able to play in the game with Harlan on October 9, which is expected to be a fast game, as Harlan always turns out a fast team.

Coach Carns deserves much credit for the work he has done in whipping into shape a team that consists of so much new material. Under his direction the team is getting into shape for the big games that will soon be here.

The line-up for the Harlan game is as follows:

Left End—Payne, Howes.
Left Tackle—Rector.
Left Guard—Hendee.
Center—McWhinney, Tukey.
Right Guard—Sunderland.
Right Tackle—Andrus, Rayley.
Right End—Howard, Millard.
Quarterback—Klopp.
Left Half—Dow.
Right Half—Mills, Bowman.
Full Back—Underhill.

Miss Copeland (in 9A Latin class)—“The sixth hour is a rather hard period, but would be much more pleasant if you were a little (f) Fresher!”

* * *

Student (in American History)—“There was no class to the negro slaves at all.”

Plow's famous St. Louis Chocolates, always fresh, at Beaton's, Farnam and Fifteenth.



Work in the domestic science department is progressing rapidly, each girl taking great interest in the care of the equipment and in the quality of her production.

The last month has been devoted to pickling, canning and preserving fruit and vegetables. Each girl had the privilege of buying her production at actual cost and many availed themselves of the opportunity, eager to show their parents and friends how much they have accomplished.

The lectures during the month were based mainly on the composition of fruits and vegetables and their value as food products. A lecture was also given on the various kinds of sugar and their manufacture.

On October 4th, the students were given an opportunity to visit the Farrell Syrup company's factory. The girls, accompanied by Miss Turner and Miss Jenks, were taken over the entire plant, the whole process of the manufacturing, from the first step to the finished product packed for shipment, being explained. A point of great interest was the manufacture of tin cans, which the company uses for their products.

The locker room for aprons, which was greatly missed last year, has been completed.

Freshie—“Is Germany a great cattle-raising country?”

Teacher—“No, not very; what makes you think so?”

Freshie—“I've heard it called the fodder-land.”

* * *

Prigged her mother's pickled peaches,
Dottie did and died with screeches.
Heed the touching tale it teaches,
Mother should not pickle peaches.

* * *

Herpicide, Sung to the Tune of "Harrigan."

H-e-r-p-i-c-i-d-e spells Herpicide.
You put it on your head to make your hair grow,
To keep you from looking like a scarecrow,
H-e-r-p-i-c-i-d-e you see.
First you rub it then you scrub it,
Then you scrub it and you rub it,
And it's hair again for me.

* * *

To remove paint—sit down on it before it is dry.



Miss Landis—"Fraulein Elgutter, decline a lover, a loved one."
 N. E.—"But aren't those the same?"
 Miss L.—"Are they? We leave that to Fraulein Elgutter."

* * *

Notorious Seniors.

Class Poet—Fredericka Swartzlander.
 Class Historian—John Rayley. P. G.
 Class Spouter—Richard Barnes.
 Cutest—Ray McWhinney.
 Wittiest—Milton Weeks.
 Lady Fusser—Lumir Buresh.
 Class Bachelor—Wilson Heller.
 Studies the Most—"Tates" Murphy.
 Class Bully—Robert McCague (look at Co. I).
 Class Martyrs—Squib editors.
 Class Bluffer—Fay Cole.
 Class Beauty—C. K. Patton.
 Class Pet—Winfred Harm.
 Noisiest—Stanley Beranck.

* * *

The goat peered into the yard. It was Monday and he was hungry.
 "I am starving," quoth he, "but I must do it."
 "Do what?" inquired the stray horse.
 "Take in washing," said the goat as he broke through the fence.

* * *

Deacon—"Are you willing to go?"
 Unpopular Citizen (dying)—"O yes, I am."
 Deacon—"Well, I'm glad you are, for that makes it unanimous."

* * *

Translations.

H. R.—"And she let down her hair in order that it might be scattered by the winds."
 Miss P.—"Perhaps some of you have had the same experience." (?)
 B. T.—"They snatched the clouds, the heavens and the day from the eyes of the Trojans."
 L. B.—"His heart throbbed in two ways." (One for himself and one for her?!!)
 A. G.—"Exciting in his tawny hide!"
 E. D.—"Here no chains hold the tired waves."
 Fresh—"They fight the Helvetians—Appellant bellant Helvetias."

* * *

Mrs. A.—"Yes, we all remember the election of 1800."

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MOSHER & LAMPMAN

17th and Farnam Streets

OMAHA, NEB.

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I said,
And she nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press and I rather guess
We printed a full edition.
But one edition is hardly enough,"
She said with a charming pout;
So, again, in press the form was placed,
And we got some "extras" out.

