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OMAHA

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VICTOR WHITE, 1605 FARNAM STREET. 'PHONE 127.

CHRISTMAS

Decorando Pariterque Monendo.

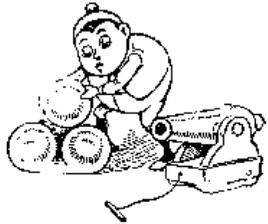
HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

In the Interest of ...
The Omaha High School

1895.



In the Battle



For business we find it the best generalship to keep improving the qualities of our garments, but for a few days we're executing a flank movement by

GIVING AWAY PHOTOGRAPHS

of our Boys' and Children's Clothing with the person for whom they were bought inside 'em.

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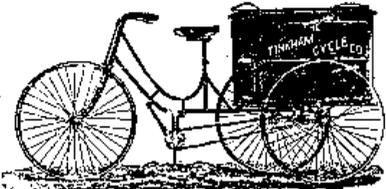
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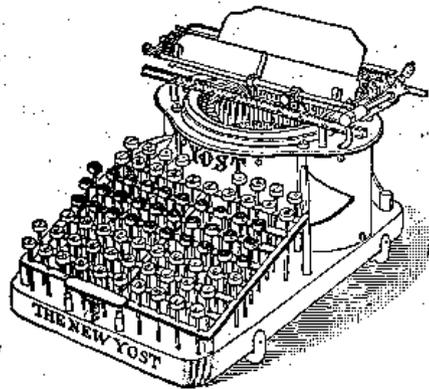
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The High School Register.

VOL. X. OMAHA, NEB., DECEMBER, 1895. No. 4.

THE REGISTER

Editorial.

THE REGISTER is a monthly journal published on the last Thursday of each month from September to June, in the interest of the Omaha High School.
 SUBSCRIPTION: Fifty cents in advance; by mail, sixty cents.

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

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 Number of Students, 1070

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Once more the merry Christmas holidays draw nigh. The REGISTER cannot refrain from wishing its many friends a cheery Christmas. We are glad to meet you in appropriate Christmas attire, and under such favorable circumstances. We have endeavored to make this issue a souvenir of our tenth anniversary. As we look back over our history during the ten years of our existence, we cannot but feel that the arm of destiny has circled round our frail craft, and borne it safely through the storm tossed seas of High School life, and our ship is now sailing on. But we have not reached the goal of our ambition. There is still unlimited opportunities for the improvement of the REGISTER. All it requires is time. We believe in evolution. The embryotic plant, started in '86, is destined to improve both in the attractiveness of its appearance and in the quality of its reading matter during the next decade even more than it has in the past.

Courage, ye weary ones—vacation is near at hand—think of it, two whole weeks in which to prepare for the annual visit of the jolly old saint, and then to get over all the merry makings. We rejoice and send the compliments of the season to those who have made this important change in the length of Christmas vacation. School with its sorrowful(?) accompaniments was a farce when held on the day before Christmas. We are glad to welcome changes of this kind.

The "curses, not loud, but deep," which have been heard through the halls of the school since the compulsory drill regulation went into effect have at last taken definite shape in the form of a lengthy petition, setting forth the grievances of the cadets, which is to be presented to the Board of Education. This petition has been circulated among the different grades and it appears to receive the approval of a large number of the cadets. We do not hesitate to sanction this movement, as we believe that the compulsory drill regulation is unjust and is contrary to the spirit of our free institutions. Up to the close of school last year nothing promised better for the success of the battalion; the companies were well drilled and well officered, the prize flag competition had stimulated the cadets to put forth their best work in the drill, and everything promised a year more successful for the battalion than the one just passed. But well enough could not be let alone. The compulsory drill regulation provides that the male members of the High School must take drill, with the alternative of leaving school. When good King George levied the excessive tax on the American colonies without representation, our Puritan fathers rebelled. When the boys of the High School are preemptorily ordered to drill against their wishes, they object. It is manifestly contrary to the spirit of our Constitution to compel the boys of the public schools to drill if they do not voluntarily desire to do so. It might be argued that the boy does not know what is the best thing for him to do, but even if the boy is not able to manage his own affairs, his parents surely know better than any one else what training he is fitted to undergo.

There is always a peculiar fascination in military life for young America, but when a club is held threateningly over his

head, and he is compelled to drill whether he will or no, the American in him at once asserts itself. We think that over ninety per cent of the boys would drill if it was made optional, and there would doubtless be a larger per cent than that as the prospects for getting the guns in February are becoming more favorable.

The foot ball season is over, and our team stands the acknowledged champions of the state interscholastic foot ball league. The hard and faithful practice of the eleven during the early part of the season has resulted in heaping enviable laurels on our now famous eleven. On another page will be found the photograph of the team.

The financial problem which now confronts the Board of Education demands the thoughtful consideration of every citizen of Omaha. The present method of raising funds for the support of the public schools is precarious, being more or less limited by the amount of business transacted in the police court. The system in itself is radically wrong. Crime should not support virtue. The money derived from that source should be used to support the institutions that crime begets. The money necessary to run the public schools should be raised by direct taxation of the property in the school district. If this were done the education of our boys and our girls would not need to be bought at the price of souls. Under the present conditions, if Omaha becomes a thoroughly moral city, the inevitable result will be the closing of our public schools. What a spectacle!

"Oh, for a man!"
The alto cried;
"Oh, for a man!"
The soprano sighed;
"A man!" they sang,
With tearful eyes.
"Oh, for a man—
Sion in the skies!"

—Ex.



Reminiscences.

HERBERT TAYLOR.

It doesn't seem so far back as ten years ago that Wallace Broatch came up to eat lunch with me one noon hour when I was a member of the ninth grade, and to incidentally lay plans for the coming out of the HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER. Yet if you subtract ten years from the calendar, ten years from Omaha, ten years from the High School and ten years from our respective ages, and compare the changes, it seems like a long time.

Probably the most radical and noticeable change is in the REGISTER from what it was ten years ago. In this no one is more pleased than myself, and I can say as much for Mr. Broatch. It has grown into a most interesting, neat, creditable and excellently conducted journal. We are glad to see it.

In every new institution or undertaking there is more or less difficulty in starting the machinery. We had a few difficulties, but were cordially supported and encouraged by Prof. Lewis and his teachers, as they always do support anything that adds value or interest to the school. One of our difficulties was to induce scholars to give us news items and articles for publication. We made friends with the composition teacher, Mrs. Sheldon, and were allowed access to the pile of compositions. We published many of those that were good and on interesting topics. Among those who thus contributed without their consent were Ruth Kimball, Barnella Brown, Minnie Burgland, Mabel Ludington and Mabel Balcombe. We found one of Ethelwynne Kennedy's poems one day, and printed it. I have since seen it in

more than one scrap book. Miss Kennedy has since written many creditable poems and articles. She had charge of the Nebraska contribution for the Columbian Liberty Bell at the World's Fair of 1893.

