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VOL. IV.

No. 10.

COMMENCEMENT ISSUE

+ THE +

High School Register.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

JUNE.

1890.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

VOL. IV.

OMAHA, NEB., JUNE.

NO. 10.

THE REGISTER.

THE REGISTER is a monthly journal published the last Thursday in each month, from September to June, in the interest of the Omaha High School.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Fifty cents per school year, in advance; by mail, sixty cents.

Contributions respectfully solicited.

Editorial Staff.

F. B. HARRIS, '90, } *Managing Editors.*
G. B. HAYNES, '90, }

MISS ETHELWYNNE KENNEDY, '90.

MISS MOLLYE SARGENT, '91.

MISS CLARA CLARKSON, '92.

MR. CHARLES SAVAGE, '93.

WALLACE TAYLOR, '91, *Sporting Editor.*

CAROLINE ROWLEY, '90, *News Editor.*

Entered as second class matter at the Omaha P. O.

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EDITORIAL.

If you find that this number contains too much senior matter please excuse us, as a little thought will show you that commencement, etc., is about all there is to write about, and that we are making this

something of a souvenir number for the seniors. Juniors and seniors (after the exams) may console themselves with the thought that their turn is coming.

It is interesting to note what a stir the graduating class is making. The daily papers have mentioned it time and time again, and more people are interested this year than ever before, which is saying a good deal. This is not to be wondered at however when we consider the fact that the class is the best that has ever been graduated from the High School.

We have had teachers tell the REGISTER that from the time the class of '90 entered the IX Grade it has given great satisfaction to the teachers, and given evidence of its being a marked class. This may seem to be bragging, but its truth was shown commencement night.

From the statements of people who saw the exhibit at *The Bee* building it would seem that the Manual Training Department of the school was by no means the least popular. In fact, whenever any display reaches the citizens of the town, evidences of its popularity are immediately shown. Omaha more by reason of this branch of school work, than any other one thing has established an enviable name throughout the east and west for good schools. It is true that this branch of school work has been opposed by a few as every measure is, but at last it seems to have found a firm basis to rest upon, and is, if you allow the term, self-supporting, that is, capable of existence without special or new effort on the part of the Board of Education or the school. And now we come to the part that the REGISTER is interested in. In Vol. II of the REGISTER a scheme by which the REGISTER could be printed at school. It is a good scheme and some member of the Board of

Education with tastes similar to those of Mr. Copeland would take this up, a branch of manual training even more popular than wood work could be established. Take one of the basement rooms and fit up a first class, though small, job office. Twenty cases would be enough to start with, and two presses with other office furniture would not make such a very expensive outfit, and it would have an immense advantage over the woodwork department, as it could be turned to account and do nearly all the school printing. Again it would be more practical than the woodwork. With four years practice in the job office a boy could be turned out knowing more about practical printing than a boy who has taken four years in the carpentry department knows about practical carpentry. This follows naturally from the fact that nearly all of printing can be learned in a small shop while the same is not by any means true of carpentry. If such a shop as this were started we haven't a doubt but that more would want to take it than those who would take carpentry, and an enlargement would follow, and last but not least the existence of the REGISTER would be assured, as the expense of printing would be slight and between you, the REGISTER and the town pump there would be big money in it. The REGISTER could be made to bring in \$50 per month without trouble, which if once started and barring the pay of the foreman or teacher would almost run the shop.

We are done. The last copy is written, the last proof read and the printers blown up for the last time. We lay down our facile pen with a blessing; the ink is gone, the paste pot is empty, and the shears have become exceedingly dull.

We have been with the REGISTER so long that it seems our private property. In the first year of its existence we ransacked the town for the elusive add. In the third as business manager and grade editor we kept it afloat and in this the fourth as managing editor we have raised

the REGISTER where it need not be a disgrace to show it as the journal of the O. H. S. Of course we have made money; in fact, we have spent the last two months in deep soliloquy trying to decide whether to get married or buy government bonds with the profits. These profits by the way, consist principally of unpaid subscriptions. There are about one hundred and fifty persons who individually and severally owe us a big round half dollar. But these will of course all be paid in the course of the next five years, and we shall thus both be enabled to buy a new suit of clothes. So please step up and let the good work keep progressing, as our trowsers are already becoming exceedingly frail. Are we sorry to stop? Well, it is hard to say. The amateur journalist has his ups and downs as well as other newspaper men, though his ups often consist of the rise of a boot and the downs appeared when the sidewalk comes in to meet us. Some of the "down" has appeared on our upper lips, but this is too insignificant to mention. Our work has been full of pleasures and pains. Our pleasures in flirting with—and the pains were in our feelings when some hard hearted hard ware man would observe that we were blanked nuisances. We would like to labor with such men awhile and impress upon their mind that such observations should be kept strictly private, and that feeling cannot be boun-d around with a rag. We must now stop. Well old REGISTER, good bye. We must now now descend from the proud high pinnacle of thy editorship to a common rustler looking for a job. We have treated you well, old sheet; we have made for thee a name that stretches from the Atlantic on the East to the great Pacific on the West, and from the lofty pines of Canada to the stormy Gulf. But had you given us time, the sound of thy sweet name should have been bounced on the north by Aurora Borealis, on the south by the icy sea, on the east by the primeval chaos and on the west by the day of judgement. But this was not to be. We must hand over our blotter and leave to others to perpetuate your name. We have done what we could. May those who come after us advance as far as we have done. We thank those who have helped us so much, and those who haven't helped us at all we hereby forgive. Farewell, farewell.

