



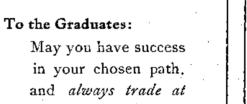


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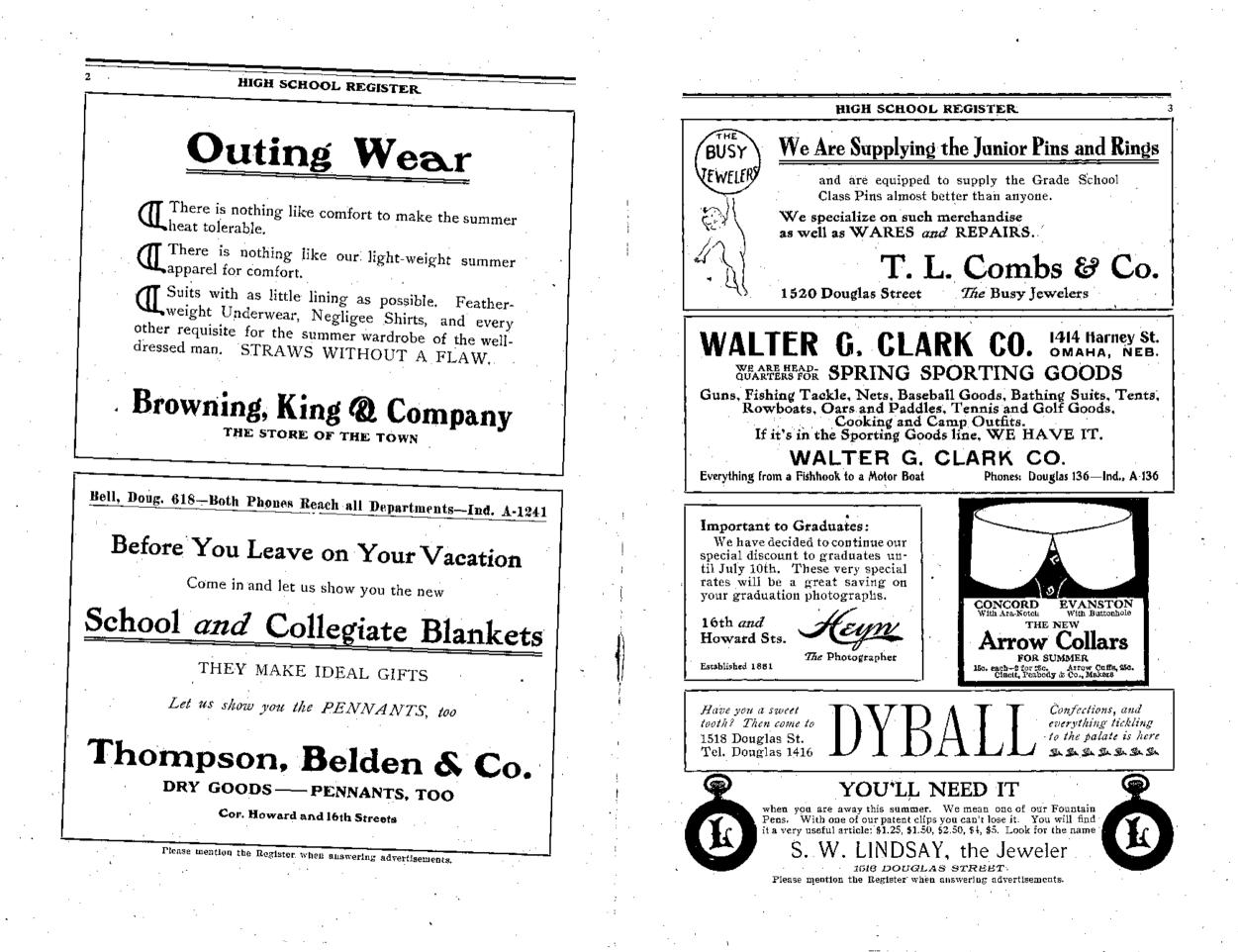
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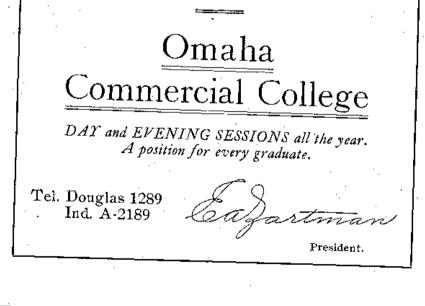
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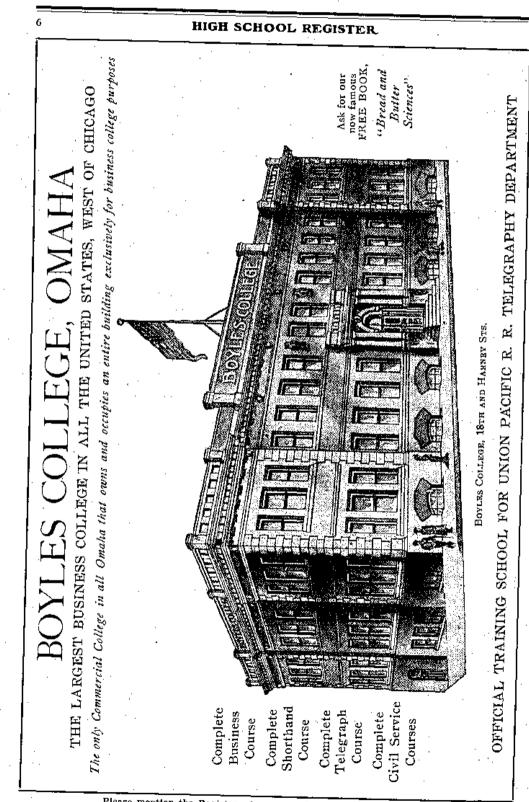
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Seeing Things.

As I stood by an open window one of those May mornings when a person is irresistibly moved to sing, and when the beaming faces and soft murmurings of Nature's children fill one with gladness and happy musings, I heard an elf whispering: "Come through the forest with me today, and 'list' to Nature's teachings." This whisper allured me to set out at once toward the woods nearby,

Just as I took the forest path I again heard the fluttering movements of the elf beside me. Together we strolled along the path which played "hide-and-go-seck" among the restless, murmuring pines. It led to the bring of a stream whose course we followed, and soon saw broaden into a smooth flowing river in which the logs from a lumber camp nearby, rolled and tumbled on their journey to the mill.

Here the elf and I stood silently watching the slow-moving mass of logs floating down stream. "Just think," whispered the sprite, "how interesting the eyes of our imagination can make things. Most people just see the hard facts as they trudge along, and think life is a monotonous struggle to keep alive. But I know other people who enjoy even the most ordinary things because their inner eyes transform the base metal into gold, and make the rude, uncouth thing the abode of an ideal.

"There is the carpenter, for instance; these logs bring to his mind a picture of a stately mansion, with broad verandas, lofty-ceiled halls, and airy rooms; or perhaps a bright, new home where his curly-haired youngsters prattle and gurgle at their play.

