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25c Brown's Camphorated Tooth Powder we sell	14	50c Kathairon—Lyon's for Hair—we sell.....	39
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50c Champhor Ice, we sell.....	39	50c Malvina Cream or Lotion, we sell.....	39
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VOLUME XI.

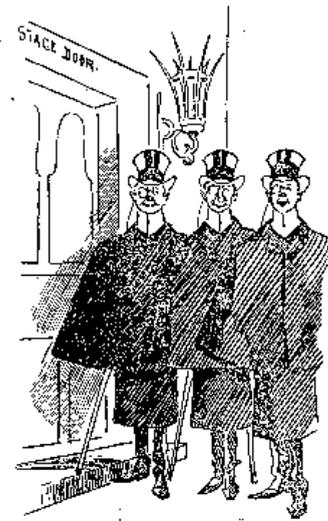
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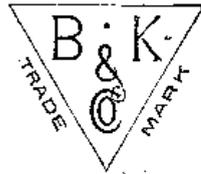
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The Omaha High School



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High School Register.

VOL. XI.

OMAHA, NEB., MARCH, 1897.

NO. 7.

THE REGISTER

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

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DOROTHY YOUNG, '93. **AUGUSTA YATES, 1900.**
CHESTER B. SUMNER - Business Manager.

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

Editorial.

DURING this month the question of honors at Commencement was a good deal discussed among the Seniors and it was decided that the average for determining honors should be reckoned from the marks of the entire course of four years or as long as the student has attended school. Although a few favored the plan of taking only the last two years or less, we believe that there can be but little doubt that the method selected was the just one. Some have their poorest marks in the Freshman year and their best in the Senior, others vice versa, so that the way most advantageous to one is not to another, but looking at the question fairly it is evident that the whole course is what should count. Those who have come out at the head and received honors we heartily congratulate and wish them the success in after life that has attended the end of their school life.

TRAINING for Field Day has commenced and the outlook for our track team this spring is very much more favorable than had been expected. It is probable that just as last year, our own Field Day will be first and then the competitive one with our neighbors across the river. There is no necessity for us to preach here on the great value or the need of strict physical training for these contests, we wish simply to speak in encouragement of the athletes of the school and to assure them that the indications are that the interest in Field Day this year will be considerably greater than last. So let all who enter any contests be actuated by a conscientious desire to do their best and to enable O. H. S. to wipe out the memory of that defeat of last year.

WE WISH to make an apology. This is the first time it has been necessary for us to do this but under the circumstances, we do not feel the humiliation that we might if the matter pertained to something else, but do it gladly, of our own accord. In an editorial last month on the question of the Officers' Club Hop being given elsewhere than in the High School building we were guilty of making the following very rash and thoughtless statement: "No class, or other school organization has ever given a dance anywhere but in the old O. H. S." In making this most imprudent assertion we were so unfortunate as to do an injustice to no less an organization than Company Z, and the depth of our remorse

and contrition at being the source of so ungallant a mistake as this, it is impossible for us to express. We desire here and now to state that we realize vividly the fact that to offend Company Z would be one of the worst breaks possible for us to make and to explain that we *did* know that Company Z gave a very successful and enjoyable dance at Creighton Hall last year, but that in a moment of haste and great absentmindedness we were guilty of letting this fact slip our memory while writing that unfortunate sentence. We hope this is a satisfactory apology and explanation to the fair members of that most popular feature of this school.

WE SHOULD like to confer with our exchanges on a point which we consider important and which needs the attention of the school papers if anything does. What we refer to is, the question of old jokes. We realize, we hope, as much as any one the fact that respect and veneration are due to old age, that the influence of time is, on many things, one of improvement, that the antique is often beautiful, and that constant usage polishes and makes perfect. We know that a joke that can pass beneath the critical eyes of many editors and be considered good, must have certain merits. But after a certain point has been reached patience is no longer a virtue. Some jokes there are that we have seen, copied and recopied, quoted and requoted, in one paper after another until they have become "a sight for sore eyes" (to make them worse), and we feel that we must protest at last. The worm will squirm. We think it would be an excellent plan for a sort of protective league to be formed and entered by all worthy and right-minded editors of school papers, to taboo certain jokes and utterly put a stop to further repetition of

them. It is not necessary for us to mention any of these jokes, for we feel confident that many of our colleagues, when they read this, will be able to call to mind examples of the evil against which we propose to act. Let us therefore unite, brethren, in this worthy enterprise and see if we cannot accomplish some good.

