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OMAHA

VOLUME X.

No. 9.

MAY, '96.

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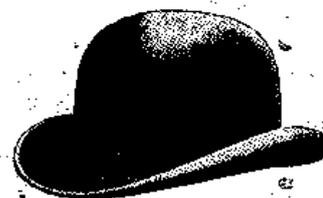
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The High School Register.

VOL. X.

OMAHA, NEB., MAY, 1896.

NO. 9.

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.

CALENDAR.

OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

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Number of Teachers, 33
Number of Students, 1080

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One more issue and we are done. Soon we will throw down our pen and incidentally discard our cumbersome title. We wish to make this last number the climax of Volume Ten. We desire our Commencement Number to represent the school in the best possible manner, but this can only be done through your assistance. Help us ere we be tempted to seek relief in an untimely grave. You always take a greater interest in something you have done yourself. Then give us an article for publication, even if it only amounts to two or three lines.

A question recently discussed among the Seniors is the advisability of abolishing the regular Commencement Program and the substitution of a musical program and a lecture by some prominent orator. In the November REGISTER we suggested that some changes be made in the Commencement exercises, but no interest was taken in the matter at that time, and surely no immediate good can come from its discussion but a month before graduation. There is not much question—in our minds at least—that the present arrangement of our Commencement Program is inclined to be a little bit tedious, interesting chiefly to the participants and their friends. Commencement Essays and Orations, written by High School students, are of about the same standard from year to year. The youthful orator usually com-

mences somewhere in the past, works up to the present, and then makes a grand flourish into the dim future, so that one knows just about what he will hear before the program commences. Had this matter of a change in the program been positively decided upon during the early part of the year, no serious objection could be raised to it for the coming Commencement. But after all preparations have been under way for a year past, a change at the present time would be unjust to those students who have devoted their time and their best thoughts to the end of being chosen to go on the Commencement Program. Although it does not seem practicable to make a change at this late date for this year's class, we trust that the plan may be deemed advisable for the Commencement Program next year.

What a world of thought is open to one as he stands in the hall and surveys the constantly changing throng of students that pass up and down before him. All the complex varieties of mankind are to be found here in embryo, but the strongest impression made upon an acute observer is the predominant spirit of indifference and apathy to the future needs of this life. The school boy wanders aimlessly around, having no object in view, except perhaps his immediate enjoyment. There appears to be no directness of purpose or concentration of aim, so necessary for the accomplishment of any real success. Studies that require thought and hard application are skimmed over, and the golden hours, which should be employed in storing up knowledge and brain power for future use, are spent in idle frivolities, which, if they do nothing worse, at least absorb, without furnishing any proper equivalent, a large amount of most valuable time. There comes a time in every man's life when all his energies and all his abilities will be called for, and he

will be put to the severest test; and as much as we have prepared for that trial, just that much will we succeed. How few young men or young women comprehend the value of stored up energy, of absorbing all that can be obtained in this, the spring time of their life. A few foolish pleasures foregone now are deemed almost unendurable hardships, but after the lapse of years, comes that too often heard lament, "O, why didn't I study more at school. If I had I wouldn't be where I am now." We will not all be known to fame and fortune, but wherever we are, whatever we do, the length and breadth of our minds are being made now, and we can make them what dimensions we will. It is our choice. We have every opportunity in the world to obtain an education, and it depends on us alone as to how much we will profit by our opportunities.

Perhaps the most difficult undertaking of the whole school year to arrange and complete is the Field Day exercises. Field Days, like too many other things, are spasmodic. We have them on an average about once every three years. The arrangements for Field Days have not annually failed on account of lack of good management on the part of the Association, and THE REGISTER, never in the rear, has always beat the big drum at the front of the procession. The seat of the Field Day failures lies rather in the indifferent and indolent spirit with which the major portion of the student body consider Athletics. This year there appears to be another great revival of Athletic spirit, and from the present indications our Field Day will be a grand success. But what is still needed is more entries on the various contests. Where we now have three or four entries we should have a dozen. Let each boy, even if at a small personal sacrifice, enter at least one of the contests, and in this way do what he can for our Athletics.



An April Fool.

The unspeakable small brother was all alone in the big house, for his mother and sister Kitty were out on a shopping tour, and the boy was obliged to stay in doors on account of a sprained wrist. This did not quell his effervescent spirits, however, and after tormenting the cook and making the old dog dance in paper slippers he was roaming about in search of more worlds to conquer.

All at once he spied the telephone and his blue eyes danced with glee. Having dragged a big arm chair across the room, he laboriously climbed into it and stood flushed and triumphant before the telephone, a stalwart little leg firmly planted on either arm of the chair. The little red lips were pursed into a bewitching pucker, and when a soft, clear voice just like Kitty's glided over the wire, it aroused no suspicion at the other end of the line. Could his sister have heard the conversation which amused Teddy so much, it would have undoubtedly fared ill with him.

Hello! Is this Mr. Grey?

Don't you know me?

What?

Oh, yes.

I want you to come up this evening. I have something dreful 'portant to tell you.