CLASS DAY.

THE MORNING.

The athletic tournament on Field Day was the first attempt at holding any outdoor exercises at the High School for a good many years, and this attempt was successful in every sense of the word. Of course it was of short duration, but what there was of it afforded much amusement and plenty of excitement.

The class of '90 has changed greatly within the last year. The boys woke up and showed some signs of sportiveness. They were not extremely active in athletics or inclined to try to be so, but they talked a great deal about others and told what should be done. There is, of course, a great deal of difference between standing around and saying, "do this and do that," and really performing the feat. But Fred Nave took charge of the athletic department of the senior class and worked hard and faithfully to insure success, and we can't see how he should be other than gratified at the result. Everybody enjoyed themselves and joined in pronouncing the tournament a success. The REGISTER congratulates Mr. Nave, and, in behalf of the whole school, thanks him for his untiring efforts in endeavoring to stir up our school to some idea of what real sport is.

All examinations were cut short at 10:30 a. m., and within five minutes the grounds were just swarmed with people, the scholars forming only about two-thirds of the throng.

Six beautiful silver medals were offered for the winners of the following events: Broad jump, high jump, 100 yard hurdle race, 100 yard dash, sack race, wheelbarrow race (contestants blindfolded). Wilk Rustin was referee. After these there was a three legged race and a base ball throw. The day was exceedingly warm but that only made the contestants feel the better. The first thing on the programme was a base ball game between two picked or "scrub" nines which was to last only five innings. Robinson and Purcell, Arnold and Taylor were the batteries. The game was highly interest-

ing throughout, and resulted in a victory for Robinson and Purcell's nine. Butler, as usual, made a home run. Here is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5
R. & P. . . .	1	3	0	2	0-6
A. & T. . . .	1	0	0	0	1-2

The first individual contest came next in the way of a broad jump. Every body rushed on the diamond to see who would win the first medal. Creigh, Denise, Shields and Taylor were the contestants. The crowd would whoop and yell at every jump, and when a good one was made would seem to go almost wild. After several jumps Denise was awarded the medal for jumping sixteen feet, that being the greatest distance. Following this was the contest for high jump. This was rather interesting. As the rope was raised a notch the crowd would roll back to give the jumper a longer run. He would spring lightly along the ground, and when within a sufficient distance would shoot up into the air and over the rope. As he went over the scholars would give vent to their pleasure by making considerable noise. The limit was reached when the rope was placed at four feet ten inches, as Charles Hungate was the only one who could clear it at this height. Creigh and Taylor were his apponants. Fred Nave had hardly finished making the announcement that the 100 yards dash would now take place in the road before the fence was alive with spectators. The fence is not very strong and the only thing that kept it from going over was because the scholars didn't lean on it—there was a fall of five feet on the other side. Butler, Keen, Harris, Royce and Taylor lined up on the scratch. Mrs. Robertson got hold of a pistol some way and fired it off behind the boys at a time when they least expected it that they all ran as if for life itself, and didn't stop until they had gone a block or more. When they crossed the hundred yard line Taylor was ahead, with Royce second and Butler third. That pistol caused the distance to be made in eleven and a half seconds. What would a cannon do?

Now was the time for fun; fun for one side and a wet box for the other. This was the sack race. Six or seven boys including Brewster Wertz, K. Billings, Faulkner, Morse and Taylor were caught and tied in navy sacks and told to see who could cover seventy-five yards in the shortest time. With yells and calls from the spectators they started out. Oh! such a race. When within ten feet of the scratch Kenney Billings went rolling and tumbling, and would have been rolling yet in all probability if the crowd had not been in the way. Silas Brewster struck a snag about two-thirds the way, his heels went up in the air and he came across the stretch sliding on the bridge of his nose, the end of that organ having worn away in the meantime. Allen Faulkner won this race, but the time could not be given as the watch holder for once was lost to anything but the race. After this Fred Nave and a corps of about seventeen assistants began to place ten hurdles within a track of a hundred yards. Arthur Cooley, Charles Hungate, Robinson and Taylor got ready to clear these hurdles when Mrs. Robinson fired the pistol again and scared "Robby" so bad that he ran smack into the first hurdle and knocked it over. Cooley kicked one of the hurdles for rising up before him and it kicked back so hard that he went around the rest of the day with a sore ankle. This race ended with Taylor first, Hungate second.

Now came the wheel-barrow race. There were five boys behind five wheel-barrow, and a track before them full of telegraph poles, washouts, fire plugs and sidewalks. Handkerchiefs were tied over the eyes of B. Butler, Brewster, Shields, B. Billings and Taylor, and they made ready for the start. The signal was given and away they went. This sounds like they went along swimmingly, but they didn't. Bert Billings' barrow was struck by a telegraph pole and Bert piled into the machine all in a heap. Shields ran along by the sidewalk, gradually getting nearer and nearer until—whack, cha-bumb, etc., the wheel struck the walk and Shields ascended rather rap-

idly upward, finally landing on the other side of the walk. Taylor won with Shields second.

