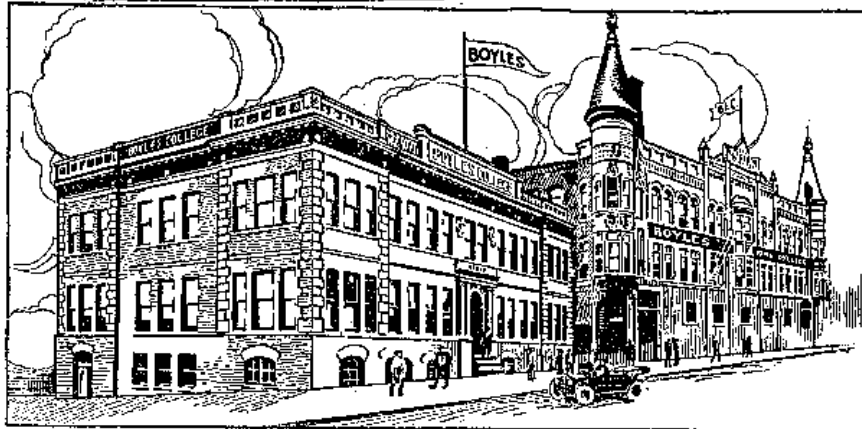


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REGISTER



Girls' Number

V.1. 27

No. 7

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Your brief excursion into the play world of business affords you a measure of what you will find in the real world. Days filled with keen pleasure in work well done, and lighted by the certainty that originality is well paid for—that's what lies before the girl who elects the career of a business woman.

A recent class graduating from the Omaha High School contained a young woman who, as a member of the Register staff, did much to make this paper a success. After graduation she enrolled in our school. At the end of her course she secured a very desirable position and has been agreeably and profitably employed ever since. Her success and that of scores of O. H. S. graduates give convincing proof of the value of a training in

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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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

CARLISLE ALLAN
Editor

Entered at the Omaha postoffice
as second-class matter.

HAROLD TURELL
Business Manager

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OMAHA, MARCH, 1913

NUMBER 7

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Here Photo

GIRLS' NUMBER STAFF.

The Register

Vol. XXVII

Omaha, March, 1913

No. 7

Fate and Madame Butterfly.

Peggy gave a vicious little thump to her offending pillow and sat bolt upright in berth No. 4 of the Chicago Great Western passenger.

"Dear me!" she sighed, "this is the hottest night and the longest journey I ever did see. I'm so warm I simply can't stand it in this horrid little bake-oven another minute; this screen just must come out," and she pushed the electric button at her elbow.

"Sorry, miss, but I can't do it for you, miss," said the smiling old colored porter in answer to her request. "The cinders would come in here jes' like rain, miss."

"Oh, please, porter," and when Peggy said "please" in that pleading tone and looked up with distressed eyes, stronger men than the smiling old African had been known to give in.

"All right, miss; but this berth will sure be a sight in the mornin'."

"Don't bother about that, porter, I'll make it all right; and what is the name of this place, and why do we stop so long?"

"This is Willisberg, miss, and the engine is broke down, but we'll move on soon now. Anythin' else, miss? Thankee, miss."

"Well, thank providence that old screen is out, anyway, and I can get a breath of fresh air," said Miss Margaret Somers, B. A., late of Vassar college, who was now on her way to join her family in the west.

And she pushed the blind up and poked her head far out of the window to "take in" the moonlit street that the train was blocking.

Not a sound but the faint puffing and hissing of the wrecked engine and the voices of the men working over it, disturbed the peacefulness of the summer night. Giant maples stretched out friendly arms to their neighbors across the deserted village street. The whole night was laden with moonlight, shadow and perfume.

"How sweet it all looks and smells," mused Peggy drowsily, bracing her elbows on the window sill and dropping her chin into her cupped palms—"like fairy land."

And then a faint far-off sound broke the stillness; a sound that came nearer, clearer, sweeter every second until the strains of "Madame Butterfly," whistled almost directly under Peggy's window, brought her wide-awake and startled.

"Jumping Jupiter," exclaimed a man's voice. "Broken down train across the street, nothing to do but to go around the block, and a blamed long block at that." Silence for a second, and then, "Not as much energy wasted and just as quick to wait here till it pulls out." With that he lightly ascended to the topmost rail of an obliging fence and proceeded to light a cigarette.

And just at this point in the proceedings a most astounding thing happened, a thing that brought Mr. William Loring out of his peaceful, smoky meditations with such a jolt as to cause him to almost lose his balance and drop backward onto the sweet dewy grass.

From a car window, an open window just a few feet away from him, a window without a screen, came his favorite strains of "Madame Butterfly," whistled softly and sweetly, but certainly by feminine lips.

"Well, I'll be hanged," stated Mr. Loring expressively, as he raised his white-flannel clad figure that he might see the window better.

"If you do that again I'll close the window," said a girl's voice.

"All right, if you say so, but it's much more interesting to be able to see to whom one is talking. Won't you put your head out of the window?" he urged.

"Certainly not," severely. "I don't know who you are, and besides, we haven't been introduced," with a little laugh.

Now Peggy's gurgling laughs were more dangerous to a young man than the hypnotic gaze of a snake is to a bird, and so, immediately, the young man on the fence fell before it.

"Go on, then," he pleaded, "just talk because I must know who you are and where you come from."

"You most certainly must not," declared the voice. "I shall ask questions and you shall answer them, and then——"

"And then?" the young man questioned eagerly.

"Oh, well, and then the train will pull out and the curtain will fall on the last act."

"But that's not fair," said Billy. "That way you have all the advantage. I can't even ask a question, and besides you can see me."

"Is that an advantage?" said Peggy demurely.

"Oh, well," said Billy a little sulkily, and then after a moment's pause, "Well, go on with your questions."

"Let me think," deliberated Peggy. "Well, in the first place, who are you? Do you live here? Are you a college man? What do you do? Have you any sisters, and are you m——"

"Hold on there, or I'll lose track, milady. I am William Loring, entirely at your service. I live in Florida. I'm a Harvard man of 'nineteen ten,' a civil engineer, and I have a sister, Marie Loring, one year out of Vassar, and—what did you say?"

"Nothing," Peggy answered quickly. "I was just thinking how strange it all is."

"Strange? It seems to me like a very ordinary history."

"What time is it?" inquired Peggy suddenly.

"Only ten-thirty," replied Billy, looking at his watch.

"Only ten-thirty?" echoed Peggy. "I don't believe it."

"All right, look yourself, then," dared Billy, holding out his watch.

A little white hand reached out of the car window and in a moment handed the watch back.

"You are a very careless person, Mr. Loring," said Peggy. "The train might have started and I might not have returned your watch."

"Well, you'll have my heart always, anyway, so why care for a mere watch."

"Silly," laughed Peggy. "Why, for all you know I may be married, old and hideous."

"I hope you are not the first, but I know you are not the last two," he returned.

"Maybe not," said Peggy softly.