THAT much-argued subject of Commencement Exercises has been brought up again and the Seniors have been very much interested, almost excited, over it. It is probable that after all the old plan of Essays, etc., will be adhered to in preference to that of having a speaker from outside for the class. Much has been said for and against the plan; jokes on the proverbial tediousness and length of Commencement Essays are old. After all, however, the fact still remains that the opera house is always crowded, account for it as you will. An important side of the question, too, is that of expense. There are many who think that the extra expense (which would be considerable) of having such a speaker as would be desired, counts heavily against the advisability of the new plan. It is possible that a great part of those that favor a change do so simply for the sake of change; that is, to have something new. The matter cannot be put to vote for the reason that it would seem selfish for those who would have no chance for reading essays on Commencement night (that is to say the majority of the class) to vote down the few who might have the honor of being on the program; while if it were left to only those that could take part the same element of selfishness would appear if they should decide on the old plan. However this perplexing problem is settled we hope there will be no hard feeling on the part of anyone and besides, it is hoped

that there will be a splendid Class Day that shall be a credit to '97 and leave only a pleasant impression on the minds of those who leave these beloved halls at the end of this term.



WESSLEY'S WHEEL.

Wessley was a bank clerk. That, however, was nothing against him, for all the fellows at his club said that he was a good enough sort of a fellow. He had one fault, he hated wheels. His club was an athletic club and a great many of the members rode, or as they called it, "biked" to and from their work, and on Sunday morning the club took long runs into the surrounding country. Wessley never went along on these runs, not he. He went to church and then took a walk out to 37th Street, where there lived a young lady with whose brother Tom Wessley was acquainted. He dined there occasionally on Sundays, being invited by the brother. In time Wessley became acquainted with the sister. He called there more frequently than formerly, and when his friends said: "Why does Wessley walk so much out toward 37th Street?" Wessley kept still, but afterwards said that he went out there to see Tom on business.

When he called there one night he saw standing on the porch against the wall—a wheel! Moreover it was made for gentleman's riding! Wessley looked at that wheel and then looked again. Then he reflected: "Whose wheel can that be? Can't be Tom's for he is out of town and he wouldn't ride one anyway, and it is out of the question that his father would, whose then can it be? Surely not Grace's (Grace was Tom's sister) for it is a man's wheel.

But if it were hers, what could it mean? A man's wheel for a lady; and if so, bloomers, of course." Wessley groaned. But he went in and was asked to wait just a moment till Miss Grace could see him, she had just been riding. "There it is," groaned Wessley, "She's been out riding that infernal machine and of course along with her and the machine went bloomers." But here his thoughts were interrupted.

"Good evening, Mr. Wessley, it is very kind of you to call this evening. I have just been out riding." Wessley did not afterwards remember just what he replied, or how he got through that evening, but he did remember that the conversation was mostly on riding. He took his leave after a short time and boarding a car made his way down toward the club. On the way down he passed a large building formerly an armory, which now bore this sign: "Bicycle Riding Taught Here! Learn How in a Few Lessons." Wessley got off the car and made his way into that building. Five minutes later you could have seen him mounted upon an old bicycle and doing his best to keep from falling. He stayed in that place about fifteen minutes and when he came out his own mother would not have known him. He was tired and dirty, his trousers were torn and his hands skinned and bruised. Over one eye there was a bump, blue in color, which was rapidly growing larger. He made his way to his boarding place and did all he could to make himself presentable, but that bump over his eye would not go down. When he went to work next morning one of the men at the bank asked him if he had been in a fight. "Oh, no!" said he, "not that; only an ice cream festival." That evening he was over at the academy again and trying to ride without falling down. At length he mastered it so that he could

ride some little distance without falling. He felt better, too, and determined to call upon Grace that night. When he went up to the house he saw her sitting alone upon the porch. She greeted him cordially and asked him why he had not called sooner. Wessley gave an evasive reply and after a short time led the conversation upon wheeling. "Oh!" said she, "I wish that I could ride, but mother thinks it is unbecoming. My uncle, however, rides a great deal, and when he comes here he always gives me a lesson." Wessley looked rather blank. All this riding, bumps and arnica had gone for nothing then. But he said: "It would give me great pleasure to teach you." "Oh, thank you! But do you think mamma would consent?" "Where is she?" said he. He talked it over with mamma and about two weeks after that some of his friends were surprised by seeing him on a tandem with a young lady in front of him. The boys were astonished; they stood on the curbstone and looked and stared after them, then they went down to the club and told every one what they had seen.

"Wessley the wheel hater! The man who would not be seen on one of the 'infernal machines' on a tandem! And, moreover, clad in golf stockings and knickerbockers, and with a young lady in front of him. Oh, it was too rich! Very soon the whole club knew it, and when Wessley should come down to the club wouldn't they give it to him! He didn't show up for two days, and when he did come over, clad in bicycle suit and riding the latest make of wheel, he was greeted with a howl of welcome. They crowded around him, stood off and looked at him, laughed and made fun, but Wessley stood unmoved by it all. Then he said: 'Boys, I'm sorry to tell you that I am about to become a benedict and will have to hand in my mem-

bership.'" A great cheer greeted this and they took him on their shoulders and marched around the club singing a triumphal march.

