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CHOOL  
REGISTER**

**Mid-Term  
Commencement Number**  
January, 1912

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# HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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GEORGE GRIMES  
Editor

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MILTON PETERSEN  
Business Manager

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THE REGISTER STAFF—1911-1912:

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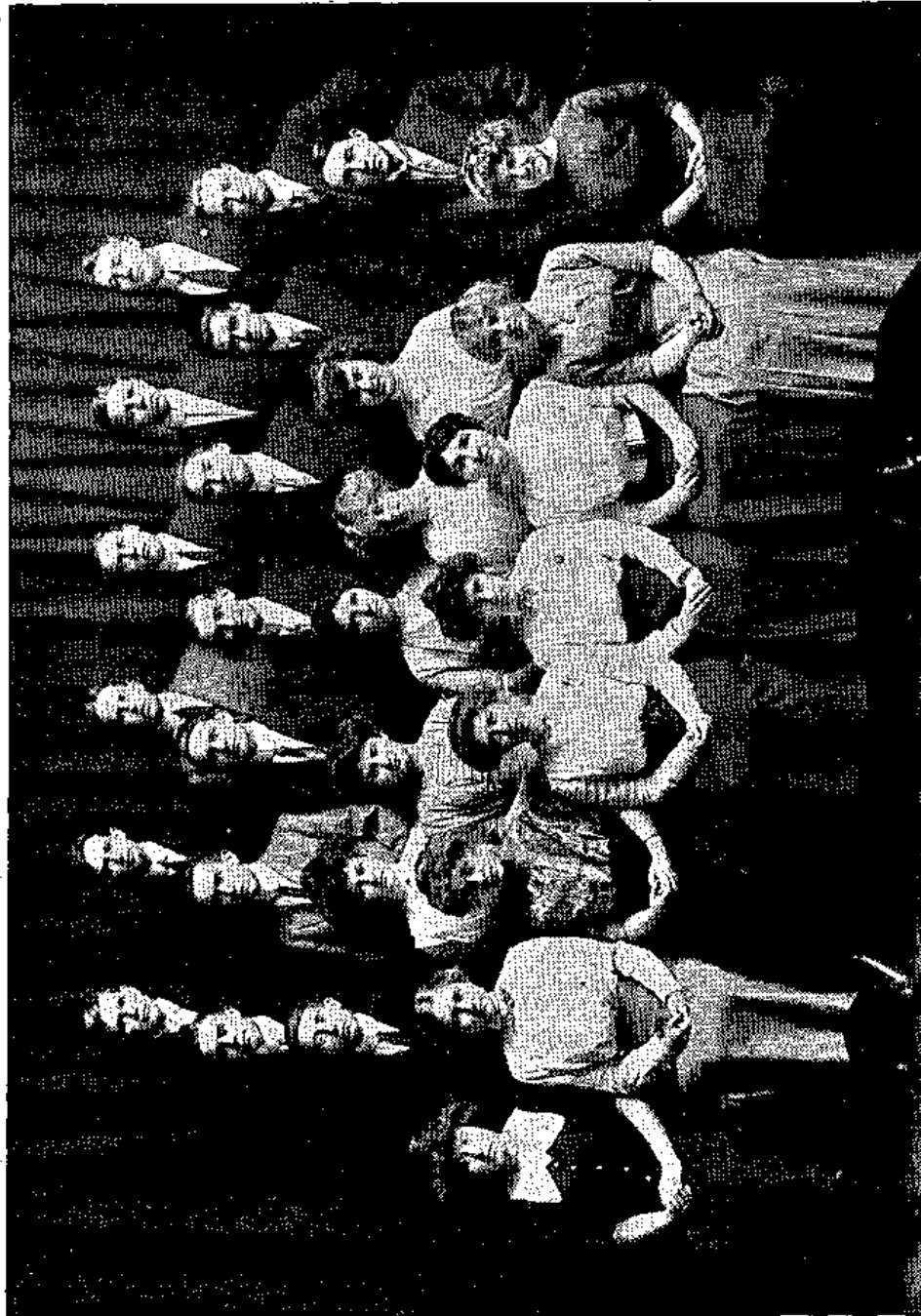
Boyles Building, 18th AND HARNEY STS., Omaha, Neb.

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## Dedication



To the Second Mid-Term  
Graduating Class, the  
Class of 1911-12, this Com-  
mencement Number of The  
Register is dedicated.



THE REGISTER STAFF

			
<p>LYNN SACKETT PRES</p>		<p>ETHEL PADMORE VICE PRES</p>	
<h1>SENIOR</h1> <p>CLASS OFFICERS 1912</p>			
			
<p>GRACE HUNTLEY SEC</p>	<p>MINNIE MALCHEN TREAS</p>	<p>CARL HANSON Sgt. AT ARMS</p>	<p>GLADYS ELLIS Sgt. AT ARMS</p>

## The Class of 1911-1912.



### HUNTLEY, GRACE;

Secretary Class 1911-1912.  
Art Society Sergeant-at-Arms (3).  
Priscilla Alden (2).  
Pleiades (3-4).

*I am hunting for a man.*

### SACKETT, LYNN; "Batch"

Glee Club (2-3-4) Sec. 4.  
Class Track (2-3).  
Class Basketball (2-3).  
Basketball 3.  
Cross Country Squad (2-3-4) Capt. 4.  
President Class 1911-1912.

*The only "Batch" in the High School who has the privilege of lockering with a girl. He also practices his track work after the cars have stopped.*

### MAROWITZ, MARION B.; "Meck"

Hawthorne (1-2-3-4).  
German Society (1-2-3-4).

*She collected all the A's the rest of the class didn't get. This may be a large number—and it may be a small one.*

### GALBRAITH, VICTOR; "Vic"

Staff Artist Register.

*We wonder if there are not hidden powers beneath his cranium.  
Isn't my tie cute?*

## The Class of 1911-1912.



### ELLIS, GLADYS; "Tutie"

Sergeant-at-Arms, Class 1911-1912.

*Her motto is to get your pleasure out of your work or you will never know what real pleasure is.*

### PODOLAK, ARTHUR;

*He is a meek and humble lad—but stay, Girls, do not run away.  
A member of "The House of Usher"—the Orpheum.*

### PADMORE, ETHEL L.; "Paddy"

Vice President, Class 1911-1912.

*Paddy is from Missouri, but never has to be shown anything. Sorry, but all her interests are centered on an alumnus.*

### HANSON, CARL;

Sergeant-at-Arms, Class 1911-1912.

*He is so bashful and shy  
And rather than walk with a maiden would die.  
He also has a complexion that women envy.*

## The Class of 1911-1912.



PEARSON, ELMA;

*A maid of staid mein,  
Who attends to her duties it's plain to be  
seen.*

OLANDER, MORSE; "Moke"

*He has knowledge so rare  
That Solomon with him cannot compare.  
He is an ardent admirer of pretty girls.  
Maybe.*

COREY, LOIS; "Loi Coi"

*Lois is one of the girls that we haven't  
heard much of, yet her charming manner  
and her "A's" make her the joy of her  
teachers and the wonder of her class-  
mates.*

ROSENBERG, JOE;

German Society (1-2).

*When you see a maiden coming dodge  
and run. Woman Haters' Club.*

## The Class of 1911-1912.



MALCHIEN, MINNIE D.; "Meenie"  
Browning (1-2-3).  
Treasurer Class 1911-1912.

*Don't you wish they had sponsors for the  
football team, Minnie?*

RACHMAN, JULIUS W.; "Rach"  
Football (2-3-4) Class.  
Athletics (1-2), D. D. S. (1-2).

*Without Rach here to tell how things  
should be done, this won't be the same old  
school.*

COTTER, IRENE;

*A quiet, demure Miss. Her middle name  
is very popular in Boston.*

WIGINGTON, PAUL;

*A big man with quiet ways.*

TURK, BOIES;

*The girls fain would converse with thee.*

ROBINSON, ARTHUR; "Art"

*Arthur is very fond of the girls; also his  
lessons (?).*



# The Register



Vol. XXVI

Omaha, January, 1912

No. 5

## A Mountain River.

The train approaches Denver, and one sees,  
Rising above the sun-kissed emerald plain  
A seeming bank of amethyst and rose,  
With dewy points of silver gleaming light,  
To a bright canopy of cloudless blue.

At morn, each proud aspiring peak  
Is showered by the rising orb of day,  
With dewy points of silver gleaming light,  
Twinkling and flashing 'til at last they seem  
To merge together, and form liquid streams  
That leap and dance adown the riven sides  
Like crystal rivulets, and thus to bathe  
The upper regions in an argent flood.

At noon, the detail of each rugged slope  
Stands forth so boldly in the golden light,  
As to belie all intervening space,  
And so befool the gazer he would swear  
Them many miles much nearer than they are.

At night, the disappearing copper sun,  
Behind an argosy of changing clouds,  
Paints the whole world with hue and radiance  
No earthly artist ever could command.

Remain in Denver? even for a day!  
Not for king's ransom, I had rather trudge,  
Barefoot and burdened, all the live-long day  
Along the canyon with its rocks and pines,  
And listen to the many voiced stream,  
As it recounts to the attentive ear,  
The checkered story of its varied life.

According to its mood it whispers forth,  
Its baby longings, when a tiny stream,  
Imprisoned in the dark beneath the rock;  
Or struggling from chill swaddling clothes of snow,  
It trickled forth, like any toddling child,  
To meet the buffets of the unfeeling world.  
How, gathering strength as it pursued its way,  
Just like a boy or girl who aimless strays,

Through some bright garden opened to his ken,  
It would meander back and forth awhile,  
Seeking with laughing glee each new delight,  
Until a craving grew, like child's desire,  
Which nothing but the moon can satisfy.  
If only it could reach the distant plain,  
That plain where nought seemed possible to fret,  
No obstacles to bar its rushing way.

And so it speeds, and growing strong apace,  
Becomes with time a white resistless flood,  
Whose wander-lust at last has found its goal,  
A deathless passion that can ne'er be quenched  
Until its soul is mated with the sea.  
The Sea! the Sea; On, onward to the Sea!  
This is its cry, and by performance too,  
No laggard lover proves a mountain stream.  
A thousand leagues its love-quest will pursue,  
Nor massive mounds of pre-historic rock,  
Nor frightful leaps down precipice of stone,  
Nor siren-lures of gentler nook or vale,  
Can turn the torrent from its onward course,  
Nor tempt it to prove recreant to its Tryste,  
And so, it sings "The Story of Its Life,"  
Now, playfully, recalling some light prank,  
Where at the purling waters of the brook  
Burst forth in laughter and begin to dance;  
Now tenderly, with love, it will describe  
How Mother Nature cared for it when young,  
Leading it gently past the rough defiles,  
And babbling so, the gentle little stream  
Will oft dissolve into a mist of tears;  
Or, grown full size, and speaking with a roar,  
Swollen with anger, it will bruit abroad  
Some fancied wrong or opposition faced.  
How here, did puny man one time essay  
To dam its current with a paltry pier,  
The which, he did in his embattled might,  
Dash strewn and broken on the near by shore;  
Or how, once traversing a savage gorge,  
A fallen monarch of some pine-clad slope,  
Dared to dispute his passage, and did strive  
To match its own recumbent strength,  
'Gainst his set purpose to attain the sea.  
Choking with rage, the stream will splutter forth,  
A boastful epic how he brake in twain  
The stubborn trunk, and with it in his grasp,  
Leaped head long down a hundred feet or more,  
And ground its splintered fragments on the rocks,  
To show his prowess he will toss aside



Some mighty granite boulder ages old,  
 Or sweep before him, on his turbed flood,  
 Some dom'd rock whose enormous mass  
 Seemed guaranteed that it were set as firm,  
 As any pyramid that Egypt boasts.  
 This, for example, illustrating how  
 Before the mountains knew his monstrous power,  
 They did conspire to bring him under thrall,  
 And circumscribe him by a rocky wall,  
 Which he o'er turned, so runs our savage bard,  
 As man might overturn a house of cards.  
 Or he will scoop you out, for souvenir,  
 A polished hollow in adamant rock,  
 And set for signet of his cunning power,  
 A scouring sphere imprison'd in its hold.

Such tales, my friends, await you, if you care  
 To read from Nature's books. Her sticks and stones  
 And running brooks oft bear tales of adventure,  
 Stirring to the blood, of love and sacrifice and brave Romance.  
 —BESANCON.

### The Unfair Advantage.

(This story was awarded first prize.)

"I believe that I will take a walk in the park, Aunt Jane. I've been studying too hard and there is absolutely no use of my doing it any longer, because I have succeeded in getting on the commencement program and there is not the least doubt but what I'll win the oratory prize. So what's the use of studying so hard?" and Bruce Worthington slammed his book shut and closed his desk with a bang. "I tell you Aunt Jane, I've just simply got to win that prize. You know if I get it, Dad is going to get me that little racer that I saw when I was down at the city last. You know this car I have now is all out of style and there is nothing like being up to date in everything."

"What is the oratory prize, Bruce?"

"Oh, I don't know. A scholarship for some university or another, I suppose. I wouldn't use it because I'm going to Yale, you know. But if I don't get it, I won't get that new car. So you see I'm rather keen on getting the prize."

"But you don't really need that new automobile, do you Bruce?" asked Aunt Jane.

"I don't need it? Well its mighty funny if I don't need it! Why look here Aunt Jane, Dad is the richest man in this county and its just simply a disgrace that I have to go around the country in an old sixteenth century car! But wait 'till you see that new one. Believe me its a pippin! Well I guess I'll run along."

