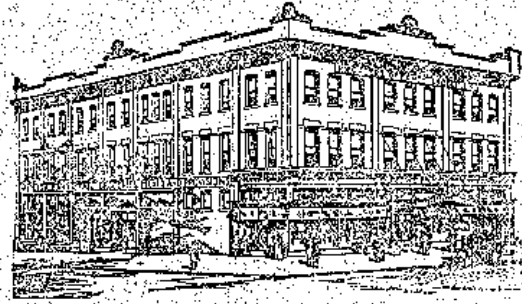


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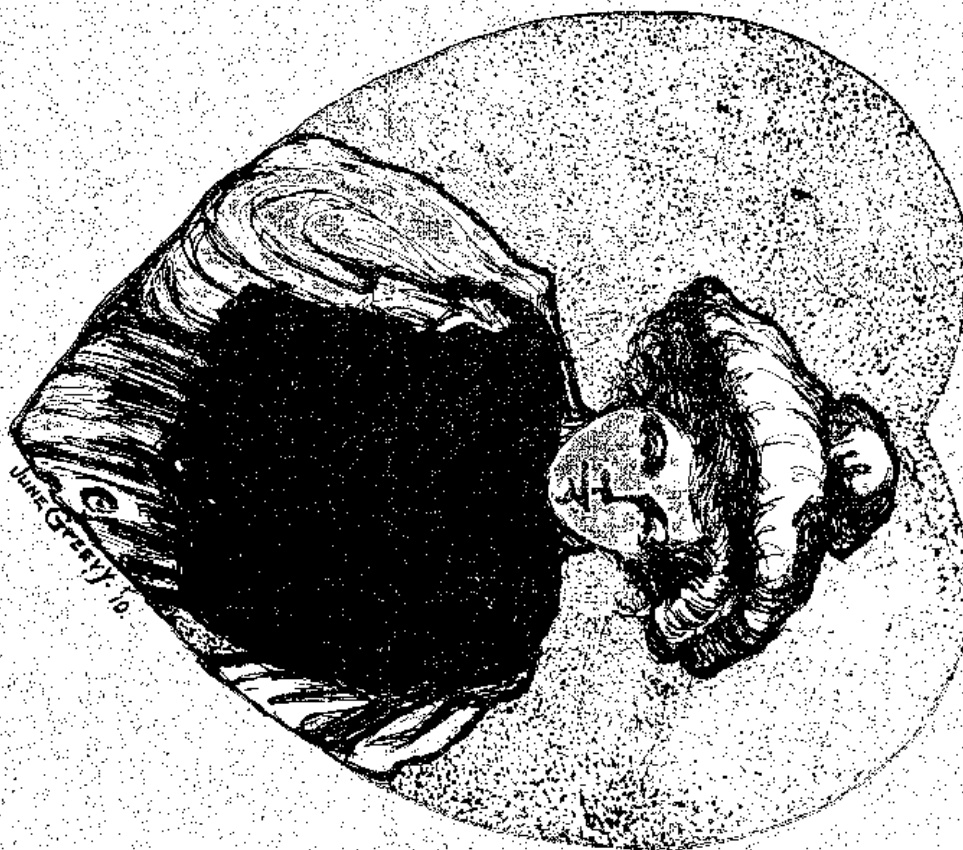
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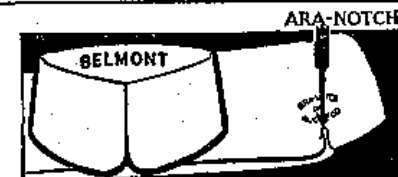
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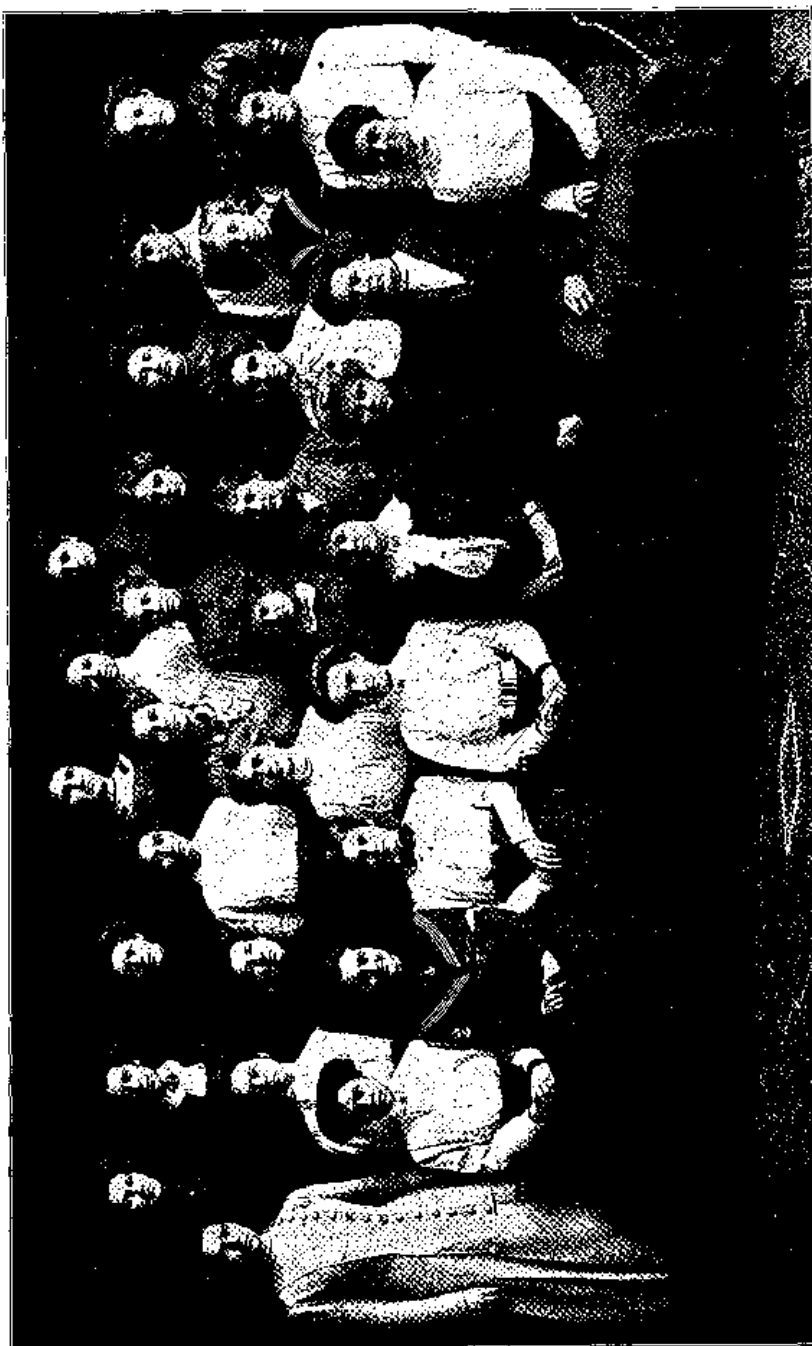
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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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

LUMIR C. BURESH
EDITOR

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as second-class matter

GEORGE SUGARMAN
BUSINESS MANAGER

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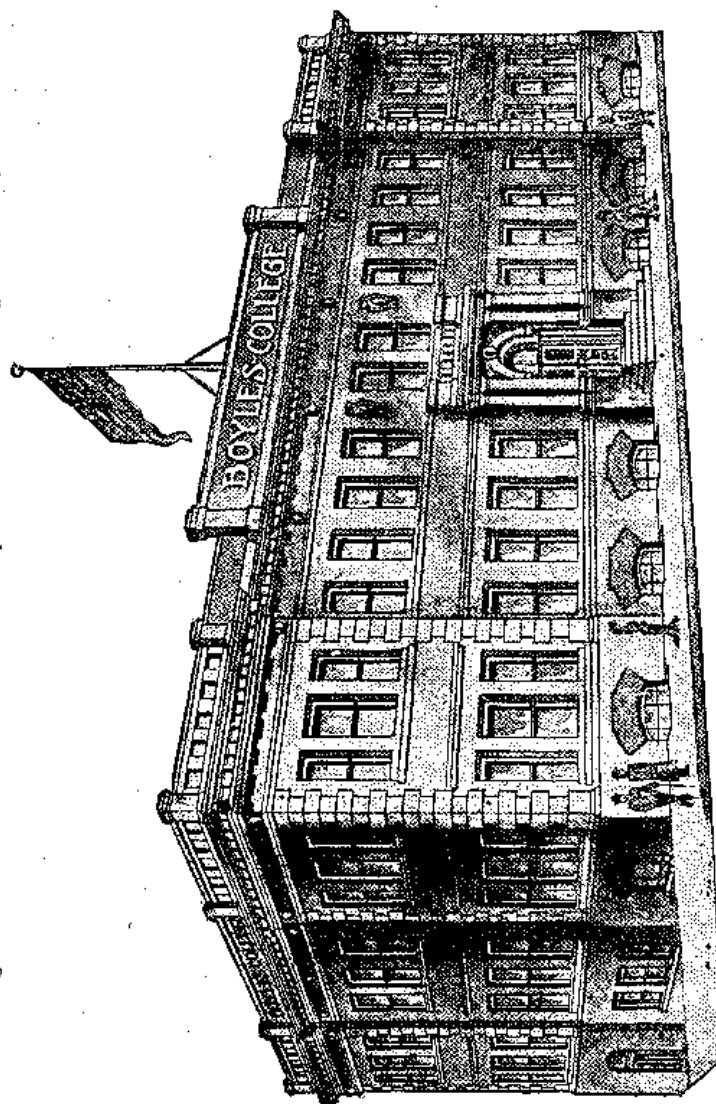
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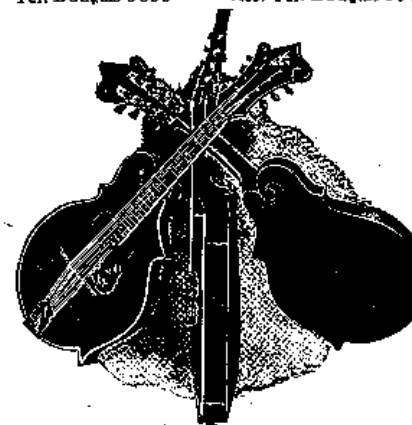
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Volume
XXIV

THE REGISTER

Number
62

OMAHA FEBRUARY 1910

November the Twenty-Fifth.