"Are you?" asked Billy earnestly.

"What, old and hideous?"

"No, no, married."

"You forget you were not to question."

"I know, but please just tell me that, and your name. Then I could find you."

"Toot! Toot!" went the engine's warning signal, and "All aboard" came faintly from a distant car.

A jolt spread from car to car.

"Adieu, mon cher ami," she laughed.

"Please answer my questions, mademoiselle," he pleaded, moving with the creeping train.

"I am not married, and here is my name," and she tossed out of the car window a tiny piece of white linen.

In another instant the train had passed almost out of sight and in its place stood a young man straining his eyes in the white moonlight to make out, on a tiny torn-off corner of a handkerchief, the one word, "Peggy."

"Billy," said Marie Loring in her most compelling tone, "please put down that paper and listen a moment. I have something very important to tell you."

"What is it?" queried Billy, looking up from his paper. "Has Tommy Hastings taken Dorothy Maden canoeing again, or has that lovesick Mr. What's-his-name forgotten to deliver the right number of jack-o-lanterns?"

"No, listen," pleaded Marie. "It's about Margaret Somers. You know I told you she would be here for the lawn party."

"The dickens you did. This is the first I have heard of it."

"Well, I told you, and, anyway, I'm counting on you for the extra man." Then, seeing that young man frown, she finished: "You can put off that horrid trip for a couple of days, and besides Peggy is just the kind you like."

"Peggy?" he almost shouted.

"Yes," Marie replied, smiling. "We called her that at school, you know. I'm glad you like that name. She is a B. A. and knows more than any other ten girls put together."

Billy whistled. "Jiminy, but that sounds like the kind I like—not. 'B. A. and knows more than ten girls.' Can't do it, sis. I'm sorry, but I promised Jack Kane that I would go with him."

"Oh, Billy. Well, anyway, you're hunting with us the day after tomorrow. Peggy comes tomorrow, you know."

And then, like the wise little sister that she was, she left the room before he could make another excuse.

"Jove," Billy reflected, "I may as well make the best of it and face Miss Wiseness in my most learned manner."

Two days later a camp wagon and two guides left before daylight; but it was an hour or more after sunrise when Loring, senior, Billy, Peggy, Marie, and the head guide, rode out into the beauty of a February morning.

All of the four hours' ride from the Loring's home, on the Florida coast, to the little strip of inland woods where the camp was set, Billy Loring and Peggy followed shortly after the lead of the guide, while Marie and her father brought up the rear.

Out of the corner of his eye, Billy watched Peggy continually, trying to decide whether or not this B. A. who knew more than ten girls together could by any possibility be his Peggy. He hadn't believed that his Peggy cared enough about B. A.'s to know what it means. But this Miss Margaret Somers, who rode beside him on cross-saddle, wearing knee-coat and kilts of khaki, and brown leather puttees strapped from knee-cap to ankle, carried her own small rifle in a saddle-boot and a dozen cartridges in the web-loops across her breast. A brilliant handkerchief, knotted loosely around her bare white throat, and a broad-rimmed Panama turned up in front and resolutely pulled down behind to defy sunburn, completed a picture of bewildering charm.

He was considerably impressed by her knowledge of all the small wood animals and fowls, but that did not help him decide the all important question, so he changed the subject of conversation.

He whistled a few notes from "Madame Butterfly," and then said, watching her closely: "'Madame Buttefly' is my favorite opera. Do you play it?"

"I have heard so much about it," she answered sweetly, hiding a mischievous twinkle in her gray eyes with a fringe of dark lashes, "but I have never heard it, and I cannot play a note of it."

So, when late in the evening two days later a somewhat battered camping party, laden with plump, fluffy bunches of quail and plumper strings of ducks, sunburnt and trail-worn, rode up to the Loring villa, Billy was just as undecided and in quite as much of a dilemma as when they had started out.

"But," he told himself, "Jack and the trip can go hang until after that party of sis'." Then finished, "Maybe longer."

The grounds of the Loring estate were dressed in their most brilliant and best.

Lights glowed softly; Chinese lanterns were doubly festooned between the trees, drooping creeper-like from palm to perfumed oleander, from dainty china-berry to grotesque screw-pine tree, from crimson hibiscus to sprawling banyan, shedding strange dancing lights over masses of sweetly fragrant blossoms, through which the fine-spray of fountains lightly drifted.

From somewhere among the palms the low, sweet singing of violins floated forth, now and then accompanied by the clamorous outbreaks of mandolins, and everywhere was the sound of joyous, rippling laughter, and voice answering voice.

Groups passed and repassed, and Billy, evidently looking for some particular person, recognized many old friends in the glimpses of happy faces he caught under the gaudy lanterns. He knew that somewhere, among all of these friends of his sister, a Peggy, maybe not his Peggy, but a Peggy anyway, strolled, joining her voice with the many others, but he was beginning to despair of ever finding where.

At this same instant he saw the object of his quest. A group of young men in white flannels and laughing girls in dainty gowns, breaking up, moved toward him. She had been the center of the group. Now she was so close to him that the dainty white stuff of her sleeve brushed him.

"Peggy," he breathed, half unconsciously.

She turned slightly but passed on, apparently not noticing him.

But a few moments later a lone figure in filmy white passed him humming softly his favorite strains of "Madame Butterfly," and just as she came to the edge of a clump of trees, she, all unconsciously, *of course*, dropped a tiny something of thin white material, and disappeared among the trees.

In one leap Billy had it in his hand, but just as he would have started after its owner, he noticed with surprise that one corner of the square was torn out.

In an instant his card case was in his hand and he had extracted a tiny torn piece of white linen with "Peggy" embroidered across it.

Never before had Mr. William Loring felt that his fingers were all thumbs, but hastily he fitted the two pieces together and then with a "By Jove" to the clump of trees, he dashed through them and on after the disappearing figure in white. ALPHA FAY FIELD, '15.

Fashions Among the Boys of the O. H. S.

The boys are really so frivolous as to indulge in, or even to allow their interest to become aroused in the extreme changes in fashion, is likely to be stoutly denied by the members of the sterner sex, but it is only necessary to wander through the halls of the O. H. S. during an intermission in order to be convinced that our boys not only know just what are the latest demands of Dame Fashion, but are treading not far behind the heels of that very sprightly old Dame.

Clothes, hairdressing and speech are most subject to the innovations of fashion and we will consider first, boys' fashions from the standpoint of clothes.

