

Brown Daisy ^{DUST} Absorbing Floor Mop

HERE'S a dry mop that *absorbs* the dust—picks it up and carries it away. No scattering of dust and germs, no running to door or window every few moments to shake the Brown Daisy Mop. It cleans and polishes at the same time—floors, linoleums, oilcloths, mattings, etc. Positively will not discolor white baseboards. Cuts labor in half and gives you a dustless, sanitary home. We carry the complete line of:

Brown Daisy Dust-Absorbing Mops, Floor Brushes and Dusters

Floor Mop, 75c.

Handy Duster, 25c Mop (For Adjustable
Mop Handle) 65c
Dust Cloth, 25c Floor Brush, \$1.50

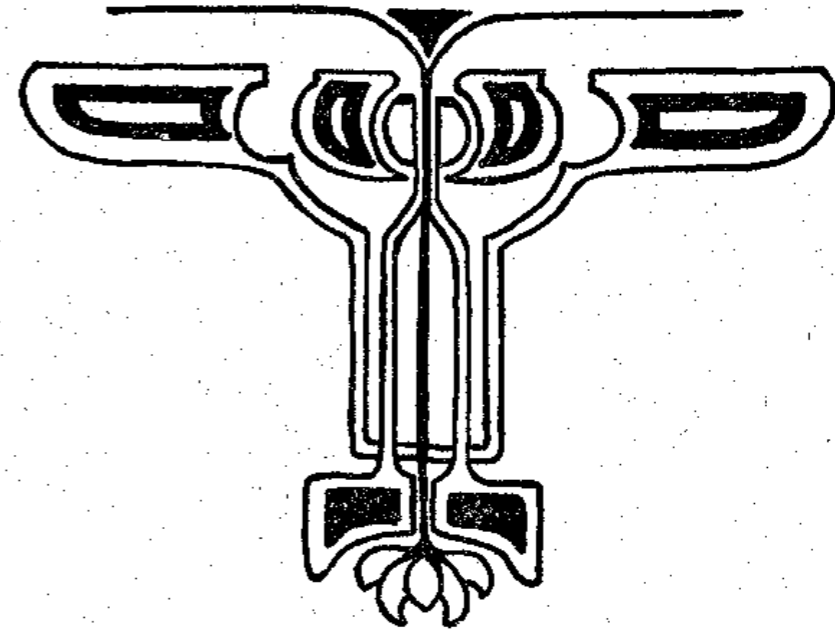
They will lighten your labors, free your home from dust, and make it a pleasanter, more healthful place to live in. Convincing demonstration any time you ask for it.

Courtney & Co.

Telephones: Douglas 647
Ind. A-1216

17th and Douglas Streets
OMAHA

The Register



Omaha High School

APRIL, 1912

VOLUME 26
NUMBER 5

Omaha's Greatest Clothing House**For Young Men or the College Chaps**

If you will just think a little before you decide to buy your suit at any old place, you will decide to come here. The best and most stylish garments for you are made by

Kuppenheimer, Stein Block, Schloss Bros., Society Brand and the "L" System. We are the only store in Omaha that carries such reputable lines.

SUITS, \$10.00 to \$40.00

THE

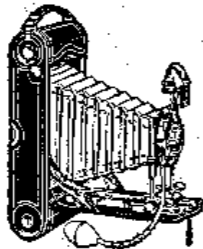
Berg Clothing Co.

15th and Douglas Sts.

OMAHA, NEB.

THE FIRST CALL OF THE OUTDOOR
DAYS SUGGESTS A

KODAK



For then there is the pleasure of taking pictures, added to the delights of the trips to the country and added to that the joy of having a picture story of your good time.

We have the complete EASTMAN line and the largest finishing department in the west.

The Robert Dempster Co. 1813 FARNAM ST.
and 308 SO. 15th ST.

YOU! My Young Man--

**Why not join the ranks of the
BETTER DRESSED STUDENTS?**

Why not wear clothes with that touch of exclusiveness and individuality--clothes that lend style and grace?

You deserve to be as well dressed as any student. Dollar for dollar you spend as much money, but you don't buy 100 per cent strong. You get a suit, that's true, but it lacks a few points in style, a few in workmanship, a few in material, and a few in fit--so taking it altogether you get about a two-third value.

This spring buy your clothes at this store, where every garment is 100 per cent good, where assortments are the best, salesmen the most attentive, satisfaction promised and promises fulfilled.

Jaunty Suits \$15.00 to \$30.00; cut over lines you can't help but like.

BROWNING, KING & CO.

R. S. WILCOX, Manager

15th at Douglas

**THE SPRINGTIME OF LOVE**

for Olympian's confections never grows old. They taste just as delicious at 60 as they do at 16. Every laddie that brings his lassie a box of these delightful sweet-meats will always find favor in her heart.

Watch in the newspapers for the opening of our new store, "The A. B. Sweet Shop," northwest corner Sixteenth and Jackson Sts.

THE OLYMPIA

1518 HARNEY ST.

A STORE: CONDUCTED BY YOUNG MEN FOR YOUNG MEN

PRAY--FOR MEN

500 Block--Her Grand Hotel is opposite

THE NEW DELICATESSEN

1806 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

We Have Already Sold

150 SINGLE COPIES

— OF THE —

1912 Register Annual

Is *Your* Order Among this Number?

EVERY STUDENT AND TEACHER SHOULD ORDER AT LEAST ONE EXTRA COPY

PRICE NOW

\$1.00

You will want one when you see it.

ORDER NOW, IF YOU WISH TO GET ONE

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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

GEORGE GRIMES
Editor

Entered at the Omaha postoffice
as second-class matter.

MILTON PETERSEN
Business Manager

VOL XXVI

OMAHA, APRIL, 1912

(NUMBER 8)

THE REGISTER STAFF—1911-1912:

GEORGE GRIMES, Editor-in-Chief
BEULAH BYRD, Assistant Editor

MILTON PETERSEN, Business Manager
JAMES DURKEE, Ass't Business Mgr.

CLASS AND DEPARTMENT EDITORS:

LAURA ZIMMERMANClass of '12	HELEN HOWEClass of '14
REX HOULTONClass of '12	KENNETH NORTONClass of '14
GERTRUDE AIKINClass of '13	HARRIET SHERMANClass of '15
WAYNE SELBYClass of '13	EDWIN GOULDClass of '15
ADELYN WOOD, PHIL DOWNS.....Squibs	WILL NOBLE.....Manual Training
FLORENCE HEGGBLADEExchange	KATHERINE DAVENPORT, EDWARD PERKINSLiterary Editors
ULAH BENNER, BEYL CROCKER.....Athletics	ELIZABETH RAINYDomestic Science
HELEN POGUESocial	EDWIN LANDALEDebating
SIEVERS W. SUSMAN.....Regiment	MARGARET BURKE, HARRY JENKINS.....Locals
FLORENCE LAKEAlumni	IRVING BENOLKEN, V. GALBRAITH.....Artists
RUTH HUNZICKER, CHAS. SHOOK, Organizations	DOUGLAS BURNS.....Circulation Manager
MARIE HAMILTON.....Business Training	FRED KOENIG.....Photographer

CONTENTS

For the Flag.....	Page 4
Social.....	" 16
Editorial.....	" 11
Athletics.....	" 12
Alumni Notes.....	" 15
Debating.....	" 18
"His Inning".....	" 19
Organizations.....	" 20

Subscription Price.....Per Year, Fifty Cents; by Mail, Fifty Cents

Advertising Rates on application to Business Manager.