By ELMERT REIDNACH, '10.

CHAPTER VI.

"Cleared."

"Oh dear! It's so hard to be only a girl!" Peggie buried her dimpled chin petulantly in a small white hand and her forehead wrinkled in a terrible imitation of a tiny frown. "I can never make those men understand, I know. They are so engrossed in their business affairs and practical things that they have lost sight of the dividing line and don't know what is real and what is imaginary. They are so afraid of doing or believing something that others do not that they won't let their reason show them anything and stand in their own light. Pooh! Who's afraid? Only a week until Bobby is to be tried. Maybe they would find him—and then—I must do it. I will convince them! Why the idea of accusing Robert Laird of stealing their old stock! He couldn't think of it—never do it. And I—I—could prove that he did not—*except in a court of law*—they would not accept my proof. It is not recognized! I must convince Mr. Fairfax. If that detective, Armstrong, would only tell him what he has told me about the landlady's testimony—it's Bobby's only chance. Pooh! Who's afraid?" She rose very resolutely and drew herself up to her full height—an absurd little five feet three and three-eighths inches!

A few minutes later she was adjusting a wide befeathered hat upon her head while hat pins stuck out at various angles from between her rosy lips. Pooh! she mumbled to her image in the glass, "Who's afraid?" And with a final pat to her back hair she hurried out, clutching a small, black, leather box securely in her muff.

It was a solemn little group that gathered in Bobby's and Rex's rooms that afternoon. Mr. Fairfax, a hard-faced man of finance, sat in a large chair, his fingers drumming nervously on the arm. Rex, rather bewildered, sat near his father looking at him with all the adoration of hero worship and again looking with inquiring, reproving eyes at Bobby, his heart going out in sorrow to his chum whom he believed had been tempted too far and had fallen.

Bobby—he sat apart from them, on the edge of the couch, his shoulders that had borne the weight of many football charges were now bent and drooping with weight of a crime's shadow. His hands were clasped before him, but he caught sight of the wrists, and, shuddering, pulled them apart. They would be that way—with a chain between—soon! His heart was bitter within him. There sat his chum, Rex, for whom he had done so much, with a look of pity on his face; pity!—pity for him, for Robert Laird! And all the time, Bobby thought,

way down in his black heart he alone knew where that stock had gone and yet Rex was letting him be accused—yes, even accusing him! The lying, sneaking, hypocrite! Ah, how he would like to tear that simper and that pitying look from that face!—to tell of the landlady's testimony and expose the true culprit. Then he grew calm again.

He had known Rex for a long time. They had been the best of friends all through their school life. He could not bring himself to admit what his senses told him was true. Only three, as far as he was aware knew of that incident when Rex and the man were seen coming out of these very rooms with the stock. That was the only testimony against Rex and it was about as weak as the suspicion against Bobby. It was not the fear of imprisonment that troubled him. It was the suspicion, the disgrace of the trial. At any rate he would let Rex work out his own course—Bobby would never tell what he knew.

There had been an interval of tense silence lasting a couple of minutes, perhaps. Mr. Fairfax was chewing savagely on his cigar and drumming incessantly on the arm of his chair.

"Bobby," he finally burst out, "for goodness' sake, lad, turn over that stock—tell me where to find it—something—anything, and we'll call it quits. You've been good to Rex while he's still weak from his captivity and—done so much. By Sammy! I—I don't want to take this thing to court. I feel ashamed, sir. Yes sir—a fact. I can't tell you how I feel—I'm a ruined man if you have given up that stock, ruined and yet—you've done the right thing even when I—By Sammy, young man here's my hand if I do have to send you to pris—pris—I—I—. He glanced at his boy, Rex, his pride, and then at the tall manly form with its care bent shoulders before him and the father's love welled up within him, the words stuck in his throat, and he turned his face away as he shook the hand.

They sat down again. There was a long silence and no one dared raise his eyes for fear that his thoughts would be bared to his neighbor. Then there came a soft tapping at the door.

Bobby started guiltily. The constant influence of a suspicion against him was working on his pure conscience until he was developing the traits of a thief, simply because others looked for them in him. His glance was quick and furtive, his tread silent, and his action rhythmic, stealthy and he was constantly poised like a cat. When the world loses confidence in a man he very soon loses confidence in the world and finally in himself. Lord Bacon says somewhere, "He that has lost his faith what staff hath he left?" What staff indeed? And Bobby had almost lost his faith.

Again the knock came louder. Rex opened the door. "Why, Miss Walscott!" he gasped, "What's the trouble? You are excited!"

"No," Peggie answered, "I came to pay you a visit or rather, to speak to your father, Rex." She was so excited that she went right to the point of her errand at once: "Can I speak to you for a few moments, alone, Mr. Fairfax?" she asked, as soon as Rex had introduced her to his father. "It's about the robbery."

The robbery! What can you know? Why, yes, certainly.—Boys—thank you."

Bobby and Rex rose and went into the next room without a word though Bobby hesitated at the door as if he wished to say something. But he squared his shoulders resolutely and passed in, closing the door after him.

He and Rex sat down in dead silence for several minutes, each with his own thoughts. Then impulsively Bobby moved to a seat near Rex.

"Rex," he said very quietly, "Rex, old man, it's too bad."

Rex looked up at him inquiringly. What a queer expression Bobby's face had. Almost one of pity for him, Rex Fairfax, as if he would console him!

"It's just too bad, old chum, I declare!" Bobby whispered glancing over his shoulder as if afraid that another ear would catch the words. I don't know what reason you may have had or why you did it, but man you're making it tough on me. One of my Professors once said that this keeping 'mum' when one's friends were in trouble was 'damnable' and he meant *just that*." He seemed to be talking to himself, reasoning out loud, as it were. "I have always admired that man, but on this point I differ with him, I'm afraid. Perhaps—yes I know it's *that* on the one who's doing the protecting but—it seems to me that I ought to give the fellow at least a chance to fight out his own battles with his conscience—give him a chance to own up and square himself, give him a fighting chance for a clean conscience—let him face his music like a man! Why if I told on such a man—one who, perhaps, in a moment of forgetfulness had committed a crime and who would be glad to own up and take his medicine when he realized the fact—if I had told on such a one before he had had that chance I would feel like a murderer! I would be nothing less. I would have put an indelible blot on the name of an honorable man with good intentions. I would have branded him as a captured criminal and blackened his memory when he might have given himself up, repenting his crime, and so clearing his soul of the blackest part of the sin, the intent—if I had not 'squealed.' The man that 'peaches' on a fellow is a murderer—yes, worse than that, for he injures that which lives longer in the minds of men than this body. He murders the good name and the character—and they alone live on earth in the Hereafter."

"Rex," he said suddenly starting up from his musing, "Rex, brace up, be a man! Great Scott, man, it's not worth the price! Tell them you did it and take your medicine. *You sit still* till I finish! I'll not squeal on you in a hundred years. It's not myself I'm caring about. I'm not afraid to go—there for you but it's yourself chum, Rex—I—I—Rex! Rex! it's not worth it. I'd not tell, but I'm afraid others know. Armstrong and the landlady—if they should tell and you'd have no chance. Come, Rex—"

If it had not been for Rex's rage he would have caught the pitiful note in his friend's voice, he would have read the anguish that was borne of friendly care in that pleading gesture. But his eyes were snapping with indignation and he would have sprung on his accuser.

The door opened. Rex sank back in his chair and Bobby's hands dropped from his shoulders as Peggie and Mr. Fairfax entered. Peggie

looked haggard and dissatisfied; Mr. Fairfax followed her, his face like a thunder-cloud.

"I tell you, Miss Walscott, it's impossible, tommyrot, trash—this phycological junk—all of it. Hypnotism—pooh! Rex! Were you ever at any time or place hypnotized? While you were held by that gang of thieves? Say?"

"Why, no; of course not," Rex answered.

"But, Mr. Fairfax," Peggie interrupted him as he turned to her with a look of triumph, "I told you he wouldn't remember, they don't you know."

"Bosh! Go on—work your little machine on him now—see if it works."

Peggie fumbled in her muff and drew out the little, black leather box. "Now Rex," she said, "I want you to sit back here in this big easy chair and do just as I tell you. You will, won't you?" she asked timidly.

Rex wonderingly consented and settled down in the big Morris chair. Peggie drew up a small table and placed the little box upon it. Then she drew down the shades, darkening the room. They heard her move softly toward the table. She commenced speaking to Rex in a soft voice, liquid and monotonous, like the musical babbling of a little stream over smooth worn pebbles. She was telling him to relax and to let his mind wander—her tones were soft, but compelling—then there was a little click of a catch from the table and there where the box had been was a faint glow of light. "Quick," she commanded Rex, "Fix your eyes there. Look!"