* * *
The Freshman grieves,
The Sophomore blows,
The Junior growls,
The Senior knows.—*Ex.*

* * *
Junior—"You say a pony will save me half my work?"
Clerk—"Yes."
Junior—"Gimme two."

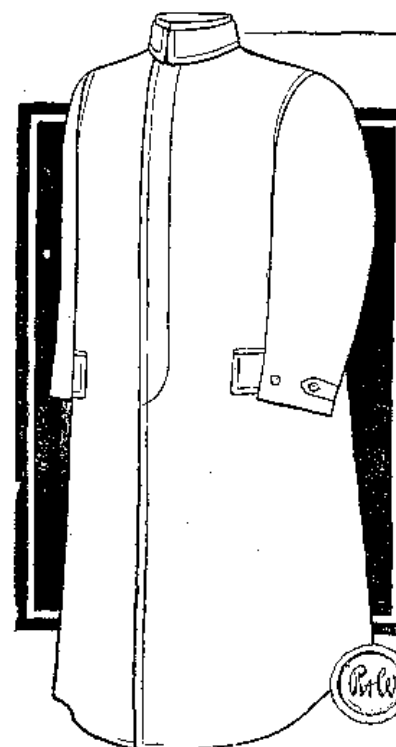
* * *
Love-making machinery is dangerous—you are so liable to get caught
in the belt.

* * *
There are meters iambic and meters trochaic,
There are meters in musical tones,
But the meter
That's sweeter
And neater,
Completer,
Is to meet 'er
By the moonlight—alone.—*Ex.*

* * *
The Chinese differ much from us,
In many things of taste,
For while they squeeze a maiden's foot,
We squeeze her dainty waist.

* * *
Upon a coatsleeve is a hair
Which doth a story tell;
It proves a head hath rested there,
And proves it pretty well.
(Why Wilson!)
I'll trump up no excuses fine,
For I admit, you see,
I just can't keep that dog of mine
From climbing up on me.

* * *
To push a high school paper
Is very little fun,
Specially when subscribers
Will not remit the "mon."



BRANDEIS STORES

(MAKES A SPECIALTY OF

Young Men's Clothes

When you buy an overcoat or a suit, you want it *right*. Nine out of ten people judge you by the way you *look*. They don't know who you are or what you are. They get their opinion of you before they know you, and if you don't look right they may never *care* to know you. These appearances mean a lot to you. You want to dress in clothes that have the right look.

BRANDEIS STORES have outfitted the best-dressed men and young men in Omaha for years. They sell the best ready-to-slip-on clothes in America.

HIRSH-W E ROGERS, PEET & CO.
Overcoats and \$21-\$45 Overcoats and Suits, \$21-\$45

R. & W. Overcoats and Raincoats for Young Men are known for their classy style and great utility

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Brandeis Floral Dept. Choice Cut Flowers, Plants and Floral Designs

South Side—New Store

a Specialty—Open on Sundays



Always a Pleasure to "Wifey"

TAKE HOME to her a box of our superior mixed candies—chocolates if she prefers them (you ought to know what she likes best) and see the sparkle of gratitude in her eyes! It's cheap at the price, because it's not the money spent, even the candies themselves, but your thoughtfulness she appreciates. When you're cold, remember our hot chocolate and our home-made coffee.

1618 Harney St. OLYMPIA CANDY CO. First door west of the Burwood
Phone. Dg 5203

C. B. Brown & Co. Jewelers and Silversmiths

Rollable Goods at Reasonable Prices

222 South 16th Street

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Mary had a little lamb,
Some little onions, too;
She mixed them up within a pot
And called it Irish stew.
Then Mary had a little feast,
And then, twixt me and you,
Oh Mary had a little thirst,
And that was Irish, too.

* * *

Generally speaking the Senior girls are—
Oh! yes they are—
Are what?
Generally speaking.

* * *

Mary had a little lamp,
An obliging one, no doubt;
For every time Mary's beau came,
That little lamp went out.—*Ex.*

* * *

A. C. K. (drilling awkward squad)—“Now, my men listen to me.
When I say ‘squad halt,’ put the foot that’s on the ground beside the one
that’s in the air, and remain motionless.”

* * *

Lives there a boy with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
Things not to be repeated, when
He burned his fingers up in “Chem.”

* * *

Lives of Freshmen all remind us
That we should struggle, toil and save,
And departing leave behind us
Remnants of those awful days. (See below.)
Teething-ring, rattle, best girl.

* * *

“Say, Pa.”

“What is it?”

“Can a Plymouth Rock hen join the Daughters of the American
Revolution?”

* * *

Mary had a bicycle,
She learned to ride it well,
She ran into a telephone pole
And broke it all to—pieces.