Address all communications and make all checks payable to High School Register, Omaha, Nebraska.



For the Flag.

"Adjutant, send Private Hoffman of Troop A to my quarters at once."

"Yes, sir."

"And also request him to appear in full equipment."

"I will, sir."

The adjutant saluted and turned to obey the order, while the Major sat down at his small table, which served as a desk, and on which were scattered papers covered with outlines and drawings, with the map of the surrounding country pinned to one side.

The regiment had been in the Philippines for nearly ten months and were stationed at Fort McDow, about thirty miles from the Tecumba River. There had been little to break the monotony of life, until one morning three troops of cavalry were ordered for a quick march sixty miles farther inland to quell an uprising of the natives. For nearly four weeks these had camped in this new location and the budding out of the leaves and the twittering of the birds made them feel the lust of adventure.

The troops were in charge of Major Stanton, who was a graduate of West Point and a seasoned old fellow in the art of warfare. At first, their stay here had been rather a vacation for the soldiers from their daily routine at the fort; but, as time advanced, it became more serious. Not only were the natives becoming troublesome, but the Spaniards, finding this little band away from the main division and without any apparent aid, were pressing in on all sides.

The provision wagons came twice a week. The last wagons had been held by the enemy more than twenty miles away, and the two squads that had been sent to meet them, were routed, and came back with the news that the wagons were held by insurgents. Several of the men had contracted a fever while in the camp, and they were in no condition to meet the marauders. Only two days longer would their rations hold out, but aid was expected any minute.

Two nights before, the Major had called Lieutenant Holden into his tent and had given him instructions and written orders to deliver to the garrison. The Lieutenant had ridden away at dark, but had never reached the fort; for he had been taken prisoner while crossing their lines. The news brought in the next morning by a bareheaded rider with a wounded arm, whose steed bore the unmistakable signs of fatigue. The man had explained that he had been captured and held, but had managed to escape by means of his well-trained horse. A few bullets had been sent after him by a straggling sentinel; but the loss of one man was of no consequence, and he was not recaptured. The darkness, also, had aided him to escape.

"Private Hoffman reports for duty, sir."

The Major, deep in meditation, turned and beheld a tall, well-knit soldier in the act of saluting. He returned the salute.

For a few moments, the silence was unbroken, save for the twittering of the birds outside and the call of the bugles. Then, the Major came to the point at once.

"Hoffman," he said, "you are a man to be depended on; and the fate of this troop will soon be in your hands. You have heard a rumor among the men concerning our situation, and it is not exaggerated. We are in a desperate plight unless word is sent to Colonel Howe within the next twenty-four hours.

"One officer volunteered to take the message, but he never reached his destination. Officers are scarce, and we can't afford to lose another. It is really too serious a matter to leave to the judgment of a private, but it will take a good rider, and that's the reason I am choosing you.

"Now, Jim Hoffman, promise me on your word of honor as a soldier and a gentleman that you will try to accomplish this undertaking."

"I promise, sir."

"Very well, and here are the instructions. Read them, eat your supper, and start at dark." He arose and faced Hoffman. "Good-bye, and remember it is for the sake of the stars and stripes."

"Good-bye, sir."

"And, Hoffman, if a—er—anything should happen that you never return, is there any word—?" the Major asked significantly.

"No, none, sir."

"And, my boy, remember we are trusting you."

"Thank you, sir."

There was a pause, checked with those dizzy pulsations that fill moments of silence and strain. Then, the soldier started, saluted, and turned away.

When Jim Hoffman swore to bear "true faith and allegiance" to his country, he had a fixed determination to carry out the orders of his superior officers at any cost; and the way in which he held to his determination was truly remarkable.

Strange to relate, he often found himself in trouble because he obeyed orders too well and so became the laughing-stock of the regiment and the despair of the officers.

On the third day after he had joined the company, he had distinguished himself by chasing over the whole grounds, saluting officers and hunting for a tent stretcher, at the command of the serious-faced sergeant. From a distance, several members of the company had witnessed his performance, and, when Hoffman reached the quarters, after a fruitless search, he had been received by a jeering group of soldiers; but he was not disconcerted. He marched straight past them, unmindful of their laughter. He hunted up the first sergeant

and reported his failure. Even then, the explanations of the sergeant did not make it plain to him that it was only one of the many practical jokes played on recruits.

A new man gains a reputation from what he does when he joins the company, and, after that, Private Hoffman was considered a joke. He had taken the matter very seriously and lost much of his respect for his superior officers in consequence.

A certain officer at the fort had been in the habit of ignoring the challenge of a sentry on guard-duty. He liked to sneak up to a sentry in the dead of night and surprise the man, whom he often accused of being asleep at his post. He caused so much trouble that men hated to go on guard when he was the officer of the day.

All soldiers know that there is an order in the Manual of Guard Duty for sentries to fire on persons that ignore a challenge; but the order is never carried out, except in actual warfare. Nevertheless, Private Hoffman carried out the order and put a bullet through the hat of the officer, who ignored his challenge one night on guard. Immediately, the fort was in an uproar, and Hoffman was promptly arrested and locked up in the guard-house.

It nearly resulted in a court martial for him; but the commanding officer made a careful investigation of the case, and finally decided that he had only obeyed orders. Guard-duty under this officer was more pleasant after this incident; and, for this, the men were thankful to Hoffman.

Hoffman was a daring soldier, a fine rider; but his performances were unfailing source of amusement to the men and his superior officers, who regarded him as a nuisance. It sometimes happened that he was chosen as orderly for the commanding officers, because he was the cleanest and neatest soldier in the company; but they always dreaded when Hoffman reported as orderly, for they knew, by sad experience, that it was dangerous to trust him with any order that called for discretion in execution. Before he had served a year, every officer had called him a fool, and Major Stanton had seen he was not fit for army life, although his only fault lay in his grim sense of duty at any cost. He had said of Hoffman: "He is clean, sober, honest, and willing to work, and has some good qualities I admit; but he lacks common sense. He is so stupid that he is useless as a soldier."

"I will not have that man in my company any longer," returned the captain. "I have applied for a return to the States for him, where he can be of some use in a 'rooky training post.'"

It happened that the deed was done which blasted Private Hoffman's hopes of ever winning military fame. The news broke his heart. One of the men, who was more sympathetic than the rest, suggested that he appeal to the board of officers for an investigation and a retraction of the order; but he thought of the officer on whom he had fired when on guard and he was silent. He had done his best to be a good soldier, he had been faithful in performance of every duty, and he could not understand why he was going to be sent back to the States, to be placed in some far-away fort, stationed there to guard the

border, branded out of that regiment as a fool. Tears filled his honest blue eyes. The men tried to show their sympathy in many ways, but they did not succeed in cheering him, so they left him alone to brood over his misfortune. The truth was, Hoffman was a born soldier and did not care to be anything but a soldier.