There were four little mirrors on the arms of a revolving wheel. They glowed and sparkled and flashed with all the colors of the rainbow in bewildering confusion. They were whirling faster—faster—faster—flashing, gleaming, dancing till the eye, that gloried in the beautiful abundance of color and motion, was entranced and while gazing steadily, the little silent mirror made the mind prisoner; the millions of little nerves forgot to send in their reports to the brain—the brain itself was enthralled—

Faintly, Mr. Fairfax and Bobby realized that Peggie was talking, talking in soft whispers that scarce disturbed the silence—the voice grew stronger but still mellow and smooth—

"Sleep—you sleep—sleep Rex. Sleep well. None but I can disturb your sleep. I alone can command you. You will obey me. See—even now your arm is ridged—stiff—and it stays where I place it—"

She snapped on the electric lights and roused the others two laughing quickly as she handed them the wonderful little box to examine. They noted in a glance the four little revolving mirrors that reflected the brilliant beams thrown by a tiny lamp through a small, but perfect prism of crystal.

They looked in astonishment at the simple machine and then with awe at the figure of Rex in the big chair. He appeared to be sleeping soundly yet his right arm rose straight from his shoulder, stiff as a flag pole from shoulder to finger tip! Again Peggie spoke—

"Your arm is no longer stiff it's limp"—the arm dropped like a bag of stones to his side. "Open your eyes and see what I tell you to."

The eyes opened, but the gaze was fixed blankly on a point in space. "Now," she ordered, "I am the white, pasty faced man you saw at the club one night some weeks ago with Peggie and Kathrine and Bobby. Remember that man, now!" Rex looked straight into her eyes and shrank back as if he would tear his eyes away but couldn't and there was abject fear there. "We are in your rooms. This is your room. Get the M. & Q. stock for me!"

Rex rose and with a mechanical step went to the corner, dragged out the big box from the wall, and after motioning as if tearing the paper from the wall thrust his hand into the hole where the stock had been hidden! Of course there was nothing there and his face wore a pained expression and his hand fluttered about helplessly until Peggie slipped some old letters into the hole. Rex grabbed them in child-like glee and handed them to her. Then as if his brain was rehearsing the events of that day he started for the door and was turning the knob before she could give the command for him to come back.

"Back to the chair, Rex," she ordered. When he was seated again she continued—"Now close your eyes and relax again—sleep again. You will not remember anything of this. You will awaken in three minutes as if from a natural sleep. You will have forgotten every thing that has happened since you sat down in this chair. Go to sleep again, sleep well, and waken in three minutes."

The clear, calm voice ceased and Peggie sank into a chair with a sigh. Mechanically Mr. Fairfax drew out his watch, still dazed with the wonder of the sight, and counted the seconds—two minutes—two minutes and thirty seconds—forty-five—fifty—fifty-five—seven—nine—

"O-o-oh-hum-m-. Gee, I must have been asleep! Why! Why. I really must beg your pardon. I—I—must—must have fallen asleep—I—" Rex was awake!

Mr. Fairfax looked in admiration and awe at Peggie. "Miss Walscott, I—I beg your pardon for doubting. It is so unreal so—I—I—but then—then—I—O God! You can't blame him can you? You can't blame Rex, my boy?" He cried in anguish as the truth struck home that it was his son who had taken them while in just such a state as he had seen him here. "It was his—his hands but he didn't do the stealing did he? It wasn't his mind that did it—only—his hands?"

It was pitiful to see the iron man torn and begging like a babe for a comforting assurance.

"No," Peggie answered gravely, "It was not he that committed the crime." The mind of another commanded his hands. In the court of men, Mr. Fairfax, the body and mind are punished for the deeds of the hands, but in that supreme court of God, it is the brain that commits the crime and it is that soul that is punished. His soul is still pure in the eyes of his Maker—and after all that is all that counts. Are you going to drop the case against Bobby?"

"Yes—yes—yes! But—Rex boy;—I'm—I' a ruined man—ruined!"

The telephone rang and Bobby answered.

"Yes—Yes this is I. Armstrong. * * * What! * *"

WHAT! * * * GREAT SCOTT! *Fairfax, Armstrong's caught a man with the M. & Q. in his possession—he's on his way up here with in now.*

(The End.)

The Silver Trophy Cup.

"Oh, I say, have you girls any 'eats' left?" and Gertrude Gaines swung open the door of number 10 so that the occupants of the room could see the "busy" sign pinned below the number. "I hope you aren't busy," she continued, "for I'm simply starved."

"No, of course not!" come back in a chorus from the four girls who were lounging about the room. "We were just getting our French," Louise Bush added. "It certainly is a pity you could not read our sign. I always fancied I wrote a fairly clear hand! But then, as long as we have finished the interesting part we might as well as not stop and let you in. Maybe there are a few chocolate peppermints left on the plate but I wouldn't vouch for it. They're soft and ran together but the flavor is just—, and the crackers are in the jar on my desk."

Gertrude took the plate gratefully and began scraping it with a spoon.

"You can't imagine," she said between mouthfuls, "how perfectly ravenous I am after chasing balls all over the tennis court. Girls, you never saw anything like it. The way Winifred plays is just wonderful and that overhand serve of hers—. You know, the finals are tomorrow. I do hope she'll win the championship. She's over at the gym now seeing Miss Thomas. Wouldn't it be grand if she beat Alice Kitchen, though goodness knows it'll be a mighty tight squeeze."

"Yes, it would be fine to have one of the girls in our house win the championship, wouldn't it? Jane might let us have a party to celebrate the event," suggested Harriet Morris.

Hm! and she might not!" retorted Louise. "You know she has had it in for Winifred ever since the night we wore our gym waists down to dinner."

"What was that?" asked Georgia, who lived over in one of the campus houses.

"Didn't we tell you? Well one night last week Winifred came in late and did not stop to fix up, but just came down in her gym waist. Jane does not expect us to really dress for dinner, but she does like to have us look presentable. That morning she must have gotten out of bed with her left foot first for everything seemed to go against her and that just capped the climax. After dinner she called Winifred aside and just roasted her. The rest of us were rather provoked, to say the least, because she need not have been so mean about it. So we decided we would get even the next night and all at our table wore gym waists. Then it was just our luck for Prexy to come to dinner. I wish you could have seen Jane's face! It was enough to provoke a saint! She explained in rather icy tones that she supposed it was a 'new club' that we 'young ladies had just formed.'"

In the burst of laughter that followed the girls did not hear the

quick step in the hall nor see at first the tall, slender, dark-haired girl who stood in the doorway.

"Why, there's Winifred!" Louise suddenly exclaimed. "Come on in!"

"Yes, it is Winifred," she smilingly replied in mocking tones, "and you let her stand out there in the cold while you told that enchanting tale about our gym waist party. Well I can go you one better," she went on, sinking among the cushions on the couch. "Yesterday Professor Mitchell was not in history when the bell rang. That little cut-up, Sylvia Graham, is in our class and when the Prof. did not appear she hopped up and locked the door. You know he is an awful crank about our being late to class and whenever any stragglers come along he invariably locks them out. In about five minutes along he came and tried the door. Nobody ventured to open it for him. He went off and as soon as our required ten minutes were up we unlocked the door and skipped. Today, after he had called the roll, he started down the alphabet asking questions about stuff we had never heard of and thundering out his zeros. You know he has a voice like a fog-horn and when he shouts 'zero' at you, well—you wish you were anywhere but near him. He got through the Es and started down the Fs, Miss Falk, the ever ready, falling flat! I saw battle, murder and sudden death for me all right, because for the life of me I could not think of a single cause for the Crusades. He swooped down on Sylvia Graham (my but I was thankful Graham comes before Hall). She piped up as bold as brass, 'Why Professor we haven't had that yet.' 'Have not had it!' he roared back. 'That is in the lesson I assigned yesterday for today. But, he added with that quizzical smile of his, 'there was no one here to take the assignment.'"

"Speaking of Sylvia, did you girls hear what happened to her last week?" asked Georgia. There was a chorus of nos, so she went on. "You know she lives in our house and for the last few weeks she has been making life miserable for everyone on our floor. Two weeks ago when it was so awfully cold, she put all of Roberta Burns' dresser silver in her bed. Roberta looked all over for it and could not find it anywhere, but when she crawled into her downy couch—ugh!" They all shivered in sympathy.

"Another time she put a raw egg in Clare Norton's bag of sugar and when Claire went to scoop some out to make fudge she smashed it and that sugar—you never saw such a mess! She filled the burner of Corrine Patterson's chafing dish with water and put salt in my bed. Finally we revolted but decided to keep quiet and wait our chance. Our opportunity came last Thursday, when Sylvia went off on an all-day botany trip. We got into her room and ransacked her drawers and closets and just turned everything upside down. Now the best part of it is she does not know exactly who to suspect, because the four of us went to her and told her how horrid it was of anyone to play such a mean trick and how we sympathized with her and how angry we would be if our rooms were messed up that way. Then we ended up by offering to help straighten up. We did and really bothered more than we helped for we kept asking where, for instance, her white dancing slippers, that were hanging on the chandelier, be-

longed when we knew very well we had pulled them out of a box on the top shelf of her closet. Of course she was just lovely to us and thanked us so earnestly and sincerely. Oh it was rich!"