In those days we had many good orators, speakers and singers. You probably have students of talent now. Among our orators and speakers were Morris Beals, Al. Bell, John Templeton, Mabel Fonda and Edward Bradley. Many of our girls were good pianists, and we often listened with pleasure to Grace Hefly, Emma Wakely, Anna Hungate and Jennie Morse. Many of our singers are now heard at times in public gatherings in Omaha and elsewhere. The girls did not sing and play for the REGISTER exactly, but it is a part of our experience. Miss Arnold revealed and discovered to many young minds a love and appreciation of music, and her singing classes and entertainments will always be remembered. Our leading singers were Morris Beals, the Dale boys, Louise Holtorf, Lydia McCague and Florence Birkhouser. Miss Holtorf and Miss Birkhouser would always be intensely interested in their music, and would sing like larks, wholly oblivious of surroundings, and I can remember how we used to scheme to get seats near those girls so we could hear it all, without their knowing what we were up to.

Howard Clarke was on the editorial staff the first year, and served two years as manager. Under his control the REGISTER improved remarkably. George Haynes, Frank Harris and Carl Rowley also did good service on volume one. Messrs. Haynes and Harris also managed the paper for some years until they graduated. The Strang boys were also among our leading constituents. Ed Swobe was our youngest subscriber. He was then a small boy in one of the

lower grades down stairs, and even at that early age showed his tendency to be counted in on anything new or important. Ed has since won fame in every school or class he has been in.

We also had a military company with Wallace Broatch as captain, and numbered among our officers and men Walt Durnall, Oliver Auchmoedy, Ned Stiger, Bert Cook, Ed Bradley and Ben Nelson.

You are probably puzzled sometimes to know if you will ever have any use for some particular line of study which you are now pursuing. You can feel safe that you can use every bit of it. Subjects and opportunities will come up often in the oddest places and at the most unexpected times and in unexpected ways. I have found it so. When in Prof. Blake's classes on book-keeping and commercial rules we had drilled into us day after day many rules and principles to which I have since had recourse more than once. A bank cashier examined me for amusement one evening, and by applying several of Prof. Blake's principles I answered in such a way that he insisted I had worked in a bank. I learned many things in Prof. Lewis' class on constitutional law that has seen me through many arguments and discussions and caused more oratory and pounding of tables than the occasion justified. To Mrs. Keysor's history and literature classes, Miss Crowley's Shakespeare, Prof. Leviston's physics, Miss Johnston's physiology and Miss Davis' geometry and trigonometry, and in fact to every branch I studied in the High School, I am indebted for all kinds of benefits in every day life, and also to some of the most interesting and entertaining conversations I have ever had. In after years you will be engaged in some occupation and will meet men and women of learning both in business and in a social way, and it will be a source of great satisfaction to you to know

something about the subjects and matters before you.

I congratulate the REGISTER, its managers and supporters on the great excellence which it has attained. Your teachers and your friends are proud of it, as they are of everything good and successful which you do.

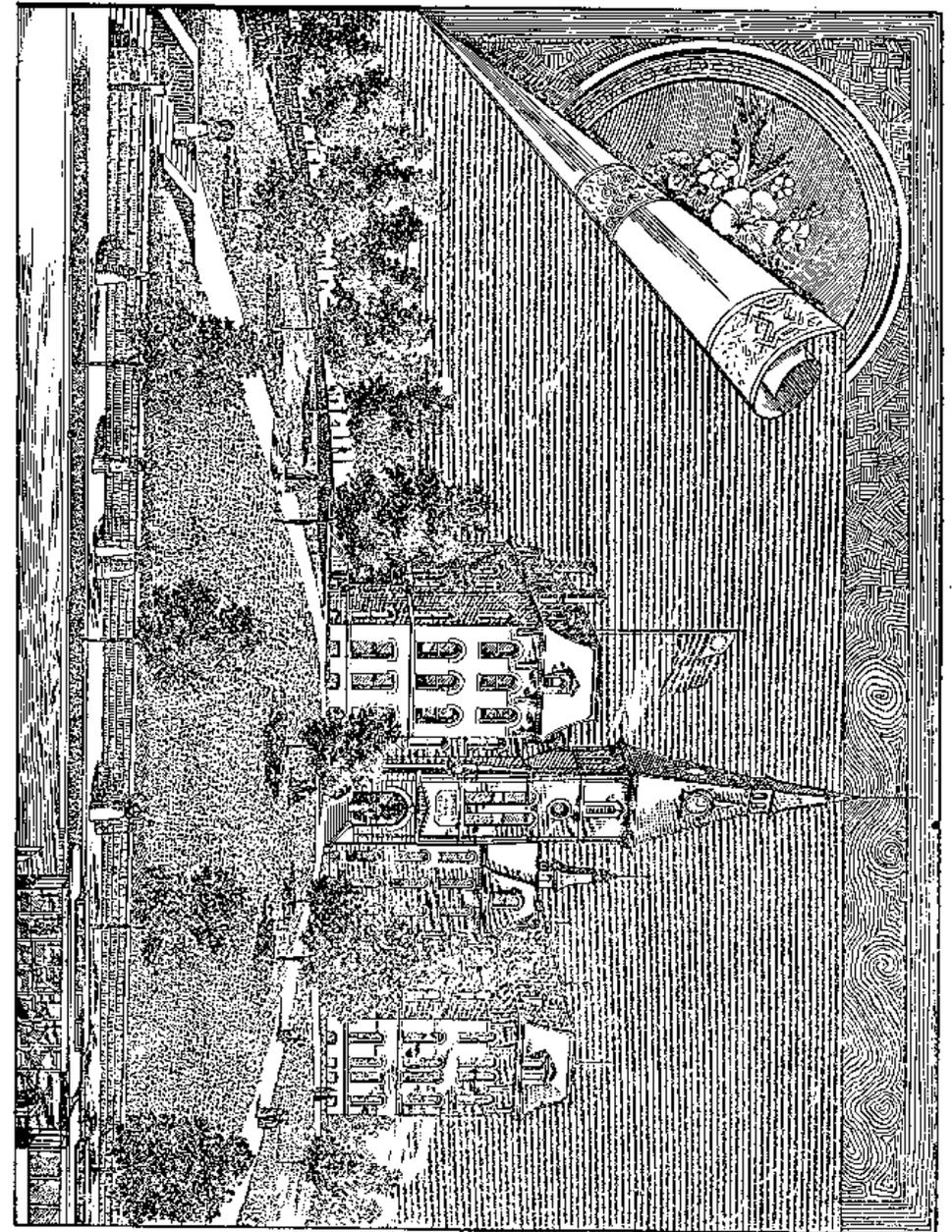
Christmas in England.

BY MISS HULDAH BYLES.

To all persons of respectable age, i. e., under eighteen, the Christmas holidays is the jolliest time of all the year. The schools "break up" generally the Friday before Christmas day and begin again about Jan. 20. Between "breaking up day" and Christmas day the trains are all crowded with children going home for Christmas. In these holidays the boys always expect to play some pranks on their sisters, e. g., making "apple pie beds" and ghosts to frighten the little ones in the dark; of course they get paid back in their own coin.