Why, Mr. Grey, of course I'm Kitty. I was just saying that as Teddy does.

(Teddy's eyes gleamed with mischief as he remembered that it was the first of April.)

I am so glad.

Why, of course!

Oh, have you? I love to talk about books. Don't you?

To me? Oh, Mr. Grey! (Teddy whistled softly to himself.)

Do you really?

Very much?

Oh, I don't know—well, may be a little.

Oh, dear! Mr. Grey! This is so sudden! (At this juncture Teddy turned from the telephone and gave one war whoop, but recollecting one of Kitty's novels, he turned back again.)

You must let me have time to think.

How can you?

Well—yes. (Very soft.)

It was with a beating heart that Jack Grey entered the parlor at Kitty Morton's that evening and when that bewitching young woman came forward to meet him he clasped her in his arms. For an instant there was a struggle, from which Kitty emerged very red and indignant with very much betouseled hair.

"Explain your conduct at once, Mr. Grey," she demanded, brushing back a rebellious curl from a very red cheek.

It was his turn to be surprised now, for was not this the climax of their morning conversation; but he replied with a beaming smile:

"It was the seal of your promise, dear."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Why, the seal, of course!"

"I do not understand you at all, Mr. Grey."

"Oh, Kitty! you surely do not forget—this morning—"

"I was down town."

"But your promise—"

"There is certainly some mistake, I was not here this morning. I promised you nothing."

"Indeed you did. Do not keep up this ridiculous farce longer. You telephoned to me and—"

"I telephoned?" (Kitty was suspiciously near tears.)

"Yes, and you promised to be my —."

At this crisis there was an audible giggle from under the sofa. Kitty shrieked and sunk into a chair, while Teddy, shamefaced and struggling, was dragged out by the indignant lover and sent howling from the room. As the door shut behind him there was a muffled "April Fool" and then a clatter of boyish feet.

And the promise—well—Kitty made the second one. '98.

A Trip Down the Ocklawaha.

MAY BALBAUGH, '93.

One of the most delightful trips we took while in Florida was down the Ocklawaha River. We left Palatka early in the morning, and went down the St. Johns on one of the queerest little boats imaginable. In the first place it was very, very small; it had a little cabin with a tiny pilot house on top, and only twelve state-rooms within, and these had the tiniest of berths where you were sure to bump your head if you sat up suddenly. The boat was rather long, considering its size, and very narrow, as it had to be on account of the width of the Ocklawaha. And then, as though making it such a queer size and shape wasn't enough, they had named it the Okeehumkee.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we passed from the St. John's into the Ocklawaha, a narrow, crooked, winding stream; and from here on the scenery was the most wierd and beautiful imaginable. Sometimes we passed through dreary swamps, where there was no color, except the green of the trees, and the silvery grey of the moss which covered them and gave everything a mysterious lonesome look; again through channels where lilies and other aquatic plants vied with each other in color and beauty, and sweet singing birds were heard; then through palmettos and again through cypress groves, whose arching branches met overhead and almost shut out the blue sky, and trailed grey moss down upon the boat; then past orange groves, where the trees were laden with ripe yellow fruit; and ever and anon, down the entire course of the river, the tall flamingos, with their beautifully delicate pink, and grey, and white plumage, would appear and make dainty pictures with the tropical foliage; and so we passed on through ever changing scenes to the end.

Much of the time was spent in watching for alligators, as few of us had ever seen them in their native state. Often the pilot would be the first to see one and his voice would ring out from above, "Alligator to the right," or "Alligator to the left," and then followed a wild rush to that side of the boat for a sight of the 'gator. Sometimes it would prove very small, then again larger, and once, we were well rewarded for our haste, for there on a partially sunken log, lay the largest alligator we had seen. It was from twelve to fifteen feet long, and until the boat hands threw logs of wood and tin cans at it, it took no notice of us, then it slipped off the log into the water, and slowly sank from view.

Every now and then in making some of the numerous bends of that narrow

river, long poles were taken out, and the boat shoved round by means of them. At one place, two trees, on opposite banks, are so close together, that the boat in passing between, brushes first against one, and then the other.

When night came on, a bright pitch fire was lighted on top of the pilot house, and a scene of the most wierd beauty was presented to our gaze. Right near us the light, falling on the long grey moss of the cypress trees, turned it to a silvery sheen, that glistened and shown, and a little farther back cast ghostly grey shadows that seemed to move and beckon, as the boat passed slowly forward, and far away in the background were shadows, deeper, darker, black. There was an intense stillness, broken only by the hooting, now and then, of an owl, and the sound of the waters gently lapping the boat. A little later the bright moon came up and cast a soft yellow light over all. Half a dozen darkies came on deck from below, and softly sang old plantation songs. It was beautiful. The wierd, faintly-lighted woods about us, the soft swish of the water, the sweet low voices of the darkies, and the intense silence. The witchery of such a night lingers in one's memory forever.