"Well," said Catherine Turner, stretching, "we've been having great sport at our house, too. Miss Green has the delightful habit of reading to us an hour every evening while we sew. The other night a couple of the girls got tired of listening to her, so they slipped out of the room. Pretty soon we heard a tapping on the window. Some of the girls looked up and giggled. Miss Green looked annoyed but went on. In a few minutes we heard the noise again. The 'Green one' looked up with a sort of bored expression, then she jumped as if she were shot, for outside we saw the grinning skull of Pauline's papiermache skeleton. But, wait, that doesn't compare with what happened night before last. Carrie Hayes had gone to town the day before and bought a squirt gun. I was studying in my room, stretched out in my bathrobe, when she came along and squirted at me. I chased her down the hall to the bath room. She took up her station at the bath-tub and I at the wash-bowl and we proceeded to soak each other. Pauline tip-toed down the hall, poked her nose in and then, imitating 'the Green one's' accents, exclaimed, 'Young ladies, you must stop!' Of course we went at it all the harder. Carrie, whose back was turned towards the door sent over a wave that splashed into my mouth and eyes and while I was sputtering around trying to return the compliment we heard a voice say 'Young ladies, stop immediately!' We thinking it was Pauline again did not pay any attention to it. Then the voice continued angrily, 'I am surprised! I shall have to report you—such conduct!' Carrie turned around and there stood Miss Green—"

"What did she do?" asked Gertrude.

"Oh, she started in to give us a good lecture, but when she looked at me with my hair stringing down all over my face and my robe wringing wet and Carrie with the water dripping off her nose and chin, she couldn't keep a straight face and she just leaned against the wall and shook. Of course she threatened to report us if we ever tried it again, but—"

"The other night I had a fight, too," remarked Marion, "only we didn't use water. In the course of events Louise and Harriet threw all my bed-clothes out of the window. Then we were afraid to go down and get them for sure as fate we would have bumped into Jane. Suddenly Winifred had a bright idea. We took some trunk straps and heavy cord and pieced them together until we made them long enough to reach the ground. Then Louise and Harriet slid out and tied the bedding on—one piece at a time—until we drew it all up again. Maybe it didn't look 'spooky' to see a sheet floating up just like a ghost."

"I hate to tear myself away," said Georgia, "but I can not possibly stay another minute."

"I must go, too, and get dressed," Winifred announced, getting up. "I'm afraid Jane wouldn't admit me to the dining room in my gym waist again."

Georgia and Catherine followed her out; in the doorway she

stopped. "Oh, girls," she said, "don't forget the tournament tomorrow—two-bits at the apple tree entrance—you know the Association needs the money" and she ran down the hall.

"Isn't she just the dearest thing" exclaimed Georgia, enthusiastically. "I do hope she wins tomorrow!"

"So do I," replied Louise, "she hasn't said it in just so many words but I am sure her heart is set on being champion. Well, so long." And Louise closed the door.

* * * * *

"Isn't it positively the most perfect day for a tournament," said Gertrude, bursting into Louise's room. "Winifred has gone over already," she continued as Louise buttoned her up, "and she said to 'Are oy uredy?' called Marion from the hall, looking bright and hustle up so that we can get in the front row."

"Are you ready?" called Marion from the hall, looking bright and fresh in a new pink gingham dress. "All right" and he three ran down the stairs and out the door.

"Isn't it beautiful!" they exclaimed in one breath as they hurried across the campus and saw the old apple-tree covered with delicate pink and white blossoms, standing like a sentinel at the entrance.

"Yes, and look at the hills over there and the river!" said Gertrude as they joined the throng of girls looking like butterflies in their new spring dresses.

"There's Winifred over on the other side," exclaimed Marion. "Doesn't she look spick and span in that white linen suit?"

"They are certainly making money today!" remarked Louise, craning her neck. "It is about time they started—oh, see, there are Georgia and Catherine over yonder," and she waved wildly.

The girls saw her and came up. "What are they going to play?" asked Georgia. "Best two sets out of three?"

"Yes. They're getting ready." And Catherine wiggled around so she could see between Louise and Marion's shoulders. "Aren't you getting excited?" she continued. "See Alice Kitchen has won first toss and is getting ready to serve and Winifred has chosen the shady side of the court."

"Are you ready?" rang out in clear accents from the umpire. Both players nodded. "Play!" she said.

(Continued)

Wouldn't High School pupils be sad if

Beaton's wasn't in Omaha?

Haines' didn't advertise in the Register

Courtney should go out of business.

Douglas wasn't a printer.

Pope didn't keep open all night.

Well I should say so.



The Editress sat in her sanctum, her countenance furrowed with care,
Her mind at the bottom of business, her feet on the round of a chair,
Her chair-arm an elbow supporting, her right hand upholding her head,
Her eyes on the dusty old table, with different documents spread;
There were many long pages of stories, with squibs by the dozen or more;

There were photographs, drawings and write-ups, and ads coming in by the score;

In short, as her eye took the table, and ran o'er its ink-spattered trash,
There was nothing it did not encounter, excepting perhaps it was cash.
(With apologies to Carleton.)

The improvement of the course of study in the public schools is a matter of lively interest to all the people. Our parents and older friends like to tell us how much greater are our opportunities than were theirs, in the range and variety of studies. In the courses now offered at our best High Schools are found, they tell us, many studies which our parents could pursue only at college. This enlargement of the scope of our public schools has been more along the line of the practical or useful arts. The addition of manual training is of quite recent date. Our parents did not have the opportunity of learning the use of tools in any such degree as is afforded today in the manual training department of our High School. The extension of this practical course into the lower grades is of still more recent date.

For a time it looked as if the boys alone were to profit by this "new departure." But now that the domestic science course has been added, we of the majority are reaping a similar benefit. It is a great boon to many a girl that she can learn, among other things in a public school, both to sew and to cook.

When we consider how few of the boys and girls are ever permitted to complete their education, what a relatively small number have the privilege of even remaining through the twelve grades in the public schools, it would appear a matter for congratulation that we of the present day are afforded such opportunities of preparing for life work, when the college and university are beyond the great majority of us. For those, however, who are permitted to pursue their studies beyond the High School it may be questioned whether any of the "trimmings" should be substituted for the regular studies.

It is obvious that some pupils undertake manual training or domestic science at the expense of thorough preparation for college in the required studies. Another consideration is that students who are looking for the "path of least resistance" will take all the "snaps" and omit some branches requiring harder work, yet more essential to the well rounded course of study. The more recent additions to the regular curriculum of former days may then prove a detriment to some rather than a benefit.

This subject is being discussed by educators throughout the land without as yet finding a satisfactory solution. We venture to suggest in this connection that so far as a public school course is concerned it should surely not be framed for the benefit of the few, but of the many. It must take into account the fact that but a very small percentage of students leaving the grades can ever attain to the college, and, therefore, the best course of study will be such as may conduce to the greatest all-around efficiency in life.

LOCALS

Miss Taylor took charge of Miss Sullivan's classes at the beginning of the new term. Miss Taylor comes to us from the South Omaha High School where she was head of the English department.

Many will feel the loss of a well liked teacher in Miss Butler, who resigned her position as teacher at the end of the term just completed.

Miss Ethel Koss '10, who was obliged to leave school in the fall on account of ill-health, has returned to resume her studies.

Miss Zola Dellecker '07, is recovering from typhoid fever.

Miss Kennedy has resigned her position as registrar which place is now filled by Miss Louise Northrup '08.

It is of interest to the whole school that their football coach, Mr. Carns, was married on January 1, 1910, to Miss Marie C. Warner, a graduate of Lincoln High School and of Doane College.

Louise Herdman '10, has moved to San Diego, Cal. In her, the Senior class has lost one of its active members, and the Senior girls, a good basketball player.

Robert Strehlow '10, won the ten dollar prize offered recently, by Clan Gordon to the pupil of the Omaha High School, who should write the best essay on "Robert Burns, the Patriot." The paper was excellent. This contest is one offered every year by Clan Gordon of Omaha. We serve the richest chocolate sundaes. "Peter Pill."

The Senior class had its first meeting, since organizing, January 12, 1910. The meeting was purely a business one.

During the last month the Seniors twice had the opportunity of hearing notable college men speak on college life and advantages. First, President Nichols of Dartmouth College spoke to them and, later Sec'y Keppel of the Columbia University of New York City.

We are glad to report that Miss Florence McHugh is gaining day by day.

By order of the Board of Education each officer of the regiment has signed a pledge promising on his honor not to smoke cigarettes as long as he holds his office.

The Boosters' club has appointed a committee of entertainment to meet and care for athletic and debating teams visiting us.

Now that the ordeal of final exams, has been passed with no serious effects, other than a few disappointments and heartaches, all are beginning the term anew with new hopes and ambitions.

A College club has been organized by Mr. Burton, assistant boys'

secretary of the Y. M. C. A., for Juniors and Seniors of the High School. The purpose of this club is to stimulate interest in college and university life and to furnish proper information to any member who may be looking forward to entering college. Catalogues and printed matter from all of the leading colleges and universities of the country have been obtained and are open for use to any member. At each meeting there will be an alumnus of some college or university who will speak regarding his institution. The meetings are held every Friday evening at 7 o'clock in the Boys' Department. This is well worth while. The boys should take notice and join.

Just before the holidays the University of Omaha held a reception for the Senior class of the High School. Everyone was welcomed hospitably and had a most enjoyable time. The Senior class, through the Register wishes to thank the University for its favor.

A football entertainment was held in room 204, January 21, 1910, for the purpose of raising money to pay for sweaters for the football boys and to present "Os" to them and to the track team. The entertainment was very interesting and well rendered. We had the rare opportunity of hearing E. Vance Cook, the poet.

The cream fairly lifts you up.

Did you ever try an "Angel Sandwich at Beaton's?"

We are indebted to Miss June Greevy of the class of '08, for the cover design of this month's Register.