Then we see the philosopher musing upon the scene before him. The logs become, in his mental vision, a human throng. Some logs seem like the people who step on others' toes, jar on others' nerves, and never find a way to journey with their fellows, but constantly go against them. In other logs, floating smoothly down the stream, the philosopher sees the people of whom the world says: "They have lucky stars." Still another sort of human being is the energetic progressive type, striving against and overcoming the influences of heredity and environment. In fact nearly every log in the whole crowd, creaking mass would represent of the philosopher a human being either struggling and protesting against the course into which he has been thrown, or passively following the others until a passage opens."

The elf paused a moment and I seated myself on a fallen tree near the water and waited for him to continue. Soon his soft, whispering words came to my ear again.

"Of all the pictures formed out of this scene, perhaps the most beautiful would be in the mind of the poet. These rough-hewn timbers would become tall trees, lifting their leafy arms toward the clouds floating like majestic fleets in their sea of blue. The poet would see

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these trees in the grandeur of their primeval freedom, when the approach of civilized man had never yet frightened the timid forest creatures. He would see the shadowy vistas among the trees, the home of the wood-nymphs and elves. He would hear the rippling cadence of the bird's song, the soft tread of the faun, and in fact the language of all the children of the woods. Like Tennyson, he hears: 'a charm of song through all the land.' Where would this creative imagination of the poet cease to find beauty and hidden virtue?

"With the carpenter, the philosopher, and the poet the power of seeing with their inner eyes has given to the observation of each, a depth and beauty surpassing that of the person who lacks this faculty. The plain, ordinary things seem, in such minds, merely to be the rough shell concealing the precious pearl within."

Suddenly through the clear air, "I heard a sound as of a silver horn from o'er the hills blown," and the elf was gone. Still under the spell of the whispered words of the sprite, I mused awhile by the banks of the stream and soon retraced my steps along the cool forest path.

RUTH MCLEVAINE, '10.

Aurora Borealis.

For ages people have written of Nature's beauties, her vagaries and her peculiarities. She has helped and strengthened them in sorrow, rejoiced with them in their joy and they in turn have found comfort, and have learned many lessons from her patient teachings. If one watches closely one may find a message in almost any clime, in the north, the south, the east or the west.

The stern, unrelenting northland with its regions of ice and snow, in spite of its drawbacks has withal, many irresistible attractions which send forth appeals in frozen silence and hold one within their power. Of these, one is the wonderful aurora borealis which makes a brilliant display of bright colors, reflecting clearly in the hard glass-like ice and casting a warm glow over the snow.

It is easy to imagine how the marvelous lights may shine and shift while being reflected in the glaciers of the far north, but how infinitely more beautiful they are farther south reflected in the waters of Lake Superior.

Softly the night settles down, the quiet stars peep out one by one, the very water of the Gitche Gumee is silenced, except for an occasional gentle lap against the rugged rocky shores. The only break in this restful stillness is the subdued mewing of a solitary seagull before it joins its mates on the cliff. Gradually the skies become luminous, particularly in the north, then the Heavens seem lit up by a thousand shifting, dancing lights. Sometimes they shoot up as rays from an are, again they are ghostly pathways of pale violet and green. Silently they change, chasing across the sky and reflecting in the clear quiet water, throwing into combre relief the stately pines, which stand as sentinels on land. The gulls aroused by this mysterious illumination, beat the air with their mighty wings as they circle overhead, uttering their wild, discordant cries.

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

As one dips oars into the irridescent water, the very drops take on a brilliant hue, while overhead colors shift and fade, blend and change, some violet and soft green; others pale rose and white.

Without warning a sudden subtle change comes, the moon which the whole lake with its silvery hue, and out-shining in its splendor the has been hovering just below the horizon, slowly rises into view, bathing stars, which had twinkled so merrily before.

For a time the aurora borealis seems daunted, but, gathering force, shoots upward to the zenith as though disputing the supremacy of the moon. On the open lake, the moon's wake forms a brilliant pathway, constantly moving; but in the land-locked harbor, the water takes on a rosy hue, and the two reflections meeting blend, and one is softened by the other.

This comes as a message of beauty to the silent expectant Northland. It should be taken as a thing of value to treasure in the memory forever.

As the soft, subdued reflection of the wonderful aurora reaches out from the dark coves into the more dazzling wake of the maan, so do the gentle qualities of love, faith and charity creep into the dark corners of the world, illuminating and glorifying with their soft splendor, casting a glow of human love over mankind. And just as the moon seems to outshine with its brightness, the aurora, so does a character of brilliance and intellect apparently overshadow the humbler virtues by its versatility, talent and beauty. In turn, however, this feels the quict influence of the other and the two thus meeting blend into one harmonious whole.

This is humanity's aurora, which, when once achieved, forever leaves its impress like the great aurora of the Heavens, in the lives of those about us.

FLORENCE SMITH, '10.

"Nature's Call."

"To him, who in the love of Nature, holds Communion with her visible forms she speaks A various language."

To one through the sparkling waters, to another through the snow-clad peaks; to one through billowing ocean, to another through the rolling plains. And as she speaks men listen and take to heart the messages she gives.

An inland lake with its green waters lies under the hot sun. A scant fringe of cotton-woods and river-willows, which partially outline the shore, afford shelter to several hunters' lodges. The bank opposite gives way to the open country, stretching to meet the low purple bluffs in the distance. A sultry breeze blows across the cattails and bullrushes at one end of the lake and ruffles the water into little white-crested waves.

A fisherman has tied his boat to the bank and in the cool shade, with his line over, sits and dreams. Overhead the breeze lazily rustles the leaves of the cottonwoods. He sees a frog lying in the cool mud,

11

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

while a water-snake is just wondering if the frog wouldn't make a good meal. A fish swims leisurely up to nibble at his bait, but it is too small to take the hook; a big one goes by with his nose pointing straight ahead, ignoring the dangling worm. As the shadows lengthen he gets a bite, pulling a crappie in from the cool forest of sea-weed below. When he realizes that the fish are commencing to bite, he stirs, puts in his oars to gently pull away to the rushes.

The fisherman hears one call of Nature, the hunter another. As he climbs in and out among the Rockies, the hunter is ever answering her call. He sees a little brook tumbling down to join the river in the canyon far below. The trees rear their huge heights ever heavenward. He catches a glimpse of a deer drinking from a quiet pool and sends a shot after a wolf skulking to his lair. A saucy little chipmunk, peeking from behind a boulder, invites him to rest. As he leans back his eye is caught by a slight movement on the cliff opposite. An eagle swoops down from the ledge to begin his upward flight. As he circles to the heavens, his wings stand out black against the snowy background, until, as a little spot, he goes over the crest to see the world beyond.

To one who has not absorbed the spirit of the plains, the vast stretches tell the same story always—a story they cannot read. They fail to see that the bigness, the virility, and the wholesomeness of our

To the vastness of the prairie, in the sea is added an awe-inspiring Western civilization is but the manifestation of the prairie spirit. fear, man's inheritance from the dark ages.

The swimmer in the ocean makes a runnig dash into the surf, diving under the first breaker, coming up in time to get his breath before going under the next. He waits too long and for his pains gets most of the next in his mouth, being bowled over, tossed toward the beach only to be drawn out again by the undertow. At last he goes riding to the top of the final billow and with a few yard-gaining strokes reaches the quiet water beyond, where gazing at the white-flecked sky above he is gently rocked by the ever-changing swells. The swimmer floats with a feeling of perfect contentment yet subconsciously respects the power that holds him in its grasp.