Directly the boys and girls get home from school they begin gathering or buying holly and other evergreens to decorate with, and on Christmas eve everyone is busy decorating. Roses and chains made of pink and white tissue paper help to make the "gaseliers" and hall look gay and sometimes mottoes are hung over the mantlepieces. Of course when night comes everyone is very excited and the little ones all hang up their stockings for Santa Claus to fill with sweetmeats, oranges and crackers (i. e., bon bons). Of course the youngsters are up about 3 or 4 o'clock on Christmas morning and have spoiled their appetites by eating the good things Santa Claus brought, when breakfast time comes.

The first great event of the day, after breakfast at which sausages are generally served, is the arrival of the postman laden with parcels for old and young.



OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

Christmas morning is spent in various ways; a good many people, of course, go to church and others go skating or perhaps for a long walk in the bright frosty air. About 2 p. m. they all come in to enjoy Christmas dinner, the essential parts of which are: turkey, plum pudding, mince pies and a good healthy appetite. In some parts of northern England roast beef is still part of Christmas dinner, but that is rather old-fashioned. In many families the grandfather's house becomes the scene of Christmas festivities for all branches of the family and sometimes as many as thirty sit down to Christmas dinner at his table.

After dinner the hampers from far-away relatives are opened and the presents distributed by the head of the family; and in the evening they gather round the blazing log fire to play games or tell stories until the younger ones go to bed and then, I suppose, frivolities cease and the old folks spend their time more soberly.

Two or three days before Christmas day carol singers begin their rounds, and on Christmas eve the houses are besieged by Haits, Hassailers, bands and bell ringers.

On Boxing day errand boys, postmen, etc., come round for Christmas boxes which are considered as much their due as their weekly wages. For this reason Dec. 26th is called Boxing day. After this the remainder of the holidays is spent in skating, snowballing, indoor games and evening parties. At this time also hundreds of children go to the "pantomime," which is a reproduction, on the stage, of nursery rhymes intermingled with comic songs, clowns, etc. There are also numbers of societies for providing dinners and teas for poor children in active work at this time.

When the middle of January comes the girls are all busy getting their own

and their brothers' clothes ready to go back to school; for in England some one in nearly every family goes away to school. I think the fathers and mothers must be very glad when Christmas holidays are over, but I am sure we are not.

Recollections of Christmas Time.

By ARCHIBALD AGHESON, '96.

At Christmas time I always think of how Armstead Skinner once obtained a Christmas dinner.

"The Reverend Armstead Skinner," as he calls himself, is a gentleman of color, who lives in a town in Pennsylvania not far from the Virginia line. He is, or rather was, an exhorter, but preaches no more now except at revivals. His specialty is rascality involving a laugh on the party victimized.

A few days before Christmas a farmer who did not know Armstead came to town with some fresh pork. Armstead bought a large piece, and told the farmer to call at his house, which he pointed out, to get his money. When the countryman arrived at the house he knocked at the door, but received no answer until he knocked a second time when a faint voice said "Come in."

At first he could make out in the darkness only the shape of a bed, but as his eyes became accustomed to the dusk he saw what seemed to be an old woman lying in the bed. She was very pale for a negress, and sick-looking. She also wore an immense night-cap.

"Does Mr. Skinner live here?" asked the farmer.

"Law, yes, honey, but no one 't home but me, and I's got small-pox."

When the innocent agriculturalist had made good his retreat, the "Reverend gentleman," for it was he, emerged from bed, and joyfully informed his family that they would have spare-ribs for Christmas dinner. He told a friend afterward that he had to shave in a most

awful hurry to get into bed before the farmer came for his money.

Another of his most famous exploits was this: He was janitor of the office of John D. Braden, Esq. One day John D. missed a valuable law book, and knowing Armstead's propensities, at once went to his house. Armstead was not in, but Mr. Braden explained to his wife that he wished to get a book which Armstead had borrowed from him. Mrs. Skinner told him to look in the "library" where, sure enough, he found the book. On the title page was his name, "John D. Braden," but above this was written: "To the Rev. Armstead Skinner, from his friend and ardent admirer."

Cæsar's Dream.

BY WALDO PONDEY WARREN.

The conqueror of all the Gauls lay sleeping in his guarded tent. His legions lay encamped round about him. To the north, the Po; to the south, the Rubicon. In the east the first gray streaks of dawn had just appeared. It was during the last watch.

Cæsar was perplexed. Soon his authority would expire, and with it his power, his influence, and his hopes. But he knew in his heart that his mission was not yet ended. All was ripe for a great resolve.

The old commander slept. Today's impulse would decide his fate, the fate of Rome, the fate of civilization, and perhaps, the fate of mankind. He was resting for a great decision.

But look! Away up yonder in the sky is a fountain gurgling and bubbling with clear, sparkling water. As the water courses along it forms a brook, and flows further and further from the fountain head. See it broaden; see it deepen; see the banks recede apart. O! It is becoming a river now, moving all things before it. But alas! No longer

can be seen the bright pebbles at the bottom. Muddier and more muddy grows that once beautiful stream. Darker and darker, now blacker and blacker. The black waters reflect their hue against the sky, and the river loses itself in the darkness. A faint gleam of light appears, and a great broom is wielded by a brawny arm. The broom sweeps back the dark muddy waters, and changes the course of the stream. Marvelous sight! But see! The waters grow clearer and clearer; the darkness fades away; the broom, reeking with blood, rises from the current; the brawny arm with crimson stains falls lifeless to the ground; but the clearing river now moves in majesty along its new course.

Cæsar saw this awful vision. Half asleep and half awake, half on earth and half in heaven, his soul grasped its mighty meaning: "'Tis thee! 'tis thee! My country! 'tis thee! That mighty, swollen, blackened stream is thee, my country! That broom—a mighty army! I see its fibres all arrayed. That arm—O! 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine! Oh, my country! my country! Yes! I will! Though that broom shall reek with blood, and that arm fall lifeless 'neath the assassin's dagger, yet—I will! I will! I will!"

That morning Caius Julius Cæsar led his army across the Rubicon.

When I proposed she did not blush,
And not one word she said;
The maiden did not tell me "yes,"
She simply shook her head.

She simply shook her head, and yet
No man in all the town
Could be more pleased than I was, for
She shook it up and down.

—High School News,

Professor—Tell me the dative of do num.

Pupil—Don know.

Professor—Right.—Ex.

The First Christmas.

BY JOHN WM. DICKINSON.

O'er hill and dale
The moonlight pale,
That saintly evening went,
And ne'er to earth,
In gloom or mirth,
A brighter ray was sent.

And never more
On sea or shore,
Shall man such vision see;
As on that night
By Luna's light,
And heaven's melody."

The earth was chilled,
The breezes stilled;
Yes, beast and mortal slept,
While through the sky
That 'bove us lie,
God's heavenly chorus swept.