This ended the contests for medals, but a three-legged race afforded much amusement. This was won by Aiken and Billings. A base ball was then handed to Butler, who threw it 100 yards. This was the longest distance thrown and Butler was declared the winner.

Every one then repaired to the north end of the building, where the medals were presented by Miss Goodson to the winners of the different feats.

Thus ended the first really successful athletic tournament of the High School, and every body was well pleased with the happenings in general.

THE AFTERNOON.

After the exercises in the morning a short time was given in which the ravenous appetites of the spectators and scholars could be satisfied, and many went home or to the restaurants down town. About 3 o'clock they commenced to appear for the afternoon's programme. On the south side of the school a platform had been erected, and the boys were sent to bring chairs for the class. When all was ready, the class took possession of the chairs and President Chas. Hungate and Vice-President Miss Abbie Holmes took possession of the platform.

Programmes were distributed, and from them the class sang the first song to the tune of The Girl I Left Behind Me, the words by Miss Fleeta Riddell. Then the president arose and gave his address. He spoke of the fact of our being through school and about to look out for ourselves in business, college and other fields equally strange. The address was, on the whole, good. Next came the class history by Miss Carrie Robertson and Miss Fleeta Riddell. It detailed the history of the class of '90 from the time they entered the High school until now, and at times was quite humorous. The allusion to the superior numbers and discipline of the High School military company and to the Junior debating society were received with great applause.

The class were next told to congregate around the east entrance where they listened to a fine oration by George Karbach. The oration was one of the best ever delivered at the school. When the oration was finished the class sang the ivy song, and the ceremony was complete. An ivy was planted so as to grow over the large marble slab of the class. The class, swelled by a large number of visitors and under classmen then proceeded back to the chairs and listened to the remainder of the programme. The class prophecy, by Miss Lucy Evans, was well delivered, and is printed in another column. Then Battin advanced and gave an address to the lower classmen, which was well delivered and appreciated. He rubbed several of the grades in a manner very amusing, and ended by giving them some sound advice on keeping up athletics and the good name of the school. Battin made the most pleasing address that was delivered, and as an extemporaneous speaker can hardly be excelled in the school. After Mr. Battin came Miss Ethelwynne Kennedy, who recited the class poem. The class then sang another song, an adaptation of a college song. Those who couldn't sing managed to growl out something or other, and those who could sing did their best and the song was a great success. After they had finished this everybody arose, drew in a full breath, and gave the class yell with great effect. After consulting their programmes and seeing nothing more on them, the class were at last at the end of their great and only class day.

The alumni and old members of the O. H. S. present on class day were:

Vic Rosewater,
Charlie McConnell,
Harvey Smith,
Rose Peterson,
Clarence Meyers,
Wilk Rustin,
William Beals,
Hugh Manning,
Harry Johnson,
Herb Taylor,
Frank Leisctring,
—— Baker,

Scott Van Etten,
Ed. Mowsman,
Henry Allen.

'90'S COMMENCEMENT.

PART I.

March.....	To Arms
	Orchestra.
Essay.....	The Music of the Future
	Minnie Berglund.
Oration.....	The Franchise
	Arthur Montmorency.
Piano Solo.....	The Noveltie of Shuman
	Harriet Brown.
Essay.....	The Use and Abuse of Ambition
	Eugenie Getner.
Declamation.....	The Chariot Race, from Ben Hur
	Larriam's Denise.
Overture.....	Pique Dame
	Orchestra.
	PART II.
Essay.....	The Modern Heroine
	Alice H. Howell.
Oration.....	One of Our American Problems
	Fred S. Nave.
Piano Duet.....	Pastillion D'Amour
	Pauline Collett and Elizabeth Liddell.
Recitation.....	John Burns of Gettysburg
	Edna Harney.
Vocal Solo.....	a Spring and Autumn
	b Venetian Boat Song
	Louise E. Hotterf.
Oration.....	The Pardoning Power
	Harry L. Akin.
Waltz.....	The Yeoman of the Girard
	Orchestra.
Address.....	President of the Board of Education
	Conferring of Diplomas.
Selection.....	Pearl of Pekin
	Orchestra.

Prince Bismarck after passing his state examination in law at the University at Berlin, he was made official law reporter at one of the courts of that city. But Bismarck the young law reporter lacked the discretion and diplomacy of Bismarck the Chancellor. He one day engaged in a wordy war with a pig-headed witness, and at last threatened the object of his wrath that he would have him kicked out. The Judge, however, reproved the young reporter by saying that he attended to the kicking out. "Well," said Bismarck to the objectionable witness, "be careful what you say or I will get the Judge to kick you out."

CLASS POEM OF 1890.