The city-dweller thinks, as he reads of fishing, hunting and other out-door sports or hears another man's account of his vacation sport in roaming the country, of how abused he is. He shuts his eyes to what pleasures he may get at home.

Omaha has spent and is spending a great deal of money on her parks and boulevards. One may roam in the woods about here for hours without meeting a person. Are Riverview, Miller and Florence Woods, Elmwood and Child's Point merely names to you? How many know the joy of making a wild flower garden in their own back yards? Or of watching their violets stick their tiny purple heads through the melting snow, moved by the same impulses as govern their kindred in the woods? It is true that you, like the banished duke, hear and answer Nature's call "to find tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in the stones and god in everything?"

GLADYS GIFFORD, '10.

Raw Material.

There lies in New York harbor, about a mile southwest of our greatest metropolis, a small island, known to us all by the name of Ellis Island, the great immigration station of the United States. If we were to stand there for one hour we would see in that short time, immigrants of all colors and nations, of all classes and conditions. As they crowd past us, jabbering confusedly, we would probably smile at their appearance. But in so doing we, ourselves, are showing great ignorance. We should look deeper than the mere outward appearance and learn what wonderful values lie concealed in this raw material citizenship. For these people are flocking to America in great numbers. From June, 1908, to June, 1909, over seven hundred and fifty thousand specimens of raw material entered the United States. Herein lies wonderful possibilities. Two factors which effect the marvelous development are the public schools and social settlements.

In the social world and in the business world the foreigner, who has not learned to speak English fluently or correctly, is liable to be set apart from his fellow men. But in the kindergarten of the public school, blue-eyed Alice is the playmate of black-eyed Angeline. In the High School of our own city, statistics show us, one-third of the scholars who enter are born of foreign parents. In this graduating class, the proportion has remained the same. The Americans have not outdone their worthy comrades. Is not the raw material showing a rapid transposition to the finished product? And in this same class of two hundred and seventy graduates, who of you can point out those whose grandfathers fought in the Mexican war and those whose grandfathers exuled in the sunny skies of Italy or the bonnie braces of Scotland? The perfection of the development is shown by the uniform result.

Now there are some of these people to whom the privilege of attendang the public schools is denied. To them, the social settlements extend a fostering hand. And soon, instead of spending their evenings upon the streets, they are entertained with varied amusements and the best in them is brought forth. The actual good accomplished and the real benefit derived, is very valuable to the foreigner. In the course of time, he learns to speak English well, and even if the parents are not entirely moulded to be thoroughly American, their children are sure to have an American education and a flame of undying patriotism to the stars and stripes. They have learned to mingle with their fellow men, enjoying their amusements, sharing their pleasures, bearing their sorrows.

But let no one think these people are the only recipients of good. Out of the great number of immigrants during the last year, seventysix per cent were skilled laborers. History tells us of the fall of proud and mighty empires. But for their aid, our own race would weaken and our republic become degenerate. The new genius of these raw foreigners is combining with our own and is to maintain the strength and vigor of a powerful nation. Through this raw material, Italy brings to us her love for all the beauty in art and poetry; Austria is giving us her wonderful musical talent; Sweeden is sharing with us her unused

physical strength. Russia gives us minds quick to understand many languages. Germany contributes skill in manual labor.

These and many more gi^fts we receive from the raw material of citizenship. With such a supply, America ranks first in the world of nations. Let us ever keep in mind the priceless value of raw material and remember this it is which invigorates our nation and makes us all proud to join hands in saying, "We are Americans."

LOUISE B. COPELAND, '10,

Joyous Living,

Life is a gift of jeweled years and months and days, set with priceless opportunities. It is our duty to ourselves, to those around us, and to our Creator to use this gift rightly, for it is not enough to live, to exist merely, but to live well, to have an aim and purpose in life and through that aim to find its joy. As Ruskin says, "Each of us, as we travel the way of life has a choice of turning all the voices of Nature into one song of rejoicing, or of withering and quenching her sympathy into a fearful withdrawn silence of condemnation." Every moment of our lives we are called upon to make this selection of what we are to see and hear and feel, and it is this choice which determines whether or not w are to live joyously.

What in all this vast world around us shall we see? It is the sight of the good, the beautiful, which gives joy. Constant search for the beautiful quickens the appreciation for beauty. Then nature unfolds the wonders of her being. The whispering trees, the rushing streams, the towering hills, the innumerable forms of animal life, the ever changing sky and clouds, the ocean, grand in its tranquility, majestic in its power, all these become a continual source of joy and inspiration. They are not mere delights to the eye, they touch the heart and elevate the mind. Wordsworth tells us, "To me the meanest flower that blows can give

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

When we have learned this appreciation of plant and animal, of earth and sky, and of the human face and form, we should take it to art and have it intensified. Art is a factor in human happiness because by means of it, ordinarily men are made partakers in the vision of exceptional men. When we see in sculpture the beauty of the human race as the ancient Greeks saw it; when we look at animals with the love and sympathy of a Landseer or a Rose Bonheur, at a landscape through the eyes of a Hobbenia, we not only have the joy which they at that moment afford, but carry away a nobler outlook upon life, and go back to nature and our ordinary surroundings with keener appreciation, for as Browning says,

> "We are made so that we love First, when painted, things we have passed Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see; And so they are better, painted—better to us Which is the same. Art was made for that."

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

The world is full of sounds of harmony and of discord. We must keep our ears open for the Music of the Spheres, and shut out the inharmonious. Nature has provided us with music in the song of birds, the whisper of leaves, the tipple of water and wail of wind, and most wonderful of all, the human voice. In these sounds man has found material for imitation, and the musicians of all ages have given us the outpourings of eternal harmony through the medium of created sound.

Music is one of the greatest sources of pure delight and joy. It awakens hidden streams of feeling, stirs the inmost soul. It is a power for pure thought and noble action. We do not recognize those numerous ephemeral productions, all too popular in our own time, as true music, but music which endures, the valses of Chopin, the sanatas of Beethoven and Mozart, the songs of Mendelssohn. We can train ourselves to the perfect enjoyment of this music and the effort will be manifoldly repaid, by the gain of insight into another element of pure happiness.

Our outlook on life, our methods of thought, are influenced much by our associates. Just as we want our companions to be persons of a cheerful, wholesome view of life, so we should choose our friends and associates in books. Reading is a joy which leads to a fairyland of delight; the mysteries of travel, the experience of history, the excitement of adventure, the beauty of poetry. The library of good books, so easily accessible today, contains comfort and consolation, refreshment and happiness for anyone who will bring to it "the golden key to unlock its silent door." No one should fail to open this treasure house of joy.

In ages before our own, the personal attainment of these arts was the apex of desire but the lesson of today is a realization of the responsibility for one's neighbor, of the spiritual brotherhood of man. Now, when we have found the good and beautiful, when we recognize their true bearings on a life well lived, the greatest source of happiness is in helping others to find them. This is, and may well be the ideal of modern times, in education, in religion, in philanthropy, and in social and civic reform. It is well we feel our responsibility for there is work enough for all, and work which will give to all that greatest of all joys, the joy of service, and "thus climbs

Pleasure its height, forever and forever."

Edith Neale, '10.

13

The School of Life.

