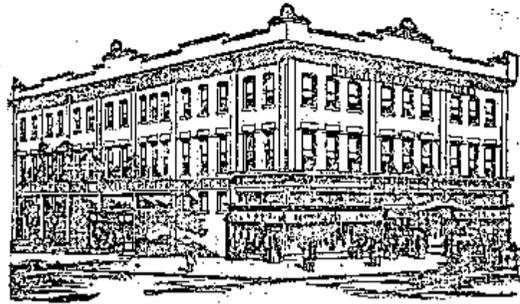


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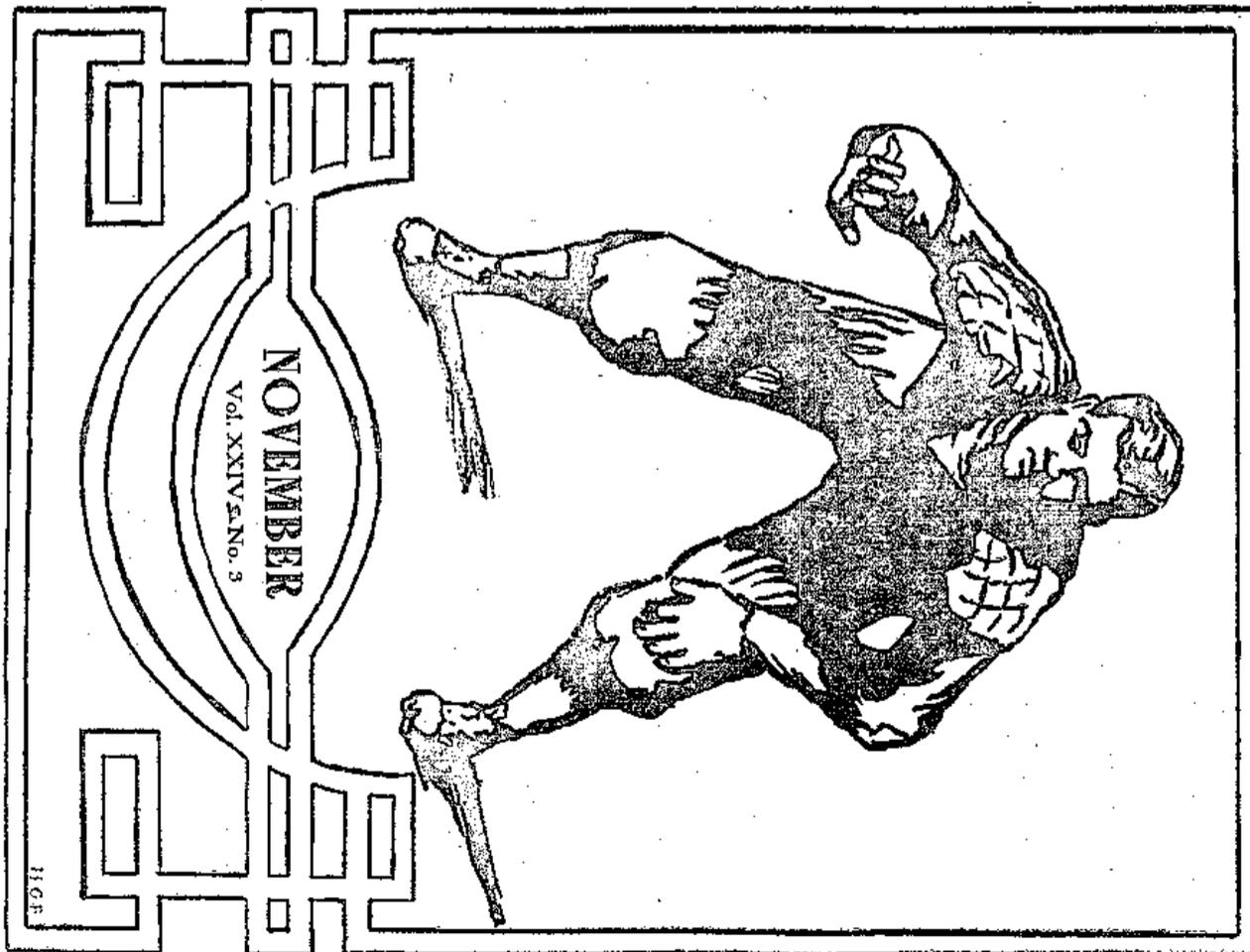
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Courtney & Co.

Douglas and 17th Sts., OMAHA



HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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City National Bank SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
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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

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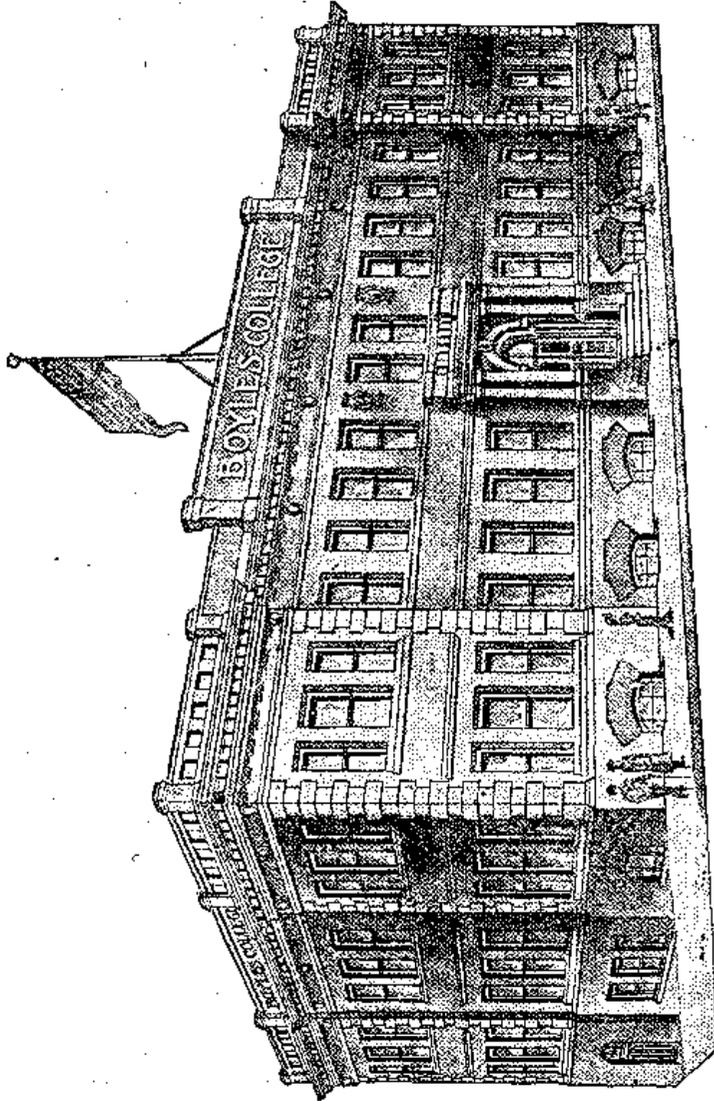
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Volume XXIV	THE REGISTER	Number 332
S	OMAHA & NOVEMBER & 1909	S

The Transformation of Red Goodwin.

"Say, boys, guess the news," exclaimed Jim Lawson as he slammed the mail-bag down upon the counter of the combination grocery, drug-store and post-office of Cannon Gulch.

"No you don't, Jim," laughed Ike Reed, "We've heard your news before. Who was it told us that Doc Smith had celebrated concussion of the brain when it was measles, pure and simple?"

"Yes, and who was it swore that the C. P. and Q. were going to build a two-thousand dollar station here? They bought Jack Benner's shack for two thousand cents. Guess you made a mistake, didn't you, Jim?" chimed in Slim Sampson.

"All right boys, when you get through I'll tell you the news," coolly replied the victim of these crushing rejoinders sitting down on the soap-box bench back of the stove. "If you believe every thing you hear, I'm not responsible. But it's sure enough news this time. I'd swear to it by—"

"The Strait of Gibraltar, and be done with it," shouted back one of his tormentors.

"Or the Statue of Liberty," cried another.

"Or 'Molly' Smith's looking glass."

A roar of laughter greeted this last speech for "Molly" Smith was the dandy of the camp and owned the only looking glass which he loaned out on special occasions for the munificent recompense of a quarter.

"As I was saying," continued Jim, "this is real news but of course if you don't want to hear it, it's all the same to me," and he strolled toward the door with his hands in his pockets.

"Hey, Jim, come back here," they called, upset by the turn affairs had taken. "We'll listen like angels if you'll forgive our totally impolite remarks."

"Sure," he responded, cheerfully, "I've heard 'em before."

"Don't git mad, Jim," said Terry McGinnis, a big, jolly, red-headed Irishman, who had been silent up to this time. "Thim as is so full of hot air has to let it out every few minutes to kape it from exploding."