Then had come the order for a quick advance of the cavalry to the little village composed mostly of natives, who had been made an excuse for all sorts of violence by its turbulent population; and, in the quickened movements that followed, the transportation of Private Hoffman had not been carried out; but every man knew that, on their return, he would be assigned to another regiment across the water. Since the cavalry had arrived, he had hardly spoken a word to his companions; but they all knew what was troubling him and felt sorry for him.

Hoffman read his orders with a grim smile playing about his features, and, promptly at dark, saddled Black Tommy, and, without a word to any one, stole out of camp. He went rapidly out of the confines of the post, passed the sentinel on guard, looking always to the front, and out across fields for the shortest route to the fort. As his horse nearly stumbled over a puddle, he saw a road that was new to him, which apparently led around the village. He took a chance and partly let the horse pick his own way.

He had a rather indefinite knowledge as to the exact route in which he was going, but knew the direction to be almost precisely southeast.

"O for a clear sky," he growled impatiently.

He rode several hours without any mishap and met no one. A heavy storm was approaching, and he quickened the pace of his pony. The wind was rising and occasionally lightning flashed through the sky. An open space was in front of him, and he galloped on in the steady way that did not bring fatigue to the horse, when, suddenly, he heard a splashing down the road in front of him. He stopped and listened closely, then quickly turned into the line of cocoanut-trees that covered the roadside.

He just had time to slip from his horse and draw his service revolver from his belt, when the cause of the noise came into view. It was a man on horseback.

As the man approached, Hoffman could see him looking intently at the roadsides and riding erect. The pony suddenly stumbled and the rider jerked him up with a grunt.

It was then that Hoffman saw that the native on the animal was an ordinary-looking insurrecto, whose white trousers and shirt indicated that he was one of the elect whose mission was to persecute *Americanos*.

The horse rider passed before Hoffman's thoughts were collected. Then, he obeyed the impulse, tied his own horse, and followed.

As he went along, keeping within seeing distance, he realized that his view of the officers and troop was wrong. A joyful memory of the days when he was a good soldier tugged at his heart, the love of a

born soldier for his regiment surged through his brain. His eyes snapped with the desire of conquest, and he broke into a run.

The damp air swallowed them as he felt the thrill of the chase surge through his veins. He had gone only a short distance when he saw the native dismount and give a shrill whistle. An insurgent sentry appeared from the depths of the jungle and both passed through the lines. Hoffman stole closer to the camp, and, as a tall cocconut-tree offered a fine hiding-place, he quickly managed to climb the farthest side of the tree from the sentry. When he reached its top the sight that met his eyes caused him to gasp in amazement.

Not fifteen rods from his position was a neat space sheltering over three hundred men and ponies. Things seemed quiet, and in Hoffman's endeavor to catch sight of their surroundings, he nearly fell.

The danger of his troops was apparent now, and this small band of fighters looked fiercely effective.

He vividly remembered the fact that nearly one-third of their own men were unfit for duty. Something must be done. He scrambled hastily down from the tree, and ran for his pony. He found him, and, as quickly and as quietly as possible, made all speed forward.

His orders had been to go southward and to cross the Margo River bridge; but, when he came to it, he found that late winds and rain had made the bridge impassable and it would not bear the weight of his pony. He was in a dilemma. Time was precious; to go around the other way would mean a delay of several hours. There was only one thing to do, ford the river.

He quietly pulled his hat farther down over his eyes, patted his horse's head, and started.

At the bank, the little black pony stopped, and, with a whinney, turned back; but Hoffman urged him on. He started again, and, this time, he felt the cold water surging through his shoes and on his puttees. The river was wide, and swollen by many tides, and both horse and rider were in danger of drowning. On he went, swimming gallantly.

The roaring of the river around them and the swift, rushing of the water sent a chill through Hoffman's body, but he urged his steed on with a nerveless hand. Only once were they in extreme danger, when a large bunch of brush came floating down, nearly striking them and startling Tommy so that he nearly floundered.

After a weary strain on both horse and rider, they feebly paddled ashore, and Hoffman granted his pony a few minutes' rest before going on.

He knew the route now. By hard traveling, he thought he could make the fort by daybreak. He urged on the pony again. A rain sprang up and thunder-claps filled the air. As they progressed, it became worse, and torrents of water began to pour down.

Hoffman never stopped. There was only one thing in his mind. He kept repeating it to himself over and over again. It was "Duty".

The rain beat on his face and body, and the blinding storm made

him shiver; but he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks and plodded onward. Finally, the storm somewhat decreased and then stopped altogether; but the roads were so slippery that they were almost impassable. Mile after mile was covered, and nothing broke the stillness of the night save the horse's hoof beats against the muddy earth.

It was a sure thing now, he thought, as he recognized the landmarks; the surroundings were familiar to him again, and his deadened senses became on the alert once more. Faster he urged his steed, Tommy responded with vigorous energy; but he was weakening and tired with the swim and long journey. He stumbled and nearly fell once; but Hoffman caught him by a quick jerk on the rein.

Suddenly he caught his foot in a hole and fell. Hoffman went over his head, stunned for the moment.

Finally he raised himself and gazed around, then crept on his hands and knees to the body of his pony, groaning piteously with a broken leg. Without a moment's hesitation Hoffman whipped out his revolver and ended the animal's misery. Then he struggled to his feet and, with the blood dripping from his torn, bleeding face and with numb fingers and swimming head, he staggered on.

Private Tracy was doing sleepy sentry duty at Post No. 3 at five o'clock in the morning when his attention was attracted to a noise in the direction of the bushes at his right. He immediately came to a halt, stared, then ran forward, just as the form of a man came reeling through the bushes.

On catching sight of the sentinel the figure gasped: "Troop in danger. Surrounded by the enemy. Come for aid," and then fell senseless at his feet.

Tracy was quick to grasp the situation. He jumped up, calling: "Corporal of the guard, Post No. 3."

In an instant there came a sound of running footsteps, sharp, quick calls and the wet, muddy form of Private Jim Hoffman was carried into the hospital tent.

Under medical aid he quickly revived and, although his wild appearance aroused some doubts as to his sanity, his vivid description of the situation sounded true enough and, immediately, all was excitement about him; horses were saddled and carbine chambers clicked as they received their leaden burdens.

Within ten minutes the troops fell into line in a well-drilled manner and started on a quick march to the rescue.

Ten days later, when Hoffman was discharged from the hospital, he was instructed to report at the major's quarters. When he passed into the tent the officer turned from his desk and looked at Hoffman's scarred, muddy uniform and smiled.

"Hoffman," he said, "I want to tell you that you're the best soldier and the most stupid fool I ever met." He placed a hand on the young man's shoulder. "I am sorry that there are no more of your type in the army. We need men like you. You'll stay with us."

The men showed their appreciation by electing him quartermaster-sergeant and the captain, who had asked to have him transported, said: "That man is a hero." W. W. SMITH, '12.



DEAR BETTYKINS:

It's almost two months since I wrote you and it seems ages, but you'll just have to forgive me because I have been so very busy lately. Thank goodness, the mid-term exams, are over and we all know our fates! If I keep my marks up to their present standard I will not have to take any exams, in June. Isn't that most too good to be true? The end of school seems very near now and while it means the end of some of the school pleasures, we must not mourn, for there will be something just as good to take their place.