Years of evolution in which long and short coats, wide and narrow trousers have all had their day of glory, have culminated in the present day with the Norfolk suit as the highest ideal in masculine wearing apparel. The self-satisfied owner of such proudly strolls through our corridors, proboscis thrust high in the atmosphere, apparently (note the apparently) entirely ignorant of the envious ocular inspection bestowed upon him by his less fortunate fellow students. In tying his cravat his choice wavers between the conventional four-in-hand and the smart bow knot; sometimes falling on one, sometimes on the other, but as to the color of the aforesaid cravat—ah! here is where our hero's fancy is allowed full sway, and here are displayed

all the colors of the rainbow—the most brilliant of crimsons, radiant of greens, and dazzling of patriotic purples—the more vivid the more satisfactory, is the rule. His tie pin, a most important accessory, must be at exactly the correct angle in order that it may have that much desired “chic” appearance. His shoes naturally consist of the flat-heeled pointed-toed variety sometimes black, usually yellow, surmounted by the inevitable variegated hose as this species is rumored to be the “latest.” If we failed to mention the many classpins, school pins, club pins, pins borrowed, found and bought, which adorn the manly breast of our fashionable student, his description would be quite incomplete, as these form a large part in his whole appearance and are one of the most popular fads. To sum all up, our hero might easily be considered “*a capite ad calcem*,” the facsimile of the pictures entitled “Fashions for Men.”

In the matter of hair dressing the young gentlemen of the high school quite excel. Fair browed Apollos and dark haired sons of Adam one and all succumb to Mistress Style and uncomplainingly brush, comb, pat and smooth their crowning glory, according to her latest mandate, be it for the serene center part, the bristling pompadour, or that sleek, shiny appearance that gives one such an intellectual air, a look of genius, don't you know. But, alas! this last named appearance cannot be hoped for if the individual is so unfortunate as to be endowed with one of the proverbial “cowlicks” or with such feminine adornment as curls. The next thing to the impossible would be for him to aspire to that stately, dignified mien, hence there is nothing for him to do but to cast envious looks at his more fortunate brothers, and resign himself to his hard fate, even while he secretly cherishes the idea that sooner or later Fashion will smile on him.

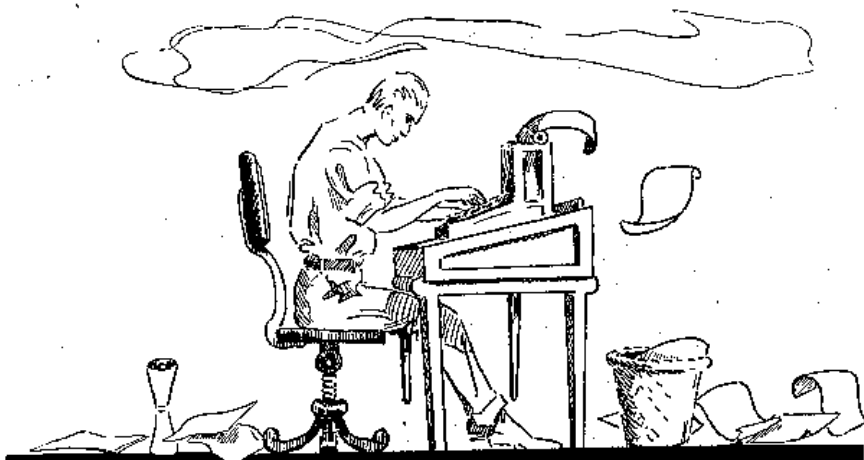
With so much space devoted to the modern masculine coiffure we will now turn our attention to the subject of speech, which is perhaps most susceptible to the ravages of style.

Everyone knows that one word of the popular cut is far more expressive than ten of the strictly Websterian type and inducting from this undeniable fact, I may safely state that the representatives of young America in our school, are not only perfectly well able to express the ideas that are generated within their so-called “gray matter,” but can do it in the most up-to-date and improved mode. And what is infinitely more important for the reputation of our school, their ability in this direction is advancing in a decidedly noticeable manner, while even now they stand at a point of high efficiency. Imagine, if you can, what would be the thoughts of Noah Webster were he to amble through these halls of learning and overhear our learned youths discoursing in such terms as, “She's one of the prettiest skirts up here.” “I say, Mutt, lend me a couple of bones.” “Sure, Steve, I got you!” That wise old sage would no doubt be greatly impressed by these outbursts of eloquence and with arms akimbo would soliloquize, “The superficiality of my unabridged edition is only too apparent when extemporaneous vocabulary can be manufactured in so facile a manner as his here demonstrated.” In concluding this little homily there is little to add except to state that by closely observing our high school boys one may gain a splendid idea of the advance styles and thus save the expense of a fashion journal.

LUCILE ELLIS, '14.



FUTURES OF SOME SENIOR GIRLS.



EDITORIAL

The Commencement Gown.

This being first of all a "Girls' Number," we shall devote our editorial to a subject strictly feminine, and one which will essentially interest all girls—the "commencement gown."

Girls, we are apt to feel that we want to use our prettiest frocks, our elaborate dresses with costly trimmings, at commencement, for we wish to feel and look our best, since graduation is, to us, a most important occasion. But, girls, simplicity should be the keynote to our frocks. First of all, we are graduating from a public high school, and should gown ourselves accordingly. Secondly, the school girl is most charming when she is simply costumed and acts and appears as she is, a serene, unaffected school girl. And, moreover, elaborate trimmings, heavily brocaded materials and costly jewels are not considered even "stylish," so certainly we should not affect them at commencement. Again, the poorer girl. How much useless sorrow she endures, what pathetic little pleasures she must deny herself, to appear as well dressed as the more wealthy girl—and this she will want to do, especially at graduation. If the more wealthy girls would relinquish any natural love of elaborate, expensive trimmings, and select simple and charmingly attractive gowns, nevertheless, for commencement, the poorer girl will be saved many a heartache. Then, too, one of our eminent writers has said, "Simplicity is the keynote of harmony."

Now, since elaborate costuming is not the best of taste; since a girl is more charming when simply gowned; since the poorer girl is essentially as human, if not more so, as her more wealthy sister, and since our school is, above all, a public high school; how about our elaborate, costly gowns? Should we indulge in them?

EXCHANGES

Bellervian: You have an extensive advertising department—a very clever paper.

Centennial: Your poem "Freckles" is admirably written. The writer deserves a great deal of credit.

Eagle: A fine representative for a military academy.

Harvard Monthly: An unusually good paper.

High School Q: Your locals are exceedingly clever—among the best in our exchanges.

Knox Student: We fail to find your table of contents, but you certainly seem to have excellent school spirit.

Lion: Your cuts are worthy of comment; they are most suggestive and attractive.

Monitor: Why not a few more cuts?

The "O": One of our best exchanges. Your February cover was fine.

Quill: A very good paper. Your editorials are certainly convincing.

Rustler: You have a fine exchange column.

Spectator: A well planned paper.

Spy: "Our Birthday Page" is certainly a novelty. An original paper all the way through.

"Zot Wot": Your jokes are certainly original.

We also acknowledge these exchanges for February: The Record, Harvard Crimson, High School News, and Student Life.

POSITIONS WANTED.

As chauffeur for a machine with no switch key.—Louise Hupp.

As nursery assistant.—Harold Langdon.

As teacher in Art of Bluffing—unlimited experience.—F. Hixenbaugh.

As an eloquent orator, to introduce nominees in a national convention.—J. Hannighan.

As instructor in parliamentary law.—James Durkee.