"Oh, dry up Terry," grumbled Ike, "You ain't in this conversation."

"No, not now. I just quit," was the answer.

"Yu'd better dry up yr'self, Ike. You can't get the best of Terry McGinnis if yu try for twenty years," drawled Slim.

Jim waited until they were through and then launched his bomb into their midst.

"The Tenderfoot is going to join the race on Thanksgiving."

Oh Sugar, Jim; you've been walking in your sleep," exclaimed Ike.

"Well, as I said before, its the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," he answered. "Ask him yourself. Here he comes now."

A blast of cold air rushed into the store as the door opened and closed behind a slim, young fellow with a pale yet determined face, although there was a half timid, half defiant look in his brown eyes. He had on a scanty coat, while all the others wore heavy ones and when he pulled off his shabby cap, an action which never entered the thoughts of the others, he disclosed a shock of tumbled black hair. On the whole he was a person for whom the average individual would have felt a liking, but to these stalwart sons of the Forest he was an enigma and therefore they treated him with indifference or ridicule, but for the most part they maintained an air of easy tolerance toward him.

His refined manner, his education and his timid ways had caused them to dub him, "The Tenderfoot." His real name, John Matthews, was totally ignored.

When he had come to the camp, the largest in the great lumber district, his boyish soul had looked up to these broad-shouldered lumbermen and had longed to be one of them. But when day after day went by and ridicule was showered upon him he clenched his teeth and went about his work in a dogged fashion, neither seeking nor obtaining any comradeship from his fellows.

Perhaps this perseverance might have won him some of their respect if it had not been for another puzzling characteristic of his. He never spent his money. In the vernacular of the camp, he was tight-fisted. On pay-night when a jolly crowd chinked glasses, exchanged boisterous jokes, flipped coins, and bet on every subject from the discovery of America to "Who found the North Pole?", "The Tenderfoot" was absent. Not a jot did they know of his past history and this combined with the fact that he never drank, smoked, swore, nor bet, never in fact spent a penny for other than the bare necessities, established a prejudice against him.

But there was one in the camp who was more than indifferent to him, one who was his most bitter enemy. "The Tenderfoot" knew this and the reason for it. He never breathed it, nor did the other, but the camp, to a man, although ignorant of the cause, knew that "The Tenderfoot" had an implacable enemy in Red Goodwin. It was one of the codes of the camp that Red Goodwin never forgave a man who interfered with him in any way, even for his own good.

When "The Tenderfoot" entered the store they greeted him with a derisive shout, "Hear you'r going to enter the race, Tenderfoot."

He gave them no answer but went on to the counter to get his mail. There was one letter. "The Tenderfoot" received a letter regularly, once a week. A dainty, white envelope addressed in a delicate hand. He tore it open and read it eagerly. The door was flung open and a man strode in.

He was tall and broad-shouldered. His features were of a decisive cut and molded as if in iron. His eyes were of that peculiar shade of blue that can at one moment be soft and melting and at another hard and cold. Since the men of Cannon Gulch had known him, those eyes had always been of the color of steel. And, as the spark is struck from steel, so his eyes sometimes blazed with fire. His well-formed head was crowned with short brown hair. His very presence had a magnetism about it that

made him the avowed leader of the camp. "The Tenderfoot" did not take in all these details at that moment. He only knew that the man was Red Goodwin. When he had first come to the camp, his admiration for the man knew no bounds. To his inexperienced mind he seemed the embodiment of fineness. Although he received no attention from his idol, still he admired him. When, one stormy night, Red Goodwin had gone into the back room of the store to play cards with a stranger, the boy had instantly recognized the stranger as a notorious gambler, whom he had seen before he came to the camp. He had heard of his cunning and his skill in winning against any odds and he determined to warn Red Goodwin. Then he went into the room and told him, briefly and emphatically that the man with whom he was playing was a scoundrel. Red Goodwin paid no attention and the other merely sneered. But when he swept the cards from the table to the floor, the lumberman sprang from his chair with an oath and would have struck the boy had not the other interfered. It was not consistent with his plans to have any fighting. The game was stopped, but the boy in his efforts to help had won an enemy.

But he had a friend, also.

His friend was a true one. Old Man Falconer, as he was called, was the only one of the camp who did not acknowledge the supremacy of Red Goodwin. He was a tall, gaunt, gray haired old man, strong of body and keen of thought in spite of his age. It had been said that he was the only one whom Red Goodwin dared not command and, true or untrue, the fact still remained that Old Man Falconer went about his work in peace. He had taken a special liking to the young lad from the first. Thus, on one side "The Tenderfoot" had an implacable enemy and on the other a staunch friend.

When Red Goodwin came into the room he made his way, without speaking or casting a glance at any one else, up to "The Tenderfoot." He towered a full head above him but the boy stood his ground and gazed defiantly at him. The giant-like lumberman burst out with a question:

"What's this I hear about you joining the race Thanksgiving? Is it true?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Didn't you know that I had entered?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well, I'll give you just the two days before Thanksgiving to change your mind. I've never raced against a kid like you yet and I don't intend to now. Withdraw and its all right, but if you don't—Well, you know me."

"The Tenderfoot" put the letter in his coat, buttoned it up and crossed the room to the door. As he opened it, he turned and said, "I shall race."

The door banged and the men gave a slight gasp. In the annals of the camp, this was the first tenderfoot—and there had been many—who had dared to stand up against Red Goodwin.

Jerry gave a chuckle.

"Begorra, and I admire the lad's pluck."

Red Goodwin cast a savage glance at him and stalked out of the store. When the door had closed behind him, Ike said, "Say, boys, where do you suppose the kid's going to get any horses for the race?"

"Humph," answered Jerry, "Falconer's grays of course."

"Then no wonder Red was mad. He knows that no horse in the county can beat the grays, not even his bays."

"Yes, but what chance has the kid got against Red. No driver has beaten him yet."

"No, but Falconer's grays have never raced yet either."

The talk of the camp for the next two days was the coming race on Thanksgiving morning. The fact that Old Man Falconer would let the boy take his cherished horses, the four that were his pride,—measured his regard for him. "The Tenderfoot" had loved the horses from the first and had driven them many a time until he had become almost a part of them.

The morning dawned bright and clear and at nine o'clock the racers drew up in line. There were four sets—four in each—Doc Smith's glistening whites, Manderson's blacks, Red Goodwin's bays, and Falconer's grays. The main interest centered upon the grays and bays. The others were racing merely for the hundred-dollar prize but with Red Goodwin and the "Tenderfoot" it was a contest between two enemies.

The pistol cracked and like a flash they were off. The long, light, wooden sleds were but little encumbrance and the horses fairly flew over the ground. The whites and blacks lead the way and the first half of the course was covered thus with Red Goodwin third and "The Tenderfoot" in the rear. The last half was harder for near the end the road narrowed and was flanked on either side by a deep ravine. This was the gulch that gave the town its name. The one who could reach this gulch first would have a great advantage for the road was not wide enough there for two teams. Before this point was reached the whites and the blacks dropped behind, tired out by their brilliant start and the race lay between the bays and the grays. The two were abreast and neither seemed able to gain on the other. The gulch drew nearer and nearer and still there was no change. Then Red Goodwin began to gain. Little by little he crept ahead. The Tenderfoot's face was white and set, but he dared not urge his horses ahead for if both of them reached the gulch at once it would mean destruction to one of them. Red Goodwin came nearer and nearer to the gulch. Ah! He has reached it! He has practically won.

But no! With a shout the Tenderfoot turned his horses' heads straight for the ravine. Down they plunged dragging the overturned sled behind them with the boy clinging to it, and almost by a miracle they rushed through the snow and brush up the other side and where the road turned and broadened they dashed on to it directly abreast of the bays. The sled was up-side down but the boy had kept his hold and now he stood upon it and for the first time, raised his whip.

Curling and writhing it came down upon the backs of the leaders. With a rush they responded and inch by inch they forged ahead until midst deafening cheers they cross the line half a length ahead of the bays. The Tenderfoot has won the race. Cheer after cheer rent the air and the men rushed toward and seized the boy, put him on their shoulders and carried him through the crowd up to the big shanty where the Thanksgiving dinner was to be. As they let him down to the ground, without a moment's warning he fell in a heap. The camp doctor rushed forward and

kneceling beside the still form felt for the heart. A dead silence followed the noise of a moment before, as the doctor, with a grave face, motioned to two of the men to lift the body and carry it into the boy's shack. An hour passed and the word had gone through the camp that the boy was at the point of death. The doctor had said that the boy had not taken care of himself and that combined with the excitement of the race had brought on a serious fever.

The camp was still and every one waited and yet dreaded to hear the next word. From an object of scorn the boy had become the idol of the camp. The doctor said that the crisis would come at four o'clock. At fifteen minutes past four the doctor came out of the shack and said but one word to Jim Lawson, who was waiting at the door:

"Safe."