Early next morning we passed into Silver Run, a place where the waters of Silver Spring meet the Ocklawaha; it appears almost like a wall, so sharply do the two—the clear spring water, and the darker water of the Ocklawaha—come together. For three miles on, the water got ever clearer, and then we entered Silver Spring itself. This wonderful spring covers an area of five acres, varies from twenty to eighty feet deep, and objects along the bottom can be seen distinctly, so clear and pure are its waters. We took a boat and rowed out over it for sometime, dropping pennies now and then when over sandy, weedless spots,

and seeing them plainly as they went down, down, through the water, and even after they had reached the bottom. At one place on the bottom, there is a large crack—made they say by an earthquake, and then later widened by another—where the water can be seen pouring out, by means of the whirling sand near it. The bottom of this has never been found.

After loitering around awhile we went back to the Okeehumkee, and soon started on our journey up the Ocklawaha, and back again to Palatka.

The College of the Future.

By WALDO PONDRAY WARREN.

Whether or not we conjecture aright, it is ever interesting to peer somewhat into the hidden things of years to be. But our conjectures need not be fraught entirely with error, if we study carefully the shadows now cast by things beyond today. In the grander day which seems now dawning, as the tinted horizon foretells the radiant morn and full-orbed day, as the new century begins to cast its first gray streaks against the background of past time, shall we not expect to see the realization of many a dreamer's dream? Every great accomplishment was once the wild dream of some man—so wild that both dream and dreamer were hooted and ridiculed. Realizing this great fact, mortals have become less free to set limits for possibilities. And as these superstitious fetters of progress are breaking away, who dares say what shall not be done in years yet unborn?

From out of the darkness of heathen philosophy once went forth the declaration: "There is no royal road to wisdom." Regarding this decree as absolute, men became slaves as they passed beneath the yoke of its tyranny, and spent their lives with fettered limbs groveling through the labyrinth of mys-

tery. And yet while they yearned for a royal road, they dared not make pathless search, since superstition's condemnation shadowed the way. Who can say that this shackle of progress shall not also be stricken by the decree of Freedom—the decree which was begun somewhat in the civil war, and has been echoing and re-echoing ever since in every part of the world and in every phase of life. Former things are passing away. All the doctrines and theories and dogmas and maxims and systems long prevalent in human belief, are certainly beginning to crumble before the rising thought of man.

Let us gather these threads together, and see if we can weave a garment for posterity. Let us conjure up a "royal road to wisdom," and see if it indeed be not the college of the future.

All Truth must be a unit—every fact must fit every other fact. How grand a thing it would be just to get hold of some thread and unravel all mystery. If we could reach our conclusions in chemistry and geology and kindred things as systematically and incontrovertibly as we do in mathematics, how much useless work would be saved. It seems reasonable that Truth must be according to some principle just as demonstrably true as the science of numbers. I believe the day will come when all the facts in the universe, past, present and future, will be reduced to such a system that one paragraph can contain all there is to know. In that paragraph Truth will be divided from error. Then, branching out in each direction will be taken up the sub-divisions of each, till every mystery is unraveled. All these unravelings and explanations could be compressed between the covers of one book, which would indeed be a book of books. In it we could find, or from laws or clues set forth in it, everything we need to know. Other books, though

cherished for ages for their depth of learning, would seem like the babblings from a nursery, when compared to this voice of Truth. The study of this book and its marvelous thoughts would indeed displace the present laborious system of education, would constitute the college of the future and the "royal road to wisdom." No one longer dares cry "Impossible!" The only impossibility is the existence of an impossibility.

For the benefit of the English History Class we clip the following:

"First William, the Norman, then William, his son;
Henry, Stephen and Henry; then Richard and John;
Then Henry the Third, Edwards one, two and three;
And again after Richards three Henrys we see,
Two Edwards, Third Richard if rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, Sixth Edward, Queen Mary and Bess.
Then Jamie the Scot, then Charles whom they slew,
And again after Cromwell another Charles too;
Then James, called the Second, ascended the throne,
And William and Mary together came on,
Till Anne, Georges four and Fourth William all passed,
God sent us Victoria, may she long be the last."—Anderson H. S. Journal.

A much needed adjunct to the High School is a Library, where all the books and encyclopedias may be kept in proper shape and in order. Under the present conditions the books are scattered around throughout the building, on the various desks, radiators, or window sills. There are a few book-cases in the large study rooms, but these are more often empty or the books are piled up in them in disorderly heaps. A room which could be devoted exclusively to library purposes, and which could also be used as a reading room by the students would be a luxury indeed.



At a recent meeting of the Class of '96, Rev. Mackay, of All Saints church, was chosen to preach the Baccalaureate sermon.

Miss McHugh has abandoned the Rhetoricals for the remainder of the year in order that the Seniors may spend all their time on their graduation orations, essays and declamations.

The Seniors repeated their play, "The Little Rebel," on Monday and Friday afternoons for the pupils of the High School and their friends. It was also repeated Wednesday afternoon for the pupils of Central School. Mr. Short deserves great credit for his untiring efforts to make the Senior play a success. The Seniors in the play presented him with a very handsome stamp box as a souvenir before he left the city.

The Seniors gave their last Social on the evening of the 15th of May. Preceding the dancing, a one-act farce, "The Little Rebel," was given by several of the talented members of the class.