As instructor for brevity in speech.—Barney Kulakofsky.

M. P. went up to the drug clerk at Brandeis' and said:

"Have you anything to keep the hair from falling?"

And the clerk, looking bored, replied: "Hair pins, two counters to the right."

ALUMNI

As this is a girl's number it is not at all out of place to give our readers a short writeup about one of the large girl's colleges. The one here printed is about Wellesley College and was written by Miss Harriet Blake of the class of 1910.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

By Harriet Blake, '10.

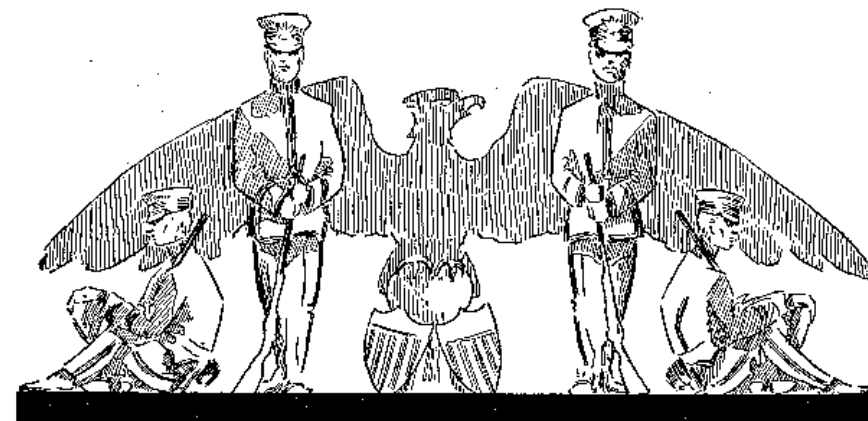
"The College Beautiful" it is called and rightly so. Over acres of garden-like land are scattered the various buildings—library, chapel, halls and dormitories. College Hall, the oldest building and the main lecture hall, is about one mile from the village of Wellesley; its towers rise high, over looking Lake Wahan. And here we have the delight of every Wellesley girl—Lake Wahan with its rippling waters and woodey banks, in spring and autumn it lets her float across its sparkling waters in her canoe and in winter glide over its glassy surface on her skates. The whole campus is our pride.

"In ev'ry changing mood we love her,
Love her flow'rs and woods and lake.
Oh, changeful sky, bend blue above her;
Wake, ye birds, your chorus wake!"

So far we might think Wellesley was nothing but a play ground. Not so—however, our campus seems to make the academic life easier. One lesson that the Wellesley girl learns well is "to work while she works and play while she plays." To those who desire a liberal education Wellesley offers such advantages and facilities as are enjoyed in institutions of the highest grade. Aside from the usual courses of sciences, languages, literature, etc., offered by other colleges, Wellesley offers especially fine work, in art and music—there being an art building and a music hall devoted wholly to these two departments respectively. Then, too, Wellesley has all the advantages of being only a half hour's ride on the train from historic Boston.

Traditions and old customs give to the college a "Wellesley spirit." Tradition in and out among the works and corners of the old buildings. The girls come to feel as if they really knew that great founder of the college, Henry Towle Durant. When Mr. Durant founded Wellesley in 1875, he tried to materialize his idea of the higher education for women—"the supreme development and unfolding of every power and faculty." He founded it as an undenominational college, but one distinctly Christian in its influence, discipline and instruction. This puts the girls on an equal basis and gives each girl a chance to be herself; in short, it results in the true democratic spirit of Wellesley.

The big disadvantage of Wellesley College is that it is so far from Nebraska, but when you get to Wellesley that disadvantage is outweighed by the fact that you have around you girls from every state in our country and from foreign countries as well. Then it is that you feel "your Nebraska" and "your United States."



MILITARY

There seem to be numerous reasons why the girls of O. H. S. do not drill. Perhaps the most important is just "Because." This is a powerful reason and if any man or boy does not know its power, let him beware!

Another difficult point would be the uniformity of dress. This would set the girls wild. Just to think of anyone else having a dress like yours! Why, the idea! The girls would be supremely jealous of all the medals the fortunate few might chance to attain.

A girl never could endure to be under a superior officer. No doubt our suffragettes would turn very militant. There surely would be "things doing." On a rainy day wouldn't a girl have a terrible time? You know, all curls are not moisture-proof. And of course drill would be dismissed at once, for what girl could drill with her hair uncurled? But at least you must concede one point of great importance in favor of the girls. They could shoot like lightning. Even rival the boys. You doubt it? Why, of course you don't. For you know that lightning never leaves an effect but once in the same place. Then, oh, dear! What a time a girl would have choosing her sponsor! Wouldn't she have a hard time deciding which boy liked her the best, etc. Oh, mercy! The very idea is oppressing! But it would all turn out happily and the lucky boys would be sponsors.

But when "we get the vote" no doubt we (or our descendants) will be drilling, and like the famous Amazons, outrival the boys in military stunts.

But until then, congratulations to the boys, and may they have a fine camp and a glorious "compet."

Free—A leather-lined fabric belt to match every L System suit, at Magec & Deemer's 413 South Sixteenth.

== Domestic Science ==

Dear Bettykins:

It's been so awfully long since I last wrote to you that I have almost forgotten where I left off in telling you of the Domestic Science "doings."

During January we made lots of good things. It was especially nice for the girls of the first hour class and for those of the second hour class (if they weren't very hungry mortals) because we cooked breakfast dishes. We had everything, from cream of wheat to waffles. Oh, how good the waffles and pancakes were—with corn syrup on them—it fairly makes my mouth water now to think of them.

Along with our lessons on drop and pour batters we learned how to make nice puffy muffins and delicious little tea biscuit.

During the week with these lessons we visited the Icen Biscuit company's plant. It was very interesting, going through there and seeing how many different siftings the wheat has to go through before it becomes the flour which we handle in our every day life. On leaving the factory they armed each girl with a box of cookies which appeased her appetite, after looking upon the good cookies in the factory.

After spending a week on bread making, we had a bread contest. Each girl brought a loaf of bread she had baked herself, to school. One loaf from each class was chosen as the best and at the end of the day the three best loaves were awarded prizes.

Last Saturday was citizens day at the O. H. S. and we served about two thousand people in the Domestic Science. They had a delicious cup of piping hot coffee and a cookie which we girls had baked during class on Thursday.

My weary eyelids are drooping now, so I guess I'll stop and incidentally give you a chance to recuperate from this little (!) missile.

With love,

"JACK."

ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE TRAGEDIES.

He seized her and drew her to him, and deliberately struck her. She made no sign; not a sound escaped her; and again and yet again the brute repeated the blow; and still she made no sign of suffering. But when with rapidly growing anger he violently struck her, she shrieked aloud. Her anger was aroused, and she flared up. Her head blew off. She was only a match.

C. A.: "Would you kindly show me that comic book?"

Book Agent: "Certainly; it's the book of latest styles in young men's clothes."