All of our large dances are over now. The last one was the Alumni on March 22. Oh, Betty, I did have the grandest time that night! The decorations consisted of banners, representing the classes from 1907 up to 1912, and a Les Hiboux cozy corner, which was one of the most original corners I have seen. The doorway was formed by the outline of a huge owl with eyes that looked suspiciously like electric lights. Streamers of crepe paper ran from this doorway to the edges of the corner. You would really have to see it to get the full effect. The programs, too, were very pretty, being of heavy white paper, with an Easter lily design on the cover. There was an exceptionally large crowd—very much larger than at last year's Alumni. The hop surely was a success in every particular.

On March 28 Los Loros club gave a most delightful dinner-dance at the Hamilton apartments. The table was beautifully decorated with pink flowers and smilax and pink shaded candles. Everyone said they had a grand, good time.

Mrs. Clark, mother of a member of the debating team, entertained at dinner on March 28 for the boys on the team that met Council Bluffs. Of course the guests were all boys, but they told us afterwards what a fine time they had.

During spring vacation the Ky Laes girls met down town one day and had the coziest little luncheon together and then went to the American in the afternoon. We had such a good time, as we girls always do when we get together.

On April 19 the active Les Hiboux gave an informal hop at Dundee and all of us just had a peach of a time.

Adelyn Wood entertained at her home on April 20 for Miss Zabelle Smith, whose home is in California, but who is at present visiting here. We could not have had a better time than we had that night.

Well, I believe this is the extent of my news this time. I know it's not so very much, but you know there haven't been so very many social doings of late. Of course you understand that some of the

students are worrying their heads over commencement essays, while others are energetically trying out for the senior play to be given, no one knows when. Some I'm afraid have fallen under the spell of these lovely spring days and aren't doing much of anything.

Now, this is positively my last remark, so farewell, Betty dear.
With lots of love, I am,
RUTH.

EDITORIAL

THE REGISTER STAFF.

This April number is the last monthly issue of The Register for the year 1911-1912. It seems to be the custom among High School editors in their last issue "to point with pride to the improvements," etc., and perhaps we are neglecting our duty by not following suit. It is best, however, to let The Register speak for itself and whether it speaks loudly or sweet and low is of little importance now.

It would not be fair to the present staff to let their work for the past year go unnoticed. It is to the rank and file, the class and department editors, that praise must be given for anything above the ordinary run of Registers. We believe that the present staff is easily the best that have ever caused an editor to swear because their copy did not come in on time. Every single member of the staff performed his none too easy task with a cheerfulness that warmed our heart. Without this hearty support little or nothing could have been accomplished. It is hard to single out individual members for their work. Adelyn Wood and Phil Downs had probably the hardest tasks in the Squib department, and their Squibs were certainly good. Katherine Davenport, as Literary editor, had a most irksome task, yet she was a mighty help and the big improvement in the literary department is mainly due to her work. Beryl Crocker had to write the most dope, which he did very ably. The Social department was one of the best things in The Register and Helen Pogue must be thanked for the breezy and unique manner in which she wrote up the stunts. Will Noble helped a lot, not only in his department, but also by his various bits of poetry. Rex Houlton succored us with editorials now and then, Laura Zimmerman helped out with Squibs, Elizabeth Rainey and Sievers Susmann could always be depended upon to hand in copy that could be sent to the printer without correction. Irving Benofken and Victor Galbraith were always ready with a cover or cartoon. We could go on with the others, but lack of space forbids. In short, every blessed person has gained our heartfelt gratitude, and we thank you.



Western Interscholastic Basket Ball Tourney.

The western interscholastic basket ball tourney, held in Omaha on March 30 and 31, resulted in a triple tie, Omaha, Kansas City and Ottumwa each winning one game and losing one. The Ryan silver trophy cup and the championship will probably be held over until next year, when a similar tourney will be arranged.

The first game of the tournament was the most exciting of the three. Omaha and Kansas City were the combatants and played a hard, fast game, Omaha winning by the score of 35 to 33 after having had to play off two five-minute periods on account of tie scores. Kansas City started out with a rush and had a good lead before Omaha found herself. However, the Purple and White gradually worked their way up and gradually forged ahead. It was neck and neck to the end of the game. When the whistle blew for time up the score was 28 to 28. Five minutes was then allowed for rest and then the teams played five minutes more to decide the tie, this time the score being 32 to 32. Again the five minutes were allowed for rest and again the two teams fought to win, this time Omaha winning by two points. The final score was 35 to 33 in favor of Omaha.

In the second game, between Kansas City and Ottumwa, the latter did not show the form they were reputed as having. Kansas City played a spectacular game and were ahead of their opponents at all times. The final score was 38 to 28 in favor of Kansas City.

In the third and last game, between Omaha and Ottumwa, Omaha lost her chance to win the tourney on account of the loss of their usual dash and snap of play in the last five minutes of the game. In the first half Omaha completely outclassed their husky opponents, pulling off many double passes and pretty goals. This half ended 19 to 16 in favor of Omaha. However, in the second half, although Omaha fought hard, they couldn't keep up the pace of their husky opponents and the Omaha lads let down in the last five minutes and Ottumwa forged ahead and won. The final score was 39 to 35 for Ottumwa.

Every man on every team in the tourney played wonderful basket ball and this tourney certainly brought together a number of premier athletes.

Tennis.

With the end of basket ball we turn our attention to outdoor sports and we feel a desire to play tennis once more.

At the last meeting of the athletic board they decided that the four men who distinguished themselves the most in the spring tennis tournament should receive the new tennis "O." This is something new in the annals of the school, as tennis "Os" have never before been awarded.

A tennis meeting was held recently in room 309 to arouse interest in this field of sport. A great many attended and the meeting was a success from every standpoint. Many things of interest were discussed relative to tennis, among which was the spring tennis tournament. About fifty boys have already entered in this meet. Several contests are also to be arranged with Creighton and Omaha University. There is also a probability of Omaha meeting a team from Lincoln High on fete day at Lincoln.

Leo McShane has again been chosen tennis manager by the athletic board.

Track.

Track work has been going on for about two weeks and work is progressing rapidly. As yet no coach has been secured, but Bob Wood, captain of the team, and Vergil Rector are doing a great deal to help those of less experience.

The prospects for a winning team are bright this year, with such men as Wood, Rector, Millard and Drexel on the team. There are also others out who are working hard and are rounding into good form.

Omaha will first have a chance to show what she is capable of in this line at the big indoor meet which will soon be pulled off at the Auditorium. No handicap will be given, but we expect, however, to come out on top. Besides this meet Omaha is entered in the Missouri Valley meet at Kansas City and the state meet at Lincoln, both of which will be held about the middle of May. A triangular meet with Council Bluffs and South Omaha will probably be held early in May.

FINANCIAL REPORT OF ATHLETIC FUND, JANUARY 1 TO APRIL 1, 1912.