* * *

In sport he called her lemon nice,
And said he’d be the squeezer;
Instead he felt like lemon ice,
And she—well, was the freezer.—*Ex.*

She.—“This road is very steep; can’t I get a donkey to help me up?”
He.—“Lean on me, darling!”

* * *

Proposition: You have a girl, you love her.
To prove : That she loves you.
Proof : All the world loves a lover.
She is all the world to you.
∴ She loves you.—*Ex.*

* * *

No, seeing is not believing,
As some of the poets say,
For there are people I’d never believe,
Yet I see them every day.

* * *

It’s nice to be a Senior
And with the Seniors stand,
A fountain pen behind my ear,
A note-book in my hand;
I would not be a Junior
Nor have one on the string—
I’d rather be a Senior
And know of everything.



The “Ara-Notch” makes the “Belmont”
an
ARROW
COLLAR
Sits Perfectly
15c, 2 for 25c. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers
ARROW CUFFS 25 cents a pair



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VOLLMER'S**SUITS AND OVERCOATS
RIGHTLY PRICED**

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is just as welcome here as the man who
spends \$35.

Start at \$15 and up to \$35.

VOLLMER'S

EXPERT CLOTHES FITTERS

107 South 16th St.

Please mention the Register when answering
advertisements.

Launch party,
Big hug (not allowed).
Black cloud,
Moon out,
Folks stare,
Wrong girl,
Boy swear.—*Ex.*

* * *

Caesar is dead and buried,
And so is Cicero,
And where these two old gents have gone
I wish their works would go.

* * *

Bobby—"Roses are red, violets blue,
Send me fifty, P. D. Q."
Father—"Some roses are red,
Some are pink,
I'll send you fifty,
I don't think."

* * *

"What is your age, Madam?" thundered the attorney.
"Must I tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"
asked the witness.
"Then I will," said the witness. "It's none of your business."

ON FARNAM STREET

Benson & Thorne Co.



Imperial and Military College Men's Coats

"Little Major" Coats for Misses

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A Shop of Exclusive Foreign Novelties

In Leather, Brass, Copper and Porcelain—

Desk Sets, Candlesticks, Smoking Sets, Samovars, Vases, etc.
Bric-a-Brac of the most exquisite foreign design and at very
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Our Book Stock is the Finest in the West—

Our book shelves are loaded with literary gems, dainty in bind
ing, rich in literary merit. *All \$1.50 Late Fiction, \$1.08.*

Engraved Invitations, Visiting Cards and Crests—

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lence.

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Everything the Best to be had

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FORGET

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Call on the **Owl Moulding and Art Co.** 1615 Howard St.

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R. S.—“Dear, meat.”

Bostonian—“Conflagration! Conflagration! Hasten hither with that
mechanical apparatus designed for the suppression of such a terrible con-
flagration!”

Westerner—“Fire! Fire! Fire!”

Clothes Never Made a Man, But--

they do cause him to make a favorable or unfavorable impression.

Ties—Shirts—Hosiery—must each be carefully considered by the young
man seeking a place in the commercial world. *Your start gauges your
finish, so you must surely start right.* We will assist you in your
selections and offer you the right kind of

YOUNG MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

ALBERT CAHN, 1322 Farnam Street

School Posters Colored to Order Up-to-date pictures and framing.
Statuary and artists' materials.

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SWEATERS, JACKETS and JERSEYS

ALL WEIGHTS AND PRICES

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"Prescriptions Carefully Compounded"

This is a shop-worn legend — and still 'tis a fact at our store. Try us. No prescription too hard for us to interpret—none so easy that we do not give it careful attention.

Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.

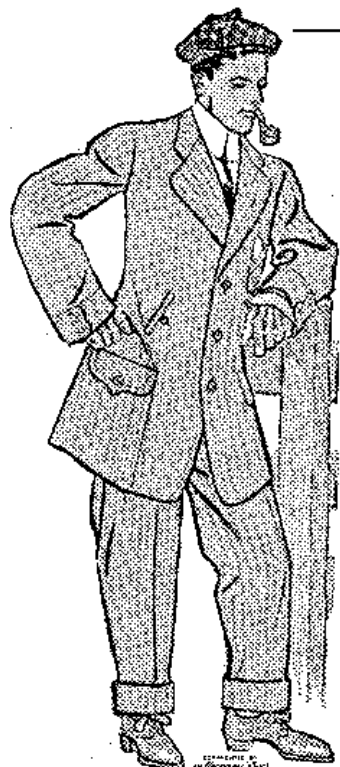
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The Owl Drug Co.

16th and Harney

LUMIR BURESH.

"I'm mother's little baby boy,
So sweet, so cute so fast,
When I go out
The people shout,
'For heaven's sake, what's that?'"



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Nifty Clothes**

**BOURKE'S
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