L System clothes—designed to meet the individual requirements of young men. Shown only at Magee & Deemer's.

== ATHLETICS ==

We are certainly having one of, if not the most, successful years in the history of the school, particularly from the athletic standpoint.

The football team acquitted itself in most creditable manner by winning the state championship, and the basket ball squad bids fair to even surpass the excellent record made by the football men.

The season has been finished without the loss of a single game. We have twice defeated our oldest rivals, Sioux City and Lincoln and St. Joseph High which claimed the Missouri Valley championship has fallen before Coach Mill's men.

The results of the games since the last issue of the Register have been as follows:

OMAHA 25, SIOUX CITY 24.

Omaha defeated Sioux City again on their own floor, February 22d. The game was a fast one throughout, extra time having to be played twice. Burkenroad and Gardiner starred.

OMAHA 34, ST. JOSEPH 25.

In the game which St. Joseph claimed was for the championship of the Missouri valley, Omaha handily triumphed over the down-river men. At no time was Omaha in danger. Hughes threw most of the goals.

The most popular young men's clothes in America—L System. See them at Magee & Deemer's, 413 South Sixteenth.

DEBATING.

The first debate of the season was held in the auditorium of the South Omaha High School, on Friday, March 7. South Omaha received the majority of the vote of the judges. Omaha defended the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That American cities should adopt a commission form of government." We were represented by Frank Hixenbaugh, Wahlfred Jacobsen and Earl Ticknors. Hixenbaugh, as first speaker, held the attention of his audience throughout his speech, and laid a strong foundation for his colleagues. Jacobson, the second speaker, bore the burden of the proof, showing the plan to be sound in principle, and in concluding Ticknor showed how the plan had worked in typical American cities.

The negative was ably upheld by Forrest Dennis, Emily Nystrom and Carl Beal. Miss Nystrom and Beal were especially good. In rebuttal, Dennis delivered a splendid speech.

Judge Lee Estelle presided. The Brand sisters gade a mandolin and guitar duet, and Gertrude Aikin rendered an excellent vocal solo.

As for the girls, it is already known and always will be, how very well they can debate. The next important debate, which will be given on March 23, will be on the question, "What style of hat will be worn most extensively this Spring?" The team will consist of Dame Fashion as captain and all of the rest of us to debate. It is liable to be unsettled, as to the result.

You Must Make Good or Step Down and Out

The managers of the great business firms are not looking for young men and young women who are skilled in explaining why they failed to make good.

These managers don't want explanations nor excuses—THEY WANT RESULTS. They are looking for young people who can GET RESULTS. They like to secure

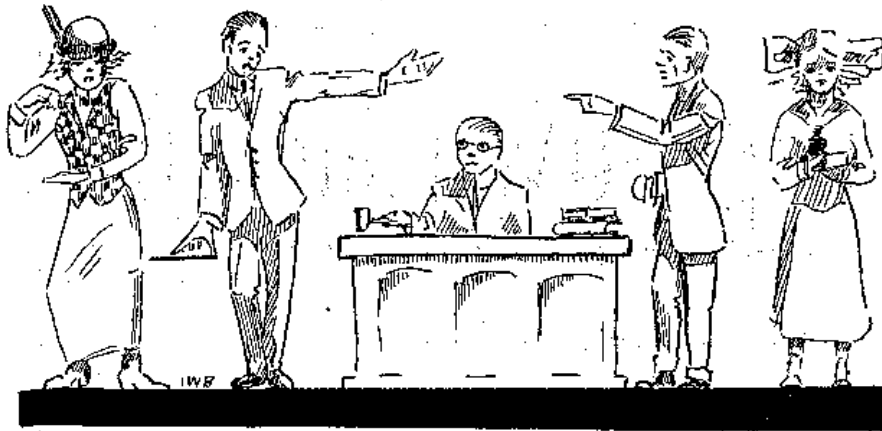
MOSHER-LAMPMAN GRADUATES

as these managers know MOSHER-LAMPMAN GRADUATES are trained along lines which qualify them to "deliver the goods."

If you are ambitious, and desire to make good when you start in the business world, and to rise to positions of trust and responsibility, then you should take that broad business training which can be secured at the MOSHER-LAMPMAN COLLEGE.

This course will place you far above the average business college graduate. In short, it will enable you to a business success.

ADDRESS: MOSHER & LAMPMAN, 1815 FARNAM STREET



ORGANIZATIONS

BROWNING.

The Browning society met on February 21 in room 149. After a short business meeting the following program was given:

Current Topics, "The Balkan War"—Irene Rosewater.

Story Telling, "Labra's Secret"—Madaline Metz.

Debate, "Resolved, That girls graduating from O. H. S. should wear uniform dresses at commencement." Affirmative, Edna Lewis; negative, Dorothea Skriver.

Book Reviews, "Lucretia"—Alfreda Traulsen.

ELAINE.

On February 21, the society met in room 325, where the following program was given, under the leadership of Catherine Woodworth:

Piano Solo—Helen Curtis.

Illustrated Story—Marie Vernon, Dorothy Lyle.

Dance—Ione Fogg.

GYM CLUB.

A very busy afternoon was spent at the home of Ruth Comp, where the girls of the Gym club met, March 1, to begin the making of their costumes for the spring exhibition. This will be held the later part of April, so the girls have but a short time for preparations. The work was carried on under the direction of their competent instructor, Miss Dumont. At the end of the afternoon every one dropped their needles and enjoyed a delicious luncheon.

LAM RON.

The Lam Ron society, recently organized for the benefit of prospective teachers, is attended especially by the Normal Training class

members, who plan to teach in rural schools. The aim of the society is to develop skill in the art of telling stories to, and selecting the best books for children.

Miss Tobitt and her associates at the public library have very kindly assisted in outlining the work. Stories of a stated character are studied at each meeting, and suggestive lists of books are given.

The last program consisted of:

Story, "The Three Graces at College"—Mary O'Leary.

Story, "Eleanor's College Career"—Marie Noone.

Story, "The Crimson Sweater"—Rachel Hager.

New members always welcome.

GERMAN SOCIETY.

The members of the German society met Wednesday, February 19, in Room 325, for the election of officers. The following officers were elected:

President—Nathan Muskin.

Vice President—Mollie Corby.

Secretary—Glen Reeves.

Treasurer—Ben Fanger.

Sergeants-at-Arms—Erdice Baumgarten, Reed Zimmerman.

Reporter—Edna Levine.

Instead of a regular meeting on Wednesday, March 5, the German society was given a talk at the public library on "Switzerland, the Country of William Tell."

LATIN SOCIETY.

The Latin society held its first regular meeting March 5. An interesting program on "Ancient Pompeii" was given.

Introduction—Harold Torell.

"An Eye Witness"—Irene Hinman, Beatrice Walton.

"Municipal Election, 79 A. D."—Leo McShane.

Recitation—Laura Meyers.

"Vetti"—Geraldine Belle.