Domestic Science

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

She can write you a poem in Latin,
 She can read you a story in Greek,
 She could manage the genders in German
 Before she had studied a week.
 She can handle a lathe like a turner,
 And drive a nail straight, but oh my,
 You forgive her all this in a minute
 When you look at her making a pie.
 She can write you an essay on Chaucer
 And deliver a lecture on art
 She can handle with equal precision,
 "The Blood" and "The Brain" and "The Heart."
 She can solve every problem instant
 And name all the stars in the skies,
 But you tease her no more from the moment
 You taste of the oysters she fries.
 She can crush you with terms scientific,

And enlighten you on Civil Gov.
 She has very advanced ideas
 On all things below and above.
 She talks of becoming a lawyer,
 But you would forgive her I know,
 If you saw her put on a checked apron
 And dabble her fingers in dough.

—Register, 1888.

The above poem was written by a High School student twenty-two years ago, when a cooking school was first established in the Omaha High School. The promoter of the cooking school, as it was then called, was Reverend W. E. Copeland, who, in spite of much protest, spent every effort in obtaining this department. The cooking school was held in what is now room 6, a small and inadequate room. The equipment was very poor, there being only one stove and none of the modern conveniences of today. The classes, under the supervision of Miss Clara Mann, met three days in one week, two days in the following week. The periods were one and one half hours long and were held after school. The students, mostly Juniors and Seniors, took up the work readily and showed great interest. Miss McCague, Miss Smith, Miss Stebbins and Miss Turner, now of the faculty, were students in the cooking school. Miss Turner says that it was here, she learned to make a most delicious lemon pie. Another student who showed the greatest enthusiasm was Mr. Will Parker, known to almost every school boy and girl as former truant officer. Mr. Parker had much to contend with when learning the secrets of the culinary world for he was the object of much teasing and many jests. But he possessed much courage and stuck to his cooking lessons, never giving a reason for his interest. Very different are the boys of today, who blush and grow confused when they bring a circular or note into the department. The cooking school lasted for two terms and then was discontinued, the expense being too great.

Then not until last year when the Domestic Science Department was opened, was a thought given to this line of work. Public opinion had changed, and instead of protest, the greatest interest and enthusiasm was manifested. The department in which the domestic science pupils work today is very different from the small, crowded quarters of the cooking school. It is large and airy and has a complete kitchen a dining room and here the students have their luncheon and tea par-equipment for every student. One part of the department is fitted for ties. The students are mainly Juniors and Seniors and a few Sophomores. Their interest in the work is shown by the recent marks for there were more A's in the Domestic Science Department than in any other one, and the work can certainly not be called easy.

Ruth—I can't get this perfume in town?

Nell—Try Haines—he has it.

Pete's Pill—Pete's Pill—Pete's Pill. Alias, Haines Drug Store.

Nancy (at noon)—Oh Alice, that's cute—where did you get it?

Alice—Beaton's—35c (joke-honest) ask them.



The Basketball season is now in full swing. Great enthusiasm is being shown by the student body and the faculty and excellent material is showing up for regular practice. Class teams are doing fine work and the school team, composed of Burdick, Dodds, Finley, Trimble, Patton, Rector and Kulakofsky, under the excellent instruction of Coach Carns, is developing wonderful quickness and accuracy. Their only defeat this season, at the hands of Genoa's quintette, was sustained after a fatiguing trip as well as a hard battle with Columbus.

The games played within the last month are as follows:

O. H. S. 30; Columbus, 20.

This was the first game on the Nebraska State trip. Both teams played very well and the game was a very exciting one. Game played at Columbus January 14, 1910.

Genoa, 21; O. H. S., 17.

The first defeat of the season. Our boys played hard and well, but were tired out from the previous game. Game played at Genoa January 15, 1910.—Afternoon.

O. H. S., 35; Fremont, 22.

The Omaha team was too quick for Fremont and altho' they had but little rest between games, managed to pile up a very good score. Game played at Fremont January 15, 1910.—Evening.

O. H. S., 23; St. Joseph, Mo., 20.

The game was played at St. Jo. and was hotly contested from the first. At the end of the first half the score was 14 to 9 in favor of St. Jo. But by hard play, Omaha gained the victory.

O. H. S., 25 Genoa, 17.

In the return game with Genoa, both teams did excellent work, but our team was victorious. In a preliminary game the Juniors defeated the Freshmen 25 to 18. A fair-sized crowd witnessed the game. Game played at Omaha Y. M. C. A., Thursday evening, January 27.

O. H. S., 35; Council Bluffs, 19.

For the second time this season O. H. S. defeated Council Bluffs at Basketball. However, the losing team, as well as our own, played fast and well. Game played at Council Bluffs Y. M. C. A., Friday evening, February 4.

TRACK.

One of the biggest tract events ever held in Omaha will take place at the Auditorium on March 4. High Schools from all over the state will take part and O. H. S. will enter the relay race and probably other events. Other schools, Lincoln, Council Bluffs, South Omaha, and perhaps York and Sioux City will also take part. Great interest is being shown all over the state in this event and every high school pupil should be interested in it.

Altho' it is still a little early for any definite plans for the Spring

Track work, a meet with Council Bluffs is being considered as well as the annual Interclass Contest. A dual meet with Lincoln is also under consideration. O. H. S. will enter the Interscholastic Missouri Valley Meet this spring and, if good material is developed, Coach Carns expects to take a large number of men to this event.

The prospects for the year are most promising. Altho' McKinney, who is no longer at O. H. S., Thompson, Weirick and Andrews, men upon whom we relied for records last year, will not take part in this year's Track events, of the last year's men, we still have Kennedy, Rector, Burdick, Fraser, Kulakofsky, Rayley and Rawley. With the additions of new material, the coach expects to develop men who will uphold O. H. S.'s proud record as has been done in the past.

O. H. S. Green Book. Who's Who:

Barton Nash—Well posted on Crystal.

Chas. S. Hoffert—Mr. Newly Wed.

Chandler Trimble—Human Ostrich (See Dec. No.)

Lumir C. Buresh—The Dimpled Darling.

Allan Tukey—Brownell Hall Hero.

Clarence K. Patton—The Bachelor.

Chester Nieman—Magnum Caput.

J. Calvin Davis—Teacher's Pet.

Robt. McCague—CAPT. of CO. I.

Robt. H. Finley—A Faithful Shepard.

Wallace McDonald—A Blanched Blond.



S O C I A L



The Dundee Dancing club held one of their series of dances on January 14. An unusually large crowd was present.

Miss Crystal Edington entertained about twenty of her friends at luncheon on January 15, at the Rome Hotel.

The Junior Hop was held at Chambers' Academy on the 20th of the month. It was in charge of Richard Payne and Edward Alderson. The hall was beautifully decorated and never before has the Junior had so large an attendance.

Wanted—A good, lively trade at Beaton's in return for this ad.

Miss Beulah Bessire entertained quite a number of her High School friends on February 4. The evening was spent at cards and dancing.

Miss Blanche Brotherton entertained at cards on the afternoon of January 8th. Corn Jelly cures corns, 25c. "Peter Pill."

The C. O. C. Hop in charge of Mr. Alfred Millard and Mr. Allan Tukey, will be given on February 25. This is always the largest dance of the year, and elaborate preparations are being made by the committees in charge. Even though it is in Lent, a large crowd is expected.

Miss Charlotte Tompkins entertained at cards for a few of her friends on February 5.

The Junior Dancing club meets on February 26.



DEBATING



For several weeks the debaters have been actively engaged in delving among records and statistics for the preparation of their debates on the various subjects to be debated in the near future.

On Monday, January 31, the preliminaries were held in Room 304 to determine the team to represent Omaha in the Council Bluffs-Omaha debate. Those in the contest were Fred Ross, Voyle Rector, James Van Avery, Robert Strehlow and Wilbur Haynes. As the team to represent Omaha the judges chose Wilbur Haynes, Robert Strehlow and James Van Avery.

The subjects for both the Tri-City and the Lincoln debates have been chosen. The one with Lincoln will be upon the question: Resolved that Labor Unions should be Abolished; and the subject of the Tri-City debate will be: Resolved that Competition should be Encouraged to the Extent of Abolishing Monopolies.

While the older classmen are working toward the winning of these debates, the freshman are being drilled for a contest between those of our school and of Council Bluffs. Let us all further the advancement of good debating, both for our own class and for the other classes in the school by attending the preliminaries to these debates and giving our most loyal and hearty support to debating in Omaha High School.

ALUMNI.

Miss May Murphy '06, has married George Laier.

Frank Engler '95, has married Miss Nina Criss.

Arthur Jaynes '05, has married Miss Blythe M. Sprague of Milner, Idaho.

Miss Florence Tillotson '04, has married Mr. Barrie of South Carolina.

Among the alumni that went down to the State University in February are Miss Hazel Howard '09, Miss Carol Howard '09, both belonging to the Delta Gamma Sorority. Miss Uarda Scott '09, who belongs to the Pi Beta Phi, Dewitt Babbitt '09, Harold McKinney '09, Will Ross '09 and Ralph Sweeley '07.

Miss Bessie Ross '08, is teaching in a country school ten miles from Ogallala, Neb.

Kenneth Phillips '06, is president of the Dartmouth College Gun club. Fresh Home made candies like mother made. "Peter Pill."

Miss Ruth Tompsett '07, has gone back to Columbia University to study art.

Mark Savage '08 is attending the Chicago University. Clement Chase, Jr., '06, is at Cornell.

Miss Margaret Kennedy '07, has resigned. Miss Louise Northrup '08, takes her place as Registrar.

Harry Swartzlander '08, is a Sophomore at Creighton University.

Miss Mamie Meek '08, gave several piano solos at a recital given by the University club of Lincoln.

Jerome Percival '06, and Stanton Salisbury '09, made the debating team of the University of Omaha.

During the winter three graduates of the O. H. S. have appeared on the Orpheum stage. George Perry, Miss Lee White and Miss Belle Goldsmith, whose stage name is Helen Grantely.

Miss Jeanette Muir '09, has returned from her visit in Scotland.