Some time ago, when walking one bright day,
I passed a half-built church, near which there
lay

A large rough stone of dingy hue,
"What is this for," I asked, "what can you do
With this great ugly stone?" The workman
gray

But smiled in answer, as he ^{slipped} away
At the rough corners, patiently and slow.
Each day I came and watched him, till a glow
Of deeper red, with faint dark tracings, shone
Upon the now smooth surface of the stone.
This wondrous change he'd wrought by patient
skill,

But yet he paused not, 'twas unfinished still.
The splendid church had grown so grand and
high

Its gilded steeple seemed to pierce the sky.
When as I passed the workman called to me,
"We placed your stone to-day, come in and see!"
I went, and lo—a pillar straight and tall
Of polished marble, grandest thing of all
In that church, stood in the central place.
A thing of strength, of beauty, and of grace.

And now to look at this dear class of ours
So full of promise and of untried powers,
Recalls the beauty hidden in the stone.
Shall we not take the emblem for our own?
When first we met in this beloved place
It was September, and the golden haze
Of Indian Summer, set the world aglow.

With loveliness those days alone can know.
But what cared we, in our life's early Spring
For Autumn's beauty? We could dance and
sing

Could play our childish game with laughter
sweet

And trip along life's way with joyous feet.

We played at life and found our lessons fun,
And so the years sped swiftly, one by one,
Till now the twelfth has come, and almost
passed.

What have they brought, these years that
went so fast?

Some inches more of stature, a new sense
Of dignity and knowledge quite immense,
And to each manly lad, and smiling lass
A feeling of the greatness of this class.

Ambitious dreams of future wealth and fame
And golden hopes that set the heart aflame
Are mingled with reminders, sadly sweet,
Of how we climbed with slow reluctant feet,
These winding stairs, which we shall climb no
more.

How side by side we ^{learned} our lessons o'er,
And arm in arm, the dearest friends of all
Through each recess, paced up and down the
hall.

We've met here oft in sunshine and in rain,
But we may never all meet here again.
In one short year how scattered we shall be—
Some east, some west, and some across the sea,

And yet, though far apart, we'll oft recall
With fond regret our class mates, one and all.
Will wonder where they are,—if they forget
The childish frolics we remember yet.

And long years hence, when the brown locks
are gray,

Those who are left may meet again some day.
I see them coming now, with stately pace
To a class-meeting in the same old place.

The learned judge, the silver-tongued divine,
The great philanthropist, with smile benign,
Forget how many years have passed since then,
And talking of their youth, are boys again.

The steady matrons, too, feel just the same;
Each answers quickly to her maiden name,
And talking with the "girls" of long ago,
Forgets that her own hair is white as snow.
But soon they miss some well-remembered face,
And seeking it, see many an empty place;
They feel the weight of all the years gone by
And sadly shake their silver heads, and sigh.

Sigh, when they ~~even~~ think of youth's rose-
colored dreams,

The world is just the same old world, it seems,
As it has always been, although we knew
We'd make it over in a year or two.

The self-same problems still perplex the land
That troubled it when Ninety was a band
Of happy children. Why we do not know
For we solved all those problems long ago.

But what the future brings, no one can tell,
Yet this we know: "Who does his best does
well."

To some, life gives the leading parts to play,
To others, little duties day by day,
Yet these, if nobly done, are just as great
As to lead armies, or to guide the state.
And though our fellowman can only see
The kind of labor, God sees the degree.

The grandest sculptor that the world e'er knew
Once said: "Whene'er a block of stone I view,
I see the angel in it." Angelo

Was great, but yet a greater thing we know
Than e'er to carve an angel, or a saint,
To take a mind, as unformed and faint, ^{yet}
To mold it, and develop it aright,
Takes higher genius, yields more true delight.
This is the teacher's task,—this noblest art—
And those who taught us have done well their
part.

They have done well, but more must still be
done.

We are as yet, but like the smoothed—off stone.
Let us complete the work so well begun,
Nor rest content, until we each have won
The highest polish which we can attain,
Our feeblest efforts will not be in vain.

For "they that overcome," thus saith the word,
"Shall be made pillars, in the House of God."

EDMUND WYNN KENNEDY.

WHERE WE ARE GOING.

It was the wish of the REGISTER to publish in this issue the plans of all its friends in the senior grade but it has been impossible to chronicle them all, as many have not as yet decided upon their future plans, and the rush at the end made it difficult to obtain the plans of many.

The REGISTER publishes as many as it was able to find.

Maud Church will spend the summer in North Platte, from there on all is a blank.

Battin goes to Cornell, where Harris is very anxious to join him next year after giving his optics and great head a rest, and if Harris goes Haynes will scarcely be found far off.

Silas Brewster will try Doune a while and has our best wishes.

Carter and Stiger will ride the Harvard goat, while Denise, Ludington and Rogers will mount that of Princeton. Montgomery also will grasp the bridle of Harvard's buckler.

Doris McMaster, Sadie Lyman and Louise Holtorf go to classic Oberlin, while Harriet Brown will attend Welles'y.

Our president Chas. Hingate goes to heaven or the ice business, and Geo. Karbach will decorate carriages.

Thomas Creigh will brave the Sophs. of the Northwestern University, while Ajax will leave his mighty helmet at those of Dartmouth.

About fifteen of our young ladies think that they are called upon to mould the youthful minds at \$45.00 a month.