Then to behold,
As men are told,
Yon gold and silvered door,
Did swing ajar,
And from afar
Man stood to gaze it o'er.

There angels sang,
There trigons rang;
Earth mingled with their lay,
The splashing bounds,
The rippling sounds,
Of Jordan's on her way.

That music crept,
That music swept,
To four corners of earth;
And while it rolled
Its echo told
The joy of his birth.

Then myriads
On myriads
Of angels saintly 'rayed,
That heavenly night
Did wing their flight
To plains where shepherds stayed.

And on the ground,
They seated round
Heard saintly singers call:
"Make glad your heart:
We pray you part
Unto that lowly hall,"

And there they found
Him swaddled gowned,
And in a manger lay;
"But 'tis the King,"
The angels sing,
And he the debt will pay."

That man's lost soul,
As we are told,
Was lost by Adam's fall,
Could live again—
His death and pain
Would save, redeem, them all.

Now from the east,
There came three priests,
Who Magi oft we call;
To seek the child,
That heavenly smiled
In earth's most lowly hall.

While near they drew
From yonder blue
Beamed out one golden star,
Who led the way,
And seemed to say;
"All things unto God are."

When o'er the place
Where lay the chaste
The star above it stay;
And in they went,
Their wish present,
And did their blessings say.

And they rejoiced
With mighty voice,
For their hearts were light and free,
And sang, "We'll praise
And live our days,
True worshippers of thee."

So let us pray
That each fair day
Will bring us near that morrow—
In heaven to be
To worship thee
Who saved us from our sorrow.

Don't forget the Prize Story Contest, mentioned in the November number. There will be plenty of time to work on the stories during the long vacation; January 6th is the date set for the stories to be handed in. Give them to your Class Editor. Your article will probably be accepted by your English teacher in place of an essay which you would have to write, and it will be given as much credit as she thinks it is worth.

SCIENCE.

The Moon.

JOSEPHINE BLART, '96.

Among the countless host of celestial bodies, our satellite, the moon, enjoys the distinction of being our nearest permanent neighbor: its brilliancy and vast proportions arising from the fact that it is only 240,000 miles away. This distance, although almost immeasurably small when compared with the distance between the earth and the stars, is believed to be much greater than in ages past. And, indeed, it is claimed that at some very early period the moon was broken off from the earth when the earth was in a soft or plastic condition.

Knowing the distance between the earth and the moon, and that the path pursued by the moon around the heavens lies in a plane, we must conclude that our satellite is revolving in a nearly circular path around the earth as a center. The moon completes each revolution around the earth in a period of about twenty-eight days, and as it rotates on its axis once in the same time, this is also the length of its day.

The lunar landscapes are excessively weird and rugged. They always remind us of sterile deserts, and we cannot fail to notice the absence of grassy plains or green forests such as we are familiar with on our globe. Although our largest telescope can tell nothing directly as to whether life does exist on the moon, astronomers believe that life, as we know it, could not exist. Water is one of the most necessary conditions of life. Deprived of this element, all organic life, the life of man himself, would be inconceivable. And when we look at the moon with our telescopes no direct evi-

dence of water is seen. Close inspection shows that the so-called lunar seas are deserts, often marked with small craters and rocks. The telescope reveals no seas, no oceans, no lakes and no rivers.

Another essential element of organic life is also absent from the moon. Our globe is surrounded with a deep clothing of air resting on the surface. Such is not the case on the moon. For all purposes of respiration, we may say that there is no air on the moon, and an inhabitant of our earth would be as certainly suffocated as he would be in the middle of space.

The absence of air and water from the moon explains the sublime ruggedness of lunar scenery. The mountain peaks throw long, well-defined shadows, and these, seen with the unaided eye, are the features of the "man in the moon." Perhaps we have wondered why, since the moon is spherical, and revolves on its axis, it always presents the same face to us. It is because it rotates on its axis in the same time and in the same direction in which it revolves around the earth.

When the moon rises a few hours later than the setting of the sun, it is in such a position with regard to the sun, that only a small portion is illuminated, and we then have "new moon." Later, when the sun's rays can reach a greater portion of the moon, we have the first quarter. And finally the moon comes to such a position in its journey around the earth, that its whole face can be illuminated, and we have "full moon." When it nears the sun again, the "last quarter" appears; the rays strike it from the opposite side, and the crescent is thus reverse of the "new moon." When our satellite gets still nearer the sun, it rises with it, appears in day-time, and disappears at night.

The moon has a marked influence on the earth in producing the rise and fall of the water of the earth, which movement we term tides. When the moon is overhead it draws the water up, as it were, into a heap underneath, and thus gives rise to the high tide. The low tides occupy the intermediate positions.

The moon sheds so much light, and seems so bright, that it is often difficult to remember that it has no light but sunlight. An attempt has been made to form a comparative estimate of the brightness of the sun and the full moon. If 600,000 full moons were shining at once, their collective brilliancy would equal that of the sun.

There is one widely-credited statement about the moon, which must be regarded as devoid of foundation. The idea that our satellite and the weather bear some relation has no doubt been entertained by high authority, and appears to be an article in the belief of many an excellent mariner. Careful comparison between the state of the weather and the phases of the moon has, however, quite discredited the notion that any connection of the kind really exists.



'99 doesn't seem to appreciate her musical talent. Just wait till you are Seniors, and you'll wonder where all your music has gone, and wish some of the "Songs of Better Days" were with you again. Take all you can get, and don't worry about the surplus.

The program to be given during rhetorical hour on Friday, the 20th, will be devoted to Christmas themes. The best efforts of the program committee appointed for that occasion are being put

forth to make the affair a memorable one.

It has been whispered that the Seniors will have a social on the 20th of December, but the whispering has been so faint as to be barely audible. But it is true, every word of it. As yet it has not been learned whether the boys have formed a stag party to attend in a body but as that portion of the class has been very reserved on the question we judge "that's what's the matter."

The class of '97 held its monthly meeting Wednesday, Nov. 28, in the Freshman study room. The meeting was largely attended and the following pleasing program was rendered:

Piano Solo..... Charles Engel
 Recitation..... Laura Brunner
 Piano Solo..... May Heller
 Debate: Resolved, that the French Revolution accomplished more good than evil.
 Affirmative, Harrison Wigton and Gertrude Chapman; Negative, Harry Crandall and Fannie Ward.
 Piano Duet..... Rhena and Edna Jensen

The class of '99 held its regular meeting with a program Friday, Dec. 6th. The program was not as good as usual, there being too much music. The debate was the first one that the class has had, and was decided a tie by the judges, the question being, "Resolved, That the editor wields more power than the orator." After waiting for Mr. Parmer's appearance to take part in the program, the class adjourned. It is hoped that the boys of other classes will continue to attend, but will not talk so much. They can take example from the girls in behavior, and it is hoped that they will. We will be pleased to have more of the girls of other classes come to the meetings.