Like a flash the word passed through the camp and men who had not been moved for years grasped each other's hands and shook them for joy. Every one was rejoicing.

No, not every one. Since the moment when the boy had dropped Red Goodwin had not been seen or thought of by any one. He had heard the news of the boy's recovery and had gone directly to his room to get control over himself for his rage was furious. Never before had he been beaten.

While he was pacing up and down the floor Jim, Ike and Jerry entered the outer room of the house and he was an unintentional eaves-dropper to their conversation.

Jim exclaimed, "After all the meanness we've done to the kid I felt just like two cents when I went in his shack and saw that picture of his mother. I had a mother once. I wish I had been as good a son as he has." He choked and went over to the window. The other two pretended not to notice his emotion but Ike said:

"The reason he never spent anything was because he was saving it all up to buy a little home for his mother out here. He wanted to get that hundred dollars to pay her way out here. We found that out from some of his letters. The doctor read them when we thought he wasn't going to pull through."

"Begorra," said Jerry, slapping his knee, "that kid is a brick and I'd say it to Red Goodwin himself."

After a few minutes they went out, but in the other room sat a man whom their words had affected as they never dreamed they would. He sat thinking for a long time. So that was why he wanted to win, was it? For his mother. He had had a mother. He could see her now as she blessed him and bade him goodbye with a cheerful face—yet, with, oh! how much secret sorrow—when he started off, a boy himself then, for the great west. He had gone off with the great ambitions of youth, and he had done a great deal. He made money on every hand. He also had sent money to his mother and planned for a little home together. Then come the news of her death. From that day Red Goodwin had become hard and cynical. Now the thought of his mother softened him. With a sudden impulse he opened a box and drew out a picture. His mother's face smiled back at him. How he had loved her. How the other boy loved his mother. A sob shook the strong man and he kissed the picture again and again.

A half hour later Red Goodwin came out of that room a changed man. His good angel had fought with his bad one. It had been a hard fight but the good had won.

When he entered the boy's shack and told the doctor that he had come to watch, the doctor left the room quietly. He tip-toed over to the bed where the boy lay sleeping. For an hour he sat there watching. Then the boy slowly opened his eyes and looked up into the face of the man, so changed, he hardly knew it. Before he could speak Red Goodwin reached out his hand.

"Forgive me boy," he said, simply, "I had a mother once. If I had been as much to make her proud and happy as you have, I would be the happiest man on earth."

The boy stretched out his hand and the man took it. Not a word was said but each understood.

The setting sun sent its rays into the room, touching the rafters, the rough furniture and the two figures, and enchanting them with its golden light. In many homes the Thanksgiving was being celebrated in many ways, but in this little, rude, sunlit room there was real Thanksgiving for Red Goodwin had been transformed.

FLORENCE M. RHOADES, '10.

November Twenty-Fifth.

ELBIRT RELDNACH, '10.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT GAME.

Some one was pounding on the door. Bobby awoke with a start to hear Calen calling him. He opened the door and let the coach in.

"Great Scott man," Calen burst out as he slammed the door after him. "I thought we'd lost you too! What you doing? Come on! It's almost time for the game! Hurry!"

"Almost time for the game!" gasped Bobby incredulously.

"Yes, time for the game; hurry up, you old idiot!"

"I'm glad you've been resting this afternoon," he said, glancing at Bobby's clothes which he had slept in. "Don't talk!" he checked Bobby's answer. "Shut up! Hurry!" "Do you realize that the reputation of the school rests on you this day? It's up to you my boy."

Bobby's jaw shut hard. Calen looked at him, then slapped him on the shoulder.

"There, my boy, I knew it was in you," he said kindly. "The crowd may be a little disappointed at your former conduct, but I know what's in you and I expect there was a good reason. Here, youngster, shake." Bobby felt his hand in Calen's big, warm fist and the eagerness for the struggle was on him.

As they left the house together Bobby caught sight of a man just around the corner. He looked again and wondered at the whiteness of the man's skin and at the eyes. He had a vague sense of having seen them before, but he soon forgot all about the incident.

The grounds were jammed full. The bleachers, row upon row, were a solid mass of color which completely surrounded the field. The ground,

every inch of it, from the fence to the ropes, was packed with live enthusiastic, yelling, humanity. On one side were the Doverites while opposite were the Edgwood supporters. Both were a mass of brilliant color and waving pennants and flags. The two masses opposed each other. The hearts and hopes of each were against the others and centered in that little knot of eleven men who wore their colors on the field.

Between them the quiet dove-gray gridiron with its simple cross lines of white lay peaceful and undisturbed. Soon that virgin bosom would be torn and lashed in the fierce struggle for glory and supremacy.

The wild, drawn out, Dover yell surged up as their team trotted out and swung into position for a few minutes practice. How perfectly their football machine worked! How heavy and strong it looked! The Edgwood people sighed in a disheartened manner. How they longed for their idol, Rex! This Bobby Laird—would he make good? If he was such a fine player why hadn't he gone out like a man and made the team in the first place?

Then they burst into their booming war cry as their team dashed out of the quarters and wheeled into a line. Disregarding the usual practice they merely trotted around the field to warm up.

The whistle blew and after the "flip" the two teams lined up—the little, brown, egg-like football lay between them.

Dover had the kick off. Their man trotted slowly toward the ball, his toe swung back for the kick—the amphitheater was absolutely quiet, not a sound—*plunk*, the ball sailed in a long, beautiful arc into Edgwood's field.

Bobby watched it, fascinated. It was coming right at him. How large it looked to him. He wondered vaguely in a dazed sort of stage fright, if Rex could catch it if it were that big.

The crowd saw the ball ending its course right in the arms of one of their players and took a deep breath for a yell—a breath that came out again in a deep, hollow groan, like the moan of a winter wind, as the ball bounded out of his inactive arms. There was a scramble around the ball; a Dover man wriggled out of the heap, and running, stumbling, rolled over the line. *A touch down!*

A hysterical yell went up from the Dover bleachers.

Is it necessary to describe the scene on the Edgwood side? Could it be described? The goal kick failed, but still that five points stared them in the face and their hearts were heavy.

Bobby, in a trance as it were, was wakened by the touch of a hand on his shoulder and turned. It was Calen, his face white; his eyes staring and bright.

"Look here, youngster—look into my eye. There—you, you did that. Understand? You, you! Look at those bleachers! They depended on you! You've failed! Are you a quitter? Say, are you?"

Bobby looked in a dazed sort of way at the silent Edgwood bleachers and his face became blank, then flushed red as he realized everything. He whirled and grabbed Calen by the shoulder, with a grip that made him gasp and try to wriggle away.

"Quitter, Calen! Quitter! Take that back you-you"—he choked with anger. "Bah!" he said in a frenzy of disgust and threw Calen whirling from him and turned back to the field.

Calen picked himself up, smiling. A man asked what he thought of their chances and he answered him, still smiling:

"Chances? *Chances*, did you say?" he chuckled. "Well, the chance is twenty to one that we *win*."

But the rest of the half did not seem to bear this out. Although it was well fought, the ball never very near either goal until the last of the game, still the Edgwood rooters, sore on account of the first goal, were only half hearted in their cheering. Their lack of enthusiasm was a most gruelling punishment for their team who soon lost heart and weakened before the enthusiastic smashes of the Dover eleven. The ball was forced back, inch by inch, by the Dover team. It was within a few yards of the goal and but a few minutes left to play. Could the Edgwood boys keep it there?

The ball was snapped to the Dover quarter's hands. He whirled—Bobby saw every movement as in a picture—the big full back had the ball and plunged through Edgwood's center—he was almost over the line!

Bobby sprang with the strength of a madman at him. Even as he crossed the line Bobby's long muscular arms encircled him—he saw the white goal line beneath him—then with a frenzied effort Bobby lifted and hurled him back, throwing himself on the prostrate form with the ball.

It was a beautiful tackle and remarkable. The Edgwood rooters woke up and gave cheer after cheer for their team and for Bobby Laird. How much good those cheers would have done a while ago. Now it was too late. The next play carried the ball over the line. Dover missed the kick so the score stood 10 to 0 in their favor, then the whistle blew the end of the first half.

Down in the training sheds the coaches were with their team. Calen said little to his men; a few helpful hints and a kind word with a hearty slap on the shoulder cheered the men and fitted them for the ordeal of the next half. He knew his team and he knew the new player. He was confident that the human machine would tear its way to victory if such a thing were possible. Only one thing worried him; he knew that should a single man be injured the game would be lost for the only substitutes were totally incompetent to hold the Dover team.

He looked over in the corner where Bobby lay huddled up with his face to the wall. He went over and touching him on the shoulder asked him if he was injured anywhere.

At the touch and the voice something like a sob shook the shoulders and Calen looked down amazed. Then he understood. He knew that those great sobs from the heart were bred of the stern stock of power. He knew that those tears were from the very mighty strength of the man and inwardly pitied Bobby's opponent in the next half.