The world is many things in one. Look about and see its huge structures, its yawning chasms, its numerous peoples, and it is a great world. But, look up at the stars and realize that there are many more individual organizations, just as large, just as powerful and then this world is but a cog in the great wheel of the universe which is steadily, unceasingly turning in its predestined course. Yet it is still the same world. The change is caused by the point of view alone. It is a happy world or a sad one, a world of pure helpfulness or a world of heavy burdens, seen on one side through the eyes of an optimist and

on the other by a merc pessimist. Yet be it good or be it bad we can but be content, for

"The world is all a strange domain,

Yet, in it, we are taught to train

For a higher, better world above.

Where the ruling hand is a hand of Love."

So the world is a school, but of many parts and in each we may learn a different lesson.

We may stray through the wide-spreading campus and visit the different departments. First we come to the Academy of Science, and here we see men and women skillfully working out their ideals and evolving wonderful results; here is a bit of yellowish salt, glowing with hidden energy, that has the power to cure human ills and draw out hidden mysterics; here is a tiny machine monotonously tapping, ceaselessly tapping and from it go forth messages all over the world to join distant lands and peoples. Throughout all this building is an atmosphere of work, patient work, conquering all trials however exasperating.

Next we come to the Hall of Fine Arts. Here is a painter, beneath whose swiftly plying brush grows, in glowing colors and delicate lines, an exquisite painting. In another corner is a weaver, whose shimmering web leaps through his skillful fingers as the shuttle moves on with its swift, incessant whirl. Here, too, is a sculptor, absorbed in the chisel which cuts off here and there a marble chip, strewing the floor with them, and underneath this chisel the cold marble grows into semblance of human form, shaded with rosy light filtering through the window. Still another is busy with a bit of paper over which his pen flies, leaving, here, a word and there, a phrase, which go to make up a picture in words. From some hidden corner comes the thrilling notes of a song, and a deep-voiced organ throbs out its notes and God's glorious sunshine pours in through the stained windows. Here we fain would linger, but we must be on our way.

At a third building, square and plain on the outside, with no evident beauty, we pass through a doorway over which is inscribed, "The School of Helpfulness." Within we see, in one place, a grace and learned doctor, bending over a tossing fevered patient, while, at his side, stands a quiet nurse ready to act at a word. In another place, a Madonna-faced nun is weeping with a sorrowing mother and here a jovial friar is spreading alms among the poor. Here, we see a strong man helping a cripple over rough places. Many others, there are also, each doing his share in helping his fellowmen.

We pass out of this building, now glorified by what it contains, and wonder that we could ever have thought it plain. But what do we see next! A low, menacing, building squatted down sullenly among its more imposing fellows. It bears no inscription and wonderingly we enter and behold, in gloom and solitude, an old man sitting before a heap of gold. He turns it over caressingly in his fingers and watches jealously our every move. He possesses none of the beauties of nature, of art or of helpfullness; he has passed them by for gold, to pass his last, lingering days alone in its chilling, unsympathizing presence. He leaves, as his only memorial, an unconscious warning to us to beware

of a like fate. We leave him with his sinister treasure and no longer wonder at the lack of an inscription for Avarice itself would hang its head among the many others so powerful for good.

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

The last building we inspect is one with a single word above the door, "Home." Within is a cosy place and amidst its cheerful bustle are women doing their countless tasks. One plies the needle, not on delicate embroideries, but on a lad's worn-out clothes. Another clatters dishes, a third hums a little tune as she splashes the snowy suds. Another wipes away a little girl's tears and comforts her; while still another raises a cloud of dust beneath her sturdy broom.

We cannot all be scientists, artists, hoarders of wealth or skillful helpers, but, after all, what achievement could surpass a home that is worthy of the name. We should cry "Hail to the Home-makers" for from the home comes the strength of the nation.

We often thing that Commencement night marks the end of school but we err sadly. The end of school is the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, ever receding as we seem about to to grasp it. The little kindergarten looks forward to the end of the grammar school and the Freshman sighs to be a Scnior, only to learn, when the first goal is reached that the prize is still unattainable and that another goal looms above the horizon. True, we may drop out, but only to be confronted by harder taskmasters, Experience and Labor. If we do not do so we must enter one department or other of the greatest of schools. We can shut our eyes and see piling before us an endless line of graduates from this school. Soldiers and statesmen, philosophers and financiers, writers and orators, rich and poor, high and low, they pass far beyond to receive their reward and dreamily we conjecture what each will attain; coming back to real life with a start by realizing that soon we, too, must join that procession and file past for someone else to follow. And, perhaps, like the Jason of old, we shall obtain by the aid of a higher power the golden fleece that, like the will-o'-the-wisp, so tantalizingly evaded us when we sought it by our own efforts. Then, at last, the curtain hiding the mysteries beyond will roll up and as we cross the threshold we shall make our final bow to the School of Life.

FLORENCE M. RHOADES, '10.

Once more the Almighty has deemed best to enter the ranks of our class and take to himself one of its beloved members, Arthur Aycrigg. In behalf of the Senior Class, the Register staff wishes to extend its deepest sympathies to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Aycrigg in their bereavement.

LOCALS

In the D. A. R. and S. A. R. contest for the best argumentative essays on the question, "The Justification of the Treatment of the Loyalists in the American Revolution," Helen Davis, '10, won the medal for the affirmative and Robert Strehlow, '10, for the negative.

Money for a debating fund was subscribed throughout the school. Ninety-eight dollars (\$98) was raised. Good work.

On April 22 Mr. Butlin of Lake Forest College gave an address to the Seniors on educational work.

Out of the twelve competing for places on the commencement program the six honored students are: Misses Ruth Sheldon, Nellie Elgutter, Marie Cordon and Irma Gross and Messrs. Richard Barnes and Stuart Gould.

The Senior class of this year has the honor of enrolling the largest class that ever graduated from the Omaha High School. This year's class has a total enrollment of two hundred and seventy-five Schoors.

Miss Louise Northrup librarian attended the annual Junior Prom at Amherst.

Grace—Those cherries are delicious, where did you get them? Geraldine—From Haines, the Druggist.

Miss Davies, Miss Dallas and Miss Somers expect to spend the summer abroad.

The Glee Club has been making somewhat of a tour of the churches of the vicinity and Omaha during the spring months. The club sang at North Presbyterian, Walnut Hill Methodist, First Methodist and First Presbyterian churches of Council Bluffs.

Shortly before examinations some of the history teachers gave their classes a series of stereoptican lectures.

Owing to the bereavement of the class of one of its members, Marguerite Fahs, the Senior party was postponed to June 3. The party was again postponed indefinitely on account of the serious condition of Arthur Ayerigg.

We are selling for a short time \$2.00 Fountain Pens for \$1.00. Haines.

The Glee Club sang before the Bellevue Chapter No. 7 of the Royal Arch Masons on June 2. The club also has dates to sing at receptions of two of Omaha's largest lodge orders.

The cadet regiment marched in the Decoration Day Parade as a guard to the Grand Army.

The First Annual Peace Day was celebrated by an address by W. J. Bryan to the cadet regiment and high school members and the 7th and 8th grades of the public schools, at the city auditorium.

The annual encampment of the Regiment was held at Harlan, Ia., and named Camp Graff in honor of Principal Graff.