"Yes I guess he's right," mused Aunt Jane. "There ain't nothin' too good for him. My! wouldn't his mother be proud of him if she'd lived, poor soul. They say he's a bit proud and uppish like, but then who could blame him? Why just look at his father. I never did see

such a proud, stern man. And I really believe that if his father would just be a bit more sociable with the lad he'd be a different boy altogether. My how times has changed. I tell you, in my time fathers didn't have a country home where they kept their children and where they visited once a week and asked real polite like how they was gettin' along in school and if they needed anything. No, sir, they was more interested in their children, and the young folks in my days was a heap more agreeable than they are now," and fairly launched on her pet hobby by Aunt Jane went about her tasks, wisely soliloquizing.

She was not Bruce's aunt, but merely his old nurse, who had graduated into the position of housekeeper as he had grown older. She idolized the boy. She could see nothing but good in him, and consequently had so petted and flattered him that he had grown into an egotistical, conceited, self-centered young man. He had never wanted anything that money could buy or that the patient old nurse could provide that he had not received almost as soon as his desire for it had been made known. He was plainly the lion of the household.

However, it was entirely different at school. He was a fine student, but he was not popular among the other members of his class. He could lord over the freshman and sophomores, but in the junior and senior classes he was neither liked nor respected by anyone. There were a few who, on account of his wealth made a pretense of caring a great deal for him. But his personality and his character seemed to lack that quality which makes and holds friends. But he was and always had been a good student. He was naturally bright and consequently his studies were easy for him. Perhaps if his home discipline had been governed by a loving mother and not a doting old nurse his entire life would have been changed. But as it was, when connected with his studies, he was a brilliant success; but when associated with his fellow pupils—he was an absolute failure.

The "park" was a stretch of timber belonging to the Worthington estate and used by the entire town for picnics, outings, and the like. There was one secluded spot where Bruce liked to go and study which he thought no one had ever discovered but himself. It was to this place that he was making with an automobile catalogue in one hand and a box of Aunt Jane's cookies in the other hand, when, to his great surprise, he heard someone talking in his favorite nook. Not wanting to be discovered with the box of cookies and yet hating to throw them away, he hid behind a bush and listened to see if he could recognize the voice.

"And then my friends," it was saying, "the question which naturally arises from such a conclusion is: what would become of the common people? The great middle class which goes to make up our nation."

"This is a rare chance," thought Bruce. "Dick Wells is the only contemporary whom I really feared. Now I'll get to hear his whole speech. Poor devil, I guess he can't afford elocution lessons, so he comes out here to practice." It never occurred to Bruce that it would be unfair to listen to the other boy's speech. It never entered his head that eaves-dropping was the most contemptible, most despicable act that

anyone could be guilty of. If anyone would have accused him of such a low, cowardly breach of etiquette he would have angrily denied the charge, and then, to himself, would have excused the lie by saying that Dick was only a poor beggar anyway who was trying to rise too far beyond his means and deserved to be taken down a little and shown his place.

It is true, Richard Wells was poor and he had risen very high in the estimation of both teachers and scholars. And I am afraid that Bruce was jealous of Dick's popularity. For Dick had gained what Bruce could not gain—the honor and respect, aye, and the unalloyed good will of all with whom he had come in contact. It was not because he had a surplus supply of money, but because he had such a natural, unassuming charm about him which was simply irresistible.

Bruce listened until the last word of the brilliant climax was spoken. Then silently and stealthily stole away. A few minutes later he might have been seen strolling along the wide paths of the park in a most self-satisfied way, gaily whistling a snatch of some catchy air. No one would have thought him guilty of such a base, dishonorable act as eaves-dropping.

"Hullo there Bruce!" came a cheery voice from behind him.

He gave an involuntary start, but immediately gaining control of himself, slightly turned around with a haughty,

"How-do-you-do?"

The next moment he was sorry for his haughteur, for it was not Dick, as he had expected but Wayne Crosby, a very popular and influential senior. Naturally Wayne was offended. But walking briskly along soon caught up with Bruce who was waiting for him.

"Have you seen Dick Wells around here lately?" Wayne asked

"Why no, old chap. I haven't seen him since this morning. Are you looking for him?"

"Yes." And Wayne walked on, leaving Bruce standing staring after him.

"Oh, go on and cut me if you like, you confounded little shrimp. You'll be sorry for it some day," and Bruce walked on home, alone.

That night, immediately after dinner he shut himself up in the library and, after closing the blinds down tightly, took out his prized commencement essay.

"No," he said, after carefully reading over the last few pages. "It is not as strong as his. The essay is better. But the climax is weak. I've treated my subject with much more care and precision, but my climax can't compare with his on forcefulness. I wonder—a long pause, "if I couldn't make,—just a few little changes? The faculty would never notice them,—and it would make it so much easier for me to win." For a long time he was lost in thought. "I don't see why I shouldn't," he went on, knowing that he was in the wrong but vainly trying to find some argument by which to excuse himself. "Winning that prize doesn't mean anything to Dick, while to me it means a new car. Why by Jove! it means about twenty-five hundred dollars to change around a few of those sentences and put in a few more adjectives! And I'm going to do it."

The next afternoon while he was sitting in the school library reading, his attention was drawn from his book by a conversation which was being carried on by two girls on the other side of the low partition which separated the study booths.

"It seems an awful shame that Dick has to loose his course in college. He always had wanted to be a lawyer you know, and he has worked so hard to get through high school that it seems too awfully bad that he has to give it all up now."

"Yes, and Dick is such a perfectly grand boy, too. Why I knew that those early frosts killed a lot of fruit, but I never imagined that they did that much harm. But are they so very dependent on their orchard, girlie?"

"That's what his sister told me. And she said that their fruit was all killed. Poor Dick. But Ruth told me that if Dick won that scholarship in the oratory contest he would consent to go."

"Well, 'where there's life there's hope.' But that isn't saying much because you know that even if Bruce Worthington is a lemon otherwise, he's a fine speaker, and they say that he has been going down to the city every Saturday taking elocution lessons."

"Yes, I heard that too. Well, honey, there is nothing we can do to make Dick win. But I sure do hope he does because he certainly deserves it."

That night after dinner Bruce once more shut himself up in the library and took out his essay. Once more he read over the last few pages.

"Oh its a shame, a miserable shame to change it back again," he groaned. "But then I suppose I had ought to do it. Oh what shall I do?" he moaned, burying his head in his arms in miserable uncertainty.

"Change it back again," a soft voice seemed to whisper. "Take a fair chance against Dick. To you the prize means little compared to what it means to Dick. The loss of it might ruin Dick's life while it would merely cause you to wait a while longer for an automobile. Be a man Bruce! Change the essay back to its original form and play fair."

"Leave it the way it is," a harsh voice seemed to answer. "If Dick is so keen on being a lawyer why he can work hard next winter and save up enough to pay his tuition. Why if you don't win the prize you'll lose that handsome new car and, worse than that, you will lose the respect of your father."

"No I'll not erase it! I'll not let my father know I can be out classed by a poor beggar like Dick," and Bruce snatched up the essay and hurriedly put it away, seemingly fearing that delay might cause him to change his decision.

The next day dawned bright and clear. It was a day which would never be forgotten by any one of the fifty young people, who were to graduate that night. It was commencement day. At noon Bruce's father arrived on the fast mail. He had made a special trip to see his son graduate. Greeting the boy with a hearty hand shake he said cheerily.

"How do you do Bruce? My but you are getting to be a strapping big fellow! How is the speech coming along? I suppose you feel confident enough to defeat even Demosthenes. How about it son? "and so for about half an hour father and son had a pleasant, sociable time together.

"Well you had better go now Bruce. I have some important letters to write that I can't put off any longer." Bruce got up and had just reached the door when his father called him back. Placing a hand on either shoulder and looking into the boy's eyes, he said earnestly:—

"Son—in a contest of this sort where honor is one of the greatest and most prized awards given the victor, there is and always has been a natural tendency to cheat. I don't think you would do anything like that, but remember this.—Honor rules the world and the price of dishonor is failure and the deepest humiliation. It may not come immediately but in the long run every dishonorable act must be paid for. Now son if you have, in your great desire to win, done anything which is unfair, or unworthy of yourself,—undo it if possible; and remember, that if you win, you have done it fairly, if you lose, you have done your best and done it honorably. That is all Bruce,—you may go now."

The father had indeed heaped coals of fire on the youth's head. But of no avail. It merely helped to strengthen Bruce's desire to win at any cost.

That night as he took his seat on the stage with the rest he felt nervous and uncertain, but consoled himself with the fact that he was the last one on the program. The speeches and the musical selections were all excellent. But of course, as all knew, Dick Wells and Bruce Worthington were the only two on the program between whom there would be any really keen competition. Both boys far outclassed any other speakers in the school.

When Dick arose, in his neat, inexpensive black suit, an expectant hush fell over the house. Before he started speaking an usher came running down the aisle and presented him with a large bunch of red roses. He blushed like a girl, and looked so pleased and embarrassed that one of the students sitting in back of where he stood whispered:—

"Why don't you tell us who it's from?"

Dick turned and gave the flowers to one of the professors and then started his speech. How can we describe it? That such an appealing flow of eloquence could come from one so young seemed almost impossible. He seemed to carry his audience along with him in every change of emotion. One moment they would laugh with him at some comical incident with which he would illustrate his point. The next moment their hearts would go out in sympathy to some hungry, half-clad urchin who preferred to stand and watch the merry crowd and bright shop windows, than to return to the cold, miserable hovel that he called home. Dick's gestures, too, were easy and natural, so unlike the stiff, nervous gestures of the amateur. When he stopped there was a moment's silence, then the audience broke forth into prolonged applause, and would not be satisfied until he had come back with both

his bouquets, for he had received another at the end of his speech, and bowed appreciatively.

Then came Bruce. At first he was a little nervous. But as he became more absorbed in his topic, his voice seemed to gain in volume and every person in the closely crowded opera house seemed to be carried away by the boy's fiery eloquence. The father, who had at first looked on with pleased interest, had become so rapt in the passionate appeals, the pathetic entreaties that he, like many others, was unconsciously straining forward in order that not a word might be lost. The interest of all seemed to be strong to the highest tension when Bruce reached the beginning of his brilliant new climax.

Then for the first time did he remember himself, his resolve to win and the ignoble way in which it was to be accomplished. For in the heat of his discourse he had forgotten everything but the all important task of convincing his audience. As these foreign thoughts rushed before his mind, his argument became less pointed and expressive, and he unconsciously drifted into the summary that he had been reciting for week's past. Suddenly he realized his mistake and stopped, immediately starting again on his new climax. But the high strung tension of the audience had snapped and the interest had flagged. From the back of the house came a suppressed giggle. Old Mr. Worthington was looking disgusted and the students were exchanging doubtful, questioning glances. Bruce Worthington had stage-fright? It seemed impossible but it certainly was true. His gestures became stiff and uneasy. He stuttered and seemed uncertain of his lines. At last he finished and dazedly walked back to his seat, not seeing the flowers that were being brought to him until one of the other boys took them and gave them to him. He knew that the eyes of the entire class were turned on him, but he mistook their sympathetic glances for glances of derision and accusation. He looked guiltily down at the floor. He scarcely heard the principal when he said:

"The judges have awarded the prize in oratory to Richard Wells."

It was no consolation to have Dick come over and shake hands with him and tell him how fine he had done.

"Why you had me beat a mile," Dick was saying. "What was the matter? Did you see a ghost?"

Oh, how soon and how cruelly it was brought home to him that "every dishonorable act must be paid for by failure and deep humiliation."

ADALINE WYKOFF, '11.

### Sue's Scholarship.

(Third prize in The Register Contest.)

"But Sue, do try for it! You know you can do such work far better than the rest of us!"

The girl so addressed stood thoughtfully before the general bulletin board at the Westover High School. The pleader beside her was plump, mercurial, little Alice Winthrop.

Alice, important always under the strain of waiting for anything, rattled on again. "Sue, it's positively criminal! The idea of you not accepting such a splendid offer! Why, if I had half your ability, I'd

never cease rejoicing, and as for hesitating for one instant" \* \* \* \* words failed to express Alice's depth of feeling regarding this vital subject, so she subsided, for the moment.

Sue Middleton, taking advantage of this extraordinary occurrence, began to read the notice which had thrown Alice into such an excited state of mind.

"The art students of Westover High School are to be given an opportunity to submit to a committee of prominent artists, original designs for book-plates. The aim in requiring these designs is to determine in a general way, the ability of individual students to produce independently appropriate and harmonious designs. A prominent woman of this city wishes to use the best of these plates, and has appointed a committee of artists to judge carefully the designs submitted, and to award to the one making the best plate, a scholarship in a school of design, the school to be selected by the winner himself."

Sue turned suddenly to the subdued Alice. "Do you know, Alice, I think that I can do it, at least I'm going to try! I couldn't possibly wish for anything better than the winning of that scholarship! You can't imagine how much that would mean to me. I already have a fairly clear idea of the design I want to carry out, and I must put it down on paper before I lose it. Alice, gasping at this sudden change of attitude, followed meekly in the wake of her transformed friend. Sue lost no time, you may be sure, in making her "notes" as she called them, blocking in at first her main idea; to be later, either modified or enlarged upon.

Just at that moment the bell for the beginning of first hour rang, and an agonized wail from Alice aroused Sue to a sense of her surroundings. "Where's my Latin? Oh, dear! please let me have yours, Sue, I can't find mine, and I simply must have one, or—Thank you!" So off rushed whirlwind Alice to her most cordially hated class.

Miss Winthrop, of course, on account of her well-known (and, alas, well-demonstrated) habit of translating most thoroughly the first part of her lesson, to the neglect of the last, received the dread summons at the very close of the lesson. She rose, (for the simple reason that her teacher refused to allow anyone to remain seated when called upon to recite), stumbled through the translation and was finally ordered crisply to "Be seated!" The ever-welcome bell rang just too late to save her from her dismal fate, and she left the classroom, disgusted with herself, with things in general, and with Latin in particular.

"Oh, Alice, wait a minute! Did you drop this paper? I thought it fell out of your book when you got up to recite!"