Mleta Riddell goes to Vassar and Alta Mills will take a Post Graduate course at the O. H. S. And Nave rests for a year and will then try the Ohio Wesleyan.

Thus we part, where to meet again?

"A large part of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, says the Critic, "was once the property of the Litchfield family, of which Miss Grace Denio Litchfield is a conspicuous member. 'Litchfield Castle,' as the homestead was called, is still standing, but is now owned by the city. Since the death of her father, Miss Litchfield has lived in

Washington. Having inherited ample means, she has devoted the earnings of her pen to the building of a memorial window to her parents, in Grace Church, Brooklyn Heights. She is the lady to whom the pursuit of literature was recommended by a physician. It worked like a charm, for it gave her congenial occupation, and developed a gift for writing, which, until then, she hardly knew she possessed."

H. F. G.

The H. F. G. and R. S. C. will have only two representatives in school next year; that won't lessen the individual enthusiasm any, but will increase it. For the last four years the H. F. G. and R. S. C. boys have had their share of every pie. They have represented the camping and hunting talent to the school and have enjoyed themselves in such a way as none others can boast.

The three years that the gymnasium was in the hands of the scholars it was presided over by the R. S. C. and H. F. G.; the High School Reunion has been held up by them against many discouraging occurrences; the military company was held up and controlled by them. They have been represented in the athletic association, and for two years have held that organization on its feet. The class of '90 recognized its value and it is now represented by the president of that class. The R. S. C. and H. F. G. dislikes to leave the school; it would like to stay there forever. We wonder what the teachers think.

Miss Mattie Duncan, formerly of Omaha, now of St. Paul, writes *The Bee* as follows:

"Last night I attended the graduating exercises of the St. Paul high school and Miss Ruth Kimball, formerly a pupil of the Omaha school, carried off all the honors. I write this thinking that Miss Ruth's friends in Omaha would be glad to know of her success. Her work last night was something to be proud of."

The dog with the appetite for trousers is liable at any time to go on a tear.

CLASS PROPHECY.

* * * * *
 "A great nation I see, which already established, shall surpass all others in bravery of arms and in the pursuits of peace.

She shall sway the whole world with her power, and the class of '90 shall be that power. A gallant youth, whose cheek is mantled with the ruddy bloom of life's springtide shall be president, and the office of vice-president being vacant, the lady of the White House shall be installed with a chorus of Holmes sweet Holmes.

As an amendment to our constitution it shall be offered and accepted that the president shall be assisted in his duties by a bevy of fair helpers. The duties of secretary of state shall be discharged by one whose pious deeds have gained for her the name of Church. It is fitting that *collect* when the name has dropped a letter shall order our finances. The Navy shall have Law-ton rule her. War cannot be, on land or sea, without some loss and Ross.

The Interior must be ruled by one whose glance is sharp enough to Pears-on to the heart.

If John(son)s letters by the post, 'tis right that he should rule the roost.

Here the Sibyl's eloquence forsook her for a moment, but she rallied and went on:

Our petite brunette will personate the character of Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Miss Latcy and Miss Wilson have been sent as missionaries to the Aborigines.

Gen. Liuderholm is achieving more fame than any general heretofore heard of, while Brigadier general Westerdahl is his best friend and companion in his good fortune.

Miss Burgland, even now a rising authoress, shall bring out works rivaling those of Robinson Crusoe in scope of imagination.

The ability of eloquent Dean Carter has at last been recognized by his superiors, and he has been appointed bishop.

Miss Robertson will accept a position in the medical department of the O. H. S., which she is well able to fill, as the bent of her genius points that way.

Mr. Robinson, a successful Wall street broker, has donated to his alma mater an

observatory rivaling the Lick. No doubt he was influenced in this by his sincere friendship for Mr. Bauman, professor of astronomy at the said institution.

Miss Sophia Cole, with her soft, sweet beauty and winning ways, has won for herself the belleship of San Diego.

Our "Willun" and Nave has attained the position of big medicine man among the Indians.

Miss Getner, in the cause of education, bravely waves her banner over land and sea, and is now lecturing on Grecian Art.

Our almond eyed poet steadily raises on the ladder of fame as he gives to the world his touching poems, his latest being "Ode to a Ratchet," and "Would I were a Mandarin(g)."

Miss McMahon and Miss Withrow are leaders of fashion at Spirit Lake.

Mr. Akin as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S., has been called upon to decide whether or not the Chinaman must go; this will be hard for him, as he is a personal friend of the Ching.

Miss Bernel'a Brown has been appointed principal of Mrs. Grant's boarding school, and has engaged Mr. Ludington as dancing master.

At the appearance of Madame Louise Holtorf, the American prima donna and only soprano who can reach a higher note than Patti, Mr. Battin (Baton), leader of the orchestra at Boyd's, will by request render the famous air "Annie Rooney."

Miss Bruer has renounced the world and its wickedness, and will henceforth dwell 'neath the cloistered walls of the convent of the Holy Angels.

Professor Billings has gone to Alaska on a geological survey, accompanied by Prof. Culley, the renowned alchememist, who is carrying on a search for the Philosopher's Stone.