		Football (Supplementary Report.)	
January 1	Balance on hand.....	\$207.19	
January 3	J. Rachman (medical).....		\$ 5.00
January 3	Neb. Tel. Co. (Dec.).....		1.40
January 3	C. E. Reed (stamps).....		2.00
January 15	Y. M. C. A., first aid outfit, etc.....		3.50
January 15	Dr. J. H. Vance, exam. F. B. boys, etc..		15.00
January 22	Sale of F. B. suit.....	4.00	
January 23	F. Koenig (F. B. pictures).....		1.32
January 25	Sale of F. B. jersey.....	1.50	
February 1	Telegram (Chicago).....		.40
February 3	Felt for F. B. "Os".....		.50
March 16	Dr. J. H. Vance, service H. DeL.....		10.00
		\$212.69	\$ 39.12
	Cash to balance		\$173.57
		Basket Ball.	
	Balance on hand.....		\$173.57
January 13	Street car to U. of O.....		\$ 1.10
January 13	Entry fee Tri-City.....		10.00
January 27	Street car to U. of O.....		1.00

February 3 Sioux City Game—			
Team	\$ 45.00		
Y. M. C. A.	10.00		
Officials	7.00	62.00	
February 3 Received S. C. game.....	39.60		
February 8 Neb. Tel. Co. (Jan.).....			1.15
February 10 Exp. to Lincoln—			
Railroad, 9 at \$2.20.....	19.80		
Hotel	4.50		
Two meals	10.00		
Referee	7.20		
Street car50	42.00	
February 10 Received from Lincoln.....		45.00	
February 17 Street car to U. of O.....			1.00
February 19 Street car to C. B.....			2.00
February 23 Exp. to Sioux City—			
Railroad, 10, at \$4.40.....	44.00		
Hotel	7.50		
Two meals	9.75		
Street car, etc.....	.80	62.05	
February 23 Received from S. City.....	45.00		
February 23 Raber (printing tickets).....			2.50
March 2 Lincoln game—			
Team	45.00		
Y. M. C. A.	10.00		
Referee	3.00		
Telephone25	58.25	
March 2 Received Lincoln game.....	92.60		
March 6 Neb. Tel. Co. (Feb.).....			1.75
March 9 Exp. to State Tournament—			
Entry fee	2.00		
Railroad, nine men.....	19.80		
Hotel	13.50		
Meals	20.20		
Sundry	2.85	58.35	
March 20 Rebate, state meet.....	9.43		
March 27 Rebate, Tri-City	10.00		
April 1 Times Ptg. Co., posters.....		9.00	
April 1 Townsend Gun Co., 2 bas. balls at \$5.40...		10.80	
April 1 W. G. Clarke Co., B. B. suits, etc.....		16.50	
April 1 Neb. Tel. Co. (March).....		2.70	
April 1 Ryan Jewelry Co., engraving cup.....		5.25	
April 1 Rec. Tri-City, one-third net S. O. games..	28.00		
	\$443.20	\$347.40	
Cash to balance.....		\$ 95.80	
April 2, balance on hand, \$95.80.			

1913 Class Pins are on hand, Shook Mfg. Co. Orders placed before May 10th will be filled before the close of school.

Alumni Notes

What is more interesting to note than the records of the O. H. S. Alumni, who with seeming loyalty at heart are still upholding the standard of the school by their most efficient work in college or in their business achievements? Such is the example that many students set before us. So we are justified in commending their heroic and proficient deeds.

David C. Patterson, Jr., '04, by his prompt action in rigging up a pump, saved the U. S. Dixie from sinking and saved the lives of the crew. Mr. Patterson is a graduate of Annapolis Naval Academy in the class of '08.

Elbert Wade, '11, who is attending Colorado College at Colorado Springs, through his efficient study has pulled off excellent grades in all his studies. He has received special mention in English and biology. His English examination paper was considered the best that his instructor had corrected in all his college teachings. His biology laboratory work was the very best in the department. Mr. Wade is furthermore actively engaged in Y. M. C. A. work, serving on the extension committee, teaching a class of High School boys. Mr. Wade went to Lamar, Colo., some time ago on the college gospel team of five men. On his return and at the request of the president of the college he made a speech to the entire school and thereby won much fame as an orator. Mr. Wade is also very enthusiastic over camping expeditions up Bear Creek canon.

Miss Eleanor Patrick, '11, is attaining honors at Oberlin, having received excellent marks in all her studies.

Helen McCoy, '10, of Oberlin College, has passed with credit in all her studies.

Mr. Joel Stebbins, '95, professor of astronomy in the University of Illinois, has given an extraordinary account of his researches upon Algol, "The Demon Star." His accounts have received much note both in the United States and foreign countries. Mr. Stebbins has secured these results by the use of a "cell" of selenium, an electric battery and a galvanometer, in connection with a twelve-inch telescope. It had long been known that light falling upon selenium increases the resistance which the metal offers to the passage through it of an electric current, but no practical use had ever been made of this property. Mr. Stebbins worked with selenium persistently for two years and a half before he was able to use it effectively in measuring the light of a star. In order to maintain the selenium cell at a uniform low temperature he found it to be necessary for its successful use, the cell, when in use and when not in use, is kept constantly packed in ice. So important is his work that many pamphlets have been issued, which give the results of his work.

Why and How the Special Equipment of Boyles College Benefits Its Students

Since Boyles College specializes in business branches of learning—since that is its whole aim and that is the entire scope of its usefulness it naturally possesses several real, tangible advantages over any institution that teaches business branches merely as a side issue. This is to be only expected for precisely the same reason that the specialist in maladies of the eye has unquestioned advantages in the treatment of eye ills over the general medical practitioner.

One of these inevitable advantages that Boyles College offers the earnest person who truly desires to obtain that training and knowledge and skill which will best fit him or her for the higher places in the business world, is the particular fine and complete equipment here at Boyles College.

A battery of over 150 typewriters of all popular makes for our students (this is the largest number of typewriters owned and operated by any one educational institution in all the United States, west of Chicago)—a special group of typewriters equipped with tabulating devices, special billing machines, adding machine, cash registers, modern letter manifold apparatus, a specially equipped bank and specially equipped model business offices, special Golden Oak Roll Top Desks for students' use; in fact, every machine or time saving device with which the business world will expect you to be familiar after taking a preparatory business course.



OFFICE PRACTICE APPARATUS—SHORTHAND DEPARTMENT.

The graduate of Boyles College comes forth thoroughly capable of taking hold of things right at the start—he knows how to utilize modern business time-saving, money-making devices of which the student of a school that has not equipment equal to ours will be totally ignorant.

This adds immensely to the confidence with which our graduate Bookkeepers, Stenographers, Salesmen and Telegraphers tackle their work out in the business world.

"Courage," said Emerson, "Comes from having done the same thing before." Here in Boyles College the student actually does do actual business work and does solve actual business problems during the school work. They are every day enjoying the joy and satisfaction of successful effort—daily overcoming obstacles, getting lessons and mastering details which the student once thought difficult. This evolves into a habit and becomes concentration.

Thus the Boyles College training amid the Boyles College equipment encourages industry and concentration. Industry and concentration fixed in character as habits mean Self-Confidence. Industry, Concentration and Self-Confidence spell Master-ship—compel Success as the magnet compels the needle.

Boyles College is certainly worth your consideration.