The Rhetoricals for the last two weeks have been very interesting. On the 13th inst. Mr. Brorglum favored the class with a piano solo which was highly appreciated. Mr. Shazie read an excellent essay on Electricity, but the main feature

of the program was the debate, "Resolved, that the present marking system in the public schools ought to be abolished." On the affirmative were Alex. Young and Chester Franklin and on the negative Clarence Thurston and Robert Town. The debate was an interesting one. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. This program completed the first half of the year's Rhetorical work, each Senior having been on the program once and a few twice.

On the evening of their social the Seniors will give an interesting play, "A Proposal Under Difficulties," by John Kendrick Bangs. This gentleman is one of America's greatest humorists and any play written by him will be sure of being favorably received. Of the four Seniors participating, two, Arthur Welshans and Mae Bartlett, are old stagers and we all know what to expect of them. Harry Lindsey and Marion Day have displayed ability in rehearsals and if nothing happens this play will compare favorably with "Cousin Tom," which the Juniors gave last year. The play will be repeated for the benefit of the other classes and outsiders, during the week following the holidays.

A meeting of the tenth grade was held Friday afternoon, Dec. 13. The attendance was quite large, many members of the other classes being present, and a good program was expected by all. However, at the last moment several of the participants decided "to go home," and consequently the program was very short indeed. The committee was entirely unresponsive for this state of affairs, as they thought they had provided a good program, and supposed all would take part as they had agreed to do. We are very sorry to say that some of the members of the class do not respond as they should when called upon to take part. If they belong to the class it is their duty, and ought to be their pleasure to make the program bright and enjoyable. Visitors! don't be disgusted, come again! We will do better next time.



So-shall.
 Merry Xmas.
 Compressed Air—A. Krause.
 Bowen got a "canopy top" hair cut.
 In French—"Is that pretty girl ugly?"
 Ask Dale if the "Barber kept on shaving."
 How the Freshmen are abused. No halls.
 Hurrah for the Petition. Push it along.
 Hair dressed by electricity in Physics Room.
 "The evil that men do live after them."
 Who stole Evans' handkerchief? This is no joke.
 Lost—a dollar. Will finder kindly return to C. T. and oblige owner.
 Warning—Good conductors are immediately discharged. Averly.
 Make your friends happy by sending them this issue of the REGISTER.
 Two characters in the Freshman Class—Trilby and Schlatter. What next?
 Why are Fred Dale and Will Godso so numerous on the first floor at noon?
 In Geometry—A man half dead—"a man half alive: a dead man"—a live man.
 Among the most dangerous of edged tools are cutting remarks.—The Wise Man.
 According to Mr. Cutting's ideas, tweezers are instruments to pick up snuff.
 Hamlet evidently rode a bicycle. He says: "Watch over my safety while I sleep."

Goetz lisps in Hamlet so they say. "Thath thuth hath" was given in fine rhetorical style.

Shane has become a prince of magicians. That bell mystery was a wonderful achievement.

We are glad to see that John Dolan has recovered from his illness and is back again in his old place.

A few artists on the second floor have discovered a new way to get rid of hair—pull it out by the roots.

Is Dan Taylor bashful? Well no! But he feels funny when girls look at him through opera glasses.

A number of friends of Miss Elizabeth Allen were entertained most enjoyably at a dancing party, Nov. 22.

A question on the girls side of the house: "Had a bid to the social?" And the invariable answer is "No!"

If we had as much trouble in getting mince pie as we do getting geometry pie our boys wouldn't be so fond of it.

That's why I laugh in English.

English Teacher—Why, I'd laugh in French and Spanish once in a while.

Harrison Wigton, one of the '97 Class Editors, who was absent on account of illness at home, has returned to school.

Why do most all acids end in "ric?"

Mr. T.—Do they? I think we do not find that termination in Hydrochloric acid.

A grand spectacle. As the class gazed upon the marvelous display of strength they were awed into silence,—a wonderful feat.

Misses Laura Brunner and Fannie Ward entertained some of their High School friends at cards, Friday evening, Nov. 29.

The Senior boys evidently think Leap Year has begun—at least they seem to be waiting for the girls to invite them to the social.

The wise men and maidens of '96 are now racking their brains (or all that is left of those abused organs) for a graduation theme.

Is W. C. un oiseau?

That Freshman Debate, Oh, My!

Everybody come to the Freshman meetings. U R Welkum.

"Hamlet: . . . and now reigns here a very, very — — pajock."

English Teacher—What is a pajock?

Miss M.—Why, it's a "churky."

Womans Rights Ideas—If the boys can have an all-round scrap, so can the girls. Hair-pulling, though, is a strictly feminine addition to the scientific art.

The Senior girls are entering vigorous protests against the use of the limited number of hooks in their dressing room, by the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen—being themselves obliged to hang their coats and hats on the floor.

Seen on board in Freshman study room:

A little miss,
 A little lad,
 A little kiss
 And then the dad.

Future Occupations.

Pianist—Kraus.

Preacher—Shane.

Orator—Gsaunter.

Farmer Boy—Dale.

Prize-fighter—Ross.

Politician—Franklin.

Ladies' Man—Evans.

Boxing Master—Burr.

Pawn Broker—Willson.

Society Swell—Barrows.

Foot Ball Coach—Jensen.

Printer's Devil—Acheson.

First Substitute—Hopkins.

Woman Suffragist—Towne.

Night Watchman—Welshans.

S. S. Superintendent—Gardner.

Professional Masher—Thurston.

Geometry Professor—Dickinson.

Temperance Orator—R. Connell.



The Danger of Military Drill.

Often in watching others we see their faults, and then realize that those faults are and have been ours. This has been my case in the military drill. After careful personal investigation I find that nearly all the boys are overbearing to their subordinates. The penny corporal is as bad as the captain, and the high private is worse than either. If this fault could be kept within the drill grounds it would not be so bad. But it leaves a mannerism which one carries everywhere. You may not mean to force your opinion on others; you may not mean to be overbearing, but that detestable drill-sergeant manner compels others to think so. At present my case is the worse, but for fear that many of the cadets may be in the same boat by the end of the year, I take this opportunity of diverting the danger.

Let my hard experience be a red flag for the cadets in the future. Let each cadet ask himself, "Have I not fallen into this drill sergeant manner." If you have, stamp it out. Do not leave a trace of it in your manner. Diligent watching and perseverance will be needed to fully break loose from it, but in the end your present power, not only over your subordinates but also over your superiors, will be greatly increased.

R. S. C.,

In third term of Senior Captaincy.

The first meeting of the Cadet Officer's Club for the year '95-'96 was held on Nov. 26. The meeting was well at-

tended and the prospects are that the Club will fly high this year. The following officers were elected: President, Capt. R. S. Connell; Vice President, Capt. Ray C. Wagner; Secretary, Lieut. Fred Dale; Treasurer, Capt. Austin Collett. The Officers' Club has started right in to make arrangements for the annual musicale and hop. A committee has been appointed to prepare a program for and to take charge of the musicale. The committee is composed of Lieut. Godso, chairman; Capt. Wagner, Lieuts. Dale, Wigton and Gsantner. Another committee has been appointed to see the Board of Education in regard to the social. This committee is composed of Capt. K. Connell, Lieut. Towne and Corp. Lehmer. The musicale committee promises an excellent program and the hop of course will be a glorious success.