He was a great hearted man, that Calen, and therefore the team loved him. Looking now they saw him gently pull the blanket over Bobby's shoulders and heard his gruff but kindly:

"There, now, you young rascal, it's all right. Dry up now, and take it out on 'em this half."

And then as the whistle blew they filed out to the field. Bobby with the tear lines through the grin on his face at their head. A deafening roar greeted them as they trotted out on the field. There was something in their stride, something in their bearing, that gave the rooters new hope. Something was going to happen now!

Then the Dover team came in fired with the glow of victory and the praise of their coach. They too meant business!

Bobby kicked a beautiful low skimming ball far down the Dover field. It was caught. The man being a remarkable runner, got well into the center of the field before he was downed. Then came a battle royal.

First almost to Edgwood's goal then back with a series of smashes to the center of the field. Then it moves barely twenty yards back and forth. Edgwood is playing magnificently and though outplayed in many cases her dogged "do it or bust" saves her just in the nick of time.

Bobby is playing like a veritable demon. Tearing through the tiniest chink in the line with an almost superhuman power. If a man breaks through, Edgwood's line Bobby is on him like a tiger pulling him down. He seems to be everywhere at once—to devise ever before the play is signaled the point of attack. Under his wonderful example the team is doing wonders too. Tearing up defence and standing like a stone wall against Dover's rushes.

The pace is too fast for Dover and bit by bit they weaken. Finally Bobby's long, sure punts bring them down close to Dover's goal. Dover had the ball now and punted.

Keller, the Edgwood quarterback, a little, light, wiry fellow, caught it neatly and came tearing up the field. The interference was magnificent—he was almost to the goal, but there was a knot of tense, eager Dover men dashing down on him. It looked as if he were trapped.

Bobby saw them, he was off to the right of them. He sprinted toward them at an angle dashing along like a cyclone. The crowd was breathless—would he get there in time? Could he help any if he did? Some turned away, not daring to see the terrific collision that was coming.

Bobby reached them just as they were about to spring upon Keller. The man nearest him he brushed away as a leaf—the other two had tackled Keller—Bobby saw them and grabbed Keller and dragged him toward the goal. The Dover men sprang on him and tried to bring that strong back down, but he struggled on, the little quarterback tucked under his arm. A man tried to strangle him, forgetting honor in the heat of the moment. Bobby grasped his wrist and snapped it with a quick jerk, and even smiled grimly as the man dropped off with a groan. Struggling, panting, mad with the fire of the battle, he saw the white goal line flash beneath him and sank under the weight of the Dover team on his back.

The crowd gathered around, they heard a sickening crunch and a crack and a gasp of agony. They waited, horror stricken, to see a still body on the ground when the mass untangled. But to their amazement there was none.

Calen had heard it and gasped in surprise when no injured one was discovered. He knew the sound of a broken bone too well to be mistaken and—he marveled.

Armstrong kicked a clean goal—six points! How the crowd cheered! They had hope in their team now, but still it would take five points to beat Dover's score of 10 and there were only a few minutes left to play!

With a dash and a fiery enthusiasm Edgwood carried the ball down by a series of smashes. They were close to Dover's goal, but here was a stone wall indeed. Dover got the ball! Their punt was blocked beautifully by Edgwood's center, who caught it on the rise and fell with it.

There was a moment's rest—a man had been dazed. Calen had noticed that Bobby did not get in the game as he had been doing and his fall looked queer. Then he thought of that crackling crunch at the last goal and hurried over to Bobby.

"Bobby, you rascal, is your shoulder broken? Is it? Say, answer me, you—you! Get out of this game that's all, get out! Keller call the doctor here. I think Bobby's shoulder is broken!"

Bobby's mouth was death white around his bared teeth, his eyes were film-covered with pain. His left arm hung useless by his side. He glared first at one and then at the other:

"My shoulder bad? You lie! *You lie, I tell you!*" he cried. *That shoulder bad.* He smote it with his fist, his eyes starting from their death-white sockets and his quick gasps of pain. His voice was shrill and awful. "Calen!" he cried, *"Don't put me out! It's good. I won't go, I will play. I can't make a failure of it now—I can't—I can't.* And disregarding Calen's commands he dashed out on the field and into his place as the team lined up.

His shoulder was a bed of intense pain and he muttered to himself: "He said, 'Play Bobby Win—for-me' dear old Rex and I will."

Keller snapped the ball to him. His eyes were wild and bloodshot now—every movement ground the fractured bone, but a mighty will drove pain from his senses. Every move in that wonderful fifteen yards to the goal seemed to take hours to Bobby.

He dashed with maniacal fury at the center of Dover's line. He saw a face before him and put out his hand—it disappeared and he wondered if he had hit it. Some one seized his broken shoulder. With a snarl he snatched the tackler by the arm and swung his body into the faces of some players in front of him. They tumbled over in a struggling heap. Some one grabbed his leg and he stumbled struggling on—on—stumbled again and fell—

A down—the game was over—time up!

Slowly, painfully, the pile over the ball untangled. Was it over that little narrow white ribbon or not? Was this gigantic deed in vain? The last man but one is up. There, stretched out on the ground lay Bobby and beneath his strong arm the ball—a foot over the line.

The game was won. But for some reason when the prostrate figure did not move the wild, booming triumphal cry died on Edgwood's lips and they gathered around their hero.

The doctors bent over him quietly and businesslike. The Edgwood bleachers were resounding with their cries and yells of triumph and even Dover cheered the manly Laird. But that great frame lay quite still there on the torn earth, with the arms flung wide and the massive chest heaving convulsively hearing none of this praise.

Calen knelt and lifted the head and brushed back the dark matted hair from the forehead. His hard knotted hand was clumsy and it trembled, but the touch was tender as a mother's. His weather beaten face was strained and wrinkled with lines of anxiety. Bobby groaned and the pain in Calen's eyes showed how his honest heart was suffering. O how he wished he could have kept that boy out of this last play! The victory?—*Bah!* What was it compared to this. But even as he thought his heart warmed to this young lion that fought to the finish and his eyes glowed

with pride. Surely there was a making of a *man* here somewhere he felt sure.

Just then Bobby's eyes opened and his swollen lips parted in a grim smile as he looked into Calen's relieved face.

"Did they beat us, Calen? I—did my—best—b—but—but—ugh—O—Oh!" His face twisted with pain as he moved.

"Yes you just believe they did—*not* my boy," Calen answered and his face softened. "You young reprobate! What do you mean by disobeying me? Say? He tried to talk gruffly, but his voice trembled slightly and his eyes gleamed full of tears; he was proud of the boy. What do you mean! You young rascal—I've a notion to expel you—Yes sir, I have—sure enough.

Then as the doctors laid him on a stretcher in the ambulance Calen whispered to them, "Be careful of the boy there. He's a good boy," and then turning, he put out his hand and grasped Bobby's good arm.

"You keep still there young man. Don't let me hear a complaint about you or I'll give you a thrashing—yes sir—I will—I've a notion to any way—you long-legged, goal-making, young rascal, you! And with a squeeze on the hand that spoke worlds the coach turned away and blew his nose very hard and wiped at his eyes very briskly—to get a particle of dust out—perhaps.

(To be Continued in December Issue.)

LINCOLN SPECIAL LEAVES OMAHA 9:30 a.m. SATURDAY, NOV'R 13th

Rah! rah! a tackle! a hunch!
A crack! a smash! who wins?
OUR BUNCH!!!

O-O-OMA!
A-A-AHA!
O-MA-HA-High-School

NE-BR-AS-KA!
NE-BR-AS-KA!
O-Ah! O-Ah!
Omaha High School,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Riff, raff, ruff,
Riff, raff, ruff,
Omaha High School
Pretty hot stuff.
(Stamp)

Sissssssss, Boom, (Whistle) Whee.
(Shout)—Omaha, Omaha! Omaha!

Ripp, ropp, flip, flop,
Dead cinch, can't stop. Omaha!
(To be given twice, FAST.)

Slow—
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
OMA-HA! OMA-HA!

Faster—
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
OMA-HA! OMA-HA!

Still Faster—
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
OMA-HA! OMA-HA!
Hooray!

WE MUST BEAT LINCOLN

LOCALS

The Glee Club still continues to prosper and is now undertaking some high-class music.

Say, did you notice that advertising about the halls lately? Pretty good, eh! Did you get some pointers?

We are sorry to announce that Miss Florence McHugh has been unable to be with us the last few days because of sickness.

A. E. Dunn, photographer of the Daily News, is always ready to take a picture of High School doings. Just let him know.

The Boosters Club met on Monday, November 1. Several committees reported and arrangements for the Lincoln game were made.

The boiler room is being remodeled and changed so that heat may be supplied to the new south wing to be completed in February.