At a mass meeting in the early part of May individual honors were presented to those winning places in the inter-class track meet. On account of a tie for first place John Rayley was granted the privilege of wearing the gold medal for six months and Bob Wood the silver. At the end of this time Bob will receive the gold and Rayley the silver for the remainder of the year. The cup, presented by the class of 1908, was won for the second time by the class of 1910.

Alice—My corns hurt—what is good? Carrie—Haines Corn Jelley.

Reverend McConnell was chosen to give the baccalaureate sermon and it was given at the First Baptist church.

Those securing places for musical numbers on the commencement program were, Jennie Undeland, Florence Rhoades, and Helen Taylor.

In May, Mrs. Atkinson was forced to be out of school for a few days on account of illness.

Miss Kate McHugh suffered with a sprained arm and was thus forced to be absent for a week.

Miss Margaret Phillippi took Miss Northrup's place as librarian and registrar the last week before examinations.

Many were the lucky Seniors who were made exempt from their exams. But they earned it.

We carry small individual ice cream bricks, for parties, etc., 5c each. Haines, the Druggist.

The strain and excitement of the commencement competition for musical essay numbers has at last subsided, leaving the favored few happy and the less fortunate a trifle disappointed.

We are agents for Continental Chocolates, Maillard's Bonbons and Chocolates, Lowney and Park & Tilford's Fine Candies, from 5c to \$4.00 per package. Beaton Drug Co.

The Glee Club and Mandolin Club Concert given in room 204, May 18, under the auspices of the Senior class, and the entertainment of Senior talent given at the Creighton Auditorium, May 28, were both decided successes and greatly appreciated by all who heard and saw them.

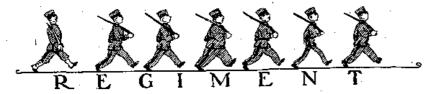
Miss Hilliard is ill at her home. May she soon be well.

For Miss Davies and Miss Dallas who are going to spend the summer in Europe, Miss J. Wallace, at her home on May 30, gave a stereopticon lecture of European slides which was greatly enjoyed by the teachers who were her guests. Wednesday, June 8, Miss Wallace gave an afternoon tea for the teachers.

This ad is good for one of those Haines Delicious and cold Root Beers'. Bring it in,

Mr. Bernstein and Mr. Carns went with the boys to camp, as also did Mr. Carstensen for part of the week.

Carmenceta Kiss, as Beaton makes it, pleases the most fastidious. Don't forget the place, Farnam and 15th St.



The end of this year's drill is now here and what may be considered one of the most successful year's of drill comes to a close. For the first time since the beginning of drill in the High School a Regiment has been formed and has been carried through successfully. There has been nine companies, the band and bugle corps, and the three battalions, consisting of three companies each, and not only have the companies acquired a high standard of drill but also have the battalions, while the band and bugle corps are as fine as any since their origin. The weather conditions throughout this year have been anything but favorable and it is remarkable that the companies and also battalions have reached such a good standard.

· As one of the closing events of the year the Cadet camp took place near the top of the list. This year the camp location was at Harlan, Iowa. Harlan is situated probably further than most places of encampment but it is a very pretty place and was considered an excellent place for this event. The dates for the encampment were from June 6 to 11, inclusive. During this time the companies and battalions were given their final touches and preparations necessary for the "Compet." For most part however, this week was a week of pleasure and enjoyment for everyone. Each company had its ball team and during each afternoon there were "battles royal" between the various teams. Besides these baseball games the annual interbattalion track meet was held. This meet was to have taken place in Omaha, but on account of poor weather it had to be postponed. Thursday the 9th was the day set aside for the fair to visit the camp and was generally known as Visitors' Day. On that day all was set aside for pleasure and merriment.

On Saturday, the last day of camp, everyone made preparations for his return, which seemed nice even though the absence was short. "annual campet." This was the event which decided the best company

Following the return came the final event of the year, the and the one who is to carry the flag and honor the cup the following year. For the past two years this event has been held in the Auditorium but this year the battalion competition was started and a larger place was necessary. Even for the companies much difficulty ensued from the small Auditorium floor, so on this account also a larger place was necessary. As there is no other large building in which this event could be handled it was decided to hold it out-of-doors. Acting upon this conclusion the commandant secured, for this purpose, the Fort Omaha parade grounds.

For the past year "A" company has held first honors, but after much competition Company H came off of the field victorious.

Angel Sundae, the real food for angels, at Beaton's.



Miss Beulah Bessire, sponsor of Company H, gave the first of the company entertainments and the evening was enjoyed by all. The evening was spent in guessing games, and a flag drill. Prizes were won by Mr. Petersen, W. Harm, H. Robel. The captain, Calvin Davis, presented to the last year captain, Joe Noone, a handsome sword from the company-

On May 20 Miss Nellie Elgutter, sponsor of Company C, entertained her company and Captain Milton Weeks, at a hay-rack party. Refreshments were served at the Delpt Tea Rooms.

Miss Helen Miller and Alfred Kennedy entertained Company A at a lawn party at the home of the latter. The evening was spent in athletic takeoffs and an auction.

Miss Mildred Marr entertained Company F and Captain Clarence Patton at a lawn party on May 27. The evening was spent in fake athletics. The events consisted of a 20-yard dash, broad jump, barrel race, tennis match and relays. All the company was represented in a contest for which two large pennants were given.

On the same evening Miss Fannic Rosenstock entertained the band and Captain Heyn on a hay-rack party.

On June 2, Miss Sarah Ayres entertained Company B and Captain Chandler Trimble at her home. Various "stunts" made a very enjoyable evening for all present.

Miss Elizabeth Doud entertained Company D at the Rod and Gun club on June 13th. The evening was enjoyed by all.

On June 13 Miss Adelaide Funkhouser entertained Company G and Captain Chester Nieman at Happy Hollow club.

Miss Alice Carter, sponsor of Company E, entertained her company and Captain Allan Tukey at her home on June 15.

Miss Ruth Sheldon entertained the captains and officers of the First Battalion on June 1st at the Rod and Gun club. The afternoon was spent in tennis matches and was followed by a picnic supper. In the evening the large launch took the crowd around Lake Nakoma many times.

On Thursday, June 2, Miss Mary Phillippi entertained the captains and officers of the Third Battalion at her home. The evening was spent in playing informal games.

On May 21 Miss Ruth Evans entertained a few friends at dinner at Happy Hollow.

Miss Mae Engler entertained a number of her friends at high five on June 2. The prizes were won by Clarence Patton and Jassamine Sherraden.

Miss Harriet Blake entertained the members of the Wy Deltz on June 4.

The Les Hiboux club gave a stag dinner at the Henshaw on June 4, in honor of Mr. William Haynes, who has been married.

On June 14 the Les Hiboux gave a large hay rack party for about twenty-five people.



ATHLETICS OF 1909-10.

The athletic season of 1909-10 has ended successfully from every standpoint and with credit to all. The athletes using everything within their means to bring glory to the "Old School," deserve the respect and praise of us all. The high standard of coaching and the spirit to win in Coach Carns has been a large factor in the magnificent success of this year's athletes.

It is impossible to describe or depict the spirit that has permeated athletics this season. Instilled in athlete and rooter alike it has determined largely the course of athletics this year.