"The Last Day of a Farmhouse near Pompeii"—Ruth Mills, Rachel Metcalfe.

PRISCILLA ALDEN SOCIETY.

The Priscilla Alden society met Friday, March 7. The following program was given:

Recitation—Dorothy Meyer.

Short Story—Marjorie Bryant.

Piano Solo—Dorothy Rohrbough.

Biography—Gertrude Ady.

Piano Solo—Ruth Rylander.

ART SOCIETY.

The Art society held a short meeting on Wednesday, in room 241. "The Early Life of Raphael," by Charlotte Tompkins, and "Later Life of Raphael," by Edna Gibbs, were given.

AS PASSERSBY SEE THEM.

Bad Habits.	Favorite Expression.	Characteristics.	Where Found.	Would Be.	Will Be.
"Hix" (Hixenbaugh).....	"How do you get that?".....	Scholarly air!.....	Everywhere in O. H. S.....	President of U. S.....	Professor.
"Do" (Duncan).....	"That giggle".....	Smiling.....	Everywhere.....	Vocalist.....	Popular.
"S—s" (Hupp).....	"I'm through with you".....	Independence.....	With D. S.....	Chauffeur.....	Without spark plug.
"Kyke" (Allan).....	"I will not suffer it".....	Expression.....	Register room.....	Dignified.....	We give up!
"Helen" (Carrier).....	"Wait a minute".....	E. M.....	With any K. K.....	Good looking.....	Maybe
"Jim" (Durkee).....	"Hello fellows".....	Studying (for what?).....	Near statue.....	Orator!.....	Potticlan.
"Lola" (Byrd).....	"Can I help?".....	Helping.....	Where needed.....	Gracious.....	Benefactress.
"Doug" (Douglas).....	"Aw — — —"	Trees!.....	Locker 2502.....	Popular.....	Fair (?) Fat and forty.
"Kathryn" (Crocker).....	"I don't know".....	Originality.....	Near statue.....	Superior.....	Equal.
"Ld" (Cockrell).....	"Gee" (G).....	Studying Dickens (on).....	North 24th car.....	Who knows?.....	A man (we hope).
"Ruth" (Mills).....	"I'll be mad if you don't".....	Getting A's.....	We wonder.....	Speaker of the House.....	Sufragette.
"Kawson" (White).....	"35c after Friday".....	Boasting O. H. S.....	Any school activity.....	Absolute.....	A rival only.
"Betty" (Finley).....	"As you like".....	Charm.....	Second floor.....	A Lady Payne.....	Artist.
"Bob" (Marshall).....	"Pad of paper".....	Different ones.....	Book room.....	Ruler of Mexico.....	Tin-smith.
"Gertrude" (Alkin).....	"Porter — — —"	Serenity.....	With Kathryn.....	Unaffected.....	Grand opera singer.
"Fritz" (Bucholz).....	"Hub".....	Delicate.....	Nobody knows.....	Taller.....	Madnee idol.
"Briek" (Hedwell).....	"Did yuh?".....	Oh—Briek.....	Her locker.....	Blonde.....	Obliging.
"Mort" (Rhoades).....	"That derby!".....	"Haw-haw WOW!".....	Register room.....	Self-made man.....	Interrupted.
"Sands" (Woodbridge).....	"Have you read it?".....	Eyes.....	Office.....	Author.....	Blacksmith.

LOCALS

No, that cage upon the third floor is not an addition to the book-room; nor are we going to start a "zoo." It is merely the new Register room completed.

Ward Smith is most modest and shy when it comes to making nomination speeches.

At a Senior meeting, it was decided to give a Senior play this year, with Mr. Mills as instructor. Frank Hixenbaugh was elected business manager.

The cadets have been very unfortunate in having their commandant marching off to war.

Miss McHugh's course on modern authors, held Monday afternoons, is proving most interesting and instructive.

A new trophy case for cups and banners is being set up by the class of 1909.

Miss Brandeis' never-failing energy is now spent in teaching sewing to girls at lunch hour.

"Let the women do the work" is the popular song of the boys on the staff this month.

Have you heard of Lavina Brown,
Whose bread was of such texture and size
That it brought her much renown,
And the greatly sought-for prize?

Entries are now being made for the spring tennis tournament, which will be conducted by Cub Potter as coach and Sands Woodbridge, as manager.

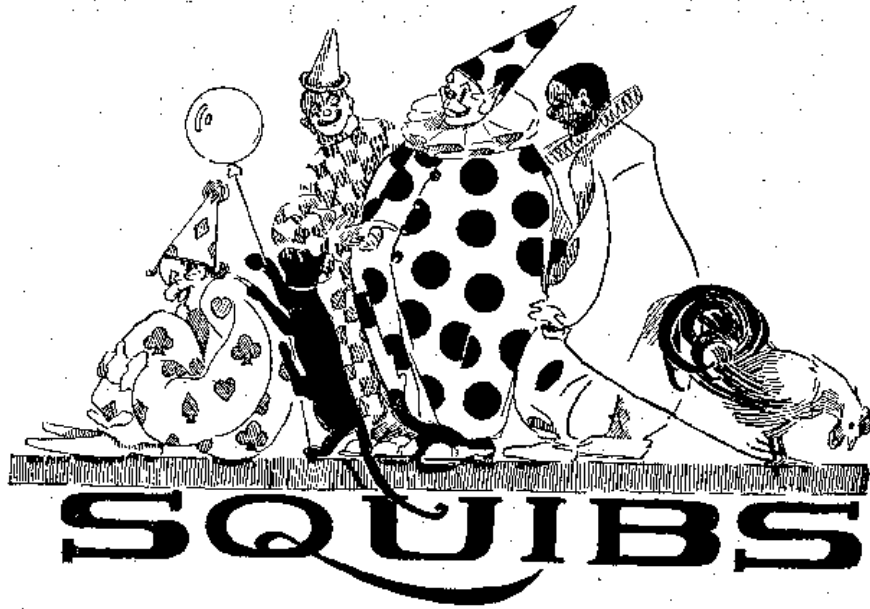
Those of literary turn of mind get busy and win one of the many prizes which are being offered for essays.

There were about 3,000 people at the formal opening of our school. Members of the Senior class and the cadets guided the people about the building and pointed out interesting features. Domestic Science girls served coffee and cookies, and other departments of the school were well represented. Speeches were made by Chancellor Avery of Lincoln, Dr. Holovtchiner, Superintendent Graff and Miss McHugh. Joe Woolery, the Mandolin club and the Glee club provided music.

The track team have started practicing and are using the third floor and the basement for their work.

Those who had tickets for "Julius Caesar" were excused at 1:40, March 7; but, alas! tickets had to be shown before students were excused.

Clothes that fit all over—refreshing in design—the kind you want—L System, at Magee & Deemer's.



Sunday School Teacher: "Morton, what kind of boys go to heaven?"

M. R.: "Dead ones."

All the same, a girl's shoes haven't yet reached the point where they button up the back.

First Suffragette: "Oh, Mabel, how are you going to vote at the coming election?"