Rose McNamara, '10, is in the St. Joseph Hospital, having undergone an operation for a tumor. We hope for her speedy recovery.

On Monday, October eighteenth, the teachers, having fifth hour rest, had their social tea at the home of Miss Kate and Miss Florence McHugh.

Following their usual custom the W. C. T. U. presented a picture of Frances E. Willard to O. H. S. The acceptance was made by Principal Graff.

Blest again. Thursday and Friday of last week were given us as holidays on account of the State Convention of Teachers at Lincoln on these days.

Constance Brown, '10, who moved to New Orleans in her sophomore year, has won a scholarship calling for a four year course in Sophie Newcomb College in New Orleans.

Virgil Rector, one of our promising athletes, sustained an injury while practicing the afternoon of the eighteenth. His collar-bone was broken, but the accident was not very serious.

High School students will doubtless remember the Ryan Bros., alumni of the O. H. S., and will be glad to know that they are now engaged in business with their father in the largest jewelry business in the state.

A special train has been arranged for to carry the O. H. S. students and loyalists to Lincoln for the great game on the thirteenth. Let's all go and boost and help win the game. Let's have at least five or six hundred rooters.

Much excitement was caused Wednesday, October 20, because the steam main from the engine room to the new building broke. Not because it broke, however, but because a holiday was given, as the building could not be heated.

Chambers' High School Dancing Class, season 1909-10, has commenced. Reference required. Join now. Twelve weeks, \$8.00; season, \$15.00; past pupils, \$12.00.

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

A Word to the Wise.

(With apologies to James Whitcome Riley.)

The strict rules of the faculty have come to school to stay:

The one that from your locker doth hurry you away,
Now this rule's in the morning, but there's one that says at noon,
You must not hurry down the stairs or there'd be a panic soon.
And at the ringing of the bell, dismissing you from school,
There is that awful edict which the faculty call a rule,
It follows you throughout the halls, it follows you all about,
And Mr. Woolery'll get you

If you

Don't

Watch

Out.

And once there was a Senior who didn't mind the rule,

And started to go up the stairs between the bells at school,
One teacher heard him whistle, another heard him call,

But when they went to catch him he wasn't there at all.

They sought him at the bookroom, they sought him on the stairs,

They sought him in the Register room and they couldn't find him there.

For just as he had started to wander the halls about,

Mr. Woolery'd caught him

'Cause he

Didn't

Watch

Out.

And every day for a week he did have to stay

And study in the library and then he had to say,

He'd never break that rule again nor any other one.

And that did happen to this boy for the wicked thing he'd done.

So you'd better mind the rules and your teachers fond and dear,

And hasten to your First Hour room and then you'll have no fear,

And don't run down the stairway or wander the halls about,

'Cause Mr. Woolery'll catch you

If you

Don't

Watch

Out.

S. H. X., '10.

Pa—"I'm not at all pleased with the report your mother gives me of your conduct today."

Son—"I know'd you wouldn't be, and I told Ma so, but she went ahead and made the report. Just like a woman, ain't it?"

* * *

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



DEBATING



Debating has been rapidly advancing during these first weeks of school. Although the work has not attracted as much attention as that of athletics the arrangements for both inter-society and inter-scholastic debates have been steadily progressing and now practically all the plans have been completed.

The school has been especially fortunate in securing Mr. Anderson as the debating instructor. Mr. Anderson is as competent in this line as could be desired and is fully capable of carrying on the work directed by Mr. Cherrington last year. Mr. Anderson has had a great deal of experience, having graduated from the law college of Iowa and practiced for three years in western Iowa. He will be able to instruct the debaters in those points of collecting material and delivery that are always hard to master. The debaters preparing to enter the preliminaries are meeting several times a week under Mr. Anderson for help and instruction. Arrangements have been made to furnish a room in the old building for the purpose of giving the debaters opportunity to practice.

We bespeak for Mr. Anderson the hearty support of the whole school and predict this year in debating under his management to be the most successful of all years in the Omaha High School.

The inter-scholastic debates promise to be of unusual interest this year. The question for the tri-city debates, the series between Kansas City, Des Moines and Omaha, is, "Resolved that the government should encourage competition to the extent of prohibiting any form of artificial monopoly." In handling this question it is to be granted that the necessary laws are constitutional and practicable, that is can be enforced, and the so-called natural monopolies are not to be considered. This question has two good sides and will allow a close debate. This will be a simultaneous debate held in the three cities on March 15. The preliminaries of the contest will probably be held the Monday after Thanksgiving.

A large number of contestants should enter these preliminaries. We have several of the older debaters to depend on, but as all of the team men graduated with last year's class, there will be opportunities for several new men to gain places. The experience and benefit derived from these preliminaries can hardly be overrated. In all probability debates will be held this year with Englewood High School of Chicago and with Council Bluffs. Last year Omaha defeated Chicago, but a debate with Council Bluffs will be a new departure.

The three debating societies have not been idle during this year. The D. D. S. and Webster societies will continue the series of inter-society debates which proved such a success last year. As none can enter these debates who have been on inter-scholastic teams they develop the new and inexperienced debaters. The first of these series is to be held on the twenty-ninth of November and the question to be debated is the same as that in the tri-city contests. The D. D. S. also extended a challenge to the Athenian Debating Society to engage in a series of debates. The challenge was accepted and the first is to be held a month after the D. D. S.-Webster contest. The same subject will be discussed, but a new team will represent the D. D. S.



The middle of the semester is now here and the mid-term examinations will probably show many officers how hard they must work in order to retain their positions in February.

The full list of promotions is now out and drill is progressing more rapidly. There is one drawback, however, and that is that some of the men are "cutting up" in the companies, and this retards progress. This sort of action shows a very decided lack of company spirit, and it is to the advantage of each individual in each company that this be entirely abandoned, as no one in the company derives full benefit from drill when such "cutting up" is going on.

The following additional promotions have been issued:

Staff—H. Graham, Captain and Disbursing Officer; Second Lieut. M. Parkinson of Co. A reduced to Serg. Major and is assigned to First Battalion; H. Haviland, Serg. Major Second Battalion; J. Cutright, Serg. Major Third Battalion; G. Collier, Ordinance Serg.; W. Bauman, Color Serg.

Company A—A. Agerigg, Second Lieutenant; E. Acrigg, Sergeant; D. Burns, Corporal; S. Meyer, Corporal; H. Blake, Corporal.

Company B—R. Finley, Second Lieutenant; E. Carson, Sergeant; Ross, Sergeant; Ludwick, Sergeant; C. Carnaby, Corporal; R. Houlton, Corporal; J. Weiness, Corporal.

Company C—W. Thompson, Sergeant; P. Peterson, Sergeant; R. Travis, Corporal; G. Becket, Corporal; M. Schlaeper, Corporal.

Company D—R. Breckenridge, Sergeant; E. Past, Corporal.

Company E—L. Matoush, Sergeant; B. Turk, Sergeant; R. Benson, Corporal.

Company F—P. Bradley, Sergeant; J. McKinnon, Sergeant; J. Loomis, Corporal; J. Berquist, Corporal.

Company G—W. Heller, Sergeant; G. Jacobs, Corporal.

Company H—W. Coons, Sergeant; P. Downs, Sergeant; M. Peterson, Corporal.

Company I—A. Abrahamson, Sergeant; B. Evans, Sergeant; L. Wood, Sergeant; P. Mackin, Corporal; F. Jenkins, Corporal; H. Hanan, Corporal; F. Kiewitt, Corporal; A. Ryley, Corporal.

Band—H. Heyn, Captain; C. Hardy, First Lieutenant; M. Shillington, Second Lieutenant; L. Waverin, First Sergeant; L. Marshal, Second Sergeant.

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



"We can live without poetry, music or books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

The first of a series of luncheons was given in the Domestic Science Department on October 28. These luncheons will be given monthly and will be held to give the students encouragement in their work and to aid them in planning and serving a menu. The first luncheon was very successful. The table decorations were appropriate for Hallowe'en, yellow chrysanthemums being used and the place cards, designed by a student, represented witches. The guests, representing the five classes, were chosen by lot.

The menu, planned and cooked by the various classes, consisted of Salmon loaf, tomato sauce, potato cakes, celery, bread and butter, Fruit salad, cheese wafers, tapioca pudding, coffee.

The topic of the work for the month of October was cereals and vegetables. The various methods of cooking vegetables, their classifications, composition and nutritive values were studied. A lecture was delivered on the manufacture of cereals and their value as a food product.

MANUAL TRAINING.

On Wednesday, October 13, the boys of the second year classes fell in line in the Manual Training room and under Mr. Wigman marched down to Miller, Stewart & Beaton's Furniture Store and Orchard & Wilhelm's. This visit was planned so as to give the boys an idea of what they could make at school in their spare time and after school.