THE CAST:

Mr. Stephen Poppincourt	Mr. Will Godso
Arthur Ormeston	Mr. Clarence Thurston
Mrs. Wingrove	Miss Belle Goldsmith
Laura Wingrove	Miss Josephine Biart
Kitty	Miss Edna Sherwood

The play was well given and evoked considerable applause. Miss Goldsmith and Mr. Godso were excellent in their portrayal of character, while Miss Biart was very good in the title role. Mr. Thurston and Miss Sherwood also played their parts well.

The social was a grand success. The committee acquitted itself very well considering the opposition of the elements. The halls never looked lovelier. Delicious punch was served during the dancing and ices and cake served during the in-

termission. Who could have known by looking at the gay throng indulging in that last "Home, Sweet Home," that within a short month the tall dashing youths and the fair maidens would lay aside their school life and joy and emerge into the path of manhood and business. But it is so. Youth must give way to manhood and so on. The party broke up at midnight and every one regretted that the last social of the Class of '96 was over.

The Oratorical Contest.

The second Annual Oratorical Contest was held at Boyd's Theatre on Friday, May 1st. The High School colors, purple and white, as well as the various class colors furnished pleasing decorations to the house. The place was well filled with deeply interested and highly enthusiastic students, who, with their wildly discordant class yells must have raised Lucifer himself, as they gave vent to their pent up enthusiasm during the intermissions. Not the least among the noises produced on that occasion was the new REGISTER yell, which charmed, entranced, infatuated every one who came within its siren spell.

Miss Belle Ryan won the oration, and reflected great credit upon herself by the skillfully written article and its most excellent delivery. Possessed of a voice as clear as a bell, every word, every syllable, was pronounced with a startling clearness and distinctness. Ninety-six may well be proud of its fair orator. Although Ralph Connell's voice was not in as good condition as usual, yet with the difficult subject he had to handle, he made an excellent showing, and incidentally gave some valuable suggestions to the citizens of Omaha as to how the school funds should be obtained. Miss Haislip's declamation, "The Polish Boy," was rendered with the skill of an artist. So conclusively did Mr. Odin Mackay

state his reasons for retaining the railroads under private management that the judges were forced to agree with him. Mr. Mackay also won the prize for the best delivery. Thus while each class received one of the honors, the victory properly belongs to the Freshman class in that Mr. Mackay, its representative, won the prizes.

Commencement.

The Commencement Exercises of the Class of '96 will be held at Boyd's Theatre, June 25th. The following prices will be charged: For seats in Parquet and Parquet Circle as far as posts, 50c; from posts to rear end, 35c. Three front rows in Balcony, 35c; other seats, 25c. Box seats, 75c.

At the special meeting of the Board of Education held Friday, May 22nd, Miss McHugh, who has been for the past year at the head of our English Department was elected First Assistant Principal. The REGISTER extends its congratulations to Miss McHugh. This action of the Board of Education is to be heartily commended. Under the leadership of the present staff of able and efficient teachers our school need not fear for its future.

Our worthy contemporary, The Dartmouth, urges its Senior Class to present to their Alma Mater, a liberty pole, and to unfurl at its top the stars and stripes. The suggestion we think is too good to be lost. Familiarity breeds contempt in some cases, but we can never become too familiar with the emblem of our country. A liberty pole could be placed in the campus, within sight of all, and each day those who gaze upon it may become more enthused with that spirit of patriotism and love of country which a sight of the dear old flag always inspires. The class that first adopts this custom would immortalize itself in the hearts of future generations of High School pupils.

SQUIBS.

The fake bugler.

On the hog—Bristles.

Kompany Zee, hee, hee.

Undermined—The Body.

"Joe" was simply immense.

The fire-escapes were too damp.

"Where are you going, L——?"

Oh, doesn't Joe make a cute kid.

It was too short—so were the dances.

"It all depends on the mood you are in."

Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

Teacher (in Geology)—What is Ichthyology?

Dickinson—It is the study of the teeth.

Hi! hi! hi! Ho! ho! ho! '96, don't you know.

Speaking of Gabriel, what's the matter with Belle?

That's why H. I. didn't play hookey on Wednesday.

Boys' bicycles are quite handy sometimes for girls.

Ask the Junior Latinists about the cow that ate apples.

Willson says it rained so much he began to get web-footed.

Who is that fellow across the ocean that Edna is in love with?

We must initiate our next callers, and give them a taste of true life.

"Miss Gertrude, what's a Macomber?"
What is Amy after on the fly?

The Bugler was not always ready behind the scenes in the Senior play.

The colors of Company Z are black, orange and red. Hurrah for Co. Z.

Everybody was dazed when they found out that the Senior Play was really ready to be produced.

Smart Senior (at the play)—That dress reminds me of two towns in France—Toulouse and Toulon.

Why not have the drum corps furnish the music for the Socials and Hops during the year? Why not?

The members of the drum corps carry dictionaries which they put in use to understand True's language.