"No, I had no papers in my Latin, so that surely isn't mine," answered Alice, forgetting that she had Sue's book, which was always certain to be full of papers, while her own Latin reposed peacefully in her locker, with kindred instruments of torture.

Her questioner, Gertrude Dorrance, passing on, glanced carelessly at the paper that she had picked up. Suddenly, however, her careless air was replaced by close interest in the contents of the paper. There before her was the outline of just such a design as she had been dream-

ing of since reading the announcement of the splendid offer. Surely she would be able to perfect the idea, and to hand it in. Her absorption in this new found thought was so great that she thought not at all the dishonesty of the thing, or of the consequences of such an act as she contemplated. Besides, she argued that the person that had made the design had very evidently no intention of using it, as it was such a crude affair. She worked it over very carefully that night, and the next day found her very much elated. Her design was finished, she would hand it in that afternoon, and then—, well, then she would wait for results! Her plan was carried out faithfully, apparently without any scruples on her part.

That evening found Sue Middleton in a very puzzled frame of mind. Where had she put her paper containing her "notes"? She thought she remembered putting it into her Latin, that day she had loaned it to Alice, and finally decided that, as usual, Alice had lost it. She set to make to recall the plan as best she could, and succeeded very well. Her design was ready to hand in at an early date, yet she delayed, without any reason, and waited fully a week before delivering it to the teacher authorized to receive the designs.

At the end of three weeks the decision was to be made, and the name of the winner announced at a special meeting of the classes.

On the day preceding the announcement of the name of the winner Sue and Gertrude were summoned to the office of the principal, where they found that gentleman in what was apparently a very serious frame of mind. He told them that from all the designs examined, theirs had been selected as the two best. But there was one great difficulty to be gotten over; Why were these designs almost identical? Evidently one of the rules of the contest had been broken, and these designs had not been made independently. The object was to find out which of the contestants was responsible for this condition of affairs. After having had this situation placed before them. Gertrude proceeded to tell to the principal the circumstances under which her work was done, and asked to be allowed to withdraw from the competition. The principal finally allowed her to withdraw, without compelling her to make public her reasons for doing so. Gertrude's withdrawal left Sue alone in the field, and established her right to the prize.

When, the next day, the announcement of Sue's success was made to an enthusiastic school, Alice, the most delighted of all, flew up to Sue, throwing all ceremony to the winds, and cried, "I told you so! I knew you would and could do it, and I defy anyone in this school or any where else, for that matter, to equal you in ability—so there!"

MARY BROWNE, '11 B.

#### Senior Council.

The following have been appointed for the Senior Council: Virgil Rector, Beryl Crocker, Paul Mackin, Charles Shook, Fred Koenig, Milton Petersen, George Grimes, George Metcalfe, Rex Houlton, Douglas Burns, Beulah Byrd, Grace Robinson, Florence Lake, Elizabeth Rainey, Laura Zimmerman, Claire Patterson, Josephine Congdon, Mabel Conklin, Lucile Fellers, Rose McGovern.

### An Arizona Romance.

Phyllis stood very still on the little station platform, and looked about her. On all sides loomed the mountains, except where the rolling plains, with the departing train now but a tiny moving speck upon the horizon, stretched endlessly away from her.

The town itself she saw last, for it was so evidently the least noticeable of the scenery, as it consisted entirely of a store and post-office combined, a small dingy hotel christened, the "Waldorf", two saloons, and the railway station.

Phyllis made a little dab at her eyes with her handkerchief. "He isn't even here to meet me," she thought, looking around her, "but perhaps he has sent some message, or someone in his place. I'll go and see." So, picking up her heavy suitcase, she walked into the little station.

There were but two inmates of the room; one, a tired-looking little old man, who was filling a dilapidated slot machine with tiny squares of chocolate and gum; the other a tall broad-shouldered young man, with honest brown eyes, and dark curly hair.

Phyllis' heart sank as she glanced them over, for Jackson had described himself as of about thirty-five with light hair and grey eyes. But, though her eyes were full, and her lip was quivering, she walked over to the old man and spoke with a steady voice.

"I beg pardon," she said, "but this is Santa Bella, is it not?"

"Yep," assented the old man, continuing his placed arrangement of the candy.

"Am I speaking to the station agent?"

"You be." Evidently the station agent was a man of few words.

"Has Mr. Jackson been in today, be left any message for me?" inquired the girl persistently.

"Nope. Chocolate Bloodorange. Bloodorange Chocolate."

"Phyllis gave a little gesture of despair, and turned to the young man.

"Could you tell me if anyone near here is going out past Mr. Jackson's ranch?" she asked, her voice shaking in spite of herself.

The young man turned towards her, and deliberately looked her over from her trim little shoes, past her worn but neatly pressed suit, up to her pale, sweet face with its big appealing eyes.

"Why, you—" he cried. "You aren't Miss Carmody? Yes? Well, I'm going out that way myself, and I shall be delighted to take you. But—but I never thought she'd be like you, or—Mr. Jackson isn't—"

He was blushing up to the roots of his curly hair now, but the girl was merciless.

"Indeed," she said soberly, "and why should I not have been Miss Carmody? In any case, I don't believe we shall discuss it now. But perhaps we had better be introduced," she continued more kindly. "I, as you seem to be perfectly aware, am Miss Carmody. And you?"

"Harry Armstrong," he complied meekly, and picking up her suitcases, he waited for her to precede him to the little station platform.

Then, for the first time, she noticed a small four-passenger automobile standing in front of the store. In the back, were sitting demurely, two small girls, evidently about seven or eight years old. Here he led her and introduced her to the now excited twins.

"These are my small sisters, Miss Carmody," he said. "The dark-haired one is Jacqueline, Jack for short, and the other we call Jill. I'll be back in a minute," he ended, disappearing into the store.

Jill seemed unable to utter a word, but Jack was politeness itself.

"How do you do," she said cordially, "I'm very glad to see you. Won't you please be seated in one of those real leather seats in the front? These aren't real leather back here, but we don't mind do we Jill?" nudging her petrified twin.

Jill forgot to answer. She was watching, with big brown eyes, the little curl on the side of the strange young lady's neck, and wishing with all her hungry little heart that she had a mother or a big sister like that.

Her meditations were cut short, however, for Armstrong, coming out from the store, tossed them a bag of candy with a "Here chickens. Be good little girls now, and brother's got something else for you when we get home." After cranking the machine, he climbed in, and they were off.

The prolonged silence soon grew oppressive to the two on the back seat. "They don't seem to be saying much to each other, do they?" whispered Jack to her already candy be-smear'd twin.

Jill made no answer. She was too busy chewing. She gulped once or twice in an effort to free herself of the sticky lump of taffy, which hindered seriously any attempts at conversation, but it was of no avail, so she merely listened to her more fortunate twin.

"You have some candy on your mouth, sister," remarked Jack softly, and taking out her handkerchief, she wiped it carefully away.

"I believe I'd better say something myself," she whispered again. "Perhaps that's just what they're waiting for."

So she sat up very straight, cleared her throat, and then glanced wildly around for a topic of conversation. Her eyes fell upon a tuft of grass by the roadside.

"The grass is growing faster today," she remarked loudly and instructively, "and usually it's growing up straight," illustrating with a chubby forefinger, "but today, it's growing up crooked," and she brought her finger to a curve. "Isn't that funny?"

Even this piece of interesting information brought no response from the front seat, but Jack was not discouraged. Her turn, at least, was interesting and admiring. So she tried again.

"Oh, what a be-yew-tiful day it is today," she said, seemingly ignoring the threatening clouds and misty atmosphere.

A subdued giggle came from the front seat, and Jack, feeling that she had accomplished her mission in life, returned to silence and candy.

Phyllis turned to Armstrong with a little laugh. "Isn't she a dear," she cried, "I ought to apologize for the manner in which I spoke, in the station. It is very kind of you to take me out here, and I

appreciate it. I know perhaps it seems strange that I have come to be Mr. Jackson's wife, when I have never even seen him. But his letters were so kind. He must be highly educated. And perhaps you do not realize that when a working girl in a large city, sees an ad in the paper that fairly breathes of fresh air, and blue sky, and someone to take care of her, she feels that she must follow it up."

The man's eyes grew suddenly misty. He alone knew that Jackson's wife would be little more than a slave or a drudge; a mere something for him to tyrannize over. And this sweet young girl going to throw away her life on a man like that! So he spoke very gently.

"I do understand, Miss Carmody," he said, "and I hope you will be very happy, although Jackson is sometimes very—well peculiar. And he is not really so very educated, but I guess maybe he'll do better—er—straighten out—er—hang the luck!" he cried, "I'm such an ass at expressing myself."

"So I see," said the girl quietly, "and I also see that you have not a very high opinion of Mr. Jackson."

A rude jolt cut her short, and a shrill shriek from the back seat made her glance anxiously at Armstrong.

"Go on," he said, "they always scream like that when we go over a bump."

"Harry!" called Jack excitedly.

"Go on, Miss Carmody," insisted Armstrong. "If Jack once gets started talking we won't be able to get a word in edgewise. She'll keep it up all day."

"But Harry!" was called again from the back seat. "Harry! Help! Murder! Thieves!" she yelled shrilly.

But as no answer was forthcoming, she subsided into a dignified but injured silence.

"If you could have read Mr. Jackson's letters," resumed Phyllis, "you might have a different opinion of him entirely. They were so kind and true and honest. And the great books and pictures he spoke of. Tell me, is he not a wonderful man?"

Armstrong evaded the question. He could not spoil her happy dream now. So he turned and spoke to the now silent twin. "What did you want a minute ago, Jack?" he asked.

Jack spread out her diminutive skirts with an air of languid indifference. "Oh, nothing," she answered carelessly. "Nothing much. Only I just s'posed you'd like to know that we spilled Jill over the back when we went over that big bump a while ago," she said, pointing unconcernedly down an indefinite length of road.

"The deuce we did!" exclaimed Armstrong, and making a sharp curve, he sped down the road. Here he found the usually placid twin still sitting in the middle of the road, exactly where she had landed, and sobbing with grief and indignation, but still holding on to a mashed and mussy chocolate cream, which, when she saw them coming, she thrust absentmindedly and hurriedly into her eye instead of her mouth.

This naturally increased her grief, but being picked up and petted by her adored big brother and the beautiful strange young lady, she

felt soon convinced that her tribulations were now a thing of the past, and consented to sit in the old place by Jack and hold on very tightly. All this being attended to, the conversation was resumed.

"Tell me about yourself," said Armstrong, and the girl looking into his honest brown eyes, obeyed.

"I'm all alone in the world," she said, "and I've worked pretty hard all my life but I've tried to live as if I had a home and people that cared for me and what I did. Then, one day, I saw the ad that spoke of a young man living on a ranch near Santa Bella, Arizona, who wished to correspond with some well-bred girl. And as I was uncertain of what to do next and was hungry for a letter from someone, I answered. Then came the letters, and finally when I could stand it in the city no longer, I wrote to say I had started, and for him to meet me at the train. It is barely possible that he did not receive my letter. Anyway here I am," she finished, "and you?"

"There's not much to tell about me," said the young ranchman. "I came to Arizona with my two baby sisters and my grandmother, and took this claim about six years ago, when we were left orphans by my mother's death. I, too, have worked hard and lived simply. And I have made good—as far as money is concerned. I guess that is all," he concluded quietly.

The little machine had covered the level ground quickly, so that by now they had come in sight of a rude tar shack, set almost upon the road, its front yard a mess of tin cans, its back yard a pig-pen.

"Ugh," breathed the girl, "I'm certainly glad we don't stop here. Just look how dirty it is!"

"But we do," contradicted the young man sadly, "But we do stop here, for this is Jackson's ranch."

Then, without daring to look at her face, he sprang to the ground, and, picking his way through the rubbish, knocked loudly at the door. He knocked again, but no answer.

"I will get out," cried Phyllis, "and go in and look around anyway." So, leaving the now obedient twins playing "Simon says thumbs up," she came bravely to his side, and pushed open the door.

But one glance was enough. The one room was strewn with dirty dishes and broken whisky bottles. An odor of bad liquor hung on the air, and on the bed was sprawled a man, his clothes torn and dirty. He was snoring loudly, and once he murmured in his sleep, but still the petrified couple stood still and watched.

"Hello Phyllish," muttered the man, waving a pudgy hand airily. "Nish day—"

His voice trailed into silence, and Phyllis, giving a little cry, stretched out her hands to Armstrong with a sob.

"Take me away," she cried. So he closed the door, and helped her gently into her seat, her shoulders shaking with her sobs. Then he spoke.

"Perhaps I had better explain about those letters, as Jackson can neither read nor write," here Phyllis gave a little moan. "He asked me to write the ad for him, and thinking to do him a favor, but not dreaming of the complications that would arise, I did. Then your let-

ter came, and he begged me to reply. I hated to do it, but he was angry and made it very hard to refuse. After that, it came easy. I enjoyed your letters so much that I forgot Jackson and everything else, except the pleasure of receiving and answering your letters. Then came your letter saying you were starting, and it was too late to let you know. I telegraphed, but it was no use."

Still the girl made no reply. He continued: "I know I can never make amends for my deception, but if you knew how I enjoyed your letters, you might not think it quite so bad. I am taking you to my ranch. I have, as I said, my grandmother there, and there you must spend the night."

As he spoke, the machine slowed down, and she raised her eyes for the first time. She saw a long, low, rambling white house, set in the midst of whispering trees and waving grass, a real oasis in the Arizona desert.

They walked slowly along the little path, a twin on each side, past the rose-covered veranda, and into the large living room, where she was welcomed by a dear little old lady in a cap and apron, who soon bustled off, leaving the two alone.

Phyllis glanced around the cozy room with its few good pictures and books and then into the honest eyes above her.

"It is good to be here," she said simply, "I shall miss it when I go back tomorrow."

Armstrong took a step forward, his hands outstretched and his face shining with eagerness.