The "Fascinating Pawnee" and poetess of our class has sacrificed herself on the altar of heathenism, and will henceforth sing her songs in the African tongue.

Mr. Wertz has won fame and fortune with the wheel and now as champion of the world, challenges one an all.

Miss Morrell, belle of Washington, D. C., is reported to be about to change her name for one of Italy's proudest. She will hereafter be known to the public as Mrs. Undago Viola.

Mr. Rowley will shortly appear in "Hamlet." Never was, a rising tragedian more popular. Miss Mack is a charming Ophelia, while his Queen is Miss Howell, one of the most perfect readers in the profession. Mr. Kent will act the ghost, and the important role of Laertes has been entrusted to Mr. Stiger. Miss McMaster is a sweet Player Queen, and Mr. Knight is booked for Horatio.

Miss Blackmore and Miss Liddell have formed a combination for instrumental instruction, and their efforts are attended with great success.

Dr. Creigh will shortly leave for an extended tour in China, where he hopes to accomplish much missionary work.

Miss Allen has been appointed teacher of German in the O. H. S., after three years preparatory study in Germany.

Messrs. Rogers and Shields are giving violin concerts in the Eden Musee and are said to be a great attraction.

Miss Goff is advocating woman's rights in Washington, and is a strong pillar for her party.

Millionaire Harris, an enthusiast on geology, has greatly increased his already fabulous bank account by fortunate speculations in natural gas.

Miss Harney is practicing cooking for the benefit of herself and one.

Mr. Weymuller of the base ball nine is able to knock "fouls" over the fence without ruffling a feather, and yet he is the same, quiet, gentleman of old, in no way puffed up by his wonderful accomplishment.

Mrs. Smith, *nee* Harriet Brown, is rejoicing because the seventh hour has been abolished through her untiring efforts in the case of the condemned.

Mr. Rosewater has sailed for Africa, and he will take up the trail of exploration where Stanley lays it down.

Miss Stone, a missionary to the Sand-

wich Islands, has engaged herself to a native, much to the despair of the bachelors of '90.

Mr. Denise has resigned his position on the Western Association staff of umpires and will operate a gold mine in the vicinity of Cheyenne (Shy-en-d).

The "Mills" of the gods grind slowly but surely, and are ever turning out broken hearted suitors. Mr. Haynes is the editor of one of our leading dailys.

Miss Riddell and Miss Walker have arrived in the city on their way to Paris. They are two of the most famous artists in America, and bring with them a magnificent collection of paintings, which they will exhibit in Mr. G. W. Liniger's art gallery.

Mr. Brewster is the most famous orator the senate possesses:

Miss Lyman has departed for Syria, where she will endeavor to inculcate in the minds of the natives some of the latest principals of tennis.

Mr. Karbach has issued several volumes of his ideas on the theories of evolution, and is now reading law with Robert G. Jurgensoll.

But the last fearful effort has taxed too severely the delicate frame of the leucmean soothsayer, and she falls from the tripod pale and motionless. What more we would know we must wait for the slow movements of time to disclose.

Just as we were going to press the following letter was put into our hands which has brought joy to the hearts of three of '90 and one of '89.

PRINCETON, N. J., June 25, '90.

Rev. W. R. HENDERSON,

Room 428, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sir--Yours of the 18th and the papers of the four candidates were received on Monday. All four passed in all the subjects without conditions. No other school has made so good a record this year.

Yours very truly,
 H. N. VAN DYKE, Registrar.

The counterfeit bill is rejected because it is not legal tender and true.

**PRESIDENT C. F. GOODMAN'S
ADDRESS.**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I am gratified that so many friends and patrons of the High School have shown by their presence this evening their interest in this school and our school system. We are all proud of our city, proud of its enterprise, of its growth and its high standing as a commercial centre, but perhaps no surer evidence of the substantial progress of any city can be found than in the rank of its schools and the hold they have upon the public mind. The High School is more or less an index to all the schools. It cannot be good unless the primary and grammar schools are good, nor can it be poor if the graded schools are good. We cannot speak in praise of the High School without giving praise to all the other schools and to all persons, who as teachers, principals and superintendent make the lower schools a preparation for the High School. Eight or nine years ago when we spoke of the High School, we always felt like offering an apology for its existence. We had one because other cities had one and because it seemed necessary to complete the system; it was small and feeble and lacking ambition. Nine years ago, with a population of about 35,000, the average attendance at the High School was only sixty-five; this year it is about seven times that number, while the population in the city now is only about four times what it was worth then; then a graduating class of six or seven was considered a large one; this evening we see sixty-six ready to receive their diplomas, but the increase in numbers has not been the only advancement made, for then students who intended to enter the State University or other colleges had to go elsewhere to receive the preparation, but now a graduate of our High School can readily enter the sophomore year of the State University, and can likewise enter any college in the United States. This has been accomplished without increasing the cost to the city, while the expense per scholar are being annually diminished. There may be some honest

difference of opinion as to whether the city should support a high school, but if we are to maintain one all agree that it should be one worthy of the name and of which our city need not be ashamed. On behalf of the Board of Education I ask from you, fellow citizens, your hearty support in continuing the good work done here. It is a school where children of the poor as well as those of the rich may receive a good thorough education, such as fifty-years ago but a favored few could obtain and such that will prove to be for them the best preparation for successful life.