A surprise party was given on Miss Edith Ward, May 7th, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Chas. Eichelberger, formerly of '98, is now attending the High School at Middletown, Ohio, and is getting along fine.

We thought the 8th B. Class from the Pleasant School had come to stay last Friday morning, but they were only visiting.

The recent eruption of Greek paradigms in the cranium of Miss M. P. K. was due to the fact that an enterprising reporter gave utterance to some scandalous reports as to said Miss M. P. K.'s beauty(?).

The 9th Graders have confiscated the yell of Company B, with slight variations. They should evolve a yell of their own.

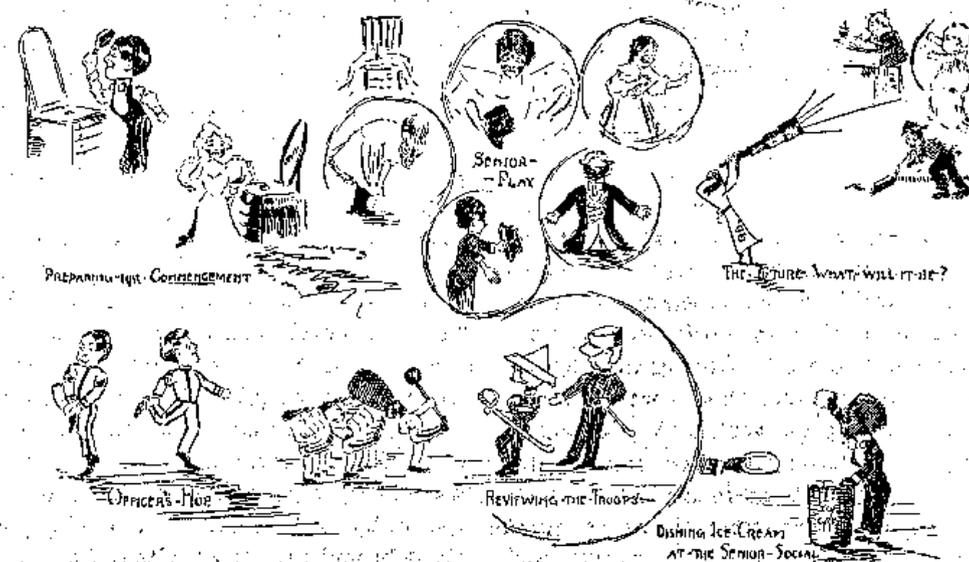
Waldo Warren came up to school a few days ago, and visited his old classmates. It was like old times to see Warren around.

Hand in something for the Commencement number. Your interest in it will be in proportion to the part you have taken in getting it up.

Something new—everybody has a different beau (bow) in the sky. His beautiful brown eyes were closed and heard it not.

While a bunch of Sophs were trying to inform the slumbering city on the night of the Contest that they were the only people on earth, a policeman was heard to remark: "Them kids, if I had one sour apple I could go over there and make the whole crowd drunk."

If the party who stole a nickel plated wrench and a pump tube from the Belvidere wheel in the basement, will kindly return same to the owner, no questions will be asked and no trouble will ensue.



Miss Goldsmith in "The Little Rebel," surprised many of her friends by her artistic work on the cornet. We feel it our duty to state that all compliments should be given to Mr. Ben Cotton, our Cadet Bugler.

Under our Scientific heading, we have an article on the value of the study of Chemistry, written by Ira Remsen, the author of our Chemistry text-book. This article is important to those students who have not yet decided to take Chemistry in their Senior year.

The members and teachers of the 8th B Classes from the Lothrop, Lake and Long Schools visited the High School during the past month. The members of the classes are very favorably impressed with the wonderful things they saw here.

The Commencement Exercises of Bellevue College will be held at the College Chapel, Bellevue. The exercises will occupy a period of three days, from June 7th to 10th, the final Commencement Program being at 10 a. m. Wednesday, June 10th. You are invited to attend.



What Is Chemistry?

IRA REMSEN.

Everybody who thinks must be impressed by the great variety of things found on this earth, and the question, What does the earth consist of? must often suggest itself. Among the important results reached in studying the things around us is this, that notwithstanding their great variety they are made of simple things, and these in turn of still simpler—that there are, in fact, only about seventy distinct kinds of matter, and

that all the complex things around us are made up of these seventy elements. The solid crust of the earth, as far as it has been possible to investigate it, all living things, both animals and plants, the air and water, consist essentially of twelve elements. The elements do not, as a rule, occur as elements. They are generally found in combination with one another. Oxygen and nitrogen are, to be sure, found in the air as elements, uncombined; but such familiar substances as water, salt, and quartz consist of elements in combination. Thus water consists of hydrogen and oxygen. Hydrogen, the element, is a colorless, tasteless, inodorous, and very light gas that burns readily. Oxygen, the element, is also a colorless, tasteless, inodorous gas. It does not burn, but burning things burn with much increased brilliancy in it. When hydrogen and oxygen are mixed together in a vessel under ordinary conditions, no action takes place. They mix thoroughly, forming a mixture that is also a colorless, tasteless, inodorous gas. If a spark is applied to this mixture, a violent explosion occurs, and this is the signal of a great change. The two gases have entered into chemical combination; they are no longer the gases hydrogen and oxygen; they have entered into combination and now form the liquid water, a substance with properties entirely different from those possessed by the constituents.