The boys were first taken to Miller, Stewart & Beaton's. Here they were met by Mr. Swain who proceeded to take them through the building. The boys were taken to the top floor, where the workshop was located. Here Mr. Swain explained what the different men were doing, what tools they had and how they used them. Of the whole trip the workshop was what interested the boys most, for who wouldn't like to have a workshop where you could spend your idle moments in something worth while. The tools that the shop contained were nothing new to use as we have the same tools at school.

From the top to the bottom of the building we took in all floors and the articles they contained. Mr. Swain described to us how the different kinds of furniture are made and the different kind of materials used. The articles were of all sizes and shapes and of as many different kinds of wood as we know of. The floors contained chairs, settees, tables, clocks and other useful pieces in a house, and such articles as we could make at High School on a smaller order. The place where we stopped the longest

was in the oak department, as that is what most of the articles turned out of school are made of.

After we had been all through Miller, Stewart & Beaton's, we went over to Orchard & Wilhelm. Here we saw many more things that we had not seen at Miller, Stewart & Beaton's.

The benefit that the boys derive from a trip of this sort is shown in their work. The boys gain more interest in their work and are inspired by what they have seen so that they desire to make many of the things. Many of the boys have already started to make drawings for tables and settees and other articles that are useful in a house.

Mr. Wigman expresses his satisfaction with the trip and expects to take the boys to other places. The second year classes are eagerly waiting word from Mr. Vierling of Paxton & Vierling, as they have planned to go down there to see them cast a six ton kettle, as that will help them in their study of molding.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following as a partial list of our exchanges for which we desire to express our sincere thanks: The Arrow, Broken Bow, Neb.; The Auroran, Muscatine, Iowa; The Booster, Chadron, Neb.; The Climax, Beloit, Wis.; The Clintonian, Clinton, Iowa; The Cosmos, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; The Crimson and Gray, Waitsbury, Wash.; The Crimson, Concordia, Kans.; The Daily Nebraskan, Lincoln, Neb.; The Eagle, Mexico, Mo.; The Echo, Kearney, Neb.; The Echoes, Council Bluffs, Iowa; The Forum, St. Joe, Mo.; The Imp, Boston, Mass.; The Industrial School Times, Kearney, Neb.; The Kinnikinnik, Colorado Springs, Colo.; The Knox Student, Galesburg, Ill.; The Maroon and White, Danville, Ill.; The Mercury, Milwaukee, Wis.; The Maroon and White, Chicago; The New Yorker, University Heights, N. Y.; The Oeksheperida, Sheridan, Wyo.; The Orange, New York; The Oracle, Buffalo, N. Y.; The Orderly, Portland, Ore.; The Owl, Rockford, Ill.; The Penn. Charter Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa.; The Poly. Prep., Brooklyn, Neb.; The Princeton Alumni Weekly, Princeton, N. J.; The Red and Black, Philadelphia; The Rustler, Fremont, Neb.; The Record, Sioux City, Ia.; The Red and Black, Salt Lake City, Utah; The Roundup, North Platte, Neb.; The Red and White, Chicago; The Red and White, Iowa City, Iowa; The Ripples, Cedar Falls; The Stentor, Lake Forest, Ill.; The School Herald, San Jose, Cal.; The Sandburr, York, Neb.; Snapshots, Green Bay, Wis.; The Shamokin High School Review, Shamokin, Pa.; The Satoyoman, Healdsburg, Cal.; The Spud, Alliance, Neb.; The Searchlight, Portland, Ore.; The Tattler, Milwaukee, Wis.; The Totem, Jancau, Alaska; The Town and Gown, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.; The Tiger, Colorado Springs, Colo.; The Tahoma, Tacoma, Wash.; The Totem, Seattle, Wash.; The Tattler, Des Moines, Iowa; The Tooter, So. Omaha; The University Journal, Lincoln, Neb.; The Vedette, Culver, Ind.; The Vella Shield, Rock Island, Ill.; The Wesleyan, Lincoln, Neb.; The Whims, Seattle, Wash.; The Wyoming Student, Laramie, Wyo.



ALUMNI NOTES



Miss Lucy Finlayson, '09, is studying music.

George Buffington, '09, is farming out in Nebraska.

Edna Ballard, '08, has been married to Chas. Hitchman.

Miss Frances Scott, '09, is in the Public Library Training.

Charles Putnam Cramer, '05, is living in Portland, Oregon.

Miss Mabel Rood, '09, is teaching near Plattsmouth, Neb.

Miss Olive Seymour, '09, is giving piano lessons in the city.

Miss Bertha Roman, '09, expects to enter the Civil Service soon.

H. Clair Walker, '05, is a teacher in the Fremont High School.

Miss Gean Watson, '09, is working at the Burlington Headquarters.

Miss Augusta Groste, '09, is at Mosher Lampman Business College.

Frank Selby, '08, has been offered a position on the Cornell Orchestra.

Miss Maria Roman, '06, is now studying and teaching music in the city.

Ben Cherrington, '04, and Herbert Potter, '06, have made the debating squad at the University.

Harold McKinney, '09, captain of our football team last year, is making good on the Creighton team.

Jos. Noone, '09, captain of Co. H last year, has been promoted to the rank of corporal at Nebraska.

Jack Webster, '06, is on the Michigan University Glee Club, which is scheduled to appear in Omaha December 28.

Cecil W. Berryman, '07, gave a very interesting piano recital November 11, at the Schmoeler & Mueller Auditorium.

Harry Putnam Cramer, '04, has been accorded a great honor in being elected from the Electrical Engineering Department of the Leland Stanford Jr. University to the University Conference.

Stanton Salisbury, '09, is attending the University of Omaha. Casper Blackburn, '09, the University of Nebraska; Harry Carpenter, '09, the University of Wisconsin; Gilbert Barnes, '08, a college in Delaware, Ohio.

George Brown, '08, is working in the City Savings Bank. Sigurd Jarmou, '09, at the West Omaha Coal & Ice Company; Dewitt Babbitt, '09, at the Bankers' Reserve Life. George Kiewit, '09, and Ralph Kiewit, '08, are working as brick layers.

Miss Olive Brain, '08, is at De Pauw. Miss Lillie Barrett, '05, is Librarian at the Public Library. Miss Gertrude Kopald holds the position of a stenographer for Sunderland Bros. Miss Annis Chaikiens, '05, is a Greek teacher at the State University.

Lady—"I should like something in oils for my dining room."

Salesman—"A painting or a box of sardines?"



SOCIAL



On October the 23rd the Normelz Club, composed of nine Junior girls, gave a barn dance in the barn of Miss Nell Ryan. The place was effectively decorated with black and gold, the club colors, and from the ceiling were suspended black cats, witches and other weird objects. At the beginning of the evening there was a fishing contest, from which each drew a small favor of some kind. Refreshments were served in the kitchen by a little black witch.

Miss Mabel Hamilton and Miss Nellie Pritchard entertained a number of their senior friends at the home of the latter on October the 29th. During the evening games were played, and a fortune teller contributed much to the amusement of the guests. When refreshments were served all the guests were led into the cellar which was hung with black curtains and other hallowe'en decorations. From a caldron in the center of the table guarded by a little black witch, favors were drawn. About thirteen couples were present at this enjoyable affair.

A Hallowe'en party was given by Miss Emily Chase and Louise Copeland at the home of the latter. After the arrival of all the guests which numbered about forty, they went up to the third story which was aglow with lights and pumpkins. Many games were played and fortunes were told until late in the evening, the contest affording the most fun, was the illustrating of popular songs.

The Wy Deltz dance which was to be given October 30th was postponed until November 4th. It was given at the Normandy. The hall was prettily decorated with loops of tissue paper two shades of lavender, their colors. Twelve grinning pumpkins afforded the only lights for the shadow dance. Cider and candy were served during all the evening and regular refreshments were served by a Japanese waiter. The programs were characteristic of Hallowe'en, being printed on heavy brown card board.

The opening Prom which is in charge of Warren Howard and Clarence Patton, will be given on November 20th at the Rome Hotel.

The second meeting of the Friday night dancing club, under the management of Mr. Ray Low was held November 5th.

The Dundee dancing club opened the season by a dance on October 29th at the Dundee Hall. The committee in charge were Harley Deems, Lawrence Dodds and Barton Nash. About thirty couples were present and it was so successful, that several more will probably be given.

In 1908 it occurred in this manner:

OMAHA 6, LINCOLN 0
(At Lincoln)

OMAHA 6, LINCOLN 0
(At Omaha)

Let us repeat the victories—BOOST.



Athletics

Omaha 12; Nebraska City 0.

Omaha 11; Harlan 5.

Omaha 18; South Omaha 2.

Omaha 5; Shenandoah 0.

Omaha 29; Council Bluffs 0.

Hurrah for the team!!! Still winning.