"Phyllis," he said, "the minister lives only a mile away. Shall we go to him? We are both alone, and after having written to each other for months, I think we ought to know each other pretty well, don't you? Will you stay with me, dear? Will you?"

Phyllis rose to meet him, her eyes dim with gladness, and after a few moments, he called the twins and explained to them that this was their new, big sister.

Jill was rather dazed by this sudden turn of events, but Jack had seen Phyllis' arms outstretched, and the mother-love shining in her face, so she rolled her eyes to the ceiling, and clasped her hands, motioning to her bewildered twin to do the same.

"Let us give thanks," she said.

ANNA V. CLARK, 1914.

### An Experience With Cooks.

Mrs. Welpton suddenly straightened up in her seat. She felt extremely happy. "No more bother in the kitchen. Indeed, I dare say I shall never regret paying forty dollars a month to Kramotoki. Poor old Nora is so economical that indeed she forgets we sometimes like knick-knacks. She can do second work." A hard jolt of the automobile awoke Mrs. Welpton from her reverie and as she looked up the machine stopped. She was home. She alighted and stood directly in front of a neighbor who was passing. They chatted pleasantly for some time.

"I hear Josephine is coming home soon," the neighbor said.

"No, not at present; she is visiting a classmate and will probably be away for several months," answered Mrs. Welpton.

"Well, did she like her Domestic Science as much as she thought she would?"

"Oh, yes. Her girl friends are continually writing me of her success, but really, to tell the truth, I wish she had chosen some other course. I call housework drudgery, and I can't bear to think of our only girl as being able to do nothing else."

The conversation ended and Mrs. Welpton fairly skipped up the steps.

The new cook at last arrived and was duly welcomed by both Mr. and Mrs. Welpton. Nora, however, went about in a dejected attitude.

The first week passed by. Kramotoki was doing wonderfully. Nora, however, complained of being "domineered over by a Jap."

Nora had carefully kept the living expenses down, but now the bills steadily increased.

Really it was a treat to have Kramotoki. Nora always served the meals so slowly. The soft, alert step of Kramotoki was so very different from the lumbering, rheumatic tread of old Nora. It happened, too, that the Welptons were becoming popular. Scarcely a meal passed that they did not have guests. Mr. and Mrs. Vance came around often, for their finances were low and this seemed a good way to economize.

One evening, however, a terrific rumble was heard issuing from the kitchen. Pots and pans seemed to be going in all directions. Nora's voice could be distinctly heard as she severely scolded. Upon investigation they were shocked to see Kramotoki in the act of throwing some pans into the cellar wall.

"I tell yez, now, it's bad to be ordered about by a Japanese, nun, but I can't shtand to see me kitchen torn up," cried Nora, wringing her hands desperately.

"Japanese cook no like American gel. Too many pots, pans. Kramotoki clean up, quick."

"That's all right," broke in Mr. Welpton, "systemize your kitchen to suit yourself. Nora, you have no right to stir up this confusion."

This ended the scene. The couple left the kitchen and Nora went to her room.

"I tell you, that Jap knows his business," ejaculated Mr. Welpton.

Nora, however, left the next day, never once heeding the entreaties of her mistress. Kramotoki's salary was raised and he now had entire charge of the household duties.

Time elapsed. The Welptons became more and more popular. The bills were enormously large. It took a lot of scheming to keep down the expenses elsewhere. Kramotoki was the idol of the neighborhood. He paid no attention, however, to compliments, but spent all his spare time on physics and chemistry.

One Thursday evening the Vances came to dinner. The conversation was about an invention which Mr. Vance had just completed. He proceeded to explain thoroughly the cog wheel. The Japanese worked about them noiselessly, apparently uninterested. The conversation changed and the cog wheel was left near Mr. Vance's plate. Before leaving the cog wheel was again thought of and was not to be found. A complete search was made and was finally found when a napkin on the kitchen table was shaken out.

A few days later Kramotoki sent a trunk away.

"You're not leaving, are you?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Welpton.

"Me no leave. Just old papers me no want no more."

"Oh, alright," she said.

However, a few hours later, upon entering the kitchen, Kramotoki could not be found. "What shall I do?" gasped Mrs. Welpton. As she stood there almost hopelessly dejected Mr. Welpton rushed in excitedly. "Where's that Jap?" he cried. "He copied that cog wheel and had it patented."

They both stood aghast and suddenly Mr. Welpton beheld a small sheet of paper under the table. He picked it up. On it was written: "Kramotoki no always cook for Americans. Me no like leave. You well treat me."

They smiled at his shrewdness and after a scanty meal retired. Half the night they bemoaned their fate.

"What shall I do?" queried Mrs. Welpton.

The next morning as they descended to the kitchen the smell of freshly made coffee reached them. Who could be there? Had Kramotoki returned? They were dumbfounded when they saw their own dear Josephine, clad in a dainty dress and jaunty cap. She had arrived only that morning and had not aroused her parents because she found the front door unlocked. She thought she would further surprise them by having breakfast ready.

It is needless to say that the meals were still just as carefully prepared. Under Josephine's skillful management the bills were decreased and her mother was taught that Josephine was not a common kitchen drudge, but just capable of managing a home, which is after all an art.

MAUD CRAIG, '12.

Katherine Crocker (in French class)—"The present indicative is used idiotically."—(We wonder why the class laughed.)

"The vacuum," said a student in one of our institutions of higher education, "is a large empty space in which the Pope resides."

The following are some original feminines from examination papers in English: Masculine, bull; feminine, bulless, she bull, Mrs. Bull, bully, bullion, bear, bullock, doe, stear, ox, sow; sultan, sultine, sultress, sultrines, duchess, sultan's wife sultry; wizard, wasp, fairy, wizardine, widow, spinster, wizarein, witch, which.

# EDITORIAL

## Concerning Social Affairs.

There is at present, an insistent demand from the citizens of Omaha, that the schools of the city be opened in the evening to the general public. This agitation is not confined to Omaha alone, but is also making itself felt in many other large cities of the country, in some of which the school buildings have been opened. In Chicago, the innovation has been started of having dances for the school children at the schools; the dances being held regularly every week. It is said that as a result of this, the boys and girls have turned away from the public dance hall, to the more wholesome dance at their school. Not only in Chicago, but in other places, (although in a more limited manner) are dances held at the high schools. In Seattle, the high school hops, and other school functions are held in the school building, with the greatest success. This leads us to the query, whether it would not be possible, some time in the not far distant future, to have the various social functions of the Omaha High school take place at our own beautiful building.

The social side of high school life is almost as important, we believe, as the lessons to be learned. No better example of the proverb: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," can be found than in the case of the average high school student. We are at the age when nature craves pleasure; the hard path of life ahead is but little understood or considered, and the demand in us is to have a good time. No doubt this natural love of fun is often carried to extremes, and the fact that it is overdone is probably the reason for the faculty refusing to sanction any social event, but the Senior Banquet. We believe however that the faculty are but sidestepping in this matter;—dances and other social affairs are necessary to the high school student.

Some of you may have been at the impromptu celebration held at our school after the victory of our football team over Lincoln two years ago. A great bonfire was built on the campus, around which the boys and girls gathered, sang school songs, gave rousing school yells. Then (through the kindness of the night watchman), access to the building was gained, a piano was dragged out into the hall (which was lighted), and an informal dance held. Everyone had a delightful time, and journeyed home with a deeper love for O. H. S.

The foregoing digression is an example of what might be done in the way of entertainments at school. The present cry is that there are too many parties, and the high school is getting aristocratic, etc.; *ad infinitum*. Why then, should not the school authorities recognize the importance of the phase of student life, and remedy the evils, in-



stead of decrying them, and saying that "things were different in grandmother's time?" Why should not the high school hops be given at high school, and be real high school affairs, instead of mere money-making institutions for a few of the boy students. Entertainments given at high school for, by and of the high school, could be attended by all the students and faculty. They would be the means of opening the eyes of the pupil to the fact that the teacher is more than a mere automaton for driving algebra formulas and Latin conjugations into his brain. They would be doubly effective in opening the eyes of the faculty to the fact that a student may not be of such a bad sort, even if he is unable to get good marks. The school spirit of both student body and faculty would be vastly improved. It would lead to a better spirit of good fellowship, and democracy. Many other good effects, which become obvious if but a little thought is spent on this subject might be stated. But,—what's the use?

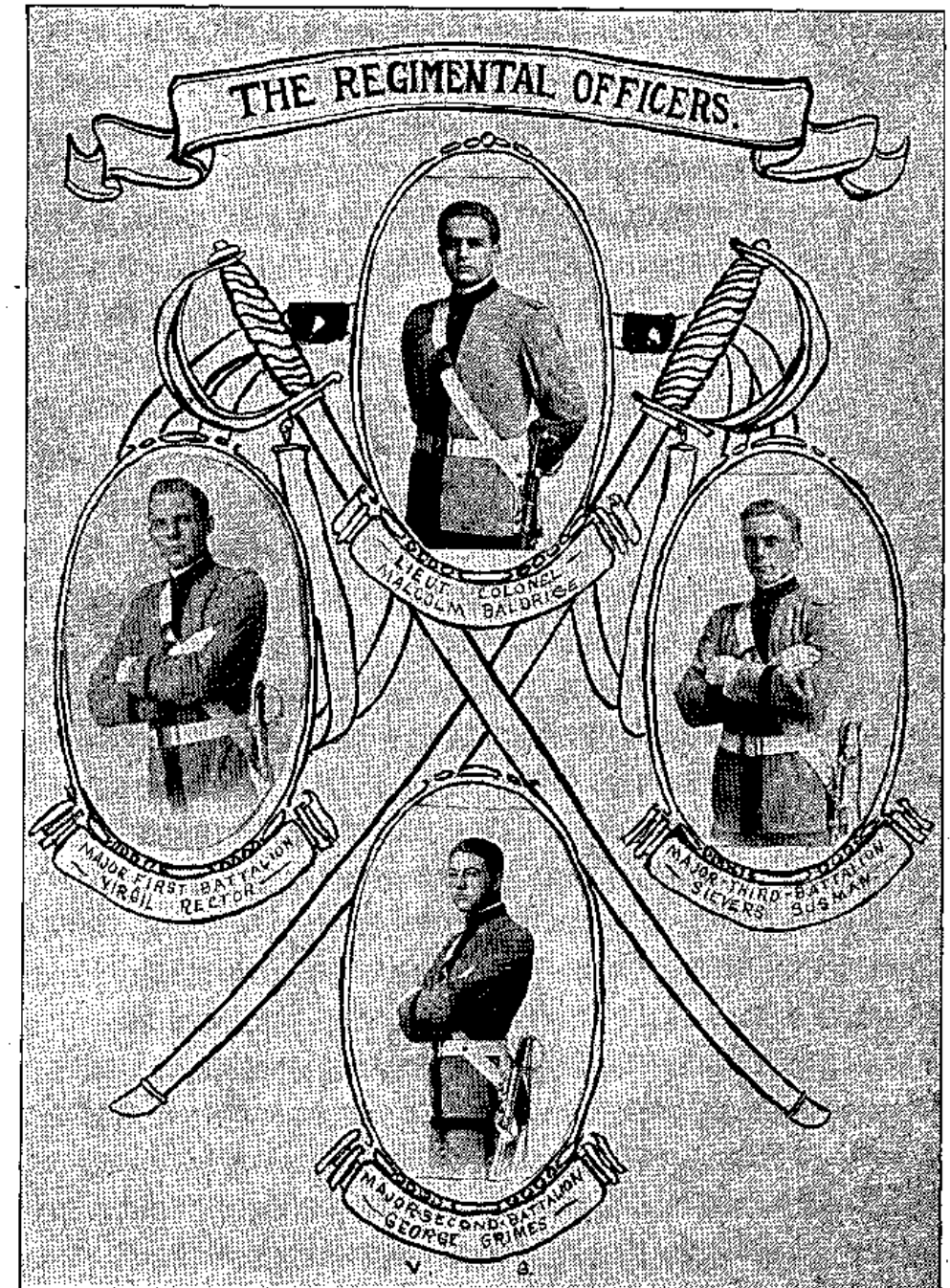
P. S.—We have never seen an editorial with a P. S., but that is no reason why a little originality should not be injected into The Register. We only go on to say, that since perpetrating the above little diatribe (?) we have read Regent Haller's talk to the University of Nebraska students, denouncing the emphasis—overemphasis—placed on social affairs. We were almost on the point of destroying the editorial, but we love the child of our brain too well, (besides being rather busy with lessons), so will set it forth to the world in print. Anyway, "them's our sentiments."

#### Football Sweaters.

There has been some misunderstanding as to whether or not the members of the Omaha High School Football Squad of Nineteen Eleven are to be awarded sweaters. We will say at the beginning that no sweaters will be given. This is caused, not by any lack of appreciation on the part of the Athletic Board, nor is it caused by a lack of money in the treasury. If not this, what is the cause, you will ask. We will explain. In February of nineteen ten, the Board decided to discontinue the custom of awarding sweaters or jerseys to the members of any of the athletic squads. This year, sweaters came up; our Athletic Director, Mr. Reed, sent letters to the leading High Schools of the United States asking what their custom and opinion was on the matter. Out of those who replied exactly half of them did and half did not give sweaters; and in several of the schools where sweaters are given the principal is opposed to the custom. This fact and the fact that the money which is now on hand will be needed to help support other forms of Athletics helped to influence the Athletic Board to cling to their decision of nineteen ten. As a result, as was stated before, no sweaters will be given, but "O's" will be awarded as usual.

R. H., '12.

The Register Staff extends the heartfelt sympathies of her many friends to Ruth Clarke, Class of 1912, on the death of her mother.





# REGIMENT

"What's the use of drilling?"—this has been asked by High School boys oftener than any other question pertaining to school institutions. The Freshman asks it as he buys his first uniforms and the "stuffing" Senior does the same while dragging his tardy feet through the distasteful movements; yet in after years these same boys will be glad that this opportunity was presented to them and that they were compelled to benefit by it.