Again, chlorine, the element, is a greenish-yellow gas that acts violently upon other things and causes changes in them. Inhaled even in small quantity it gives rise to distressing symptoms, and in larger quantity it causes death. Its odor is extremely disagreeable. Sodium, the element, is an active substance that has the power to decompose water and set hydrogen free. When chlorine gas is brought together with sodium, the

two combine chemically and form the well known compound salt, or, as the chemist calls it, sodium chloride. From this the elements chlorine and sodium can be obtained by the chemist. These two examples serve to show what is meant by chemical combination and by a chemical compound. Chemical compounds are generally found mixed with other compounds. This is shown, for example, in many of the varieties of rocks, as granite, which consists of three different chemical compounds. It is shown much more strikingly in living things, all of which are made up of a large number of chemical compounds, mixed, to be sure, not in a haphazard way, but beautifully adjusted and working together in wonderful harmony. Just as such elements combine chemically to form compounds, so elements act upon compounds and cause changes in their composition. Thus oxygen is constantly acting upon other things, sometimes slowly, but, in the case of fire, rapidly and with tremendous energy. It is commonly said that fire destroys things. In fact, it changes their composition, and the principal products of the change are gases. This kind of chemical change is the most familiar that is brought about by the action of an element upon compounds. Compounds, too, act upon compounds, and cause an infinite number of changes in composition. Thus the food we partake of consists of chemical compounds. In the body these compounds find others and they act upon one another so as to repair the wasted tissues and cause growth. The gas known as carbonic acid, that is contained in the air, acts upon the compounds in the leaves of plants and causes changes that are absolutely essential to the life and growth of the plant.

Look, then, in any direction and you will see evidence of changes in composition that are constantly taking place, and

that are essential to the existence of the world as it is. These changes in composition and the compounds themselves that are involved in the changes form the subject of chemistry. In the light of what has been said it is clear that chemistry must be a very broad science. Remembering that chemical action is the cause of the formation of chemical compounds, that without chemical action the compounds would cease to exist and would be resolved into their elements, it is impressive to think what would take place if chemical action should cease. Most of the things familiar to us could not exist. The solid portions of the earth would, to a large extent, be replaced by the element silicon, something like charcoal, and by oxygen and a few metals such as sodium, potassium, and aluminum. Water would be resolved into the two gases hydrogen and oxygen. All living things would fall to pieces, and in their places we would have the gases, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, and the solid element carbon, most familiar to us in the form of charcoal. Life would, therefore, be impossible.

Any one in the laboratory who is interested in startling effects need only to follow the annexed experiment, which we have taken from an exchange: Potassium, iodine and sulphur, under slight pressure often produce an interesting result. $KxIx_2S=KISS$. This experiment should be done very carefully as the above result may not occur, and the reaction is often very violent. Therefore it should be performed in the absence of light and when few (usually two) are present.—Ex.

They started out on horseback,
Their Latin for to get,
Their teacher caught them at it, and
They've not their "horse" back yet.
—Academy Journal.

La Septima Hora

DIARIO DE LA MAÑANA.

VOLUMEN X.

JUEVES EL 28 DE MAYO.

PRECIO 5 CENTAVOS.

Nuestro objeto.

Por el beneficio de ellos que nunca delante han visto este Diario dirémos que él está publicado en el interés de La Septima Hora, una gran institucion, adonde las maestras mandan muchos señoritos, picarillos y otros que nunca aprenden sus lecciones. Aseguramos á todos que nosotros tenemos una mayor circulacion que todo otro Diario que está publicado en este globo.

Advertencia.

Un amable rico Señor de Persia á pesar de que ha sido casado muchas veces delante, ahora desea a casar con seis señoritas, bien instruidas, amáblas y hermosas.

Aplicen ál oficio de la Septima Hora.

Buena Cosa.

Si V. quiere á ver una dulce sonrisa sobre la cara del editor désele el precio de su suscripcion.

Trátelo.

Quando nuestra proxima edicion salé tendrémosp despachos de todas planétas y un especial despacho de nuestro nuevo correspondiente en el reino del Pluto.

Subscriba ahora

Duello.

El Señor Enriquito Lindsay ha desafiado ál Señor Guallerio Chámbelan que ha sido haciendo pretenciones a ser el mas tardo mortale en todo el mundo, en todo respeto. El Señor G. Chámbelan instantaneamente aceptó el desafio y nombró, como armas, cañones a veinte pasos. La Septima Hora siente mucho á oir esta mal noticia porque los dos señores han sido los mas regulares atendientes a nuestra gran institucion

La Septima Hora.

Victus requiescat in pace.

Desconocida Cantidad: — La pieza de jamon supuesto á ser entre las rebandas del pan que se vende en el café de la W. C. T. U.

Se necesita:—

Una nueva Esquela Alta.

Mas jamon y menor pan entre los sandwiches.