The following Cadets have been appointed lance-corporals: Co. A., R. Homan and J. Anderson; Co. B., W. Sievers and W. Pickering; Co. C., A. Potter and D. Baum; Co. D., H. Lindsey and J. Lilly.

Wait until you see the proud bearers of one stripe.

There is always room for improvement. This old adage applies to us in our school life just as much as it applies anywhere else. An excellent plan for the furtherance of the study of the works of Shakespeare would be the formation of a Shakespearean club, having for its object a closer acquaintance with the great dramatist than can be obtained from the hasty study of his works in the class room. Much benefit and enjoyment could be derived from an association of this nature. Shakespeare never gets old. New and strange delights are always discovered in his plays by those who have spent a lifetime in the work.

ATHLETICS

On the opposite page will be seen the photograph of the foot ball team. The following is a brief mention of the players:

Will McKell, age 18, weight 145, has played left end on the High School team for the last two years. He is a splendid tackler, hard runner and gets down the field well on punts.

Harry Tukey, age 18, weight 140, was left tackle last year and again this. He plays well on the offensive being especially helpful in making a hole.

Valdemar Jensen, age 19, weight 194, played left guard for the last two years. He has never yet met his match on a High School team. This year he was used for advancing the ball and was a sure ground gainer.

Harry Asquith, age 16, weight 140, played sub. last year, but made a good center this year for a light man. His passing was very sure.

"Tally" Kyner, age 19, weight 196, right guard, played his first game Nov. 9 against the Council Bluffs Field Club. He is a very good man and hard to handle.

Howard Cowgill, age 18, weight 150, played center in 1893 and right tackle last year and again this. He also was used at half back. He runs well with the ball and his experience in the line makes him valuable at tackle.

"Stub" Crandall, age 18, weight 120, right end, is one of the pluckiest players on the team. His tackling is low and hard and he follows interference beautifully.

Charley Humphrey, age 19, weight 135, quarter back. He was captain of the second eleven last year and sub-quarter. His tackling is hard and low and passing excellent.

Will Gardner, captain, weight 158, has played on the team three years, the first as left end and the last two as left half back. He is the hardest man on the team to tackle and is a splendid punter.

Dan Taylor, age 18, weight 150, played quarter back on Shattuck last year and right half on the O.H.S. this year. He plays a good individual game and is invaluable in interference.

Howard Leonard, age 18, weight 140, played on second eleven last year and full back this year. He plays good hard foot ball all the time and is very useful in bucking the line and in interference.

Millard Hopkins, age 20, weight 145, played a good end. He tackles well and gets into all the plays.

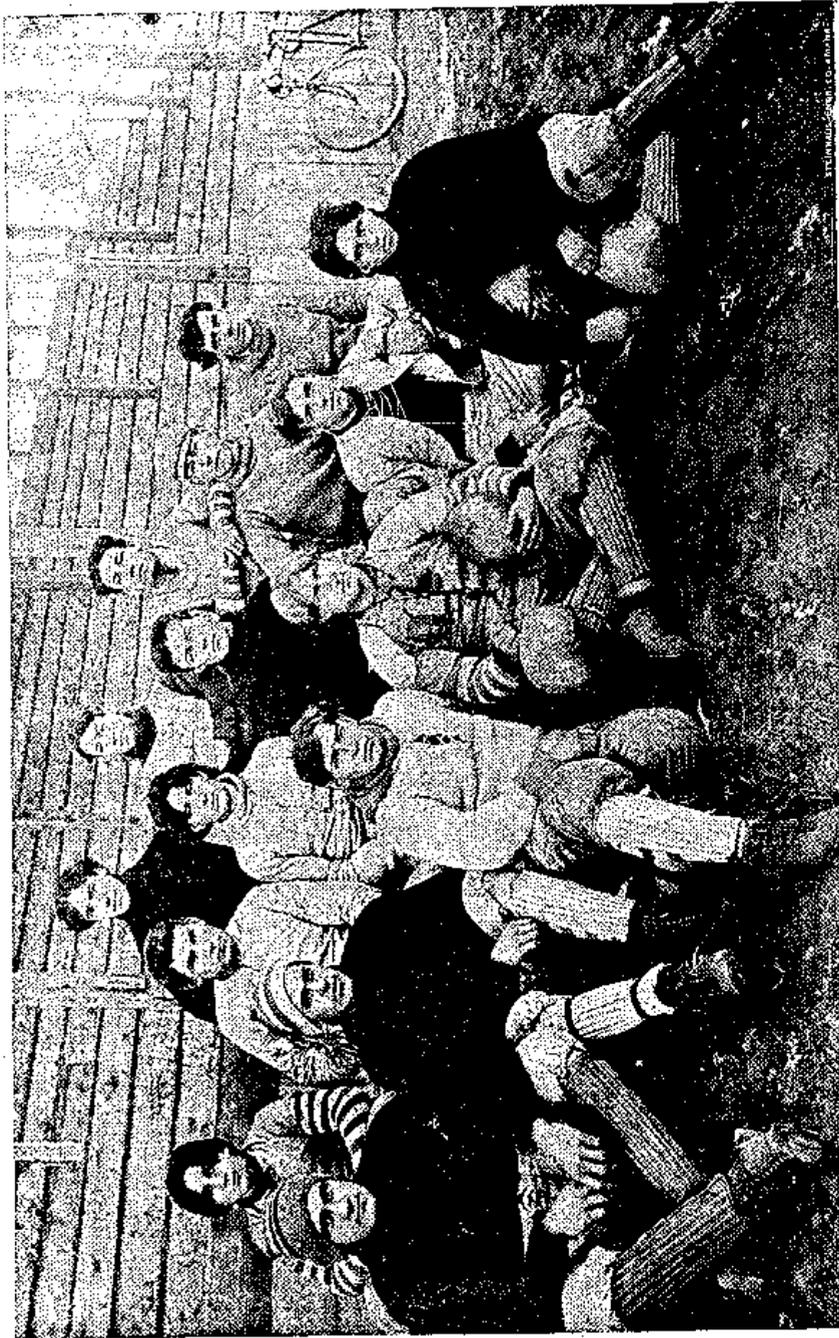
Packard, guard, age 19, weight 140, was a new man this year but gives good promise. He plays good ball and gets into interference well for a new man.

Ray Gillespie, age 17, weight 130, end, is a good tackler and breaks interference in good shape.

Arthur Carter, age 19, weight 145, guard, is another new man this year. He is quick and reliable and can open a hole easily.

A Triumph for the Purple and White.