It might well be said that military drill does more to develop strong young men than any other branch in Omaha High School. Its physical benefits are known and accepted by all but the mental training received in the four years is less appreciated. All the cadets are first taught how to obey; then to be precise in their movements, attentive and neat; and after these have been attained, the more deserving and efficient are given an opportunity to command and instruct others. Each of these qualities is invaluable in any walk of life, whether commercial, professional or military. In addition to the physical and mental benefit, a boy's life as a cadet does one more big thing for him—it presents another field of opportunity—the army and navy. If a young boy is especially fitted for this kind of service, the desire to pursue his ambitions will certainly be encouraged in Omaha High School. The truth of this statement is best proven by the number of army officers the O. H. S. regiment has started on their careers.

Captain Oury, our former commandant, is the foremost example, but there are many more less well known in Omaha and the High School.

In view of the great importance of this part of our course, it is even more discouraging that so many of the school's best boys will not enter into the drill and if they do, only waste their own time and break the discipline of the others. Any appeal to this class is usually useless and no doubt this one will have no more effect than those which have preceded it.

Our new commandant, Captain Cowin, will be with the Regiment at the next regular drill day. It will be our duty to make him feel welcome and to strive with him to make the year's work a success.

Girls—As for those boys who will not have sponsors, remember—this is Leap Year.

## REGIMENTAL STAFF



HUGH MILLARD  
CAPT. ADJ.

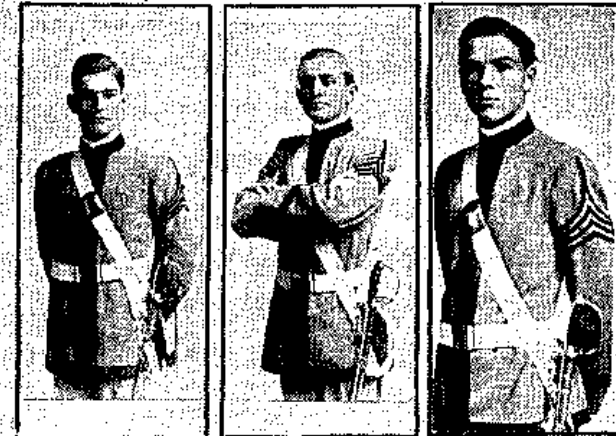
MILTON PETERSEN  
CAPT. Q.M.

WALTER HIXENBAUGH  
CAPT. COM.

NORMAN POTTER  
CAPT. ORD.



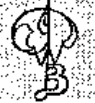
## 1ST BATTALION CAPTAINS



SIDNEY MEYER  
CAPT. Co. A.

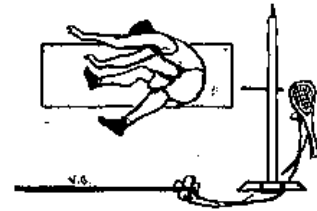
REX HOULTON  
CAPT. Co. B.

GEORGE METCALFE  
CAPT. Co. F.





# Athletics



## Basket Ball.

In writing this I will endeavor to tell you of the work the basketball team has been doing and of the prospects they have for the championship.

When Coach Clarke issued the call for candidates a great number of good men responded and since then no time has been lost in working the team into shape. There is a great deal of competition for the different places on the team on account of the good material. Each fellow is working hard to make a place for himself on the team.

For a while gloom invaded the basketball camp, when Leslie Burkenroad and Harry Munneke said that they would be unable to play with our team in the Tri-City Tournament, because they intended to play with the "Tiger Cubs," a Y. M. C. A. team. Both these boys played star games last year and much was expected of them this year. However Munneke has come to see things right and has decided to come and fight for the purple and the white. "Les" is also a "good scout" and we all hope that it will only be a few days until he will come back into the camp and help us to win the state championship. I don't know of any other fellow in school, who could help his school and team more than "Les" by playing this year.

The practice for the last few days has certainly been pleasing to all who have seen it, and very pleasing to Coach Clark. The team work and basket throwing has been wonderful for so early in the season.


We opened the schedule Saturday evening, January 13, at Omaha university, with the team from that school. The boys from whom the team will be picked for the first game are: Crocker, captain; Hughes, Barry, Munneke, Burkenroad, Meyer, Bowman, Bauman, Sherry and Eastman. Of course, three played on last year's team, Crocker, Burkenroad and Munneke. Barry, who starred for South Omaha High School last year, will prove a very valuable and speedy man to our team. We all welcome Hughes back in school and to the team with open arms, as he certainly is a big asset to the team.

The remaining schedule as it now stands is:


- Jan. 13. University of Omaha.....at O. U.
- Jan. 20. Council Bluffs Y. M. C. A.....at O. Y. M. C. A.
- Jan. 27. Tiger Cubs.....at O. Y. M. C. A.
- Feb. 3. Sioux City High School.....at O. Y. M. C. A.
- Feb. 6. Bellevue College.....at O. Y. M. C. A.
- Feb. 10. Lincoln High School.....at Lincoln.
- Feb. 13. Pirates.....at O. Y. M. C. A.
- Feb. 17. Creighton.....at O. U.
- Feb. 23. Sioux City High School.....at Sioux City.
- Mar. 2. Lincoln High School.....at O. Y. M. C. A.
- Mar. 8. South Omaha High School.....at O. U.
- Mar. 14, 15, 16. State Tournament.....at Lincoln.

Games with Council Bluffs and Beatrice are also probable.


**SECOND AND THIRD BATTALIONS**




**BERYL CROCKER**  
CAPT. Co. D




**DAVID BOWMAN**  
CAPT. Co. G




**WILL NOBLE**  
CAPT. Co. E



**HORACE BLAKE**  
CAPT. Co. C



**DEVO CRANE**  
CAPT. Co. H



**FINLEY JENKINS**  
CAPT. Co. I

### Football.

The Athletic Board finally decided not to give the football team sweaters, but however, will award "O's" to sixteen men. The board pondered over the sweater question for sometime and finally decided that it was not the right thing to give the boys sweaters. It will be admitted that much honor and glory is derived from having played on the team but a sweater would always be a highly valued token to each member of the team.

### The Gymnasium.

One of the pleasant features of the High School is the Girls' Gymnasium. It is not only a great benefit to the girls mentally, morally and physically, but also affords much enjoyment. Physical development aids the girls in mental alertness and to pursue their studies with greater zeal. The girls are taught grace in dancing and other exercises which helps them lose their self-conscious and awkward ways usually evident among the young students.

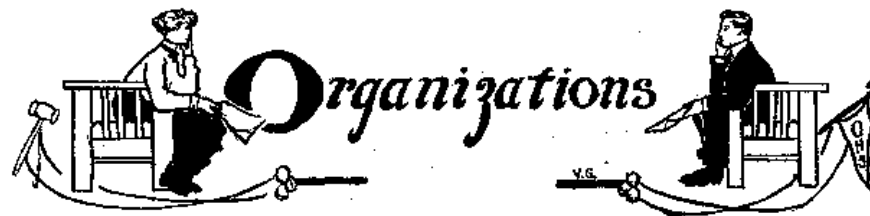
The Freshman classes under the discipline of Miss Herbert are held in the afternoon session. Proper standing position and correct breathing are taught. They have exercises and military drill, which is exceedingly well done. Much like the individual drill of the cadets is the spell dances which they have every so often. The teacher seems to enjoy this as much as the pupils. The girls who do not execute the commands correctly drop out till only one girl is left. Thus they find out the best drillers in the class. Part of the time is taken up in dancing. They dance the Polka and several Schottisches. Most of the girls are fond of dancing and take a great deal of interest in it. Once a week the classes play games and this is especially an enjoyable time as their fellow classmen below readily testify to the laughter and screams which they hear.

The second year is very similar to the first year, with several additions. The second year girls also have military drill and exercises. Their wand drills are very graceful and pretty. They dance the Schottische, the Spanish valse and the Moonlight dance.

Miss Dumont has charge of the second and third year classes. The Indian club swings form one of the important and beneficial part of the work. They have work on the rings and squat vaulting on the horse. Several pretty dances are learned such as the Minuet Waltz and the Blue Bird Mazurka. Once a month Miss Dumont gives the girls very helpful talks. The titles are various, such as *Perfect Poise*, —under this they learn proper standing position, breathing and a good carriage, and *Charm*. They are told that it is not the pretty face alone that has charm, but the clean, happy and cheerful one. This is very encouraging to most of the girls (?). They all agree that these talks should be heeded and an attempt should be made by each girl to carry them out.

In general the gymnasium girls are taking up a very beneficial and practical subject. They rival the boys in drilling and the artists in dancing. The girls are now preparing for examinations which will soon be held. This will be a review of the semester's work. Much to the discomfort of the girls, each one will be required to lead in the dances and other drills.





Now that the first half year has been completed, societies show a stronger tendency towards actual organization and activity than was expected earlier in the year. Although greatly hampered by the workings of the double session, causing a lack of time for preparation and scarcity of meeting places, the societies have succeeded admirably in carrying out their underlying purpose of promoting school spirit and mental development and should be greatly commended for their work.

At the present time many of the societies have larger enrollments than they had at this time last year and the coming in of the February Freshmen will enlarge the societies slightly. There still remains room for a few more scholars who wish to become members. Let us make the closing term of the year a great success along the line of literary and debating organizations.

#### *A. D. S.-L. T. C. Joint Meeting.*

On December 21, 1911, a large joint meeting between the Linger Travel Club and the Athenian Debating Society was held at Jacobs' Memorial Hall. A delightful program was rendered by both societies, after which refreshments were served. The program consisted of:

Duet, Lillian Johnson, Elizabeth Kroner, L. T. C.

Dialogue, Louise Heitfeld, Nora Glynn, L. T. C.

Piano selection, Glen Musgrave, A. D. S.

Debate, "Resolved, That Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished." Won by affirmative. Affirmative, Charles Shook; negative, Ward Smith.

Duet, Marion McCaffrey, Ruth Hunziker, L. T. C.

Play, "The Doctor's Return," by the Athenian Society.

The Athenian Society were entertained at the residence of Charles Shook, their president, on the evening of January 1. An indoor athletic meet was held.

#### *Pleiades.*

A most delightful program was enjoyed before Christmas:

1. "Christmas" ..... Mary Roach
2. "Shoe or Stocking" ..... Mae Brock
3. Reading ..... Minerva Quinby
4. "Kriss Kringle" ..... Maude Craig
5. "Pleiades Daffydils" ..... Marjorie Johnston
6. "Crowded Out" ..... Edith Finch
7. "Star" ..... Rose McGovern

#### *Browning.*

Browning Society was entertained at the home of Elizabeth Rainey, under direction of Helen Weeks. At this meeting the Browning was made an honorary society and for the benefit of the members a scholarship committee was appointed.

#### *German Society.*

Through courtesy of the management of the library permission was granted to the German Society to produce their Christmas program. The following program was given:

1. An informal talk on "Xmas in Germany," which proved to be a rare treat, was given by Miss Somers, who spent her last Xmas in Berlin.

2. Play, "Die Drie Wunsche." Characters, Truda, Ruth Watson; Peter, Leonard McGraff; Kobler, Tinnerich, Francis Rodgers; Necherich, Paul Jenkins; Spotterick, Herman Krell.

3. Views of Switzerland.

This program was enjoyed by members of the German Society and German classes.

A typical German lunch was served, consisting of wienerwurst, pumpernickle and German cookies.

#### *Elaine.*

A meeting of Elaine Society was held in room 309. A splendid program was given:

1. Play, "Scarlet Slipper." Characters, Lula Mae Coe; Mareme Burchmore, Minerva Fuller, Minnie Johnson.

2. Piano solo, Ruth Sanford.

After the program refreshments were served.



*The Forum*, St. Joseph, Mo.: Is an artistically arranged paper; its appearance gives evidence of an efficient staff.

*The Totem*, Seattle, Wash.: Your cover design is very good. Your cuts and department headings are excellent.

*Onas*, Philadelphia, Penn.: Your jokes are real good. Your Domestic Science Department is excellent.

*North Star*, Syracuse, N. Y.: All your departments are well taken care of. Your short stories are very well written. Why not add a few more cuts?

*The Creighton Chronicle*, Omaha, Neb.: A very well edited magazine. Your poem "A Faithful Guide", is excellent.

*The Kinnikinnik*, Colorado Springs, Colo.: A magazine we always welcome. The contents are always very entertaining.

*The Owl*, Middletown, N. Y.: Your paper is good, considering the size, but why not add a few more jokes and lengthen your exchange column?

*The Key*, Battle Creek, Mich.: A very neat paper in appearance. Your cuts might be improved to some extent.

*The Record*, Sioux City, Iowa: A very entertaining paper. Your Exchange column could be lengthened to a very good advantage.

*The Owl*, Rockford, Ill.: Is an artistically arranged paper. Your cuts are good but far between.

*The Comet*: You would do well to enter an Exchange column and if possible a few more good jokes. Your cuts are excellent.

*The Cogswell*, San Francisco, Calif.: Your cuts are excellent. Your stories are certainly worthy of praise. The stories and jokes are the best among our Exchanges. Your Exchange column is also very complete.

*Monnal*, Dillon, Mont.: Why not add a few more Exchanges? Your story "A Christmas Reconciliation," is good.

*The Blue and Gold*, Findlay, Ohio: The few cuts you have are very good; they are clear and also appropriate. Your stories are excellent.

*The Round-Up*, North Platte, Neb.: It is too bad to print such good material, cuts and reading matter on such poor paper as you use.

*High School Review*, Saamokin, Pa.: Is to be congratulated on all the literature contained in it. Why not improve the appearance of the paper by improving your cuts?

*The Caldron*, Fort Wayne, Ind.: Your paper is excellent. Your cover is very neat and attractive. Your cuts and department headings are very good and quite original.