In September, at the beginning of school it was football. Football this season was a success financially as well as otherwise. Candidates were not wanting when Coach Carns issued the call and it is probably due to the large number of candidates that turned out who, some too small to make the team this year, were willing to produce a strong team later in the season, when the work was gradually settling down and the team was practically picked. Two other squads stuck to the practice and bucked the first team, making it stronger and better organized every day. The second team usually is not known-they are usually only the chopping block for the first team, but it is to their undaunted spirit that kept them pegging away that we must direct part of the prize that we would otherwise bestow upon the first team. Captain Me-Whinney's field generalship and captaincy of the first team has permitted the eleven to triumph over a team that was just as strong as our team or were heavier. The unity of the team and the spirit of fighting for the purple and white brought victory when defeat stared them in the face. The eleven representatives of the O. H. S. suffered only one defeat, losing this game by one point.

As the winter months approached and put an end to football they brought with them basket ball. Never before has the school taken such an interest in basket ball as it did this season. In the early part of the season the team was slightly disarranged and crippled by Captain Burdick's injury. Nevertheless, Coach Carns, with Louie Dodds, who was elected captain in Burdick's place, whipped into shape a fast and strong team. Every game that the team played whether won or lost, was fought for with a vim and only upon the blowing of the whistle did they cease their efforts to show the spirit of the O. H. S.

After the firm basis upon which track work was placed last year, this year's track work excelled that of last year and was placed even upon a firmer basis. Carns introduced cross-country running as a new feature in athletics and in all the meets in which our representatives were entered they came out victorious. Al Kennedy, our long distance crack, never seemed to tire of jaunting two or three miles over

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

hills and through valleys. This early training proved an added stimulus and help to the track work that came later.

As soon as the weather permitted, the candidates were out, and early getting into shape for the contests later in the season. The first real trial of the purple and white athleteswas the big indoor meet. Although so early in the season the great showing made by the entries was very gratifying to Coach Carns and the large crowd of loval rooters that witnessed this big meet. In quick succession came the inter-class meet and the Missouri Valley meet. In the former the Seniors easily won and some remarkable records were made. In the Missouri Valley meet Omaha also showed up well. This is only the second season that Omaha has competed in this meet and the excellent improvement of this year over last shows what is to be expected in the seasons that are to come. The Tri-City meet was realy interesting in regards to whether Council Bluffs would defeat South Omaha or not. The superiority of the Omaha athletes carly dispelling all fears as to her position in the outcome. The crowning feature of the year was the big State meet that Omaha captured instead of Lincoln. This meet was a success in every way. Omaha, winning first, was closely followed by York and Franklin Academy. The remarkable feature of this meet was, that eight records were either broken or tied.

So let us all, in praise of the excellent work of the athletes, in respect for the spirit shown the whole of the season of 1909-10, join in an

> O-O-M-A A-A-AHA O-MA-HA High School.

O. H. S. TRACK RECORDS.

100-yard dash—10 1-5 seconds, R. Wood, 1910.*
220-yard dash—22 3-5 seconds, R. Wood, 1910.
440-yard run—53 seconds, H. Fraser, 1910.
880-yard run—2:08 2-5 seconds, H. Kulakofsky, 1910.
Mile run—4:44, A. Kennedy, 1910.**
120-yard hurdle—17 2-5 seconds, John Rayley, 1909.
220-yard hurdle—27 3-5 seconds, Newell, 1904; Rowley, 1910.
High Jump—5 ft. 5 in., R. Thompson, 1909.
Pole vault—10 ft. 4 in., V. Rector, 1910.
Shot put—45 ft. 3 1-2 in., E. Burdick, 1910.*
Discuss—96 ft, 4 in., E. Burdick, 1910.
Hammer—119 ft. 10 in., H. Hansen, 1910.
Broad jump—20 ft. 4 in., H. McKinney, 1909.
Half mile relay—1 min. 37 sec., Rouse, Millard, Fraser, Wood, 1910.**
*State records tied.

*State records.

Fresh Strawberry Sundaes at Beaton's, Farnam and 15th St. Park and Tilford Chocolates, one-half and five-pound boxes, at Beaton's.



The annual Alumni reunion will be given at the Omaha Field club on Monday evening, June 20. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Northrup or Nancy Haze. A large attendance is desired.

Miss Marion Connell, '02, has been married to Mr. Isaac Raymond, Jr., of Lincoln; Miss Helen Sholes, '06, to Mr. Calkins of Lincoln; Miss Bessie Rundall of Evanston, Ill., to Mr. Roy Ralph, '05; Miss Elizbeth Cowduroy, '07, to Mr. Eugene Meyer, '07.

Company D, commanded by Captain Vallery White, '05, won the annual competitive drill at the State University.

Miss Mae Roe, '09, has joined the Omega Upsilon at the Chicago School of Physical Culture and will attend a house party given by one of the Sorority girls.

Roger H. Williams, '03, will graduate from West Point Military Academy this spring.

Miss Marie Meek, '08; Miss Alice Davis, '07, and Cecil Berryman, '07, have gone to Paris, where they will remain for two years to continue their study of the piano.

Herbert Shrum, '06, graduates from the department of mechanical engineering at Purdue University this spring.

Frank Latenser, '08, captain of the Columbia Freshman football team, led his boat to a victory in the annual American Henley regatta, rowed upon the Schuylkill, as captain of the Freshman crew.

The annual meeting of the Omaha High School Alumni Association will be held at the Field club June 20. No formal invitations will be issued. Admission will be by ticket and tickets will be on sale Friday and may be secured for 50 cents from any of the officers— Fannie Pratt, acting president; Louise Northrup, sccretary; Geraldine Gifford, treasurer; Nathan Bernstein, Otto Bauman, Sam Reynolds, Dr. Abbie Holmes, Anna McCague, Florence McHugh, Gertrude White, Marie Hodge and Chandler Trimble, or at Beaton's drug store. There will be a business meeting and dancing.

During the past year the Register's staff has made a strenuous effort to complete the back files of the Register. Through the willing assistance of Dr. Senter, the alumni and the present students we have met with a decided success, but still there remain a few of the files that are incomplete. Let us all make a final effort to complete these files as they will be extremely valuable when completed. Any assistance that anyone may give will be sincerely appreciated by all interested in this work. The following files are incomplete:

Vol. I. 1886-7-all numbers.

Vol. III., 1888-9-All numbers.

Vol. IV, 1889-90-All numbers.

Vol. V, 1890-1-all numbers.

Vol VI, 1891-2-October number.

Vol. XII, 1897-8-November and May numbers.

Vol. XIII, 1898-9-May number.

Vol. XV, 1891-2-January and May numbers.



"You're lively," said the William Goat, As he watched his helpmate hustle. Said she, "Just ate some women's wear, And I'm just full of bustle."

"Say, did you hear about the runaway, downtown?" "No. What happened?"

"Why the horses were frightened by Chandler's icc cream pants."

-Ex.

"Now, what did the teacher mean about the singing of my two daughters?"

"What did he say?"

"He said that Mamie's voice was good, but Maud's was better still."—Ex.

We know why Mary likes autos. Just like a little bird they to, "Chuck—chuck—chuck." We're Hoff.

"Money is not at the bottom of everything," sadly remarked a Senior as he plunged his hands deep into his pockets.—Ex.