The spirit of loyalty and support that the pupils have shown toward the team this year has had its results. The team has started out in championship form having won every game so far, three of which were hard. Omaha has the championship of Iowa and Nebraska and we can not afford to lose it, so let's all remember this and keep the splendid spirit shown so far, up to its highest pitch. The team has done remarkably well considering the fact that some of the best men have been out for various reasons. Capt. McWhinney, at center, is playing a great game. He is a stone wall on the defense and a strong aggressive played on the offense. He with Burdick and Sunderland at right guard and Thompsen and Hendee at left guard take care of the center of the line, while Rector at left tackle and Andrus at right tackle are playing a strong game and can be depended upon to make large holes at the right times. Howard and Payne at ends are playing their usual fast games. In the back field Klopp, at quarter, is a heady player, especially strong on returning punts in a broken field. Underhill and Charleton at full do their share in back up the team. Mills, Bowman and Howes at halves are playing a steady consistant game.

The game with Harlan was a very hard game as it always is. The team went in expecting too easy a victory, consequently at the end of the first half the score stood 5 to 0 in Harlan's favor. In the second half the team took a brace and scored two touch downs and one goal, the final score resulting in Omaha's favor 11 to 5. The whole team played well in this half, the fumbling that was noticeable in the Nebraska City game had entirely disappeared, and the interference was better also.

The next game, the game with South Omaha, was the hardest game so far this season. South Omaha, who has a strong team this year, put up a stiff fight throughout. A very large crowd attended this game and the cheering aided materially in winning the game. Also the band which was there was an incentive to the players to do their best. For the first time this season the whole team was able to play. Rector at tackle, played a strong game and with Burdick at guard succeeded in breaking up many of South Omaha's plays. Howard and Payne at ends, each played a fast game and did some sure tackling. Klopp played his usual brilliant game at quarter, making great gains on returning punts. At critical moments the whole line was a stone wall, making South Omaha plunges fruitless.

On October 30, the team went to Shenandoah instead of playing Ida Grove here. Three men were unable to play. The team had a hard uphill

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 30.)

If You Have Plenty of Money

and plenty of time—

—you can finish your High School course and possibly a course in the University, but if necessity or your inclinations prompt you to

MAKE MONEY

then you should have a business education, which alone can prepare for success in business. The

MOSHER-LAMPMAN

BUSINESS COLLEGE

is the place to secure a business education because this school is live and progressive and has the best courses of study and the most experienced teachers. If you wish to make the most rapid progress and secure the most thorough business education, you should, by all means, attend the Mosher-Lampman Business College.

The little booklet entitled "GUARANTEED STATEMENTS" tells you WHY. This book will interest you greatly. We will mail you one free upon request.

—ADDRESS—

MOSHER & LAMPMAN

17th and Farnam Streets

OMAHA, NEB.

fight against a strong wind with the exception of four minutes, in which they scored the only touch down.

The next game was with Council Bluffs on November 6. This game was rather easy as the Council Bluffs team was weak. The next game will be with Lincoln at Lincoln on November 13. This will be the biggest game of the season and will probably decide the championship of the state.

The second team have made their trips, Valley, Glenwood and Springfield. The second team is very strong this year and is doing a great deal in making a strong first team. But there are not enough players on the squad so everyone who has any inclination should join the squad. G. Miller was elected captain of the second team.

Don't forget the Lincoln Special November 13. Let's all go.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

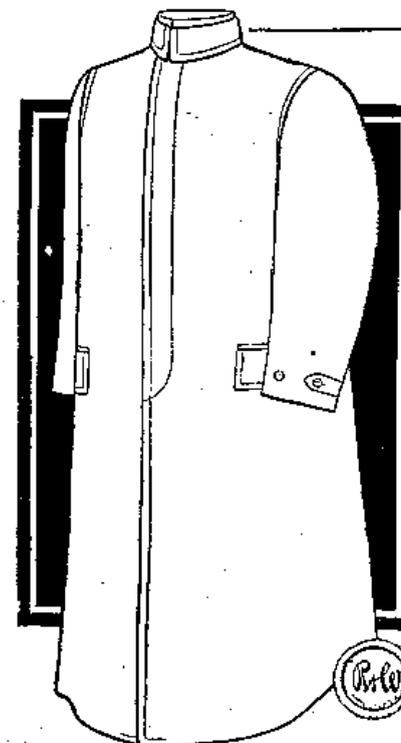
An innovation, in the form of a tennis tournament, was introduced in the girls' athletics this fall. A great deal of interest was displayed, about twenty-five girls entering. Margaret Rainey, '12, came off with flying colors, as champion for 1909, and to Lora Zimmerman, '12, who was a close second, too much praise cannot be given for her skillful work. Fine courts were secured through the kindness of Mrs. Burgess and Mrs. Zimmerman. The plan is to have these tournaments semi-annually and to play in doubles as well as in singles.

At a request of the physical educational department of the W. C. T. U., which held its annual convention in Omaha the latter part of October, about thirty-five of our gymnasium girls gave a dumb-bell exercise at the Auditorium on the evening of October 26.

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

A special effort is now being made to obtain a complete file of all the back numbers of THE REGISTER. We are trying our best and we want you to help us. Although many files have been filled, there are still a few that remain to be filed, and we want to fill them as soon as we can. THE REGISTER staff and, in fact, all interested in this work wish to thank those who have thus far helped us, and also those who will aid us in the future. The missing numbers are:

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



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-WICKWIRE ROGERS, PEET & CO.
Overcoats and Suits, \$21-\$45 Overcoats and Suits, \$21-\$45

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

BRANDEIS STORES

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

South Side—New Store

a Specialty—Open on Sundays



A Heart Full of Love and Sweetness

can find no better way of expressing its sentiments than through the medium of Olympia confectionery. The flavor of our bon bons, creams, caramels, chocolates, etc., are so delicious, dainty, and of such absolute purity that in no instance have they ever fallen under the ban of most exacting feminine disapproval.

1518 Harney St. OLYMPIA CANDY CO. First floor west
Phone, Dg 5209 of the Burwood

C. B. Brown & Co. Jewelers and Silversmiths

Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices

222 South 16th Street

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.



Pastor—"My goodness sake, will you listen to that boy swear?"
 Small Boy—"He's the smartest boy in town. He is only three years old and he speaks two languages."
 Pastor—"You don't mean it!"
 Small Boy—"Yes, he speaks American and Profane."

* * *

C. Trimble (in Booster's)—"I tried to see him three times and when I did see him it was over the telephone."

* * *

The Real Thing.

"What's doing in the way of amusements?" asked the newcomer of the Old Inhabitant of Hades.
 "Ball game every afternoon," said O. I.
 "Baseball? You don't mean it! That's great. I was a fan from a way back on earth. On the square do you have baseball every day?"
 "Sure thing!"
 "By ginger! This place suits me! Baseball! Say, this place can't be hell then."
 "Yes, it is. The home team always loses."

* * *

Sophomore Boys.

- Gloomy Gus—Vergil Rector.
- Happy Hooligan—Dudley Banker.
- Gaston—Gordon Mills.
- Leon—Malcomb Baldrige.
- Foxy Grandpa—David Bowman.
- Pink Whiskers—Harold Thomas.
- Weary Willie—Hugh Millard.
- Percival—Rex Holten.

* * *

A cute little freshman in botany,
 Just wondered if she's forgotany,
 So she opened her book
 For one little look
 But as for her marks—She ain't gotany.

* * *

"Why Willie," said the teacher
 "What makes your hair so red?"
 "Oh, I just had scarlet fever
 And it settled in my head."

—Ex.

* * *

REMEMBER THE MAIN!

Freshman Notes.

- Logan McMenemy—Bashful football boy and a perfect wonder at Latin.
- Robert Hamilton—The automobile crank and a great lady killer.
- Roy Klein—The would-be sport.
- Wayne Burbank—Light on his feet as a fairy.
- Edith Yates—Mamma's angel child.
- Gladys Goodman—The heart smasher.
- Mame Malloy—The lover of her many mirrors.

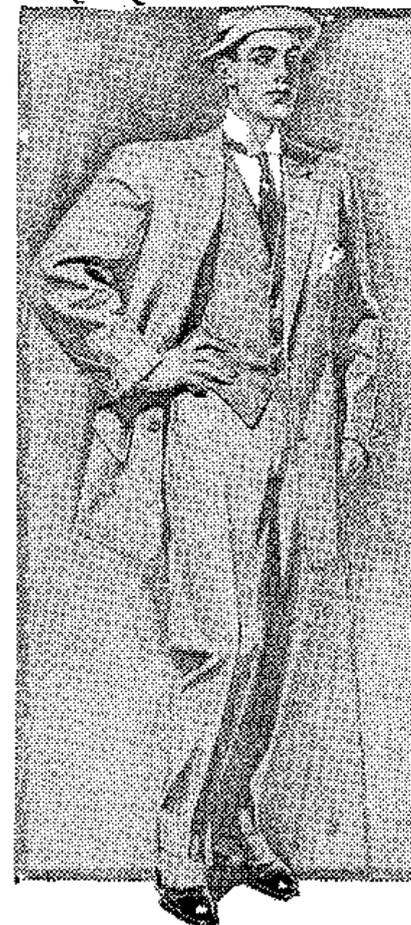
* * *

A lather with a lath
 Was walking down a path,
 When a barber, foolish, rather,
 Tossed out a mug of lather,
 From the latter smeared the lather
 From the smear no one could gather,
 Which was lather and which was lather.