*The Echo*, Kearney, Neb.: A very good paper, containing fine literature and good jokes. An improvement could be made over a great many of the cuts and department headings.

*The Spy*, Kenosha, Wis.: An entertaining little magazine. A few more jokes however, would improve your paper. Your cover design is very good.

*The Alphan*, Iwatonna, Minn.: Is a very well written paper, but could be improved by a few more good cuts.

*The Crimson*, Louisville, Ky.: Your short stories are good and also your poem, "The Land of Fairy Tale." Your Exchange column is very complete.

*The Opinion*, Peoria, Ill.: The drawings which accompany your stories and also which head your paper are exceedingly clever.

*The Record*, Menominee, Mich.: Is a very entertaining little magazine. Your jokes are original and entertaining.

*The High School Pulse*, Jasper, Ala.: Your paper is one well worthy of congratulation. The only thing we might speak of is, your cuts are made conspicuous by their absence.

*The Tatler*, West Des Moines, Iowa: We miss your Exchange department, otherwise your paper is splendid.

*Bellevian*, Vevey, Switzerland: Once again we welcome our foreign exchange. It is most interesting.



DEAREST BETTY:

Vacation is over and here we are back in school. How those two happy weeks did fly! If it were not for the many good times sandwiched between I would have declared it only a few days from the closing to the opening of school again, and it seems very hard to settle down to study after not even thinking of a school book for days and days.

The teachers were very kind and did not give us any lessons to get during the holidays, so we could devote the entire time to enjoying ourselves.

On the last day of school all the girls were in a flutter of excitement, not merely because it was the last day of school and Christmas coming in three days, but because on that night was to occur the long anticipated Senior Prom! The last formal dance to be given by the grand (?) class of 1912! The hall looked particularly attractive with its masses of red poppies and two inviting cozy corners. One done in Les Hiboux colors, black and gray, and the other in cardinal and navy blue, the colors of the Larai.

The programs were of heavy red paper with seal and ribbon on the front of gray. You should have seen the crowd! Its a wonder every one wasn't on crutches the next day, for you just couldn't keep stepping n folks' toes, but none of us cared as we were having such a good time. From then until Christmas everyone was in a mad scramble to finish their shopping and send off their gifts. Laura Zimmerman and Edwin Landale led the grand march.

On December 30th was Les Hiboux Hop and you know this always is a very swell affair. The decorations were very effective. All around the balcony of the hall was a border of silver leaves on a background of black. The posts supporting the balcony were wound with greens, and at the foot of each was a small Christmas tree. The programs were gray with an owl on the front done in black. Refreshments were served during intermission at small tables in the lower hall. Here the ceiling was festooned with bands of crepe paper and the only lights were the shaded candles on the tables giving a very pretty effect. You can imagine what a grand time we all had.

New Year's Eve coming on Sunday spoiled the opportunity for giving any large parties and by the way, Betty, please to note, this is Leap Year! Of course many friends gathered informally to welcome the new year.

On January 3rd the T. K. club gave a bob party. They rode to the Country home of Dr. Davis, where they had an oyster supper and en-

joyed the warmth of a huge grate fire, before returning to town by a different route than the one going out. The class of 1911-12 gave a Hop on January 4th. The Oberlin College Glee club was here on the same night so of course the usual crowd was divided between the two. Those attending the dance had a fine time and so did those who went to hear the Glee club.

On January 6th, Adelyn Wood entertained a large number of her friends at a beautifully appointed luncheon. The guests were seated at two large tables, which were charmingly decorated with carnations and narcissus.

I hope I won't bore you on the subject of Hops, but I must tell you about the Junior, which will occur on January 26. We are all expecting a very nice affair and I am sure we will not be disappointed as the Class of 1913 is a progressive one.

Now Betty, dear, I really must desist, for as it is I have had to hide my books so I would not feel guilty at spending so much time on this letter when I should be digging at Virgil! So with love and best wishes for the New Year. I am,

Yours faithfully,

RUTH.



## Domestic Science



That work in that very famous and important department of our High School, the Domestic Science, for the month of December, was to prepare for Christmas. As this is the most festive season of the whole year, it enters largely into school work of any kind, but into the study of Domestic Science particularly. There are so many things to be done in every home at this time that a great deal of preparation is necessary. And so the Domestic Science girls were unusually busy.

The first week of this wonderful month was honored by the "Christmas Exhibit". This was made up of gifts brought by the girls who had made them. The only rule was that the article should be sewn, embroidered, painted or made in whatever way, by the girl herself. As a result, there were three long tables covered with beautiful, as well as beautifully made, Christmas gifts. The second week saw a dinner table set for a family Christmas dinner. Besides the decorations on the table, others, more or less elaborate, were discussed. Then, for the last school week of the year, we had a pretty little Christmas tree trimmed with the usual bright tinsel and glass ornaments.

Some of the cooking experiments were on vanilla wafers and various kinds of candy, which one *must* know how to make! Part of these cookies and candies were saved from each of the lessons to be put in small Christmas packages, which were given to the children at the Creche, in hopes that their Christmas might be a little happier. The last day before vacation Miss Turner read us some of Kipling's stories on Primitive Man. This, we all think, is a very enjoyable way of spending the period.

Now, with this fine new year we are starting out with all the eagerness that two weeks of delightful vacation can give us. For

January we are studying new subjects, namely, milk, batters and doughs. The study of milk is very important and cannot be too much emphasized. One should know a great deal concerning the food content of the average dairy milk, the kinds of milk and their uses in different countries, the value of cream and milk and all such important facts. In connection with the study of milk, is the study of batters and doughs. Although it sounds easy to make these, there is much to be learned in order to make them successfully. They must be mixed in a certain way, some ingredients being added before some others. Then they must be left to rise for a certain length of time. All these things must be learned at some time and place anyway, so the Domestic Science study teaches them.

## Alumni Notes

With the Merry Holidays come the glorious alumni reunions.

Many of the Omaha High School students' school life practically ends when they receive their High School diplomas. Others are fortunate enough to enter their college career and continue their education and happy school days. But what ever is their destiny there are few who do not look forward to their class reunion, as the time when old friendships can be renewed, merry old school days recalled and all trials and glories of their new life enumerated. Many happy faces were seen at the different reunions held during the Christmas holidays.

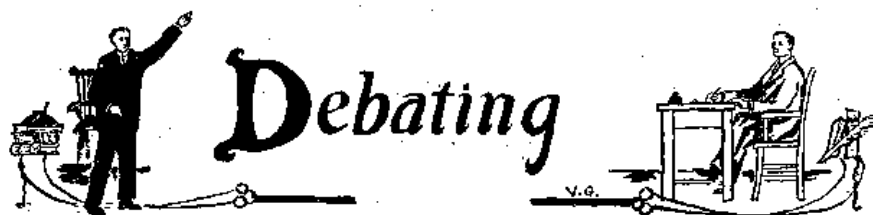
The class of '08, held their fourth annual reunion at the home of Hawthorne Daniels. After a short business meeting during which Hawthorne Daniels was elected president for the coming year, a delightful musical program was rendered. Addresses were given by Miss Kate McHugh and Mrs. Platte, (formerly Miss Florence McHugh.)

At the Omaha University, the class of '09, held their third annual reunion.

Preceding a musical program a short business meeting was held and Max Flothow was elected president. Interesting addresses were given by Miss Kate McHugh, Mr. Bernstein, Harry Carpenter and Howard Roe, a former class president.

The class of '10 gathered at the home of Elsa Haarman for their second annual reunion. A very interesting address was given by Miss Mackin, who highly praised the class for their individuality and good taste in choosing to leave behind them a bronze tablet to be placed in the new west wing of the school, when it is completed. Mr. Bernstein also gave an interesting address in which he stated that he had almost become a suffragette during the evening. Will Wentworth was elected president to succeed Hugh Mills.

The first reunion of the class of '11 was held at the Omaha University. The most important feature of the evening was a class chronicle written by Nell Ryan and Donald Howe. Another important feature of the evening was the informal dance. The students had great sport dancing the Virginia Reel and other old-fashioned dances. Henry Howes was unanimously elected president to succeed Voyle Rector.



On the afternoon of December twenty-first, the Preliminary Debate for choosing the squad was held in Room 309. Each candidate for a position on the squad gave a five-minute talk on either side of the question: "Resolved, that the present immigration laws should be so amended as to exclude all persons over twenty-one years of age not able to read and write, provided, that none dependent upon an eligible immigrant be excluded." From a score who tried out, a squad of twelve was chosen.

The judges, Doctor Senter, Prof. Woolery, and Prof. McMillan, without consultation handed in lists in order of efficiency; although no ranking was given out; and Prof. Burke, chairman, gave the following as the pick of the judges: Max Block, '12; Maurice Clark, '12; George Grimes, '12; Carson Hathaway, '12; Maurice Johnson, '12; Barney Kulakofsky, '13; Edwin Landale, '12; Paul Mackin, '12; Milton Petersen, '12; Fred Rypins, '12; Waldo Shillington, '12-13; Harold Torrell, '14. These twelve compose the squad from which all members of teams will be chosen, and which will work together in studying all questions for inter-school debates.

After the announcement of those who made the squad, Prof. Woolery and Prof. McMillan each gave the boys a talk on the value of debating and public speaking. Prof. Burke assigned six of the squad to write briefs for the affirmative, and six for the negative of the above question.

The squad chosen is certainly a fine representation of the talent along debating lines in the school. No doubt there are a few with natural ability enough to have made the squad in place of some who succeeded, if they had worked and tried out; but the mere fact that they did not interest themselves enough to try, should rule out any regret that certain good speakers are not on the squad. Five of those who made the squad were on last year, and every one of the boys have had some experience, as every one of them has at one time or other belonged to one of the literary debating societies. The excellent material on the squad makes our prospects for winning teams doubly sure.

Arrangements for this year's debating schedule were rudely shaken, when it was found the Westport, Kansas City, High School would not be able to enter the old triangular debate with West Des Moines High and Omaha for another year, although it is certain that next year this can be resumed. However, it is definitely decided that we will debate Council Bluffs on the question used in the preliminary, some time this spring. Prof. Reed is negotiating with West Des Moines High to have a single debate with Des Moines in that city this year. It is not known whether we will debate Lincoln this year or not. Last year, after all arrangements had been made and tickets of admission sold, through carelessness on the part of the Lincoln coach, a misunderstanding arose that resulted in calling off the debate. At the present time local authorities are adverse to resuming relations with Lincoln.

## Business Training

The work in this department opened up in good shape after the holidays, all of the pupils being in their places anxious to pass the mid-term examinations with good grades.

The shorthand classes were greatly pleased to have a visit recently from Mr. John Robert Gregg, the author of the system we use. This was Mr. Gregg's first visit to Omaha and he complimented our classes very highly.

For a New Year's present, the School Board gave us a complete Gameter Multigraph, which is greatly appreciated. We feel very proud of this machine as it is the only complete machine owned by any school in Omaha. It is expected that our pupils will derive much benefit from its use.

Messrs. E. D. Lobatigh and George Huebsch of Chicago, were recent visitors. Both of them expressed great satisfaction with the work of our pupils.

The Great Northern railroad recently favored us by sending two very fine framed pictures showing views in the new Glacier National Park.

The Commercial Geography classes have been doing some very excellent work and a number of excursions to industrial plants have been planned for the purpose of studying processes of manufacture and business methods. Just at present a number of the pupils are preparing illustrated note books in which they discuss various industries.

The first Monday after vacation Mr. Dunn, of the Daily News, photographed the Advance shorthand class and Typewriting class. As soon as the class saw the camera, there was considerable primping and flurrying among the girls, and several of the boys felt to see if their tie was straight and their hair parted nicely. Of course everything was O. K. (?) Mr. Dunn also photographed other business classes, and a few favored ones were chosen to be photographed alone. The pictures are to illustrate one of the several articles, which are running in a series in the Omaha Daily News. Here's another boost for the Commercial Department.

Very interesting and elaborate process exhibits have recently been received from the National Lead company and Kirkendall Shoe company.

Mr. Clausen is issuing a certificate of writing to all pupils who at any time become proficient in writing. This is the first time this has been done and the certificate will be something that all pupils should strive to obtain. Any one interested in writing is invited to the writing room to see the different specimens and the prizes given. If any pupil in the writing department knows of any frames that would be suitable for the writing room, they will be gladly accepted and the pupil rewarded for the same.

Goldie Alpin visited the Typewriting class in the Central High School in St. Paul, Minnesota, on January 8, and reports that they are

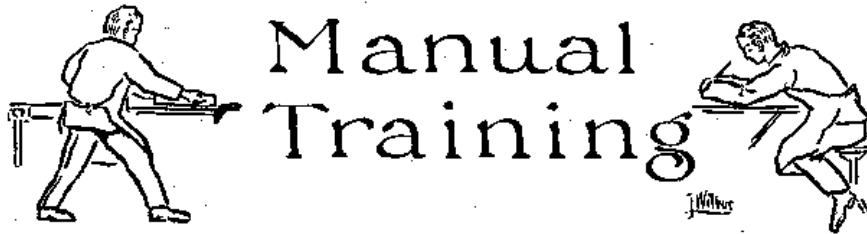


doing about the same work that we are here, but have a very much smaller department.

We have had many requests from business houses for graduates to take positions and our supply is exhausted. Among the latest to take positions are:

ESTHER KAREL  
ETHEL ALBACH  
HELEN COOK

MARY LAKE  
AGNES SALLARS  
NORLEN WILTON



### Value of Artistic Knowledge in Relation to Manual Training

Popular conception defines Manual Training as the training of the hand, but we assert that it is mental training through experiences gained by manual activity.

No project, model or occupation may ever be made use of in the name of manual training that does not lead to some ultimate end, which the child sees and acknowledges to be good and for the attainment of which he willingly gives active attention to the necessary work.