Mas suscritores



It is rumored that several of the Cadets were the worse for wear Saturday forenoon.

Sergeant Goetz, a Senior, was one of the last three to stand up in the Individual Competitive Drill of the High School Cadets.

On Tuesday, May 5th, the entire battalion was formed for review and inspection by Gen. Coppinger. The General was accompanied by his Aide-de-Camps, Lieut. Hutchinson and Lieut. Colonel Schwan. The Cadets made a very creditable appearance. General Coppinger seemed to be much pleased with the Cadets. On the other hand the boys all felt due pride in having the Commander of the Department of the Platte extend them such an honor.

Company "Z" was out in full force Friday night at the Competitive Drill. The members of the company carried canes with the colors, black, orange and red, and wore jaunty little caps. The yells of the different companies were given as they appeared on the campus. "Z" had a great assortment of its own yells, which were given with a vigor that surprised all; nor did they need to help the boys. The Council Bluffs girls heard of Company "Z," so they organized a company and some yells an hour before they came over here. We sincerely hope their company will be as great a success as ours. The chaperones were: Misses Walker, Landis and Fitch.

Officers' Hop.

All the way between 7:30 and 8:00 o'clock on the evening of May 8th, Cadets with spotless white duck trousers

were seen hurrying about the city in all directions. Soon these same Cadets, together with daintily dressed young ladies made a raid on the Omaha Street Railway. The people of Omaha soon became aware of the fact that something was going on at the O. H. S.

At half-past eight o'clock these gallant young soldiers and graceful young ladies, each armed with nothing but a pretty dance program, made their assault on old H. S. The occasion, of course, was the second annual hop given by the Cadet Officers' Club. The building was taken by storm. It had to surrender. The besiegers occupied it until twelve o'clock when with great reluctance their forces withdrew and allowed the glorious old building to stand. And, strange to say, it is standing yet.

But what a great evening it was! Everybody looked their best. The officers with their grey blouses and white ducks, and the girls with their smiling faces and dainty dresses, made the floor look as it had never looked before. The decoration committee had literally strewn the building with flags. To say the decorations were fine does not nearly express what they were. They were great. Music was furnished by the Fort Orchestra, with Wedemeyer leading, and better music could not have been desired. Every one felt that they could dance all night to it. After the tenth dance the dancers were served with delicious ice cream, strawberries and cake. After refreshments the dancing was kept up till midnight when, though everybody left the building with much regret, they wound up the evening with a final

O—O—O—M—A

A—A—A—H—A

O—ma—ha—High School.

The Competitive Drill.

The competitive drill is over, the Cadets no longer lose sleep over their tactics and Co. C is trying to find room for it-

self. The contest was held on the evening of May 22nd, at the Charles Street Park. The O. H. S. Battalion formed on Douglas Street, and in marching to the Park in the parade made a very good appearance. The program for the evening consisted of exhibition drills by the Thurston Rifles, Council Bluffs High School Cadets, Omaha Guards and Omaha Guards Gatling Section, and individual competitive drill by the Thurston Rifles, besides the competitive drill between four companies and the individual drill between twenty-five Cadets, two having been chosen from each Cadet company, Co. E included. Notwithstanding the heavy rain that fell just about the time the first company was to drill and which made the ground miserable for drilling the companies each put up a very good drill. The decision of the judges was as follows:

Co. C—Capt. K. Connell....86.7 points
Co. A—Capt. Stebbins.....82.7 points
Co. D—Capt. Wagner.....82.4 points
Co. B—Capt. Collett.....82.0 points

The flag will go to Co. C.

In the individual drill, with twenty-five men in line, Lieut. Penn gave the commands. The judges dropped the boys one by one until there were left but four, Sergt. Tukey of Co. E, Sergt. Goetz of Co. B, and Sergts. Sweet and Bowen of Co. C. First Tukey went, then Goetz, and two Co. C men were left. Sweet's head jerked a trifle to the right on "eyes right" and 1st Sergt. Storz Bowen of Co. C was awarded the medal.

There was a large crowd out and the High School Cadets were loudly cheered.

During an examination in astronomy a student, after writing a very little, arose and left the room. The professor looked and saw on his paper the words: "Sun, moon and starts forgot, Upward I fly."

—Ex.



Base Ball.

To put it plainly Bellevue was "dead easy."

Creighton College has refused to play us again.

How was Gardner disabled at Bellevue? Don't know. Ask him.

The Deaf Mutes did not think it was fair for us to coach the men while running bases.

The second team has been winning everything in sight. They have not yet been beaten.

The Bellevueites were ready to lynch Reed and Cotton for their "few, well-chosen," sarcastic remarks on the ball team and the town in general.

It seems that the towns in this vicinity seem more afraid of our base ball team than the foot ball team, for in the foot ball season they would answer our letters, but this spring they ignore them. Of course our only conclusion can be that we are such tremendous physical giants that they give us a wide berth.

The Second High School Ball Team is certainly doing itself proud. Under the wise leadership of Ray Gillespie they have won four straight games. Two from the Creighton College Second Team and one from the University Juniors. Monday afternoon they defeated the Creighton College Juniors by a score of 18 to 10. Batteries: Gardner, Raymond and Chambers; Murray, Tracy and Hagan.