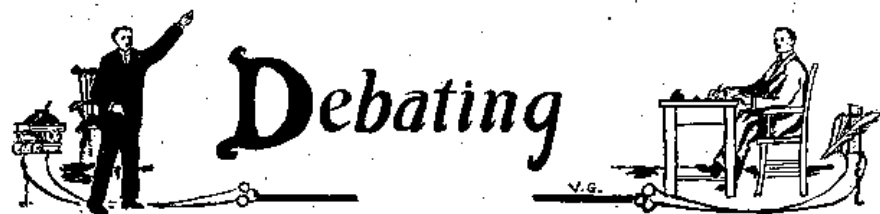
Here you can graduate as a Stenographer or Bookkeeper in 6 months

—or as both Stenographer and Bookkeeper in 12 months.

Will gladly send our latest Year Book.

BOYLES COLLEGE

Authorized Training School for the Union Pacific R. R. and the Illinois Central R. R. Boyles Bldg., 18th and Harney Sts., Omaha.



Debating

Council Bluffs vs. Omaha.

On the evening of March 23 the Omaha team, George Grimes, captain; Maurice Clark and Barney Kulakofsky, went to Council Bluffs and won, 3-0, not one of the judges doubting who deserved the honors. Omaha had the negative of the question, "Resolved, That our present immigration laws should be so amended as to debar all those over sixteen years of age and unable to read and write, provided that none dependent upon qualified immigrants or residents of the United States be so excluded." The Council Bluffs team, Robert Daniels, Harry Cherniss and Harold Barr, was a picked bunch from two teams that had defeated Fort Dodge and Sioux City on the same question. Besides, two of its members had helped defeat Omaha the year before unanimously. Consequently the Bluffs were sure of victory and this overconfidence was one of the reasons for their undoing. Their constructive argument was an attempt to show an economic crisis in this country, to prove that undesirable elements of citizenship walked hand in hand with illiteracy, and to prove that the illiteracy test was the best method of restriction.

Omaha met this argument by showing the economic need for immigration; by showing the lack of causal relationship between pauperism, crime, illiteracy, etc.; by showing that immigration had not had a deleterious effect in those parts of the country to which it had been confined; and closed by advocating government distribution. Omaha demanded that their opponents confine their arguments to the illiterate immigrant. Council Bluffs was unable to cope with Omaha's argument in rebuttal, while Omaha completely riddled the case of their opponents. Therefore, no one was much surprised at the decision.

West Des Moines vs. Omaha.

On April 12 Omaha journeyed to Des Moines to debate on the affirmative of the same question. Our team consisted of Edwin Landale, captain; Carson Hathaway and Fred Rypins. Luck was against Omaha and the decision went to Des Moines, 2-1. The Des Moines team was made up of John Byrns, Sarah Robinson and Roger Bronson, the first named creating quite a bit of excitement by fainting at the end of his speech. Although the Omaha bunch put up a magnificent debate and had many of the audience convinced, luck, fate and the decision of the judges all went to Des Moines.

Debating is now on as high a plane as has ever been reached in Omaha. The coach, Mr. Burke, has had wonderful success in developing new material and improving old. The season will be concluded on April 26 with our only home debate. Our old rival, Lincoln, will be met and a determined effort will be made to win the cup now in Lincoln's possession. The Omaha team will be George Grimes, Edwin Landale and Barney Kulakofsky.

"His Inning."

Dedicated to C.

It was the last half of the last inning and "They" were one run ahead. "The Others" kept up a mighty cheering, calling out the pitcher's name and hurling sharp bits of baseball sarcasm across the field at the lonely tired figure just in front of the umpire.

His eyes roamed wistfully to where "She" sat in the grandstand and he knew that She was hoping and praying desperately that the man at the bat would not get a "hit."

He glanced at the catcher and read his signal, took a short step forward, slid his toe into the dusty, yellow hole and "let go."

The batter stepped back with his hands behind him and the umpire droned lazily, "Ball three."

"The Others" gave a deafening shout and stamped furiously until it sounded like a great herd of cattle stampeding.

The stitch in his side was becoming unbearable; his eyes burned with the hot dust and his throat and lips were parched.

He caught the ball lazily and walked slowly back to his position. He bit his lips desperately in a vain effort to throw off the black dizziness that crawled upon him.

He tried again to read the catcher's signals and gauge the swimming plate where the big man stood, cool and eagerly swinging his hat to and fro.

He shut his eyes and opened them quickly, wound up again and sent the ball straight into the catcher's mit.

"Strike two," bawled the umpire.

A strange hush fell over the grandstand.

Three balls and two strikes! This tells the tale!

A bit of his old time courage returned when the catcher came out and handed him the ball with a few words of encouragement and then he heard a small but hearty cheer for him from the little knot of rooters near where She sat.

He took his position again and slowly flapped his glove over the ball in his right hand.

He heard the umpire move slightly forward, expecting the crisis. He swayed slightly and ground his teeth as a fitful nausea swept slowly over him, leaving him weak and dizzy.

The grandstands were as still as death. His eyes wandered longingly to where She sat and he realized that She hung in the balance, for had She not said, "If—if you win the game tomorrow—well, maybe."

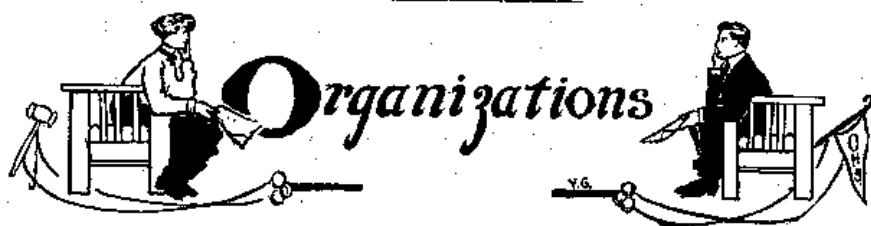
He gripped the ball desperately, took a step forward and threw with all his might.

He felt his side give and pain sharply; the black dizziness enveloped him and he pitched heavily forward into the yellow dirt at his feet.

A wild roar filled his ears. From afar off he heard them shout his name faintly and out of the blackness he saw a small white figure come flying toward him. He had won.

C. HARRY CLAIBORNE, '14.

(Written especially for the O. H. S. Register and dedicated to "C. P." by the author).



Athenian Society.

The Athenian Society gave the first and only open meeting of the High School Friday evening, March 15, in the Y. M. C. A. parlors. A very delightful program was rendered to a large audience of High School pupils. The faculty was well represented at this meeting.

The following program was given:

1. Selections from "Il Trovatore".....Glen Musgrave
2. Address—"My School Days".....Rev. Rouse
3. Paper—"Woman's Suffrage".....Francis Perkins
4. Debate—"Resolved, That the Government Should Own the Railroads." Affirmative, Charles Shook; negative, Ward Smith.
5. Address.....Hon. Howard Kennedy
6. Cornet Solo.....Charles Robel

German Society.

An important business meeting of the German Society was held Thursday, March 28, in room 309. The completion of the election of officers took place, the new officers being: Reporter, Edna Levine; sergeant-at-arms, Lorina Douglas and Ethel Rathkey. Meetings are to be held every two weeks, on Friday, at the public library.

On Friday, April 12, the members of the German Society spent a most delightful afternoon at the home of Miss Bowen.

Pleiades.