Dr. Haney affirms that drawing is the first of all agents in the education of the hand and to my mind artistic knowledge as expressed by pure design is not only a legitimate but an essential part of manual training. Design is to the executed work what thought is to action.

When we consider that we cannot look anywhere without having beauty showered upon us and yet many are insensible to beauty and indifferent to ugliness, we are able to understand Asa Gray saying to his students, "Unless you draw you will not see."

Pupils should be encouraged to search for the elements of art in nature. They should be led to see how the designer goes to nature for his material and how he adapts this material to produce beautiful ornaments.

Through this training the child gains entrance to some of the greatest enjoyments of life as well as to the greatest utilities of later life.

Everybody knows that the more directly and perfectly you train a pupil to do anything with his hands alone the more likely you are to turn him into a machine.

It is an injustice while you are teaching him to construct a thing well to allow him to make it either unpleasant in its proportions or rude in its decorations.

If the school fits its boys and girls for happy, useful lives it

must aid each to find the niche in the world's industry for which he was designed by nature.

It therefore follows that the subject matter of manual training should contain as many as possible of the world's industries.

Art as an element of industry is one that strikes deep in modern business and it is today upon this element more than any other except utility that the success or failure of a given enterprise rests.

In 1870 Massachusetts found she was failing in competition with foreign goods. This was due to the superiority of the artistic skill of the old world workmen over ours.

With our wonderful natural resources it seems too bad that our people should send to old world markets for goods rendered by artistic skill many times more valuable than the raw material.

By proper training in the schools this nation could refine "the treasures of the earth" to meet the highest needs of the people. Not all can be artists, but all can be taught the principles of art. The boy who said when he had finished a bench piece, "May I carve a clover on it to take away that flat look?" had the right idea.

All will admit that the finest points of human genius have been embodied in art.

Our object in the study and reproduction in clay and wood of these masterpieces is to induce in the pupils the art loving and art producing faculties. We desire that they shall have an impulse which will lead them to produce works of art if they can, or at least that they shall have judgment to decide whether what they have done is or is not beautiful. This means that with these faculties developed they will be able to discover order and beauty everywhere.

Nothing has been found too common or simple, nothing too sublime or sacred, to lend its influence in beautifying the habitations and surroundings of man. Abbe Texier has given expression to what we consider the time spirit which our manual training is trying to inculcate: "To use one's life as one goes along, to live every day with pleasure in congenial occupation; that is the only thing worth while."—By Courtesy of the City Supervisor of Manual Training.

### LOCALS.

School reopened January the eighth, after one of the busiest vacations the students ever enjoyed. There was some kind of a school entertainment nearly every day as was vouched by the smothered yawns and sleepy eyes of the pupils, to say nothing of the faculty. It is interesting to note, though, that some of the faculty were represented at both the Senior and the Les Hiboux dances.

The new Commandant of the Cadets, Captain Cowin, has taken the place of Lieutenant Haskell, who left during vacation for the Philippine Islands. The school extends a hearty welcome to the new commandant and best wishes for the new year to him and the cadets.

The old chimney has finally fallen and hardly anyone knew a thing about it until it was all over.

"Mac" Baldrige is again up at school after the operation on his knee, caused by an accident received in one of the last games of the season. It is to be noted that the fifth hour "Latin Class" sent him flowers.

One of the large derricks on the new wing now being built, toppled over under the heavy weight of one of the stone pillars. The large iron beams of the derrick were very badly twisted and a couple of the workmen had a narrow escape as it came within two or three inches of hitting two of the men.

Miss Kathryn Crocker spent a part of her vacation in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Kathryn says she had the time of her life.

Miss McHugh was absent from school January the eighth, as she was suffering from a severe cold.

Miss Ulah Renner spent her Christmas vacation at Jefferson, Iowa. She was very unfortunate, as she was ill most of the time while visiting.

On Thursday the twenty-first of December, Rev. Jenkins gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on Oberlin College. He was assisted by Mr. Smalls and Mr. Mattson, alumni of Oberlin. The slides were mostly of the beautiful buildings and grounds there. Dr. Senter had charge of the "picture machine." All Seniors and some Juniors and Sophomores were permitted to leave their fifth hour class to attend this lecture.

Much to our delight (?) the building was found to be nice and warm, the first day of school.

Mr. Edward R. Burke, our new debating coach, was married on December twenty-eighth, to Miss Nettie M. Flinn of De Kalb, Ill.

The Mid-year class is to be congratulated on the way they have boosted their class this year. Their dance was a success and a good way for the class to meet socially.

Just before vacation Miss McHugh called an assembly of every boy in the school in 309. Lectures were given about smoking around the school by Miss McHugh, Mr. Reed and Mr. Woolery. A very stirring talk was given by "Johnnie" Gideon and all the boys, before they left the room, stood up and promised that they would not smoke within a radius of two blocks from the school grounds. Miss McHugh was delighted with the united willingness with which the boys gave their promises, as she said that she has more faith in promises than in pledges. The New England Educational magazine give an article of interest and pride to every member of the school. It says that of a school of two thousand our principal, Miss McHugh, has had but one case of discipline and that one was merely incidental. It speaks also of the admirable loyalty of the young men of our school to their principal.

The National Municipal League offers two prizes of thirty dollars and of twenty dollars respectively for the best essay on "Street Cleaning in My City." This is a fine chance for some of the essay writers of our school to display their ability and it is to be hoped that many of the Seniors and Juniors took notice of the bulletin board and will try their hand in the contest.

Miss McPherson, president of the Visiting Nurses' Association, wrote a letter to Miss McHugh in which she said that she wished to add her thanks personally for the collection taken up at school to help their cause. She wanted the faculty and pupils "to know that their money will keep a nurse in the field for seven weeks, giving daily care to all kinds of patients, and that it will bring Christmas cheer to them all, and to know how much friendly aid their money has enabled us to give."

The basketball season is now starting and we wish to urge here and now that good crowds will turn out, that they will make a better showing than in any previous year, and much better than at the football games this season.

### The O. H. S. Glee Club.

Of the many student activities at the school this year, the Glee Club was the first to organize. Principal McHugh was averse to allowing rehearsals to be held at the school because they disturbed the classes in session, so the members induced Walter B. Graham, a well known local vocal instructor, to drill them in the finer points of vocal art, secured the use of his studio on Tuesday evenings, in which to hold rehearsals, chipped in and bought some new, up-to-date music, and went ahead with the work.

That was early in September. Now, with half the school year completed, the club has made a record to be proud of and has gained considerable prestige among local music followers as an organization of high talent. It has proved this fact conclusively on several occasions, delighting everybody from staid, stately school teachers to "wild and woolly" sheep men.

Much praise is due Mr. Graham for the success of last year and the club has been fortunate enough to secure his services again this year. Willard Slabaugh is president of the club, and Lynn Sackett is secretary, Earnest Hammond holds the position of treasurer, and Kenneth Widenor acts as accompanist. At present there is an active enrollment of thirty voices.

Following is a brief resume of the work of the club for the year 1911:

Wednesday afternoon, November 8, the club made its initial bow before the Nebraska State Principals and Superintendents' meeting, at the Y. W. C. A. auditorium. The selections rendered were a pronounced success.

Thursday Noon, November 9.—After an elaborate luncheon at the University club, the fellows hurried over to the Hotel Rome, where they helped to make the first Nebraska alumni banquet a success.

Friday Afternoon, November 10—At the Lininger Art Gallery, with evidences of the classics on all sides, the club showed its ability and drew considerable applause from several score of educational critics, who were the guests of Mrs. Haller at the gallery that after-

(Continued on Page 53)



# Squibs

Ky Laes Sundaes are delicious. 10c. "Haines."

## THE REASON.

Magistrate—"What! Do you mean to say your husband struck you, and he a physical wreck?"

Mrs. Maloney—"Yes, yer honor; but he's been a physical wreck only since he struck me."—Ex.

Get a copy of Mr. Bernstein's latest song, "Talk," from Willard Slabaugh. Price 25c. A very catchy piece of rag-time.

## WARNED.

"I have sent that heiress another letter protesting my affection and asking her to marry me," said Counte Fucash.

"You want to be careful how you put that sort of thing into the mails," replied the frank friend. "The Postoffice Department is getting mighty strict about anything that looks like a get-rich-quick enterprise."—Ex.

Watkin's Wolfe (translating)—"She twined herself around my feet."

Johnston's Chocolates are the good ones, with heavy coating. "Haines."

Milton Petersen (ditto) *Eripe, nate, fugam*—"Snatch away, O mother, flight."

Private aid given to H. S. students in mathematics and Latin, evenings, by experienced High School teachers. Address, care High School Register.

Pupil—What does "dearest chuck" mean?

Miss Towne—"It is a double term of endearment."

Pupil—"Isn't it rather unusual?"

Miss Towne—"Oh no, I hear expressions like that every day."

Larai Sundae is good. Try it. 10c. "Haines."

Scotch Mother to Small Son—"James, James! You must not swear like that or Satan will take you to his burning fire."

Small Son—"He's been a long time coming for father."—Ex.

Did you ever try an Amatoff Sundae? 10c. "Haines."

Every Month Adds to the Prosperity of the

## Mosher-Lampman

# Business College

This school offers a combination of excellence in courses of study, expertness of instruction, and elegance, convenience, and commodiousness of quarters not to be found elsewhere.

Our January opening has been the largest in the history of the school.

Students are coming to us from the eighth grade, from the High School and from other business colleges.

We guarantee good positions to our graduates, and we will assist those who do not graduate in every possible manner. Scores of under-graduates have been placed in fine positions.

School will be in session all summer. Our rooms are well lighted and perfectly ventilated and will be delightfully cool for summer study.

Enter school at once and prepare for a good position next September.

Call at the college and inspect our rooms and courses of study. Visitors are always welcome.

If you can't call, phone or write for full information.

## Mosher-Lampman Business College

1815 FARNAM STREET

Omaha, Nebr.

## Spring Goods are Arriving Daily



**WE INVITE YOU  
TO INSPECT THEM**

# Thompson, Belden & Co.

HOWARD AND SIXTEENTH ST.

### HEARTFELT.

The Kid (after his first cigar)—“Gee! I wish Wickersham had killed dat terbacker trust!”—Ex.

H. Harte—“Speaking of etiquette did you send the dollar for those advertised instructions on ‘What to do at the table?’”

A. Klopp—“Yes.”

H. H.—“What did you get?”

A. Klopp—“A slip with one word printed on it: ‘Eat’!”—Ex.

### NEVER FAILS.

“My wife can’t decide on a car.”

“This model is the last word in touring cars.”

“The last word, eh? Then she’ll have it.”—Ex.

### SHE KNEW.

“My dear,” called a wife to her husband, who was in the next room, “What are you opening that can with?”

“Why,” he said, “with a can-opener; what did you suppose I was doing it with?”

“Well,” replied his wife, “I thought from your remarks you were opening it with prayer.”

### THE ONLY CHANCE.

“If those California women run for office do you think they would be guilty of purchasing votes?”

“Well, I hardly think so. Not unless they got green trading stamps with them, anyway.”—Ex.

1610 Farnam St., middle of the block, “Haines.”

## Attention Students!

OUR great semi-annual stock reducing sale is now on. Merchandise of the highest character greatly sacrificed in price.

HUNDREDS of Omaha’s best dressed young fellows are taking advantage of the exceptional values to be found here.

STUDENTS will find it decidedly to their interest to attend this great sale. Every reduction is genuine, every transaction means your money back if you choose.

# BROWNING, KING & CO.

R. S. WILCOX, Manager

15th at Douglas

The O. H. S. Glee Club—continued from page 49  
noon. Every member is still the proud possessor of a big red carnation, a souvenir of the occasion.

Thursday Evening, November 16.—At the Calvary Baptist church anniversary. The Glee club was a pronounced success on this occasion and every fellow showed his ability to cause a goodly quantity of ice cream and cake to disappear after the program was over.

Tuesday Evening, November 21.—At the Degree of Honor celebration of Washington Lodge No. 27 held at the A. O. U. W. hall. The fellows were called back for several encores, one selection, “The Bill of Fare,” making a decided hit.

Friday Afternoon, December 15.—On this occasion Mr. Graham’s pupils, as a male quartet, made a most creditable showing before the National Wool Grower’s association, in session at the Hotel Rome.

Christmas Morning, December 25.—At the annual Christmas program of the Knights Templars, held at the Masonic temple. The Glee club rendered several sacred selections of exceedingly high merit and showed that its repertoire extended over something more than classical and humorous songs.

Wednesday Evening, December 27.—The first public concert of the club was very successfully given before an audience of students and local music lovers, at the First Christian church. The club, twenty-five voices strong, carried its part of the program very creditably and was assisted by some local talent.

Willard Slabaugh, baritone, and Lynn Sackett, tenor, rendered several individual selections of exceedingly high merit. The concert was given under the auspices of the Mid-Term graduating class.

## Derby Woolen Mills

Come Boys,  
You must have Clothes

Let us make your  
**SUIT or OVERCOAT**  
To Your Measure  
**\$15.00 to \$18.00**

**F. A. TOMPKINS, M'g'r**  
103 S. 15th St.

### RESOLUTIONS.

*Milton Petersen—*  
Hair parted in middle, I'll have no more,  
From now on, it will be pompadour.  
*Wayne Selby—*  
"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine"  
This I resolve to the end of time.

*Hugh Millard—*  
That greatest of virtues, leave to me,  
In future, as past, I'll have dignity.  
The one who thinks these jokes are poor,  
Would straightway change his views.  
Could he compare the jokes we print  
With those we do not use. —Ex.

Eyes so full of laughter,  
Head so full of whirls,  
They think they're quite important,  
Our tiny Freshman girls.—Ex.

He sits apart; the dance goes on;  
He gazes sadly at the throng,  
And why? He's lost a friend he trusted—  
His suspender button's busted.