The past month has been rather dull in the base ball line on account of the bad weather. The O. H. S. defeated the Deaf Mutes on their grounds by a score of 16 to 3. On Saturday, May 23rd, the team drove to Bellevue to play

two games. The first game with the town team ended with a score of 7 to 0 in favor of our team. The second game, played with the Bellevue College boys, resulted in another victory for the O. H. S. boys. Score 21-3.

Field Day.

Everything in regard to preparation and arrangements for Field Day is progressing favorably. There will be enough entries in every contest to make them very interesting and close. In obtaining prizes the committee has been extraordinarily successful, and tickets, now on sale, are selling well, of course. The first prizes will be very handsome gold medals for most contests. The second prizes, donated by prominent merchants in town, are well worth winning and will undoubtedly be perfectly satisfactory. Field Day will be held at the old fair grounds on June 3rd. The whole school will have a half holiday and since every pupil has the benefit of this each one should certainly buy a ticket and see the best entertainment given this year by the Omaha High School.



Phil Russell, '94, has been winning distinction at the State University. In the Individual Competitive Drill between the members of all the companies he received the second honor.

Miss May Kinzie, formerly a member of the Class of '95, died on May 8th, at her home in Walnut Hill, from stomach troubles. She was just nineteen years old. The sympathies of the class are extended to her parents in their bereavement.

Miss Julia Schwartz, of the Class of '91, will graduate at Vassar College June 10th. She is one of the eleven honor girls of a class of one hundred and twenty, and is to be one of the six speakers at Commencement. She has also been offered a graduate scholarship which entitles her to another year at the same college.



"Bicycles we sell," said the agent to Uncle Josh.

"That's all blamed nonsense," he replied, "by sickles we reap."

Why don't the Pawtucket H. S. Gleaner exchange with us? Are they too good for us?

We have received a neat little paper, called the High School Sentiment, from Parsons, Kans.

Some of our exchanges are not appearing quite as regularly as formerly. What is the matter?

The Silent Hoosier shows up occasionally from Indianapolis. Would be glad to see it oftener.

Students Pen, Pittsfield, Mass., bewails the lack of a foot ball organization. Why don't you organize one yourself?

Poor Bobbie passed away today,
His face we'll see no more;
What Bobbie took for H₂O
Proved H₂SO₄.

—School Bulletin.

The Inter-State Oratorical Contest, between the Universities of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Ohio, Missouri, Colorado and Nebraska, took place on May 7th, at Topeka, Kans. Iowa took first place and Nebraska came last.

A Tribute to the Yell.

The last sounds of revelry
 Had died away.
 Mondamin's feast was over,
 King Ak-Sar-Ben
 Had long since stretched his tired limbs
 Upon the royal couch.
 Ten thousand brilliant balls of fire
 Had burned out their last volt.
 The royal colors fluttered
 In the darkness.
 The dim gray streaks of dawn
 Had scarce illumed the eastern sky.
 The grand carnival was over.
 As I lay half dreaming on my pillow,
 There came to me,
 Wafted gently on the wind,
 A sound that was sweet to me.
 It told me
 Of happy days,
 Of past pleasures and future hopes,
 Of many victories,
 Of youthful enthusiasm,
 And of the joyful fire of hearts
 Maddened with an overflow of life.
 The sound was sweet to me.
 It was the old school yell.

It occurs to us as worthy of note that
 the bed of a lake is always furnished
 with a sheet of water.—Ex.

Lord Nobly (to Nevada Nick)—Y'
 must 'ave lived 'ere a good while, eh?
 Nevada Nick—See that mountain thar?
 That was a hole in the ground when I
 came here.—Ex.

Eugene—Marfa, you is sweet as a
 marshmiller.

Martha—He! he! Yo' bettah call me
 yo' chocolate drop. Don't similitude
 me to yo' soft white trash.—Truth.

English Groom (to parvenue employer)
 —Shall I drive up 'ere and 'itch?
 Employer—No, go over to that post
 and scratch.—Ex.

Clothing Department ...

Tell us your idea about Spring Clothing and we'll tell you ours. Let us talk it over here at the store, where you can try on some of the new Suits and Spring Overcoats. We will not ask you to buy if you don't see what you want . . .

DON'T PUT IT OFF

If you are going to buy for spring, might as well buy early and get a whole season's wear and comfort out of your clothing. Good goods can't be sold lower than we are selling them now, and first pick out of this splendid new stock and Largest New Stock ever shown in Omaha.

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Gray and Brown Cassimere Suits, sack style, in sizes 34 to 42, for \$4.00. All wool black, blue, brown, and gray Cheviot Suits, first class tailored, latherene lined Suits that usually retail for \$8.00 and \$10.00, we offer this spring for \$5.00.

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All we ask in this line of clothing is, don't buy until you have seen our spring line, from the lowest priced honest made garment to the finest made boys' and children's clothing. If we can't save you money we won't ask you to buy.

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