\$15 the starting point in our clothes prices

IF the above amount is the price you wish to pay for a good ready-to-wear Raincoat or Suit, isn't it better to invest your \$15 where it's the low price instead of the high? We make \$15 our minimum price, because we find from careful investigation that it is an utter impossibility for anyone to turn out garments for less that can stand up under the broad, liberal guarantee we give. YOU will find that these \$15 clothes of ours embody extraordinary value. The include all more and pure worked with a guarantee we give.

They include all wool and pure worsted suits meananteed for satisfactory service—and guaranteed suits in a great variety to choose from. It will be to your advantage as well as to ours if you take time to look them over. W E also specialize some remarkable values at \$20, \$25, \$30 and \$35; garments made according to our own ideas, from fabrics woven and imported for us exclusively. You will find no other place where you can spend your clothes money to so great advantage as you can with us.

Clothes ready to wear, \$15 to \$35 SEE OUR PERMANENT CREASED TROUSERS

Please mention the Register when answ. ing advertisements.

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

BRAINS IN BUSINESS

The brightest student in the Omaha High School will find that in business there is a demand for all of his ability, provided he will secure that business training which will make his knowledge applicable to business pursuits. Even a diploma from the High School, desirable and commendable as it may be, will not admit the bearer into the best paying positions open to young men and women in the big business establishments of Omaha; but supplement your High School training with a thorough business training in

MOSHER-LAMPMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

and you have a combination that will unlock the door of opportunity every time. The Mosher Lampman College is the best place in Omaha to secura this training-

Because it has the most thorough and up-to-date courses of study; Because it has none but capable and experienced teachers;

Because it has the most conveniently arranged and best lighted and ventilated schoolrooms in the city;

Because it is turning out the best bookkeepers and stenographers of any Business College in the West;

Because it has students who are better writers than even the teachers of any other Business College in all the West;

Because a diploma from this College is an absolutely sure passport into the best business houses of the city;

Because there is a demand for the Mosher-Lampman graduates which is far in advance of the supply;

Because the Mosher-Lampman College has the exclusive right to teach the Cody System of Business English in the city of Omaha;

Because the Mosher-Lampman College is the only College in Omaha giving a thorough course in theoretical and practical salesmanship.

We invite you to write for a free sample of writing direct from the pen of one of our students. Then compare it with the work done by the teachers of any other school west of Chicago and you will appreciate something of the superiority of Mosher-Lampman methods and Mosher-Lampman products.

To every young person who will answer this advertisement before June 25, we will send postpaid one of our Magic Billholders, which is one of the most useful pocketbooks for holding bills ever invented. It is also a most interesting puzzle. Address

MOSHER & LAMPMAN OMAHA, NEB.

17th and Farnam Streets

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements

"And where is your husband, Mrs. Centipede?" "Oh, he'll be over in a couple of days, I sent him to black his shoes."

"Did you hear about the bargain sale at the postoffice? Sold thirtcen two-cent stamps for a cent and a quarter." "How?"

"Why, 26 cents, of course."

In German (translating "Maria Stuart): "Kennedy falling on Maria's neck."

Miss Bowen: "Look out."

Mary went to High School, She had her Lamb, of course, And when she went to history class, She used it for a source.

Who finds out all our discrepancies? Who knows all our deficiencies? And none of our proficiencies? The Squib Editor.

Miss L. (in French): "Sybil, your accent is decidedly Irish."

M. B.: "Are you going to batch it next year, Paul?" Paul B.: "Well, it's up to you, Margery." First Cadet: "Gee, you've got a form like a match." Second Cadet: "Well, you toothpick, a match has a head anyway."

After Commencement-What?

IF you want to perfect yourself in the course of Shorthand you took this year-

IF you want to lay a foundation for the course in Shorthand you are to take next year-

- IF you want to begin a course which you can continue in the succeeding vacations----
- IF you want to begin a training in something that will help you in more ways than one while you are in college-
- IF you are not going on in High School or are not going to College-there is just one thing to do-enroll in

The Van Sant School

The Specialty Training School for Stenographers

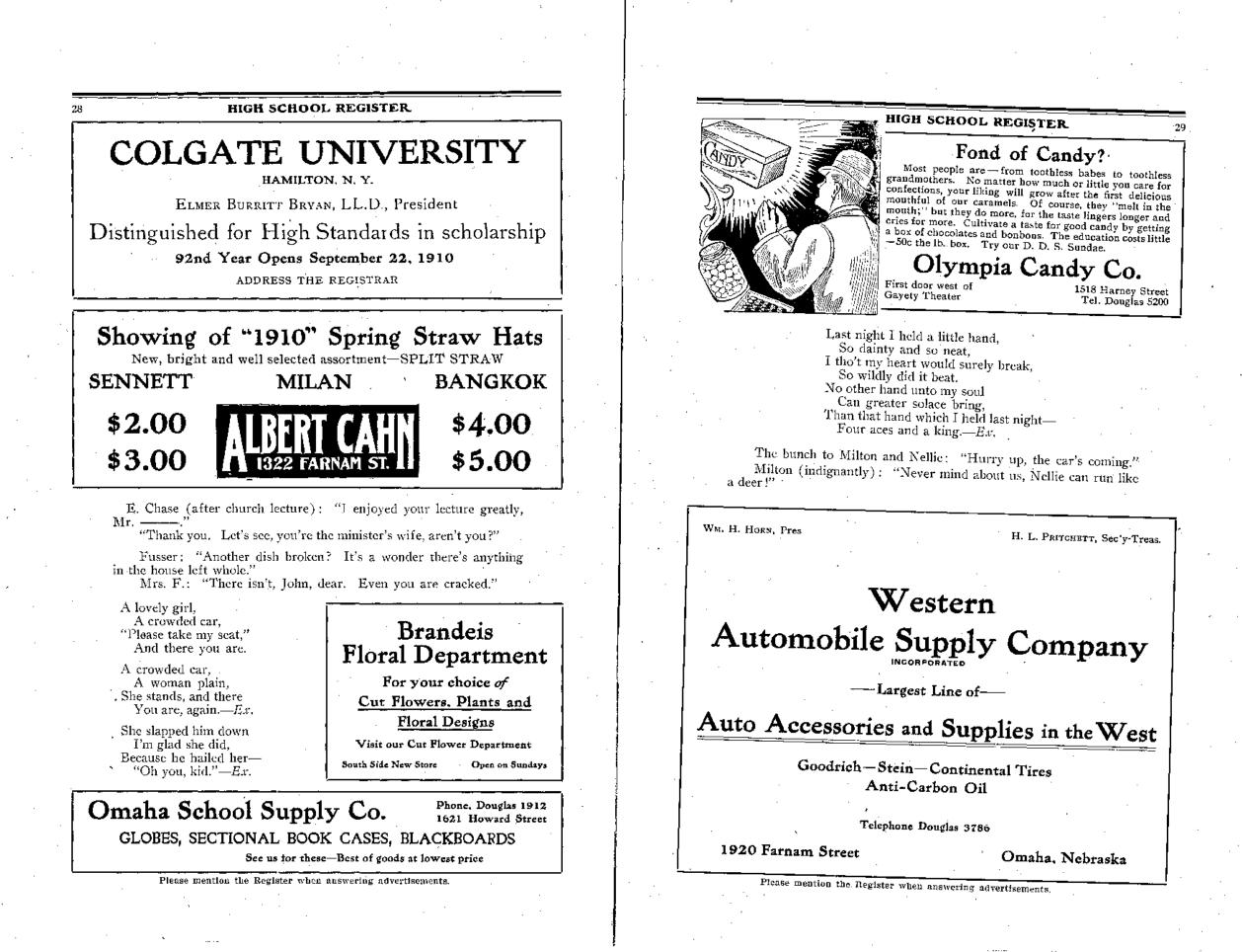
Proprietor. ELIZABETH VAN SANT. Principal Shorthand Dept.