Warren Hillis '02, is in the bonding business in Denver.

Every Tuesday afternoon the Post Graduate club composed of the following members, Miss Marguerite Walker '09, Miss Irene Kirschstein, Miss Mabel Marr, Miss Hilda Hammer '03, Mrs. John McDonald, Mrs. Frederick Teal, Miss Lucetta Patterson, Miss Helen Sorenson '09, Miss Edith Shrum '09, Miss Helen Davidson '09, Miss Louise Carson '09, Miss Mildred Foster '07, Miss Rosina Mandelberg '07, Miss Olive Hammond '07, Miss Mildred Funkhouser '04, Miss Mary McCague '08, Miss Ruth Odecl, Miss Mamie Meek '08, Miss Ruth Partridge '09, Miss Marjory Smith '09 and Miss Ada Jenks meet with Miss Kate McHugh to study Shakespeare's tragedies.

The club to study Browning was given up owing to the illness of Miss Florence McHugh.

EXCHANGES.

We have noticed that some of our exchanges change staffs at this time of the year. We wish these new staffs a pleasant and prosperous semester.

Sotoyman, Healdsburg, Cal.:

Your stories and department headings are very good.

Spud, Alliance, Neb.:

Wouldn't a table of contents improve your otherwise excellent paper?

Town and Gown, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.:

Your exchange heading is clever.

Creighton Chronicle, City:

Are you too serious to devote at least one page to jokes, locals, etc.?

Red and White, Iowa City, Ia.:

"Roasts" is fine!

Red and White, Lake View High, Chicago, Ill.:

Your exchange column is a clever department. But don't you have any advertisers?

Stentor-Lake Forest, Ill.:

Do you agree with us in the fact that department headings and illustrations are an improvement?

Crimson, Concordia, Kan.:

More enterprising freshman like yours would make the right spirit!

Angelos, New Orleans, La.:

Your stories and squibs make the Angelos a welcome exchange.

Ripples, Cedar Falls, Ia.:

Why not cuts and department headings?

Acorn, Weeping Water, Neb.:

Your advice about cuts applies to you, too.



Great enthusiasm has been aroused in the Regiment by the offer of individual medals for crack drill. There has never been a method in the history of the school that has ever surpassed this system of promoting individual interest, however faithful the effort. Let us wish it continued success.

The companies have become very proficient in the manual of arms during the winter months. Now that the good weather has come again we hope the Regiment will soon round out in good shape. This weather will give an excellent opportunity for outdoor battalion and regimental work.

With the addition of so many February Freshmen the Regiment will now have the full quota of men. By the next issue of the Register the new promotions will be out to fill the vacancies caused by the examinations.

To those who lost their offices the Register Staff extends its heartfelt sympathy. However, let us hope that the new officers will soon get their companies into shape for the much anticipated camp and last but not least the crowning event of all, the annual "compet."

Sarah—Had to walk home last night after school.

Edna—Why?

Sarah—Spent my last cent for a dandy soda at Beaton's.

ORGANIZATIONS

BROWNING SOCIETY.

On January 14 the following program entitled, "The Four Seasons," was given under the leadership of Irma Gross: (1) Paper, "The Origin of the Christmas Tree," Ethel Fry; (2) Reading, "St. Valentine's Day," Gertrude Dickinson; (3) "A Boy's Diary in the Merry Springtime," Hazel Degen; (4) Story, "On the Road to Kiowee," Elizabeth Rainey; (5) Rhyme, "Summer from Different Viewpoints," Irma Gross; (6) Original Dialogue, Ruth Arnstein and Josephine Rance; the Oracle, Ena Hadra.

A short business meeting was held on February 4. Miss Timms was elected head teacher to fill Miss Butler's place; and Claire Patterson was chosen to represent the society at the joint meeting of all the societies. Grace Robinson read the Oracle.

D. D. S.

At the meeting of the D. D. S. on January 14, the following officers were elected for the remainder of the year: President, Richard Barnes; Vice President, Stuart Gould; Secretary, Wilbur Haynes; Treasurer, Voyle Rector; Sergeant-at-Arms, Malcolm Baldrige; Librarian, Lew Pixley.

The D. D. S. held its regular meeting Friday, February 4. Paul Byers was chosen to give an oration at the open meeting. The question, "Resolved, That the President of the United States Should be Elected by the Direct Vote of the People," was debated, Elwood Pratt taking the affirmative and Gilbert Eldridge the negative. The new officers made their speeches of acceptance.

PRISCILLA ALDEN SOCIETY.

On January 14 the P. A. S. gave a very delightful program in charge of Jennie Undeland: (1) Reading, "The Ancient Mariner," Mary Taylor; (2) Class Prophecy, Gladys Hodgen; (3) Recitation, Eleanor Patrick. After a paper on the discovery of the North Pole, the question as to whether Cook or Peary discovered the pole was settled in a clever skit in which Agnes Undeland took the part of Cook, Frances Barnhardt that of Peary, with Mary Taylor as assistant. After the program candy was served.

On February 4 a Lincoln program was given by Emily Chase's division. "The Perfect Tribute" was read by Loa Howard; some interesting anecdotes of Lincoln were given by Helen Cosgrove; and the Gettysburg address was given by Elizabeth Alderson.

WEBSTER SOCIETY.

On January 14 the following officers were elected: President, Hiram Salisbury; Vice President, Maurice Shillington; Secretary, Dean Davidson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Victor Cayley.

The Webster society held its first meeting of the new semester Friday, February 4. Speeches of acceptance were made by the new officers. The program consisted of a debate, "Resolved, That Capital Punishment Should be Abolished."

PLEIADES SOCIETY.

The Pleiades Society held its regular meeting Friday, January 14. The program concerned women who were successes in art, music, literature, science and domestic science; and was in charge of Florence Smith. A toast, "To Girls," was given by Margaret Logan. Refreshments were served. 50c Ribbon Nail Files, guaranteed 25c. "Petes Pill."

MARGARET FULLER SOCIETY.

A program entitled, "Robert Louis Stevenson," was given under the leadership of Helen King on February 4. It was as follows: Prayer, Elsie Rodgers; "Early Life," Lulu Goodrich; "Life in Samoa," Margaret Nattinger; "Child Rhymes," Mabel Kelley; "Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde," Helen King; Poem, Sarah Sears; Letters, Edith Waterman; Prayer, Katherine Wallace.

O. H. S. ORCHESTRA.

The O. H. S. Orchestra, composed of eight members, is doing splendid work this year with Alfred Morris as leader. Two practises are held every week on Monday and Friday. The orchestra is going to play at the basket ball games and help work up enthusiasm.

ATHENIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

On Friday, February 4, a program meeting was held. The following numbers were rendered: Debate, "Resolved, that competition should be encouraged to the extent of prohibiting artificial monopolies."

Affirmative, Edward Newman, Porter Quinby; negative, Joseph Burger, Roland Cummins. Monologue, Donald Tracy. After both sides of the debate were hotly contested the judges decided in favor of the affirmative. The society is growing but can take in a few more members.

LATIN SOCIETY.

The following program was given in the Latin society on Wednesday, January 12: (1) Song, "Gaudemus," Society; (2) Essay, "How an Ancient Language Lives," Edwin Landale; (3) Violin Solo, Amy Nelson; (4) Essay, "Labor Omnia Vincit," Lavina Brown; (5), Recitation, "A Roman Mirror," Lissetta Smith; (6) "The Pleasurable Side of Latin," Amy Nelson; (7) Piano Solo, Miss Pritchard.

On Wednesday, February 2, the Latin Society elected officers for the remainder of the year as follows: President, Ned Alderson; Vice President, Mabel Hamilton; Secretary, George Grimes; Treasurer, Harold Thomas; Sergeants-at-Arms, Dorothy Carlisle, Philip Johnson; Reporter, Alice Gideon. After the election of officers the following program, under the leadership of Laura Zimmerman, was rendered: (1) Piano Solo, Beulah Byrd; (2) Recitation; Lola Byrd; (3) Essay, "The Influence of Greek on English," Ruth Ogle; (4) Essay, "Women in Greek Literature," Elva Jarman; (5) Talk, "Social Life in Ancient Greece," Norman Gould; (6) Essay, "A Modern Maid of Athens," Beulah Byrd; (7) Essay, "Our Poet's Debt to Homer," Hazel Degen; (8) Satura Romana, Laura Zimmerman; (9) Piano Solo, Ruth Ogle.

THE GERMAN SOCIETY.

The German Society held its election of officers for the rest of the year on February 2, and the following were elected: President, Stuart Gould; Vice President, Ruth McIlvaine; Secretary, Cleo Warthen; Treasurer, George Geib, Sergeant-at-Arms, Hortense Spiesberger, Dean Davidson; Critic, Max Rosenblum.

LININGER TRAVEL CLUB

On Friday, January 14, the Lininger Travel club held its first meeting of the new year, when the following program was rendered: "As the Moon Rose," Ruth Berg; "Her First Visit to the Butcher," Mary Day; "Women's Rights by Tabitha Primrose," Florence Goodland; Piano Solo, Hulda Peterson; "A German's View of Denver," Josephine Goettsche; "Lady Clare," Gladys Line; "A Word to the Wise," Bertha Girton; Piano Solo, Hazel Day; Play, "Six Cups of Chocolate." Those taking part in the play were Ruth Lake, Helen Bradt, Florence Lake, Inez Castberg, Eleanor Cahill, Josephine Goettsche. At this meeting the society was presented with a beautiful banner made by Mrs. Haller.

A short business meeting was held by the society, February 4. The following are the officers: President, Agnes Nielsen; vice President, Ruth Lake; Secretary, Elsie Peterson; Treasurer, Mildred Planck; Reporter, Fay Cole; Sergeant-at-Arms, Leola Granden.