Our team defeated the boys from Lincoln's High School on Nov. 23rd by a score of 34 to 0, thus demonstrating for the fourth consecutive time our superiority over the red and black. The contest was a pretty one, and although Omaha pushed and shoved and gained, about as she pleased, Lincoln stubbornly resisted every gain, and only lost because of Omaha's savage rushes and united teamwork, and not because of any poor or flunky playing on her part. The first half was as interesting and exciting as the most ardent sportsman could have wished for, and never did two teams show a more determined spirit to win,



O. H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM—SEASON 1895-96.

HUMPHREY
TAYLOR

JENSEN
Mc KELL

HOPKINS
GILLESPIE

ASKWITH
COWGILL

REYNER
GARDNER

CRANDELL
CARTER
LEONARD

PACKARD,
TUKEY

and never did men play a cleaner game than was played by the Lincoln and Omaha teams. Lincoln was prepared to wipe out her unlucky scores of past seasons, by one grand sweep of the field, and intended returning to Lincoln bearing one scalp which she would flaunt before the eyes of the so recently defeated University team at the hands of Kansas. O. H. S. was yet to play her first game of the season before an Omaha public and realized that she, too, must overcome the stigma of games lost, by fairly eating up Lincoln's sons.

Both teams were in good condition, and barring Omaha's right end, were playing their best men. Hopkins was unfortunate in having been hurt in a practice game and so little "Stub" Crandall played end for the O. H. S. His good work was an example that everything does not entirely depend on size and weight, for although he weighs but 115 pounds, his tackling and running were as successful as his more experienced and heavier senior end could have wished for. The teams looked quite evenly matched, with perhaps an advantage at guard in Omaha's favor. The day was a trifle chilly but served only to increase the spirit and enthusiasm which marked the playing. Lincoln very seldom had a chance to show herself in offensive play, as her time was so greatly occupied in defending her goal from Omaha's long-haired and ambitious athletes.

Perhaps the secret of Omaha's success lay in the fact that she had been playing teams, heretofore, that completely out-classed her in size and weight, and from them had absorbed the fierce and heavy rushes that enabled her to play such sad havoc with a line of her own weight, for gains were made through Lincoln's guards and tackles that were simply astonishing. There was but little playing that could be classed as individual work,

unless it was the tackling of Smith, Lincoln's full back, who made several very pretty and necessary stops at critical moments. The work of the O. H. S. team showed the results of diligent practice, especially in defensive, for seldom could Lincoln get started and fairly under way, before her interference was shattered and the ball brought to the ground. McKell, at left end, did some fine tackling and Gardner made one or two of his usual phenomenal runs for Omaha.

At 3:45 the teams lined up in the following positions, with Mr. Robbins of Nebraska City for referee, Mr. Shue of the State University team for umpire and "Billy" Pixley linesman. Lincoln in possession of the ball.

O. H. S.	POSITION.	O. H. S.
Tyson	Center	Asquith
Sizer	Right Guard	Kyner
Calwell	Left Guard	Jensen
Hyde	Right Tackle	Cowgill
Botsford	Left Tackle	Tukey
Beckman	Right End	Crandall
Prey	Left End	McKell
Cooper	Left End	McKell
Ryan (Capt.)	Quarter Back	Humphrey
Kier	Right Half	Taylor
Mosher	Left Half	(Capt) Gardner
Smith	Full Back	Leonard
Subs—Helan, Ringer and Treston for Lincoln; Packard, Gillespie and Hayes for Omaha.		
Length of halves—thirty minutes.		
Attendance—400.		

SOME OF THE PRETTY ONES.

Lincoln kicks twenty yards and Humphrey makes six of it back. Omaha's ball first down. Gardner makes ten yards through left tackle. Cowgill tries the same place for eight more. Tukey makes four yards at right tackle. Leonard goes through center for nine yards. Crandall goes around left end for a small gain and Gardner with seven yards around right end. Gardner again tries right end, but fumbles. McKell, however, falls on ball and makes a six yard gain. Lincoln takes a brace and holds her ground for two downs. On the third down Jensen goes through center for five yards. Gardner plunges at the same place for three more, and on

the next play, Jensen is pushed across the line for a touchdown in seven minutes from the start of the game. Gardner kicks goal. Score 6-0 for O. H. S.

From this point until the end of the first half no further points were scored. Lincoln held her lines together and but small gains could be made through center. She won the ball on downs but immediately lost it upon ineffectually trying to get around Omaha's ends. Leonard plunged for a few small gains and Taylor made one fifteen yard gain, but when time was called the ball was on Lincoln's twenty yard line. At one time it looked as though O. H. S. would force the ball through Lincoln's goal posts, but Lincoln bravely held her own and slowly but surely forced the ball back, beyond the danger line.

SECOND HALF.

The second half was a surprise to everyone. As there was a promise of the continuance of the same even play that marked the first half, a close game was expected. But Omaha sailed in to win and win she did. Cowgill kicked thirty-five yards to Kier who was downed before he had gained two yards. Lincoln loses the ball on downs and Omaha stands but fifteen yards from her goal, with the ball. Jensen makes a ten yard gain, Crandall takes two more and Jensen makes his second touchdown. Gardner kicks goal. Score 12-0.

From this point, to try was but to score, for Omaha. Lincoln's line could not withstand their opponents rushes, and frequent plunges of eight to ten yards were made through Lincoln's center. The next score was made by Cowgill, after a pretty thirty-five yard dash of Taylor's, and good gains by McKell and Gardner. Time four minutes. Score 18-0. Six points were added to Omaha's score in the next eight minutes by Gardner who got around Lincoln's right end for thirty yards. Score 22-0.

And so the game went on, Omaha almost always in possession of the ball. First Taylor and then McKell or Leonard would steal six yards here and eight yards there, until another touchdown had been made. Lincoln seemed to have gone entirely to pieces and all were thankful when time was called and a chance to breathe was given to these dust begrimed warriors of the gridiron. 34-0 was the final score, and Omaha gave three hearty cheers for her defeated friends, while the championship of the Inter-schoolastic League came to the wearers of the purple and white.

GEORGE R. PURVIS.

Libby Prison.

It had always been my desire to visit what is considered one of the most important relics of the greatest civil war the world ever knew, and while I was in Chicago last summer that opportunity came of visiting the "Palace Prison of the South" and war museum, Libby Prison. The sombre face of this famous old prison, as it stands there now, looks out upon far different scenes from what it did in the stirring times from '61 to '65. The bustle and ceaseless din of commercial activity is now going on about it, and "Peace" is written on its walls; for both the blue and the gray mingle freely and look upon those dreadful implements of war when brother was pitted against brother, and when the very foundations of the nation hung tremblingly in the balance.