Young Ladies and Gentlemen of the Graduating Class—The pleasant duty devolves upon me as President of the Board of Education of presenting you these diplomas—the last act which we, to whom was entrusted your education, are permitted to do. You have fairly begun your education and many of you, I trust, have still more years to spend in study and preparation for the fullest, broadest and most useful life you can attain to. Thus far the State has given you your education and she is ready with her university to give you still more. Do not let the giving be all on one side, for you owe the State some return for her timely care. You can pay the debt by being true citizens, loyal to all her best interest; by being alive to all the political questions of the day; by giving your influence on the side which shall tend to the purifying of politics, to elevation of its many ills, for your education can have no better aim than to make you good, loyal and Christian citizens. Let me congratulate you upon the completion of this part of your education and now receive your diplomas.

The new members of the School Board are C. J. Smythe, W. S. Gibbs, C. E. Babcock and Morris Morrison. Not very much is known as to how the first three will act but there is not a doubt as to the actions of the last one.

If good, we plant not, vice will fill the place,
As ranker weeds the richest soil deface.

—Pope.

Rathburn's Omaha Business College is the largest training school in the country. Was established in 1873 by the present proprietor. It has educated the sons and daughters of the prominent business men of this city and state. It is the most elaborately and elegantly furnished institution of the kind. The teachers are all experts in their line of work. Over 600 students in attendance the past year. Over forty put in positions this spring and summer. Prof. Rathburn has a national reputation as a teacher of penmanship, and never fails to get the best results from his pupils. The business practice department introduces an entirely new plan in the line of illustrating business methods; one that has challenged the unqualified admiration of leading commercial educators of the land. The course embraces bookkeeping in every department of trade and commerce, the English branches, shorthand, typewriting, rapid calculation, penmanship, business forms and correspondence. For full particulars, send to Rathburn, Ewing & Co. for illustrated catalogue.

Dr. J. C. Whinnery, dentist, 207 South 15th street. The most beautiful thing in the way of artificial teeth is Whinnery's gold lined.

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During Vacation

You can continue to add to your account with the Globe Loan and Trust Co.'s Savings Bank, by going directly to the Bank at 307 S. 16th street, any time during the banking hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturdays until 8 p. m. Five cents will start an account. Five per cent. interest will be paid. Send book in July 1st to have interest added.

ADAPTION.

Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen,
Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen,
Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen,
Safe now in the Sophomore class.

They've gone out from Lonzo's Latin,
They've gone out from Lonzo's Latin,
They've gone out from Lonzo's Latin,
Safe now in the Sophomore class.

Where, O where are the gay young Sophomores,
Where, O where are the gay young Sophomores,
Where, O where are the gay young Sophomores,
Safe now in the Junior class.

They've gone out from Julius Caesar,
They've gone out from Julius Caesar,
They've gone out from Julius Caesar,
Save now in the Junior class.

Where, O where are the jolly Juniors,
Where, O where are the jolly Juniors,
Where, O where are the jolly Juniors,
Safe now in the Senior Class.

They've gone out from Levy's Physics,
They've gone out from Levy's Physics,
They've gone out from Levy's Physics,
Safe now in the Senior class.

Where, O where are the grave old Seniors,
Where, O where are the grave old Seniors,
Where, O where are the grave old Seniors,
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

They've gone out from Homer's Greek class,
They've gone out from Homer's Greek class,
They've gone out from Homer's Greek class,
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

CLASS SONG.

(Air—"Girl I left behind Me.")

The day has come at length, old school,
When you and we must sever.
For though we've been so happy here,
We cannot stay forever.

Soon other forms will crowd your rooms,
Where we have sat together,
Yet memory with its golden chain
Will bind us here forever.

'The world needs men and women now
And calls your girls and boys,
And the sixty-six of '90's class
Must taste its griefs and joys.
We've written on the woodwork,
Our names with pencils dark,
So tho' we make no name in fame,
Yet here we've made our mark.

The class is full of orators,
We've presidents a score,
There are novelists and poets,
And some of legal lore.
And one thing Friends and Parents,
Of which we're justly proud,
Not a single useless creature
Will come from '90's crowd.

ELVA RIDDELL.

THE ALUMNI RECEPTION.

The reception of the Alumni Association to the graduating class was given at the school building Friday evening, June 27. The Musical Union orchestra was present, and the music was thus assured excellent.

There were twelve dances on the programme.

Refreshments were served at the Methodist church.

Mr. George Stroug was master of ceremonies. As this was the first of the kind given, perhaps a few criticisms from the REGISTER will not be out of place, as we shall have an opportunity next year to ourselves profit by it.

In the first place, this was supposed to be a reception of the graduates into the body of the Alumni, but we weren't. In fact, we were not received at all. Scarcely invited.

But probably those in charge considered that as we had been in those classic halls for four years, we were enough at home to come anyhow.

At least, there should have been a committee present to see that every body was acquainted with every body else. But not a soul seemed to take the responsibility to introduce '90 to the rest. The result was that '90's boys had to almost entirely fill their programmes from '90's girls.