FRANCIS WILLARD SOCIETY

A minstrel show was given by the Frances Willard Society under the direction of Marion Parsons. The time was spent in singing, jiggling and joking. The characters were as follows: Endmen, Edna

Ostrom, Marion Parsons; Minstrels, Irene Palmquist, Ruth Edwards, Julia Hoffman, Julia Barret, Mary Johnston, Gladys Easton, Alice Parsons; Middleman, Josephine Pardoe; Accompanist, Eleanor Gillan.

Election of officers, held February 4, for the remainder of the year are as follows: President, Marion Parsons; Vice President, Mildred Arnold; Secretary and Treasurer, Marjory Beckett; Sergeant-at-Arms Rhoda Lincoln; Margaret Weyerman; Reporter, Eleanor Gillan. The program was given under the direction of Rhoda Lincoln: (1) "Discovery of Mexico," Mildred Arnold; (2) "Spanish Motive for Invasion," Dorothea Shriver; (3) "Cortez," Rhoda Lincoln; (4) "March to Mexico," Hedric Provaznik, Lucile Peterson; (5) Reading, Ida Brodkey. California White Rose Perfume, 25c. oz. "Peter Pill."

ELAINE.

The Society was entertained by Mona Cowell, Friday, January 28. An enjoyable afternoon was spent and the program consisted of: Dance, Ione Fogg; Piano Solo, Helen Lennard; Recitation, Philis Stebbins, Piano Solo, Gertrude Aikin; Recitation, Louise Fearon; Piano Solo, Mildred Collins; Recitation, Marie Gordon; Piano Solo, Lucile Dennis.

The Society met February 4 and the program consisted of: Piano Solo, Dorothy Black; Recitation, Philis Stebbins; Piano Solo, Gertrude Aikin; Vocal Solo, Elizabeth Carr; Piano Solo, Lucile Dennis; Recitation, Marie Gordon.

HAWTHORNE.

A very interesting program was given by the Hawthorne, in room 204, Friday, January 14. "The Peanuts, Popcorn, Chewing Gum and Candy Club," supposedly an eastern college club, had a meeting which was cleverly transacted by the girls under the leadership of Avilda Moore. The program was as follows: New Year's Resolutions, Florence Rhoades; Essay on Women's Suffrage, Helen Giwits; Recitation Mabel Wohosky; Reading from "Miss Minerva and William Greene," Marie Bush; Prophecy of the club, Isabel Lynn. After the program the club distributed their wares among the members of the society.

The officers of the Hawthorne, elected February 4, are as follows: President, Mabel Wirt; Vice President, Marie Bush; Secretary, Isabel Lynn; Reporter, Helen Goodrich; Sergeant-at-Arms, Helga Rasmussen.

George (to Isaac who has the smile that won't come off)—
What's the matter?

Isaac—Just came from Beaton's.

"Haines Wood and Leather Specialties." Pete's Pill.

Mary had a little waist,

'Twas neither too high nor too low;

But everywhere the fashion went,

That waist was sure to go.

Don't forget Marischino Cherry Yum Yums regular 60c lb. Boxes
Saturday's 39c. "Pete's Pill."

Teacher—Wie kommst du, Herr?

Sleepy Soph.—"I comed it myself."



Our Correspondence School. Conducted by Mademoiselle Diabolinne:

Dear Mlle.—Please give me a remedy for a bad case of Junioritis.
Stuart Gould.

Ans.—We refer you to Alumni Editor for we feel she has had the most experience in this line.

Dear Mlle.—What shall I do to get business for the Boosters' club?
A. C. Kennedy.

Ans.—Consult Mary and you'll be all right.

Dearest Mlle.—Can you tell me where I can get a copy of C. K. Patton's "How to be Happy Though Married?"
M. Baldwin.

Ans.—We believe Mr. Geib has the book in his possession at the present.

Dear Mlle.—1. What shall I do to escape my many admiring feminine friends? 2. Would like to know Davis' receipt for getting on the good side of Miss Paxson?
F. M. Weeks.

Ans. 1—Choose a sponsor. 2. Ask her to come and watch your company drill.

Dear Mlle.—I am very much annoyed by the flippant attitude which my friends assume towards myself. Could you suggest a remedy?
R. H. Barnes.

Ans.—We suggest that your actions be such as to cause no comment and if they should do so, manifest no embarrassment—such as blushing, etc.

Dear Mlle.—Do you answer musical questions? From what song is that line, "My Heart is Philed with Payne?"

Ans.—We were unable to find it, but would be much obliged if any of our ardent readers could furnish us with the information.

N. B. Mr. Sugarman, your letter was so sassy we must refuse to consider it.

Mr. Trimble, your questions were very Hazey. We request you to rewrite them.

Do you know Peter Pill? He is the symbol for Haines Drug Co. M. Phillippi (trans.)—"And furthermore he stirred himself with a spear."

F. R.—"You'll hold your head real high now, wont you, Marian?"

M. C.—"Yes—I'll have to, to reach his—(?)."

Sergeant Chevrons for Sale Cheap.

Wyman Beebe.

Wallace Fellers.

Phil Downs.

Roswell Weeks.

C. H.—You are my "Ideal."

H. G.—Beaton's—Houbigant's brand?



Advanced Indoor Base Ball Team.



Senior Basket Ball Team.

N. R.—Did you say good candy?

N. E.—No, I said Haines—means the same though.

SEEN ON EXAMINATION PAPERS.

Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter.

Romulus obtained the first citizens of Rome by opening a lunatic asylum.

The Rhine is bordered by wooden mountains.

Gravitation is that, which if there were none, we should all fly away.

Trans. He dug a cross ditch about 400 miles long and placed a steam engine at the end.

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the pope lives.

George Elliot left a wife and children to mourn for his genii.

Postmaster—"This letter is too heavy, you'll have to put on another stamp."

Coon—"Sah, will that make it any lightah?"

Rastus—"What am oratory?"

Mr. Jones—"Well, if a man say 'black am white' dat am foolish. But if he say 'black am white' an' he pound on de table, dat am oratory."

—Ex.

Remember the mock trial.

First Lady—"I never let my daughter use slang. Do you let yours?"

Second Lady—"Now, well, I should say nit. And if she does, I make her cut it out, first shot out of the box, you believe me."—Ex.

We've added "Haines" to the illuminating club.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner

Taking his first exam;

He pulled out his cribs, was caught by his nibs,

And now he takes time to cram."—Ex.

Lady—"Were you pleased with the new school, Willie?"

Willie—"No; dey made me wash my face, an' when I went home de dorg bit me 'cause he didn't know me."—Ex.

LUMNI C. BURESH.

(Squib Ed's Note.—The following anecdote of the Editor's childhood was to have been published with the other juvenile stories of dignified Seniors in the December number. Owing to his maidenly modesty (also manly dignity) the story was suppressed.)

Lumir was always an independent little fellow and his mother says he was sometimes (?) conceited, too. He was very fond of music and one time when Innes Band was here playing he went to hear them and pretended to lead them. He despised anything babyish or girlish and when he reached the dignity of a Freshman he cast aside such feminine arts as peeling potatoes or helping his mother wipe dishes.

Revenge is sweet.

The above is revenge.

It is sweet!

*Every Young Man and Young Woman
Should Take a Course at the*

MOSHER-LAMPMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

¶ One year spent at the Mosher-Lampman College will give a better preparation for life than four years spent at the State University.

¶ Mosher & Lampman have had more experience in training young people for the business world than any other teachers in the state, and they devote their entire time and attention to the interests of their students.

¶ Their courses in SHORTHAND, TYPE-WRITING, BOOKKEEPING, PENMANSHIP, etc., are unequalled. Every teacher is an expert in his particular line.

¶ Call at the College and talk this matter over with us, or send for Catalogue.

Phone Douglas 6619.

MOSHER & LAMPMAN

17th and Farnam Streets

OMAHA, NEB.

The Index of Class

We cater especially to the young man who is particular about his clothes—the man in college as well as in business.

Prices Our collection of woollens is supreme in variety as well as \$25 up in cleverness.

Our staff of tailors is unequalled in skill or careful workmanship.

Dresher the Tailor

1515 Farnam St., Omaha 143 S. 12th St., Lincoln

We Produce Clothes to be Proud of.

J. W. & E. E. Arnold**Cut Flowers**

Down-town Store
207 South 16th St.
Tel. Douglas 132

Greenhouses
1418 North 18th St.
Tel. Webster 1031

Category of Junior Criminals and Their Crimes:

Isaac Carpenter—Embezzlement.

Voyle Rector—Bigamy.

Loa Howard—Disturbing the Peace.

Wyman Beebe—Inciting a Riot.

Alice West—Assault and Battery.

Ned Alderson and Nell Ryan—Divorce.

The 1910 Styles for Young Men

May now be seen at
this store only:

Nebraska Clothing Co.
OMAHA

Wolff

1517 Douglas St., Omaha

Miss Wolff announces the
first Showing of Gowns,
Coats and Suits for Women
and Young Girls, compris-
ing Silk, Cloth, Pongee and
Linens for the Season 1910

Importations and Adaptations

An early call solicited

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Bourke's Clothes Shop

318 South 15th Street

**NIFTY
COLLEGE
CLOTHES**

MILTON DARLING

Pictures and Appropriate Frames 1811 Farnam Street

Gold and Silversmiths

15th and Douglas Sts.



**Watches, Clocks and Jewel-
ry Repaired RIGHT**

New Spring Arrivals

Young Men's Fashionable Suits, Extra
Trousers, Hats and Caps now ready for

your inspection. High quality at
a low price.