The removal of this prison from Richmond to Chicago was a project the successful consummation of which can only reflect credit upon those who had it in charge. Libby Prison is now situated on Wabash avenue, between 14th and 15th streets, it having been removed from Richmond in 1889, where it stood on the corner of Carey and 20th streets. The prison is surrounded by a massive stone wall, which shuts out the view

from the surrounding streets. As we enter the gate the old building comes to view just as we have always imagined it—an old three-story brick structure, in the rather plain style of architecture, no vaulted dome or Corinthian columns or frescoed walls to delight the heart and please the eye of the Union soldier as he was brought a probably too unwelcome visitor within its walls. It stands there now, so silent and still, yet so impressive, looming up, as it were, like a spectre from the past. As we gaze at those historic walls we can almost hear the steady tramp, tramp, tramp, of the Rebel sentinel as he marches ceaselessly up and down on his beat outside, the confused clamor and din of the hundreds of Union soldiers packed within those confining walls, the occasional crack of a Rebel rifle as some poor unfortunate prisoner would dare to stand at an open window for a breath of fresh air or a glimpse of the green fields and trees. But our reverie is broken by the voice of the guide who is pointing out to our party the objects of interest in the yard. Large cannon, parts of batteries, and a section of the Merrimac are shown us. Our guide told us the interesting story of how this Rebel ironclad despatched with ease our wooden war vessels, and but for the timely arrival of the "Yankee Cheese Box," the Monitor, it would have destroyed the remainder of the Union fleet in Charleston harbor, broke the blockade, cleared the shipping in New York, opened the way for the egress of cotton and the income of foreign supplies, and perhaps secured the acknowledgment of the Confederacy by foreign nations. This piece of history, as told by the guide, increased our respect for that relic of bygone days in which so much was involved.

Another important relic in the yard was a section of the chain which was stretched across the River at West Point,

by General Putnam in 1776, to prevent the British vessels from passing up the river. The links of this chain, made of iron bars $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, are a little over two feet long, and weigh about 150 lbs. each. The chain was entirely made by hand, and is four times larger than any chain manufactured now. The rest of this chain is buried in the mud at the bottom of the Hudson River.

(To be Continued.)

'Umpteen Months Ago.

Respectfully dedicated to Mr. Fred Hayward, Feoria, Ill.

I've wandered to the High School, Fred,
I've stood beneath the tower;
I've gazed in awe upon the room
Where we sat the seventh hour.
I went into our old Greek class,
To see how much I know—
The lessons, Fred, are just as tough,
As 'umpteen months ago.
I went into the hat room, Fred,
And searched upon the wall,
I saw the names of our old friends,
In letters big and tall.
And when I went to pass the door,
An eraser struck my toe—
'Twas thrown, dear Fred, about as swift,
As 'umpteen months ago.
I spent an hour in study room
And noticed all the pranks,
The naughty boys would shake the floor
Till it nearly broke the planks.
And how they made the building rock,
Now, Fred, you surely know,
The teachers, Fred, were just as scared
As 'umpteen months ago.
I clambered up the old stair, Fred,
Up to the topmost floor,
And chatted with the Freshman girls,
As we were wont of yore.
I waited at the water trough—
The girls drank just as slow;
The dippers, Fred, leak just as bad,
As 'umpteen months ago.
I sauntered through the old halls, Fred,
They are not changed at all,
Except a few more blemishes—
The bell still clangs the call.
The boys are just as tricky now,
As those we used to know;
The girls, dear Fred, are just as sweet,
As 'umpteen months ago.
—Q. PON, with apologies to "Twenty Years Ago."



Rena Strang is visiting Omaha friends.

Ada Stone, '93, was ill for a week the past month.

Edith Schwartz, '93, was the guest of May Wyman, '93, during the Thanksgiving holidays.

The class of '95 lost another member this month by the death of May Ballou, the funeral occurring Wednesday, Dec. 11.

At the last meeting of the C. P. C. nine members were present. Mr. E. C. Page was the guest of the evening and talked for a short time in a very entertaining and instructive way of parliamentary practice, a practical knowledge of which is one of the main aims of the C. P. C. Linderholm and Chaffee opened the commissary department later in the evening and the usual social time ensued.

Another futile attempt to assemble twenty-five of the six hundred alumni was made Friday evening, November 29. After extensive advertising only seventeen High School graduates appeared at the Y. M. C. A. parlors to discuss ways and means for building up and perpetuating the Omaha High School Alumni Association, which of late years has lapsed into i—s d—e. The following officers, elected at the meeting held in June at the High School, were ratified by those present: Fred Parsons, president; Tillie Larson, secretary; James L. Houston, Jr., treasurer; Clarence Myers and Rollin Smith, executive board. The minutes of the two previous meetings were adopted and the executive board authorized to make arrangements for the annual reception next year. At

the next Alumni reception the business meeting will be one of the features, thus obviating the difficulty of assembling a quorum. The executive board has practically decided to reduce the initiation fee and annual dues, which will make membership in the association much more attractive to the next graduating classes.



"Trust not yourselves your defects to know;
Make use of every friend and every foe."

The High School Gazette, Lynn, Mass., is a neat paper.

The '96 Reporter, Kenoska, Mich., has a very good article on "Success."

The Omnium Gatherum comes to us from Ilion, N. Y., and speaks well for the school it represents.

The Lyceum Advocate is an enterprising school journal representing the High School of Saginaw, Mich.

The Buffalo High School is a wide awake institution if its representative, The Calendar, is any criterion.

The Current Topic Column in the High School Gleam, Atlantic, Iowa, bespeaks an energetic editorial staff.

The Academician, Washington, Iowa, is one of the best of our exchanges. The front cover would be more attractive minus the advertisements.

There is little room for criticism upon the literary merit of Echo from Logansport, Ind., but the appearance of the paper would be much enhanced by a better grade of paper.

The Skirmisher from Bordentown Military Academy, N. J., is gotten out in precise military style. It is a newsy paper and we are glad to number it among our exchanges.

Among the exchanges received up to date for November are: The Dartmouth, Hanover, N. H.; Premier, Fall River, Mass.; Academy Mirror, Franklin, Neb.; The Cadet, St. John's College, Denver; Alphian, Owatonna, Minn.; Magnet, Butler, Penn.; Helios, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Cosmos, Coe College, Iowa.

Our hearts grow envious when we see such a building as that which adorns the cover of the High School Argus from Harrisburg, Penn. In style resembling

our Y. M. C. A. building plus a central tower, it probably covers more ground space than our city hall and with the basement and half story attic it numbers four stories and a half. Oh! ye city fathers, take note and ponder this deeply.

We met with quite an accident
Just as we went to press
The page had dropped a lot of type,
And made a fearful mess
He hadn't time to fix it up
And so he didn't try,
But gave our readers one and all
A piece of printer's pi.—Ex.

We took this Half-Page.....



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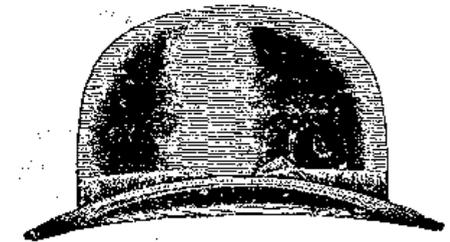
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