**—MOVED—**  
To 221½ South 16th Street in the Paxton Block  
3 doors North of Farnam St.  
**S. W. LINDSAY, Jeweler**



Guest—"I'll take some o' that."  
Waiter—"Some o' which, boss?"  
Guest—"Some o' that there. Can't you read?"  
Waiter—"Scuse me, sah; I ain't had no education, neither."  
Lady—"Did that last nickel I gave you go for beer?"  
Les Hiboux Sundae is another good one. 10c. "Haines."

"May I see my father's record?" asked the new student. "He was in the class of '77."

"Certainly, my boy; what for?"

"He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I want to see just how far I can go."



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



Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.



### ITS A CERTAINTY

That any made-to-order  
or repair work done at  
**Combs'** will be skillful-  
ly done and priced right.  
We specialize on every  
kind of wares and work  
in the Jewelry line. We  
made the 1911 and 1912  
Rings and Pins. . . . .

**T. L. COMBS & CO.**  
THE BUSH JEWELERS

A Good Store  
To be known at

1520 Douglas St.

## The Pantorium

is always prepared to give you  
satisfaction in the way of  
Cleaning, Pressing or Dyeing  
your Clothes.

CALL ONCE AND YOU  
WILL CALL AGAIN

**The Pantorium, 1513 Jones St.**

**1912**  
We trust, has Three Hundred and  
Sixty-six Days of Happiness and Pros-  
perity in store for you. May your joys  
vastly outnumber your sorrows.

**1912**  
Farnam Street wishes to help you en-  
joy each one of these days by serving  
you with the **safest, purest and cleanest**  
milk sold in our modern city of Omaha.  
We thank you one and all for your cor-  
dial co-operation during 1911. It is  
with your loyalty that the Company  
has been able to build the most mod-  
ern dairy in the west.

We extend to you our very best  
wishes for all the Prosperity and Hap-  
piness of a Successful New Year.

**ALAMITO SANITARY DAIRY CO.**  
Douglas 411. A-4411.

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

There was a young man from the city,  
Who saw what he thought was a kitty,  
So he gave it a pat,  
And soon after that  
He buried his clothes—what a pity!—Ex.

The boy that hath no fear within himself,  
Nor is not moved with rumors of "exams,"  
Is fit for heaven, earthly joys, and A's;  
The notions of his brain are bright as day  
And of his classmates dark as Erebus;  
Let no such boy be flunked.

### "NUF SED"

You can't make the eye of a needle cry,  
You can't deafen an ear of corn,  
You can't manicure the hands of a clock,  
Or even the finger of scorn.

You can't wipe the mouth of a flowing stream,  
You can't trim the beard of a hook,  
Shoes can't be made for the foot of a hill,  
Or a wig for the head of a brook.

You can't pull the leg of a yachting course  
You can't break the arm of the sea,  
You can't hear the hound of a wagon bark,  
Or even the bark of a tree.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never vexed out loud hath said,  
As his name on the list delinquent he read,  
"!!!" — — — "!!! ?????"

## MILLER & MORRELL

LEADING  
BARBERS

214 S. 15th St. 213 S. 16th St.  
8th floor New Brandies Bldg.  
Room Number 871

Employ the Best of Workmen. Baths in Connection

THE OWL  
Moulding & Art Company



Appropriate Framing  
PRICES THE LOWEST

1516 Howard St. PHONE  
Douglas 1674

"Listen To Our Hoop"



A New  
**ARROW**  
Notch COLLAR

15c.—2 for 25c. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers

Edwin Landale confided to us, (in strictest confidence), that he only shaved once a month, that when he did shave, it was only on his upper lip, and then he shaved not because he needed to, but he liked it;—it tickled him and made him laugh!

Our line of Perfumes is complete. "Haines."

"Your nephew is a college graduate, isn't he?"

"Yes," confessed the honest farmer, "but in justice to the college I'll own up he never had no sense before."

"Los Loros" Punch touches the spot. 10c. "Haines."

"Say, man, can you tell me what makes the milk pale?"

Chorus—"No, but the pumpkin."

**C. B. Brown & Co. JEWELERS and SILVERSMITHS**

RELIABLE GOODS AT REASONABLE PRICES 222 S. 16th St.

To close out our odd lines  
of

**SWEATER COATS**

We will sell them at  
**ONE-HALF PRICE**  
Of what they are marked

**Townsend Gun Co.**

1514 Farnam Street

We are the Official Photographers  
for the  
**SENIOR CLASS**

Special Rates on  
**GRADUATION PICTURES**

**The Heyn Studio**

16th and Howard Streets OMAHA

**Dyball's Candy Shop**

THE HOME OF HOME-MADE CANDIES  
Phone, D. 1416 1518 Douglas Street OMAHA

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

**PLAY BALL**

Now is the time to begin to organize your Base Ball Teams for Spring. As soon as you are organized, the next thing to do is to come down to the City National Bank Building, 411 So. 16th St., and look over our uniforms and base ball supplies. We have the best lay-out in the West.

Walter G. Clark Co.

411-413 So. 16th St. City Nat'l Bank Bldg.

**NEW ENGLAND BAKERY**

AND LUNCH ROOM

212 North 16th St. Tel. Red 5791

Branch 1613 Harney

**BEST LUNCH**

in the city for the money

Only five blocks from High School

**LOUIS A. BORSHEIM**

Jeweler and Silversmith

506 South Sixteenth Street

500 Block

**THE NEW DELICATESSEN**

1836 Farnam Street LUNCH AND TEA ROOM Phone Douglas 5772

HOME COOKING A SPECIALTY

Open from 8:00 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

Closed on Sundays

PRINTED BY REQUEST.

JUNIOR CHARACTERISTICS.

Carlisle Allen—Blonde Hair.  
Rawson White—Pompadour.  
Robert Marshal—Pins.  
Frank Hixenbaugh—Being Pres(id) ent.  
Kathryn Crocker—"I don't know."  
Luella Petersen—Greek.  
Blanche Busk—"Making friends with a smile."  
Gertrude Aikin—(?)

Please print this to let them know themselves as other see them.

Come in and drink a T. K. Frappe. They are good. 10c. "Haines."

1879 1911

OUR TRADE MARK MEANS QUALITY



207 South 16th St.,

OMAHA

**BLACK**

THE

**\$2.50 HATTER**

HATS—FURNISHINGS

109 South Sixteenth St.

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

### To Whom it May Concern:

(And that means every young man or woman about to graduate or to leave school for any other reason.)

## THE VAN SANT SCHOOL

is a business school whose patronage is made up of High School and college educated young men and women. The work is adapted to mature intelligences, and is done INDIVIDUALLY so that the best progress may be made by all. To be able to say that you are a graduate of The VAN SANT SCHOOL is to say that you have had a sufficient educational foundation for business work, that your character is such as to entitle you to admission to our school, and that your special education along stenographic and secretarial lines is thorough to the last degree.

Advertisements, at the best, can say little. Call at the school, make inquiries of the several graduates of the Omaha High School now in attendance, ask the business men you know—pursue your inquiry in any direction and the more information you acquire the more certain you will be to think well of our line of work and our manner of teaching it.

ONE C. DUFFY, Prop.

ELIZABETH VAN SANT, Prin.

Corner 18th and Farnam Sts., Omaha

Fountain Pens, all kinds, \$1.00 to \$5.00. "Haines."

#### MORE APOLOGIES TO TENNYSON. FRESHMAN AND SENIOR.

O Freshman, fresher than the first green leaf,

With which the fearful springtide flecks the lea,

Weep not, O Freshman, that thy teacher said to thee

That thou hast gained a "B,"

For worse things still

Will surely, later, be thy doom.

Thou canst not now appreciate thy luck,

Yet in later years thy heart with joy will boom,

When thine eye detects a "C" and grief

Will not greatly disturb thy rest if thou shouldst get a "D."

Thy poor marks, result of thine own sluffing,

Thou canst not deny, even with bluffing,

All wise teachers as they art.

O Senior, if his head were substancless,

(As, in truth, it really is),

Then might thy snubs pass through the Freshman's pride

So swiftly that they nowhere would abide,

But lose themselves in utter foolishness.

Freshman, Seniors, let my warning be—

They always learned to flunk who always knew to bluff.

Our specialty is Prescriptions. "Haines."



## Tip-Top Clothes Are these *Sampecks*

They've forged ahead to the highest point in popular favor because they're distinctively young men's clothes through and through.

The styles, fabrics, colors and patterns are just what well dressed young men insist upon.

Choose your suit or overcoat now. The prices are specially reduced all this month.

## PENNANTS

For every school and college from Kankakee to Good Old Yale.

Come in. You're welcome any time.

**Benson & Thorne Co.**

1518-20 Farnam St.

S—tudents (?)  
E—gotistical  
N—otional  
I—nappreciable  
O—rpheum  
R—usty  
S—colds

J—unk  
U—proarious  
N—onsensical  
I—ncorrigible  
O—riginal  
R—estless  
S—tickers

S—wells  
O—ptomistic  
P—erhaps  
H—owling  
O—ssified  
M—erry  
O—ften  
R—ash  
E—verlastingly  
S—aucy

F—resh  
R—idiculous  
E—asy going  
S—traggling  
H—apless  
M—onkeylike  
E—quivalent to a  
N—uisance

Say, if these jokes are rotten  
That are in this little book,  
Why don't you write some yourself  
And see how those'll look?  
If you exclaim with your first glance,  
"Gee, the jokes are rotten!"  
I know you've been left out or else—  
Forgotten.—Ex.



LESCHETIZKY METHOD  
Pupil of Wagner Swayne, Paris

## Jean Gilbert Jones

PIANIST *and*  
TEACHER

Students Prepared for Public  
Appearance

Studio: Rooms 7-8, Davidge Block

## NEW CLOTHES?

### What's the Use?

By the time we alter, reline, dry clean and press your LAST season's togs you will not see any NEED to buy NEW attire for the coming winter.

## DRESHER BROS.

DRY CLEANERS

2211-12 Farnam St. OMAHA

### YES, HE HAD.

Leader of Lynching Party—"Have you anything to say before you die?"

Condemned Man—"Please trim the end of the rope; it tickles my neck."

Fresh—"Why do words have roots?"

Senior—"I suppose, my son, so the language could grow."

Jimmie—"How did you know I was going to call?"

"Her" Little Sister—"I saw Nell taking the pins out of her belt."

The landlord may be square, but he is always round on rent days.—Ex.

## USE

Washburn-Crosby Co.'s  
**Gold Medal Flour**

Eventually—Why Not Now?

?

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.



### AN ARRAY OF GOODIES

that will please anyone with a palate—young or old; male or female—is here displayed, not only on special occasions, but every day in the year our shop's open. A taste for candy is not confined to children and women only. Men, we all like them. Get the best going at

## OLYMPIA CANDY CO.

1518 Harney St.

Next to the Gayety.

A Colorado ranchman had come to Denver to see a man on a business deal. At noon they went to a down town restaurant for luncheon. The ranchman ate his entire dinner with his knife. Near the end he discovered he had no fork.

"Say," he said to his friend, "that waiter didn't give me a fork."

"Well, you don't need one, do you?" asked the Denver man.

"The deuce I don't," came from the ranchman. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"—Ex.

The manager of a big "Three Ring"

Sought a chief from the cannibal isles to bring;

But, alas, his project came to grief,

For now he's manager-in-chief.—Princetown Tiger.

*The Standard Bread  
of America is*

# TIP-TOP BREAD

*Baked in over one hundred of the largest,  
cleanest, most modern bakeries*

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR TIP-TOP. LOOK FOR THE LABEL  
Do not accept a cheap imitation

*The U. P. Steam Baking Co.*

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.



### Dainty Lunches. Hot and Cold Drinks.

We are now serving each day from 8 a. m. to 11:30 p. m. "Pure Food Lunches" and Hot and Cold Drinks in our beautiful down stairs Soda Water Room, "SODOASIS," at Sixteenth and Dodge.

Our "Bill of Fare" is not a long one, but the serving and food is noted for its daintiness.

We also serve light Lunches at the beautiful "Harvard Pharmacy," Twenty-fourth and Farnam.

**SHERMAN & McCONNELL DRUG CO.**

#### A REAL LOSS.

Kind Old Lady—"Well, my boy, what is the matter?"

Boy—"Muvver sent me for tuppence worth of soap, an' I've lost the tuppence."

Kind Old Lady—"Well, never mind; here's twopence for you. How did you lose it?"

Boy—"Playing pitch and toss."—Ex.

#### HIS IDEA OF A STORY.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "you may try your hand at writing a short story."

A few minutes later Johnny handed up his slate, on which was written: "Us boys all loves our teacher."—Ex.

Try Mary Garden Perfume once. "Haines."

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OR the same reason that we do printing for other people right along, year after year; for the same reason that we will do your printing right along, year after year, if you give us a first order: *The customer is satisfied with the work—stock—style—delivery—and satisfied customers mean repeat orders.* We have the materials and workmen to do any and all kinds of printing, from catalogues to the finest society work, in the highest style of the art—neatly—quickly—as you want it—when you want it—the way you order it. Let us figure with you on your next order. Call at our office, 314-316 South 19th Street; or Phone Douglas 644 or A-1644, and we will call on you at your convenience. Good printing is a joy forever, and we wish you to have plenty of it.

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Omaha's Pure  
Food Center

Restaurant on 2nd Floor

Just across the street from Brandeis Theatre, connected with Brandeis Stores through the West Arcade. After the matinee or any day while shopping, you'll find satisfaction in a cup of delicious tea or a dainty luncheon in the

**Courtney Restaurant and Tea Room**  
Second Floor



Your meals will be more appetizing and wholesome if you use our superior quality groceries and meats. Ankola Coffee is famous for its flavor.

## Courtney & Co.

Telephones: Douglas 647  
Ind. A-1216

17th and Douglas Streets  
OMAHA