1519-1521 Douglas Street.

Guarantee Clothing Co.

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Dundee Meat Market

5003 Underwood Ave.
Tel. Harney 3344

High-Grade Meats

At Moderate Prices

3 Deliveries a day in Dundee

The
Dundee Pharmacy



Tel. Harney 3762

FOR SUITS

Everything the Best to be had

FOR O'COATS

DON'T
FORGET
FOR SHOES

TRY HAYDEN'S FIRST

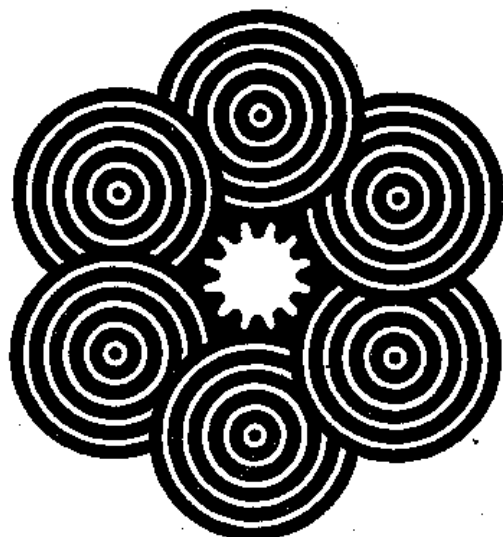
IT
PAYS

Everything at Lowest Possible Prices

FOR HATS

He loves to spend a quiet hour
Among his lady friends.
But all the girls are turning sour,
For that is all he spends.—Ex.

Gretchen W., engaged in playing "Consequences" on unfolding her paper, sees her name following Coe Buchanan's and for some incomprehensible reason exclaims, "Why, somebody must have looked!"



Shook
Manufacturing Co.

**JEWELERS and
OPTICIANS**

Finest and Best-Equipped Fitting
Room in the City

422 South 15th St. — Omaha

SAVE THE PIECES

If you break your lenses, bring us the
pieces and we will duplicate them.

Move the picture around in a circle of its own plane,
and observe the apparent motion of the six outer disks and
the central cog wheel.

DO YOU HAVE HEADACHES?

A headache is nature's sounding the alarm that something is going wrong. Seventy-five per cent of headaches are caused by refractive errors and can be relieved by glasses properly fitted.

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C. C. MICKEY MUSIC CO.
Everything in Music

**PROMPT ATTENTION
ALL HANDS ON DECK**

Schmoller & Mueller Building

Correspondence Solicited

OMAHA, NEB.



**A Live Wire
Proposition**

Suits, Overcoats and Raincoats,
up to \$30, at

\$1500

Reason: Small lots and stocks,
wish to close.

Ladies— Full Dress or Tuxedo Suits

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advertisements.

C. B. Brown & Co. *Jewelers and Silversmiths*

Rollable Goods at Reasonable Prices

222 South 16th Street

New England Bakery and Lunch Room

212 N. 16th St. Tel. Red 5791

Branch at 1612 Harney St.

Best Lunch in the City for the Money

Only Five Blocks from High School

WHITE & ORTMAN

Dundee Grocery Company

5001 Underwood Ave.

Tel. Harney 3344

High-Grade Groceries at Moderate Prices

Best Delivery Service in Dundee

"Why ain't you in school, my lad?"

"I stayed away because of sickness, sir."

"Who is sick, may I ask?"

"The Truant Officer."—Ex.

The question now asketh—Is red a national color for Germany?
German Society Elections—"Pinkey" Gould and Ruth McIlvanie.

WM. H. HORN, Pres.

H. L. PRITCHETT, Vice-Pres.

J. W. MADDEN, Sec'y & Treas

Western Automobile Supply Company

—Largest Line of—

Auto Accessories and Supplies in the West

Telephone Douglas 3786

1920 Farnam Street

Omaha, Nebraska

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"Over the Garden Wall"

The surest way of getting a whispered conference with your sweetheart (or the one you want to be your sweetheart) is to pass her a dainty box of Chocolates or Bonbons, which you can procure nowhere else in such perfection as at the Olympia.

The girl must be an anomaly who won't listen to your pleadings while nibbling such sweets.

Olympia Candy Co.

First door west of
Gayety Theater

1518 Harney Street
Tel. Douglas 5200

Let Me Take Your Measure for that New Spring Suit

In addition to a PERFECT FIT I will give you the LATEST STYLE, the CHOICEST of the NEW FABRICS, with a SWELL TAILORED FINISH to every garment; yet my prices are most moderate—

\$20 to \$40

TAILOR BECK, 111 S. 15th St.

Vernon C. Bennett

"PIANO MUSIC"



Schmoller & Mueller Building

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J. C. WOOD & CO.

High-Class Cleaners and Dyers

Chemical Cleaning—A few examples we append herewith: Dresses, Tea Gowns, Opera Cloaks, Walking Dresses, Silk, Satin, Velvet, Chiffon, Pongee, Crepe de Chine, Furs, Laces, are treated by this process in a most successful manner. Goods are returned carefully packed with all appearance of new.

Prices—Our prices are fixed at the lowest possible rate consistent with the best workmanship, and are governed according to style and finish. We shall always be pleased to give an exact estimate of the cost of any work before putting it in hand.—*Write for Booklet.*

Hygienic Cleaning of Carpets and Rugs a Specialty

1521 Howard St., Iler Grand Bldg.

Phones: Bell, Douglas 1619; Automatic, A-2235

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

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HAMILTON, N. Y.

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Scotch Zephyrs
Scotch Madras
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Leave Orders NOW for Your **SPRING SHIRTS**
TO INSURE PROMPT DELIVERY

Spring Hats in Classy Styles

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BRANDEIS FLORAL DEPT. South Side New Store

CHOICE CUT FLOWERS, PLANTS and
Flowers delivered to all parts Floral Designs a Specialty **OPEN ON SUNDAYS**

Omaha School Supply Co.

Phone, Douglas 1912
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GLOBES, SECTIONAL BOOK CASES, BLACKBOARDS

See us for these—Best of goods at lowest price

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TAYLOR, The TailorFIT
SHOP

Come up and have a fit  Headquarters for O. H. S. Cadets
Suits and Overcoats—\$15 00 Special. 405 Paxton Block

Our Nifty School and College Posters will attract your eye
Pictures which are painted in O. H. S. colors  We would be be delighted to show
and appropriate to school life you our stock

The Owl Moulding and Art Co. 1613 Howard St.

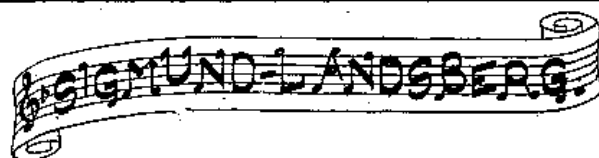
Meats and Groceries Fruits and Vegetables

DELICATESSEN
CANDY--CIGARS

JULIUS DREIFUSS

Isn't the popularity of some stores queer?
I wonder what's the reason?
There is a store near us like this! Do you know whose?
Most every noon you can see High School boys eating *pies*
and *dandy sandwiches* the product of Dreifuss' store.
Do you know the cause?
Well, our boys not only recognize a fine store, but also an
enthusiastic patron of the Register.

20th and Farnam Sts. Phone Douglas 157



Rooms 4 and 5
Baldrige - Wead Block
20th and Farnam Sts.
Telephone Douglas 5648



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



Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

"Prescriptions Carefully Compounded"

This is a "time-worn legend"—and yet it is the
naked truth at our stores. *Hard* prescriptions are
easy for us because we have the *medicine* and the *men*

Sherman & McConnell Drug Co. The Owl Drug Co.
16th and Dodge Sts. 16th and Harney

LOUIS A. BORSHEIM

WE SOLICIT A SHARE OF
YOUR PATRONAGE

500 Block Jeweler

Could any one, love, between us come,
He asked in accents tender;
"Well" spoke little brother under the sofa.
"They'd have to be awful slender."—Ex.

Teacher (to student)—"You're not fit for decent company. Come
up here with me."—Ex.

The Young Lady Editors
all buy their

**SWEATERS
and JERSEYS**

....AT....

Townsend Gun Co.'s

What is good for them is
certainly good for you
boys. Come in and see us

Look at our

High School Belt

The niftiest thing out

**Friesland Farms
Certified Milk**

We now have ready to deliver to our
customers **Certified Milk and Cream** from
the Friesland Farms owned by Dr. B. B.
Davis of our city.

This farm and the production of the
milk is in charge of Prof. E. M. Little,
formerly of the Agricultural College of the
University of Nebraska.

This milk is a very fancy product un-
excelled anywhere in the United States.
Especially recommended for the baby.

We take especial pride in offering this
milk to the public, as no expense has been
spared to produce the very finest milk pos-
sible. Bottled at the farm, hermetically
sealed within a few minutes after milking,
and delivered to you pure and fresh and
only a few hours old.

Price **12½¢** per Quart

SOLD ONLY BY

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Attention, Boys!



This announcement is a special invitation to the High School boys to call and inspect our new Electrical Store. We will carry a supply of electrical material such as the boys usually require, and will be pleased to give special prices to the High School trade.



E. C. BENNETT & CO.

New Kennedy Building

Electrical Contracting and Supplies

There was a sign upon the fence—
That sign was "Paint."

And every mortal that went by,
Sinner and Saint,
Put out a finger, touched the fence,
And onward sped,
And as they wiped their fingertips,
"It is," they said.—Ex.

Critic (to artist)—"There is only one thing I have against your picture of 'Paradise,' old chap; it looks like ——!"—Ex.

Little beads of putty,
Little bits of glass,
Make the average jewels
On the average lass.—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 excellence.

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