In spite of the many hindrances the members of this society have met every two weeks with one of the members since the society was reorganized in September.

March 15 the girls were entertained by Mae Brock. The house was charmingly decorated with suggestions of St. Patrick's days and the scheme was carried out in the refreshments. All the girls present reported a fine time.

Prepare to Earn Money

The Spring Term

OF THE

Mosher Lampman College

NOW OPEN

Arrange to begin at once and put in the Spring and Summer months in getting ready for a good position next fall.

Our school rooms will be delightfully cool for summer study—the very finest in the city. ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Call, write or phone for information, it is free.

Mosher Lampman College

1815 Farnam Street ❧ ❧ Omaha, Nebr.

How the Prairies Lost Their Fir Trees.

Come, my children, hear the story
 Of the plains, the treeless prairies;
 How they lost their beauteous fir trees,
 And became the barren waste-land.
 Once a day in Summer dawning,
 Ikahaha went a hunting;
 Hunting for the beasts of forest,
 With his trusty bow and arrow.
 But the beasts seemed to evade him,
 And he killed but scarce sufficient
 To assuage his craving hunger,
 Till he came to Weeping Waters.
 In a cave of wondrous darkness,
 Ikahaha saw outside it,
 Playing in the brown pine-needles,
 Children three, of Tala playing,
 In their bear skins, brown and furry.
 Ikahaha, noiseless ever,
 Raised his trusty bow and arrow;
 Sent the arrow speeding forward,
 Till it struck the infant Maga,
 Eldest son of greatest Tala;
 Struck his heart, and killed him quickly.
 Forward strode the stalwart buckskin,
 Tossed the carcass o'er his shoulder;
 Turned, and strode along the green aisles
 Of the leafy forest giants,
 Of the great primeval forest.
 To his camp he now betook him;
 Dressed and cooked the meat delicious.
 Then he lay him down to slumber,
 But betimes was waked from slumber
 By deep growls and awful mumblings;
 By the quake of earth's broad bosom,
 And a deep voice now bespoke him,
 Calling him from sweetest slumber.
 Said the voice, "Oh! Ikahaha,
 Hear the warning of the spirits.
 Now will Tala take revenges,
 For his eldest son, his dearest."
 Ceased the voice, and Ikahaha,
 Stood uprisen, looked about him.
 Soon great flames appeared to westward,
 Driven by the friend of Tala,
 Ignomana, great west wind god,
 Smoke and flame and ash pursuing
 Trembling Ikahaha, till he fell;
 Tripped upon a fallen fir tree,
 Fell, nor could he rise forever,
 Overcome by smoke entrancing

In the stupor of its death fumes,
 Now the fire in the forests,
 Swept across the wide, wide prairies,
 And the fire it raged a month long,
 Every tree and stump consuming;
 Left the plain in desolation.
 One tree clump alone was standing
 Near the spring of Weeping Waters;
 Where the spirit Tala dwelt,
 Where the Omahas later camped;
 Till the whitemen overcoming
 With their fire-sticks and their bullets,
 All the things that stood against them,
 Come, and named the place "Bellevue."
 And since then, the plains extending
 Far and wide, have ever wandered,
 Dreary, desolate, and complaining
 Of the drouth, the everlasting. LAWRENCE SCOTT, '14.

Scholarship of the Harvard Club of Nebraska, with an income of \$150, maintained by the Harvard Club of Nebraska, to be awarded each year to a student residing in Nebraska who needs assistance, is of sound bodily health and of good character.

In awarding this scholarship first consideration is to be given to applicants entering the Freshman class in Harvard College, although the award may be made to an undergraduate in one of the other classes or to a student entering one of the graduate schools.

MADE SPECIALLY FOR
 Omaha High School Students

— Fine Stationery —

O. H. S., Omaha, Nebraska

IN PURPLE AND WHITE

AT SIXTY CENTS PER BOX

At Book Section

Thomas Kilpatrick & Co.

Young Men's Clothes



Brandeis' Clothes appeal to all well dressed young men. They combine those individual touches of style that distinguishes them from the "ordinary ready-to-wear clothes." They are hand tailored from the finest all-wool fabrics, and come in the smartest, most attractive shades and patterns for 1912. You will like our College Models at

\$20.00 to \$25.00

BRANDEIS' STORES

SENIORS.

When you send out your commencement announcements you will enclose a card. It, also, should be engraved, each in keeping with the other. An engraved card plate is good for a life time. Leave your order with me at the Register office. Samples and prices then and incidentally I expect to make some commissions.

MILTON PETERSON.

Brandeis and Boyd Theatres School of Acting

SUMMER TERM OPENS JUNE 3d

Elocution, Dramatic Art, Dancing, Pupils' Recitals.

For Terms, etc.
302 BOYD THEATRE

LILLIAN FITCH, Director
W. J. BURGESS, Manager

→ Your Graduating Dress ←



Whether you wish the materials, laces, embroideries, etc., to have the dress made, or a stylish, ready-to-wear dress, we can please you.

Our Prices Are Right Too

Thompson Belden & Co.
16th AND HOWARD STS.

The First Automatic Bakery in America

IS RIGHT HERE IN OMAHA

IT IS THE HOME OF

TIP-TOP BREAD

All the work is done by Electric Machinery from the sifting of the flour to the finished loaf at the white tiled ovens

Ask your grocer for **TIP-TOP BREAD**, the best in the world.

The U. P. Steam Baking Co.

WE WANT EVERY YOUNG MAN IN THIS CITY

to be a friend of ours. Most of them are! Our clothing makes them friendly to us. We want those who are not to join with those who are in making this the young man's store of the country, as it is of the city. We've a line of Spring suits for fellows in their late teens and early 20's that will bring about the desired result if we can but induce them to look at them. If you're not—it's all the same—you're invited to the big clothes show.

SWELL SUITS, \$10.00, UP

Guaranteed True Blue Serges, \$10.00 to \$35.00

OMAHA'S ONLY MODERN CLOTHING STORE

KING-SWANSON CO.

The Home of Quality Clothes.

CURIOUS QUERIES

1. Does Maude Whiteley always have that bewitching smile?
2. Is Helga Rasmussen always knocking "The Register?"
3. Is Wayne Selby ever serious about anything?
4. Is Berenice Whitney always talking?
5. Why is Katherine Woodworth so pale and thin?
6. Why is Walter Jones so happy?
7. How soon will the new Freshmen make themselves famous?
8. Where do they buy those caps? Ask Singles.
9. Did Ted Landale ever get less than an A in his studies?
10. When will Claire Patterson learn to play a new piece?
11. Will Clem Dickey ever stop talking?
12. Why doesn't Florence Heggblade take Latin so she can have Vergil?
13. Where did Harold Thomas learn to giggle?

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.



Miss O'Sullivan—"Florence, is there any connecting link between the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom?"

Florence Heggblade—"Yes, ma'am; hash."

Mr. Woolery (after long-winded proof)—"And now we have X equals O."

Voice from back of room—"Gee, all that work for nothing."

Brown was telling Jones of his coming out party.

Brown—"My daughter's coming out Friday."

Jones looked pained. "But," added Jones, "how long's your daughter had?"