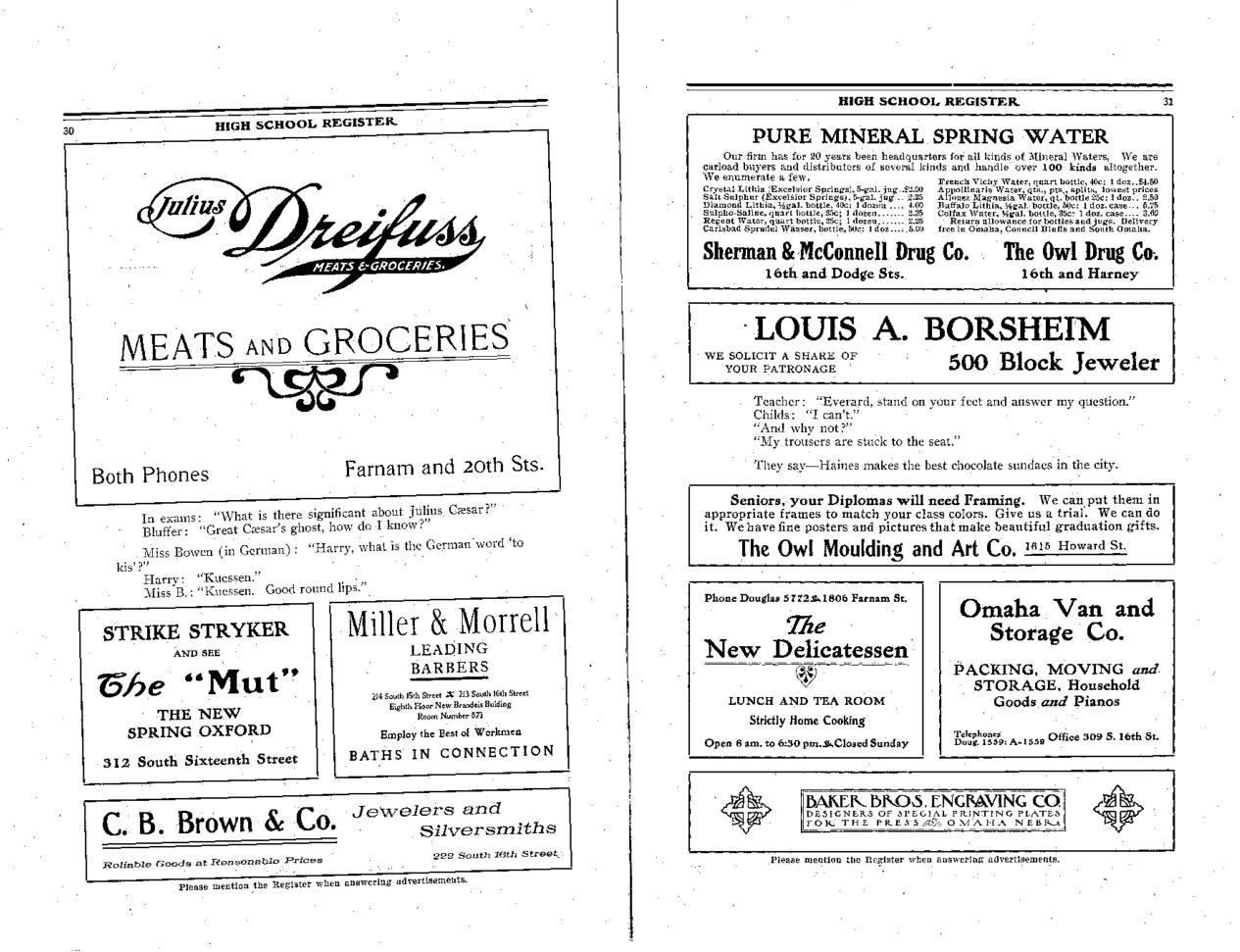
I. C. DUFFY.

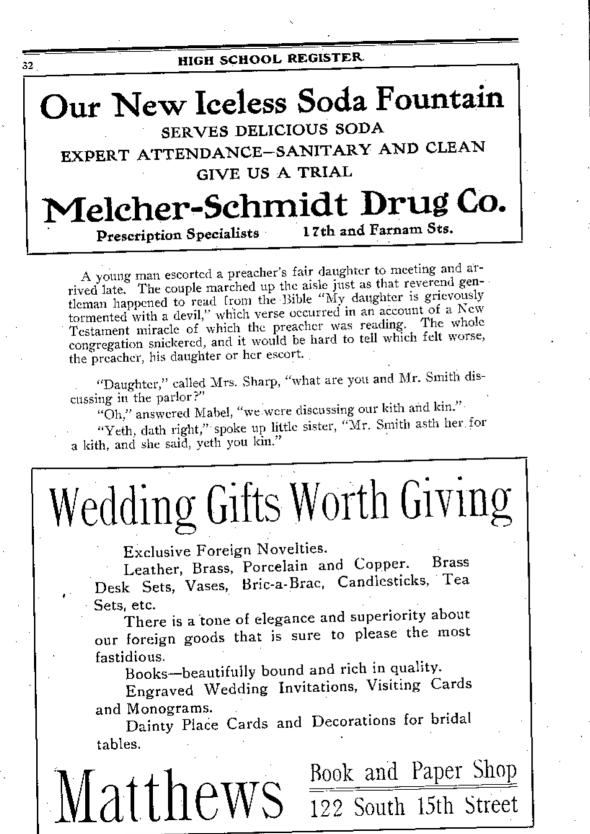
312 South 18th Street >> Omaha, Nebraska

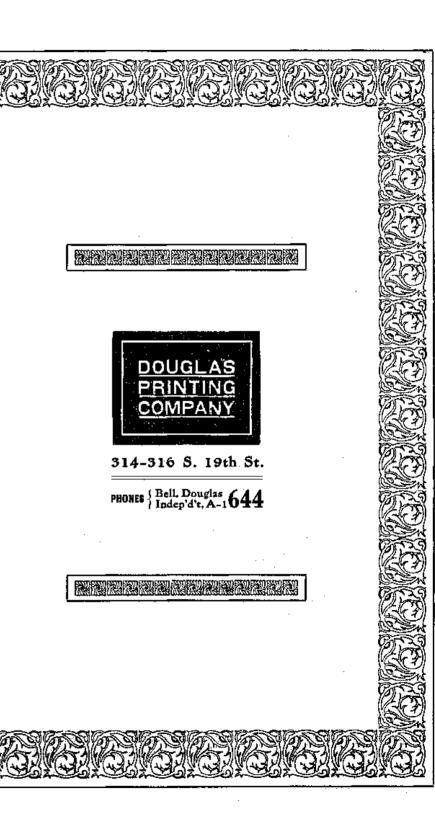
ENTER ANY TIME.











Please mention the Register when answering advertisements