* * *

Mary had a little lamb,
 It fell into the brook.
 Mary cried, "What shall I do?"
 The lamb said, "Get the hook."

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



CLOTHES TALK

BY

VOLLMER'S

SUITS AND OVERCOATS
 RIGHTLY PRICED

The man or young man who spends \$15 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.

Teacher in Latin—"Give the translation of the vocative singular of girl."

Fresh—"Oh, you girl."—Ex.

* * *

Miss McHugh (quoting)—"Look on beauty and you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight."—Mildred, please explain."

M. M.—"I suppose you buy it at the drug store."
(We wonder how M. knows.)

* * *

A salesman traveling in Arkansas stopped at a tavern whose landlord bore the characteristic name of John Bugg. On a very stormy evening when the two sat down to dinner the conversation drifted as follows:

Mr. B.—"How long have you traveled down here?"

Mr. S.—"Since June, Bugg."

Mr. S.—"Did you see that lightning, Bugg?"

Mr. B.—"Is there something I can pass you from this end of the table?"

Mr. S.—"I will have a potato, Bugg."

After dinner Mr. S. stood up, saying, "Well, I've had a hard day so I think I shall go to bed, Bugg."—Ex.

* * *

Would you throw a straw to a drowning lemon, just to give a lemon-aid?—Ex.

* * *

"No, Willie," said little Jenny.

"Mamma said I mustn't kiss you 'cause you might get microbes and I might get yourcrobos."—Ex.

* * *

Dear Editor—Who writes all these funny jokes for the Register?

Ans.—What funny jokes?—Ex.

* * *

Miss L. (correcting a Ger. exercise)—"Your pastor is a singular man, I suppose."

* * *

A. P.—"The colored negro sang on his banjo."

* * *

Miss Landis (IV. hr. French)—"Every pupil in this room has been to school at least two or three years."

* * *

Mr. W.—"I always get my sense of sound not through my eyes, but my ears."

* * *

Mrs. A.—"Has any one anything else to add concerning Jefferson's characteristics?"

H. Chesney—"He was a fine dancer."

* * *

Griggs—"The doctor said that I must throw up everything and take a sea voyage."

Biggs—"Got the cart before the horse, didn't he?"—Ex.

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 reasonable prices.

Our Book Stock is the Finest in the West—

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

Engraved Invitations, Visiting Cards and Crests—

Dance Programs, Menu and Place Cards to suit any occasion.
Our Engraving Department stands for quality and par excellence.

Matthews Book and Paper Shop

122 South 15th Street

Strike Stryker

New **TICKLE** Shoe. Swell, Dressy, High Arch.
ANY LEATHER

312 South 16th Street

Omaha School Supply Co.

Phone, Douglas 1912
1621 Howard Street

Sectional Book Cases

See us for these—Best of goods at lowest price

For SUITS

Everything the Best to be had

For O'COATS

DON'T FORGET TRY HAYDEN'S FIRST IT PAYS

For SHOES

Everything at Lowest Possible Prices

For HATS

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

TAYLOR, The TailorFIT
SHOP

Come up and have a fit  Headquarters for O. H. S. Cadets
Suits and Overcoats—\$20.00 and up 405 Paxton Block

STUDENTS! If you need anything in the line of Pretty School and
College Posters, Pictures, or Art of any description

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

JULIUS DREIFUSSMEATS AND GROCERIES

DELICATESSEN

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

CANDY--CIGARS

20th and Farnam Sts. Phone Douglas 157

SWEATERS, JACKETS and JERSEYS

ALL WEIGHTS AND PRICES

TOWNSEND GUN COMPANY : : 1514 Farnam Street



BAKER BROS. ENGRAVING CO.
DESIGNERS OF SPECIAL PRINTING PLATES
FOR THE PRESS 325 OMAHA NEBR.



Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

COLGATE UNIVERSITY

HAMILTON, N. Y.

ELMER BURRITT BRYAN, LL.D., President

Distinguished for High Standards in scholarship

92nd Year Opens September 22, 1910

ADDRESS THE REGISTRAR

LOUIS A. BORSHEIM, JEWELER

506 South 16th Street

WE SOLICIT A SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE

Pat—"Why is the ocean always on the move?"

Mike—"Well, if you had half as many rocks in your bed, you'd be on the move, too."

* * *

I. Linn (in Eng.)—"I think Portia is vain; she says she'll look the cutest in the lawyer's clothes."

"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. **The Owl Drug Co.**
16th and Dodge Sts. 16th and Harney

Soft and Stiff Hats \$3
Roelof's Hats . . . \$4
Youman Hats . . . \$5
Stetson Hats \$4 to \$10

ALBERT CAHN
1322 FARNAM ST.

UNDERWEAR
Dr. Deimel Linen
Dr. Jaeger Woolen

A COMPLETE LINE OF MEN'S FURNISHINGS
Neckwear, Gloves, Shirts, Suspenders, at prices that please

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Ryan Jewelry Co.

Successor to
Mawhinney & Ryan Co.

15th and Douglas Sts.

HAINES' SPECIALS

Prescriptions

Vantine's Perfumes.

Johnston's and Menier's Candies

Hot Drinks and Sandwiches

On Saturdays we sell Menier's Chocolate
Maraschino Cherries, the regular 60c size, for 39¢

Punch for Parties, Etc.

HAINES DRUG CO., Prescription Specialists, 1610 Farnam St.

Going Away to College?

Learn to play the Banjo, Mandolin or Guitar. My pupils have made the clubs at all the principal colleges of the country.

Join my orchestra rehearsals FREE in which you learn to play as much as in one or two lessons. Beginners coached for early admission to orchestra.

I have the agency for the celebrated Gibson Mandolins, Mandolas, Mando-Cellos, Harp-Guitars and the Garland Banjos. Will sell you one on small payments.

FRANCIS POTTER,

Telephone Douglas 3853

501 Barker Block

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS

Don't Throw that Old Hat Away! We Can Make it New Again for You at a Nominal Cost.

Our work is a standard well established among the stylish young men of Omaha. Try us and be convinced.

OMAHA HAT FACTORY



Phone Douglas 4684

114-16 South 13th Street

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Wanted—A boy to be partly behind and partly outside the counter.
For Sale—A piano by a musician with carved legs.

* * *

Pencils should be subject to the Pure Food Law judging from the way they are eaten in the study rooms.

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

The **ROSE ART STORE, 1521 Dodge St.**

SMITH & KENNEDY, Proprietors.

Japanese Fine Art Objects

A most exquisite collection
Has never been dis-
played in Omaha

THE TOYO CO.

Cor. 16th and Jackson Sts.

The Bachelor's Soliloquy.

To wed or not to wed,
That is the question.
Whether it is better
To remain single
And disappoint a few women
For a time;
Or marry
And disappoint one woman for life.—Ex.

* * *

Pupil (trans. von Steinmetz)—“Stein
of Metz.”

ON FARNAM STREET

Benson & Thorne Co.

Imperial and Military
College Men's Coats

“Little Major” Coats
for Misses

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Three Lambs.

"Mary had a little lamb,
At every thing it did
Mary smiled and said with joy:
"Oh you kid!"

"Mary had a little lamb,"
But since those fellows wrote,
The little lamb that Mary had
Has grown into a goat.

Mary had a little lamb,
So it is often said.
It followed her to school one day
Sandwiched between her bread.—Ex.

* * *

When it comes to football,
The kicker wins the game;
The knocker isn't wanted
Unless baseball's the game.

* * *

Experience may be a school
To which we all must go,
But no one likes its college yell
Of plain "I told you so!"



YALE

The right
place to buy
nifty clothes:

**BOURKE'S
Clothes Shop**

318 South 15th St.
New Location

SOROSIS

THE SHOE THAT SELLS
THE WORLD AROUND

All Widths of Toe
All Heights of Heel

PRICE

\$3.50 and \$4

Our MONOGRAM Shoes \$3

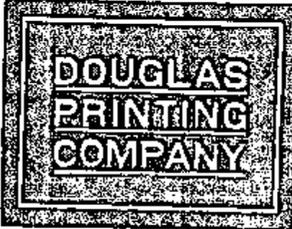
SOROSIS SHOE STORE

203 South 15th Street

FRANK WILCOX, Mgr.

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.





314-316 S. 19th St.

PHONES { Bell. Douglas
 { Indep'd't. A-1644