Furthermore, there were no arrangements made for the entertainment of the non-dancers, and as there were a large number of these present, this, combined with the inability to become acquainted with many, made it for many, rather a stupid affair.

But for all its imperfections the reception was a success, especially in the attendance, and all enjoyed themselves.

The REGISTER, on behalf of the class, extend to the Alumni Association our thanks, and will seek to combine with them next year in hearty good will.

Don't have your watch repaired until you have seen Lindsay the jeweler, 1518 Douglas street.

VON MOLTEK'S WARNING WORDS.

These were the words of Van Moltke when he spoke recently upon the German Army Bill: "Gentlemen, if the war which has hung over heads like the sword of Damocles for more than ten years ever breaks out, its duration and end cannot be foreseen. The greatest powers of Europe will then stand face to face. No one of them can be shattered in one or two campaigns so completely as to confess itself beaten, and conclude peace on hard terms, or as not to recover, after a year or so, perhaps to renew the conflict. Gentlemen, it may be a Seven Years' War, it may be a Thirty Year's War—woe to him who sets fire to Europe, and is the first to apply the torch to the magazine! When such mighty issues are at stake—all that we have won with heavy sacrifices, the existence of the Empire, perhaps the continuance of social order and civilization, at any rate hundreds of thousands of human lives—the money question becomes a necessary consideration and every pecuniary sacrifice seems justified at the outset."

It may be of interest to some of our readers to learn that Messrs. Rohrbough Bros. of the Omaha Commercial College, at the corner of Fifteenth and Dodge streets, will open a "Summer School" Monday morning, July 7th, for any and all persons desirous of reviewing certain branches, or of taking a course in bookkeeping or shorthand and typewriting. This summer term will continue six weeks and public school children will be received above the age of ten years. A specialty will be made of shorthand and typewriting, bookkeeping, arithmetic, writing and German. Why not prepare for a good position? You should visit the College for particulars. This is a splendid chance to get a practical training. Rohrbough Bros. will help you all they possibly can.

Bowman, Hughes & Co.'s enlarged and newly equipped photo galleries for good work at reasonable prices. Best tintypes in the city; 305 North Sixteenth street and Thirty-fifth and Jones streets.

IVY SONG.

Sweet Ivy here we plant thee,
Ere forth in life we go,
Thy place at first is humble,
Thy mission—but to grow.

CHORUS:

Ivy green! Ivy green!
Show thy graces all,
Add thy beauty to the strength
Of this our grand old hall.

Climb onward, upward ever
To where the sunlight falls;
If storms beat, cling but closer
To those protecting walls.

Fair Ivy be our symbol
In every leaf of green,
In every waving tendril,
A perfect work is seen.

And may we all do likewise,—
Our best along life's way,—
Looking up if we would rise
Unto the perfect day.

ETHELWYNNE KENNEDY.

STUDENTS OF THE OLD STRIPE.

The great men of the old days used to brag on the hustings and around the fireplaces where they were electioneering about how they worked all day in a cornfield or at a wood-clearing and educated themselves at night by the light of a brush-heap.

Peace to the tradition. There are students here who are discounting the efforts of the departed great.

A majority of the students of the Northwestern University are poor young men. They are educating themselves for the the ministry. They don't have time to play any of the pranks which are played at Ann Arbor, Yale and Harvard.

There is one young student—a theolog—who has a job of pailing a cow twice a day for a capitalist. He makes a enough money out of his job to pay for his room rent. There are several others who "set type" in the local newspaper offices two or three days in the week and reduced their expenses by that means. And they are studying for the ministry. There's another young man who carries a horse for a business man, attends to his own studies

during the week, and preaches in a school-house on Sundays. Between the stable and the school-house he makes a enough to pay for his education.

These are not romances. The penitent who pins his salvation on the preaching of such men as these will not be far away on the mountain when he is called.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Time is money they say and a person often saves money by having the correct time which can be had at Lindsay's. Leave your watch there for repairs. 1518 Douglas street.

We are sorry that on account of lack of space, the eloquent introduction to the class prophecy detailing the entrance to the Sibyl's presence had to be omitted, but under the circumstances we hope to be excused. The remainder is published as delivered on class day.

Amateur photographers see Heyn for outfits and supplies.

"I've half a mind," said Brown, and then he paused,
And brushed some dust from off his hat,
"Indeed?" quoth Bronson, with a smile,
"I'd not.

Have thought you had as much as that."
—*Life.*

Ed. S. Beaubin, cigars and tobacco, 402 North Sixteenth street, Omaha, Neb.

A recently-issued book for the guidance of young writers, entitled "The Trade of Authorship," contains a section headed "Literariness," of which the opening sentence is: "Facts may be either real or imaginary."

R. S. Patten, dentist, 310 Range building; telephone No. 56.

"It is a maxim of the schools,
That flattery is the food of fools,
And who so likes such airy meat,
Will soon have nothing else to eat."

"Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep, that trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that if believed,
Would bless thy life with true believing."
—*Fanny Kemble Butler.*

✦ JONH ✦ BAUMER ✦

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on Saturdays until 5:00 p. m.