O. H. S. RINGS

STERLING SILVER
—50 CTS. EACH—

S. W. LINDSAY, Jeweler

221½ South Sixteenth Street, Paxton Block



Darling Mother: "And whom do you love best, Daddy or Mummy?"

Brother Gould: "Daddy."

Mother: "But Mummy has always been so kind to you."

Little Brother: "That's all right; but we men must stick together!"

BUREAU OF ENGRAVING, Inc.

1001 CITY NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

College and High School Annual, Builders' Bureau

—QUALITY ENGRAVING—

MINNEAPOLIS

OMAHA

DES MOINES

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Graduation Photos

... AT ...

Sandberg & Eitner

107 S. 16th St., Opposite Hayden's

Take elevator to Third floor

A Liberal Discount

To Students

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.

Notice to Alamito Patrons

We have started
our early delivery.

Cream
Before
Breakfast

Doug. 411
A-4411

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

George Grimes

With Patterson Realty Co.

Do you want Fire Insurance
Do you want an Abstract of Title
Do you want to buy or sell real estate? **?**

See George Phone Red 2947

The stranger advanced toward the door. Mrs. O'Toole stood in the doorway with a stick in her hand and a frown on her brow.

"I'm looking for Mr. O'Toole," said the stranger.

"So'm I," said Mrs. O'Toole, shifting the club to the other hand.

A British soldier was sentenced to be flogged. During the flogging he laughed continually. The harder the lash was laid on the harder the soldier laughed.

"Wot's so durn funny about being flogged?" demanded the sergeant.

"Why," the soldier chuckled, "I'm the wrong man."—Ex.

Our editor received a letter accompanying a number of would-be Squibs, in which the writer asked: "What will you give for these?"

"Ten yards start," was our George's generous offer, written beneath the query.

Helen Streight (shopping)—"Have you any invisible hairpins?"

"Certainly, madam."

H. S.—"Could I see them, please?"

On the way home from Kansas City Sievers told the porter to shine his shoes. The porter shined one shoe and his suit case.

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.

A witness in a railroad case, asked to tell how the accident happened, said: "Well, Ole and I was walkin' down the track and we heard a whistle and I got off the track, then I got back on the track, but I didn't see Ole, but I walked along and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, then I seen one of Oles' legs and then I seen Ole's head, and I says, 'My goodness! Something muster happen to Ole.'"

BUY

A

REGISTER

ANNUAL

NOW

ONE

DOLLAR

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

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

Rex Houlton—"Referee Potter is here with two friends. Shall I pass them?"

Ebbie—"A referee with two friends. Sure."

The stranger laid down four aces and took the pot.

"This game ain't on the level," protested Sagebrush Sam; "that ain't the hand I dealt ye."

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

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



Imperial \$3 Hats

A load of those snappy Imperial Hats has just arrived—rough and smooth effect from the Imperial idea factory. There's nothing finer in all hatdom.

\$3.00

"Sampeck's" New Clothes for Spring are ready, too. Perhaps you've worn Sampeck's—then you'll want to see the clever new Spring models. If you have never worn them 'twill be a treat to try on some really classy clothes.

\$15 to \$35

Benson & Thorne Co.

1518-20 Farnam St.

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

1879

1912

OUR TRADE MARK MEANS QUALITY



207 South 16th St.,

OMAHA

After the football game:

Si—"Come away, wife, or they will want us afterward as witnesses."

"I don't want to live in vain," said Venus. "I'd even rather live in Lincoln."

"Tell me your adventures," asked the dollar bill of the quarter.

"I ain't had none. Till yesterday I belonged to Sid Meyer."

An eastern college graduate applied for work in a Michigan lumber camp. He was put to work on one end of a cross saw, the other end being in charge of an old and experienced lumberman. Soon the young man's strength began to wane and the old man stopped the saw and spat.

"Sonny," he said, not unkindly, "I don't mind yer ridin' on this saw, but if it's jest the same to you I wish you'd keep yer feet off the ground."

BLACK

THE

\$2.50 HATTER

HATS—FURNISHINGS

109 South Sixteenth St.

STUDENTS, HAVE THE
Owl Moulding and Art Company



FRAME YOUR
CLASS GROUPS
AND
DIPLOMAS
APPROPRIATELY
Prices Very Reasonable

'Listen To Our Hoot', 1615 Howard St. PHONE Douglas 1672

The late James Whistler was standing bareheaded in a hat shop. A man, supposing him to be a clerk, rushed up to him, saying angrily, "See here, this hat doesn't fit."

"Well," said Whistler, "neither does your coat. What's more, I'll be hanged if I care much for the color of your trousers."

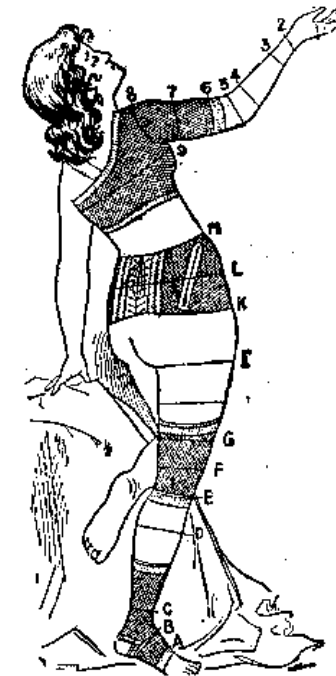


A New
ARROW
Notch COLLAR
15c.—2 for 25c. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers

Fred Rypins, examining a broken window—"Umph! This is more serious than I thought. It's broken on both sides."

Charles Shock—"I passed your house this morning, Bertha."

Bertha Elkins—"Thank you, Charlie; thank you, very much."



"BRACE-KNIT"

Elastic Hosiery is the BEST

For

TRACK MEN
TENNIS ENTHUSIASTS
BASEBALL PLAYERS

who need elastic stockings, knee-caps, or supporters of any kind.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

"BRACE-KNIT" is guaranteed and there is no better elastic hosiery made.

The W. G. Cleveland Drug Co.

1410-1412 Harney St.

This ad. is worth a special discount of 15% to any High School Student who buys "BRACE-KNIT."

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.

THE GIRL WHO GRADUATES

from the High School, who hesitates to pledge four years to a College Course; who, nevertheless, desires to study, to enjoy college advantages, to cultivate special talents, to enrich her life and her friendship—should know of

NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY.

It is a Junior College for young women planned especially to meet the needs of High School graduates. Collegiate and Vocational Courses, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Business Law, Travel, Outdoor Life a feature. Study of the National Capital. Illustrated book of 126 pages free on request. Address

SECRETARY, NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY,
Forest Glen, Maryland.
(Suburb of Washington, D. C.)

C. B. Brown & Co. JEWELERS and SILVERSMITHS

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

EVERYTHING FOR

BASE BALL

Specially selected line of fine Bats and a line of the celebrated Delehanty and Ty Cobb Gloves.

Townsend Gun Co.

1514 Farnam Street

Duplicate Photographs

May be secured at any time from sittings made for O. H. S. Annual

—SPECIAL RATES—

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.

**DOUGLAS
PRINTING
COMPANY**

Why Do We Print *The Register* Right Along, Year After Year?



FOR 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.

**DOUGLAS
PRINTING
COMPANY**