Second Suffragette: "I think I'll wear my pink silk."

In Latin class, Percy Dalzell was wrestling with the sentence, "Rex fugit," and with a painful slowness of emphasis he had rendered it, "The king flees."

"But in what other tense can the verb 'fugit' be found?" asked Miss Copeland.

A long silence followed, and finally the answer, "Perfect," came, owing to a whispered prompting.

"And how would you translate it then?"

"Dunno."

"Why, put the auxiliary 'has' in."

Again, with tardy emphasis, Percy replied, "The king has flees."

He: "I shall throw you a kiss."

She: "You lazy thing."

Miss Towne, in English class: "Harold, you have misspelled 'automobile.' Please spell it."

Harold Landeryou (flushed and excited): "I-I-I can't start it."

An Easter Style Message to Young Men and Young Ladies

Young Men—

who want their clothes to reflect their personality, their individuality—their go-ahead-ness are invited, yes, urged to come in and have a look at the new Sam Peck Suits for Spring. Wherever young men—imbued with style notions—congregate—there you'll find Sam Peck Suits in greatest favor.

\$15 to \$32.50

Young Ladies—

who wish to be appareled in the newest modes, who want to wear truly elegant clothing, should make a visit to this store where just such raiment is provided for them, but minus the excessive charges prevailing in most stores for that kind of wearables. Young ladies can be faultlessly attired and—at very moderate price by becoming patrons of this store.

Dresses \$5.75 to \$37.50

Suits \$15 to \$32.50

Coats \$13.50

to as good as you care to buy

And the Swellest Tailored Millinery in town.

Benson & Thorne Co.

Young Fellows with "Red Blood"

Should wear my clothes with "style and go to them." "Get close" to my windows and see the new Spring styles I've brought to town. You'll like them. Truly wonderful clothes at—

\$15, \$20 and \$25

George Brooks. 16th and Harney

AT A DANCE.

He: "I see you made your train this afternoon."

She (haughtily): "I certainly did not. This is an imported gown."

Overheard in the halls:

Louise H.: "Really, I don't see what you think dove-like about me."

Joe A.: "Well, I always said you were pigeon-toed."—Exchange.

Mr. McMillan: "If you wish to learn anything, you've got to start at the bottom."

A. Klopp: "How about learning to swim?"—Exchange.

E. Booth: "Did you see those autos skid?"

E. C.: "How dare you call me that?"—Exchange.

Mr. Reed: "Don't you ever sweep under the carpet?"

Janitor: "Yes, sah, I always sweep everything under the carpet."—Exchange.

K. S.: "You played basketball last night."

E. B.: "How do you know?"

K. S.: "See it in your eye."

Porter Allan (translating "Haec in Gallia est importata): "Hike into Gaul, it is important."

Found in an 11A Physics exam paper: "Gravitation is when an apple hits the floor."

Beaton Drug Co., agents for Lowney's Chocolates and Bon Bons, Farnam and 15th.

F. M. Schadell & Co. wish to announce that they have the largest line of hats they ever had. When you want your early spring or summer hat give them a call. They are leaders in style and price.

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

The World-Herald

AN INDEPENDENT
NEWSPAPER

The alert High School student will consider the World-Herald as much a part of the curriculum as Latin or Mathematics. It is a newspaper that has a conscience and positive convictions. It is clean and courageous. It offers a complete course in the daily history of the world's most important century. It is Omaha's one distinctive newspaper and

**YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO
BE WITHOUT IT**

She: "How much do you charge for the 'Register'?"

Harold Torell: "Ten cents."

She: "Aren't you rather dear?"

H. T.: "That's what all the girls say!"

Phone Beaton's, Douglas 81, for candy wants. Our delivery service is gratis.

F. P.: "There must be some mistake in my marking. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Dr. Senter: "Neither do I; but it's the lowest mark I am allowed to give."—Exchange.

Do you know Beaton has the agency for all best makes of Chocolates.

Ken N.: "Girls who imitate boys simply make fools of themselves."

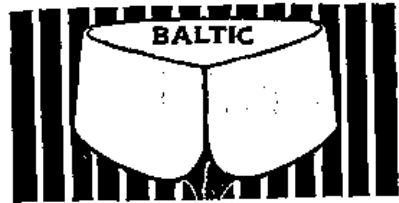
Helen I.: "Yes, when the imitation is a good one."

You will always wear a smile if you follow the Beaton Path, Farnam and 15th.

"You know, Sam, it's no disgrace to have to work for a living."

"No, sah; I knows it, sah. Dat's what I allus tells muh wife, sah."

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.



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

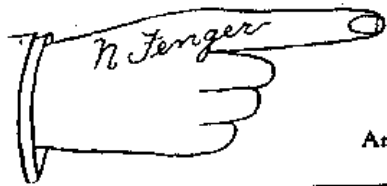
1879

1912

Our Trade Mark Means Quality



207 South Sixteenth St. OMAHA



360 Omaha National Bank Building

BLUE PRINTINGArchitects' and Engineers' Instruments and Supplies
Phone Douglas 2762

Teacher (explaining induction): "Now, if I took one green apple and found it hard and sour, another and found that one hard and sour, and found the whole bushel to be hard and sour, where would I arrive?"

Clarence Darlow: "At the hospital, I guess."

Beaton's Soda can't be beaten, 15th and Farnam.

If two Emanon ever came to blows someone ought to Mount Burns and another Ward Smith off.



We carry a Full Line of
GLASS PINS O. H. S. RINGS
ALL KINDS OF JEWELRY
LINDSAY, THE JEWELER
221 1/2 South 16th St., Paxton Block OMAHA, NEB.



*Seniors: Please sit now
for Register Annual
Photographs*

THE HEYN STUDIO
16th & Howard

Children's Haircut a Specialty

Douglas 8249

*W. O. W. Building
Barber Shop*

ADAM MORRELL, Proprietor

10 Chairs—Prompt Service

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements

Shoe Fits At Kilpatrick's

If you know nothing of shoe comfort, let Mr. Tuttle or one of his efficient aids fit you.

No Shoes for Men

but Furnishing Fixin's that are fashionable.

Thomas Kilpatrick & Co.

Ted Eyer (to Dodge conductor): "Is this Noah's ark full yet?"
Brilliant Con.: "All except the monkey—jump in."

Beaton's for Huylers famous chocolates, 15th and Farnam.

Jones: "I see you're buying a car."
Smith: "Yep, dollar down and a sheriff a week."

F. A. RINEHART
PORTRAITS
OF QUALITY



Telephone Douglas 1732

Eighteenth and Farnam Streets

Cut Flowers Fresh Every Day
From Our Own Greenhouses

A. DONAGHUE
FLORIST

GREENHOUSES: 5425 N. 24TH ST.

PHONE DOUG. 1001

1607 FARNAM ST. OMAHA, NEB.

LESCHETIZKY METHOD—Pupil of Wagner Swayne, Paris

JEAN GILBERT JONES Pianist and Teacher

Students Prepared for Public Appearance

Studio: Rooms 7-8 Davidge Block

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Now is the Time

to sit for your Photograph. All Photos for the Register Annual furnished FREE of charge. Special rates to students and faculty, at

Sandberg & Estner

Photographers

STUDIO, 107 SO. 16th STREET

Telephone, Douglas 2387

Cleverest Clothes Cleansing

Phone Tyler 345; make a test out; then make your own mental decision as to who does the "Cleverest Clothes Cleansing."

DRESHER BROS.
2211-2213 FARNAM STREET

BLACK

THE

\$2.50 HATTER

HATS — FURNISHINGS

109 South Sixteenth St.

Ruth A.: "Which is the proper expression to use, 'Girls are,' or 'Girls is'?"

G. R. and T. G. (in unison): "Girls are, of course."

R. A.: "Of course, pshaw! Girls, are my hat on straight?"

Follow the Beaton Path for Huyler's candy, Farnam and 15th.

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

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

SIGNS OF ALL KINDS

R. Carleton

Electric

A

Specialty

218 South 14th Street

Phone Douglas 542

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Delicia
THE PERFECT

Always ask for
DELICIA
and be sure of
getting the Best

MADE BY

**The Fairmont
Creamery Co.**

Bigger Than Ever

is the display of Diamonds, guaranteed Watches, Gold Jewelry, Silverware and Crystal Cut Glass at our big City Retail Store.

One hundred co-partnership stores through the state.

The place where wishes come true.



E. K. H.: "Only fools are certain, wise men hesitate."

R. M.: "Are you sure?"

E. K. H.: "Yes, certain of it."

Beaton sells Huyler's, Lowney's, Park and Tilford's, O'Brien's, Johnston's and Dimming's Chocolates. Douglas 81.

Bureau of Engraving

Engravers - Designers

Electrotypers

1001 CITY NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

PHONE 8022 DOUGLAS

Minneapolis

OMAHA

Des Moines

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

"MURPHY DID IT"

We are pioneer builders of Wagons and Motor Trucks.
We also do Painting and Repairing of Automobiles.

Andrew Murphy & Son

1402-12 Jackson St. Tel. Tyler 1176 OMAHA

MRS. RICHARDS

Formerly at 219 City National Bank Building, announces her removal to

SUITE 4 WEAD BLDG.

where she will make a specialty of

MISSES' HATS

Miss Turner, in Domestic Science: "Kathryn, this is hardly spicy enough. Add a little Durkee's pepper."
We wonder why K. C. blushed.

Ralph B.: "It's a great comfort to be left alone—especially when your best girl is with you."

Frank H.: "There has been something trembling on my lips for weeks."

Hannah K.: "Why don't you shave it off?"

Follow the Beaton Path for Drug economy, Farnam and 15th.

...TRY...

Dinning's

SWISS CREAM
CHOCOLATES

Robert Louis Stevenson

said: "What I want is an income which will come in of itself."

Let us show you what he had in mind.

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.

C. Z. GOULD, General Agent
820 Bee Bldg. Phone Douglas 1817 Omaha

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Study Does Not End with High School

We are always studying
to Please Our Patrons

That is why

Harding's Ice Cream

Is on the Honor Roll.

Harding Ice Cream Co. Omaha

YOUR CLOTHES

WILL ALWAYS LOOK NEW IF CLEANED AND
PRESSED BY THE

CROSTOWN DRY CLEANERS

708 SOUTH 24TH STREET

PHONE DOUGLAS 1535

NOTICE TO SENIORS.

Many of the Seniors are sitting now for Annual photographs and will naturally avoid the rush in April. It's a decided advantage to come in before this busy season commences—The Heyn Studio, 16th and Howard.

GIVE YOUR
ORDERS FOR
THE
ANNUAL
NOW AND
BE SURE OF
GETTING ONE

\$175 Buys a
Brand New
Schmoller & Mueller Piano

Guaranteed for 25 years

TERMS:

\$2.00 down, \$1.00 per week

Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co.

Established 1859

1311-13 Farnam Street

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.



Society Stationery

Good picture, isn't it? Our stationery is just as good. It comes from the mills of Crane, the world's foremost stationery manufacturers.

In this department we carry a full assortment of papers suitable for any occasion. Don't send out invitations on hastily bought paper. See us.

In past years we have supplied the Commencement Stationery. We expect to this year. Service counts.

RYAN JEWELRY CO.

DEPENDABLE MERCHANTS

15th and Douglas Sts.

Tween English Derbys

For Spring

They are Smart **\$3.50**

PRAY FOR MEN

500 Block

Miss Towne: "Joe, tell me all you know about Elizabeth."

Joe S.: "Well, she was like the women of today, ruling absolute, a trifier, and never got married."

Mr. B. (in Physics): "Clara, what is a conductor."

Clara: "The man that takes up tickets on a train."

Mr. B.: "Excellent. Now, what is a nonconductor?"

Clara: "The brakeman."

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He: "If you refuse me, I shall blow out my brains."

She: "Impossible."

He: "You don't doubt I have a pistol?"

She: "No, you may have the pistol, all right."—Exchange.

Jim Durkee, addressing an audience: "I-er-I-er-I-er"

"Well," interrupted the chairman of the meeting, "to err is human."—Exchange.

Old Man: "Neat race, that, sonny. That black horse of Speedy's is a dandy. But who does the little brown bobtail belong to?"

Boy: "That belongs to the brown horse, sir."

Dwight: "Dear me, it's twelve o'clock."

Helen: "Is that all? I thought it was much later."

A. F., who has just met Sands: "Oh, Mr. Woodbridge, I'm so enchanted with your delightful stories. I fall asleep with one in my hand every night."—Exchange.

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Berg Clothing Co.

The Judge (to prisoner convicted of manslaughter): “Have you anything to say?”

Prisoner: “No, sir.”

Judge: “Twenty years in penitentiary is your sentence.”

Prisoner: “Well, you just look here! I think you're mighty darn free with other people's time.”

Katherine N. at glove counter at Thompson Belden's:

“I want a pair of white kid gloves.”

Clerk: “How long?”

K. Newbranch: “The idea! I don't want to rent them; I want to buy them.”



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"Our boy has left us," wept the mother, as their only son waved goodbye from the car window.

"Yes," replied the old man, whom the boy had just touched for a loan, "but he hasn't left us much."

Helen Carrier (translating in French): "Someone is knocking at the door; it is my French grammar."

An Irishman was trying to ride a balky mule. Finally, the mule, in his bucking, caught his hind foot in the stirrup, seeing which, the Irishman shouted:

"Say, begorra, if you're goin' to get on, I'm goin' to get off."

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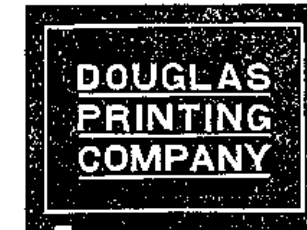
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