All the boys were present at the wedding, and among the wedding gifts were noticed two memberships from the Athletic Club for himself and wife, the first lady member; also from the same place, a beautiful tandem trimmed with white ribbon and bearing the motto: "Amor Omnia Vincit."

ENID'S DREAM.

By VICTORIA KILLMAN.

On the morning of the day that Enid and Geraint were to depart for Arthur's court, while the curtain of mysterious sleep was still drawn over the rest of the world, Enid awoke. "Yes, only a few hours, and we shall be on our way to Camelot," thought she, "and there I shall be made known to Guinevere, and wedded in state to my noble prince." At this her eyes rested upon a worn garment that was all she had to wear on this eventful day, an old-fashioned faded silk—her very best dress. "Oh! how unfit," said poor Enid, to herself, "this old silk is to wear to the great court," and the more she thought of it, the greater her fears became. "What would all the knights and ladies in Arthur's court think when they saw her enter the room so plainly dressed—and then she would be such a discredit to Geraint! Why was he so eager to go today? Could he not wait just a day or two—but no! it would seem ungrateful to ask another favor of him after all he had done. She must patiently comply with his wish."

Then Enid's thoughts drifted back to those scenes familiar to her in the home of her childhood. She thought of how she used to watch a pool of golden carp as they darted about in the bright water,

and she remembered that among them there was one poor, lustreless creature, so inferior to his brilliant brethren that she often pitied it and wondered how it could be of the same kind, in the same pool, yet, oh! so different. Half asleep, she fancifully compared herself in her faded silk amidst the gaily attired ladies of the court to this lonely little creature among his favored companions.

Then her fancy led her from the world of color to the world of mystic dreams. She dreamt that in a pool of gay and shining carp she was just such a lonely, faded form. But this was in the garden of a king, and although she lay quietly hidden where a dark shadow fell across the sunlit waters, she was aware of all the brightness and gladness of the world about her. The sky above was of the deepest blue. Birds of splendid plumage were flitting about in the warm sunshine, filling the air with their melodies. Flowers of the fairest colors and sweetest perfume were growing in the garden, and freshly watered by the gardener, sparkled like various gems amid the grassy plots. The lords and ladies of the court in gorgeous costumes went strolling down the garden walks talking of Arthur's fair kingdom. Children of the King in cloth of gold came down to the pool to watch the golden fish. "Oh if only they will not see me," she thought, "I will be content to remain in this dark spot forever, content only to see, to feel the happiness and beauty of the world about me." While she lay thus half hopeful, half fearing that even this was to be denied her, the stately Queen, Guinevere, came down the vine-trellised walk and all the children ran to her crying, "If we have fish at all, let them be gold," and they besought the Queen to order the faded creature to be cast upon the mixen that it should die. Yes, just because it did not appear beau-

tiful and glitter like the rest, no matter if it was of the very same kind, no matter if its life was sustained in the same way, it must be cast away forever, left alone to die, never to be thought of again. At this a gardener came and seized on her, and Enid awoke with a start, to find that it was her mother trying to get her well awake.

Only a dream! Begotten of nothing but fantasy, but in that dream we may find touches of real life. Oh, wonderful gift of a nature such as Enid's, so truly set forth in a dream! A sweet, noble, patient nature—not complaining of the frown of Fortune; happy but to know that others are happy; appreciative of all to which she herself could not hope to attain, satisfied to go through life unknown, a purest gem hidden in the depths of ocean, her gentle life attuned to the music of her own song.

"Turn, Fortune turn thy wheel and lower the proud;

Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm and cloud;

Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou art shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

A DREAM OF THE IDEAL.

By THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The Ideal! Ah, who does not sigh for the Ideal? To quote Coleridge: "I dreamt that I had died in sleep, and was a blessed ghost." Yes, I was a ghost, as airy and transparent as the one who came to Scrooge so many years ago,—and much happier. And I floated inquiringly down the hall at O. H. S. to see what change had taken place since I had changed so decidedly.

It seemed all as of old. The tall boys gathered near the bookcase in groups that retarded the progress back and forth of the tall girls, who were parad-

ing arm in arm; the small boys ate apples and spilled water at the sink when the teachers weren't looking, and everything was as draughty, and as dusty, and as delightful, as before my death.

But wait—who was that? A stranger, surely! An alert looking fellow with a lofty brow, evidently of mighty intellect. He carried behind his ear a lead pencil about a foot in length, his right hand held a fountain pen of a pint's capacity, his left bore a great open pad, in which he wrote almost constantly. This pad explained to my ghost who the stranger was; for as he jotted down his thoughts, now on one page, now upon another, I noticed that the sheets were headed variously, "Squibs," "Society," "Athletics," and so on. It was the new Associate Editor of THE REGISTER, who had taken my place, now that I was dead! His name was Mr. Knowun.

And what an editor he was! Always watchful for something for the paper, always ready to jot it down before it should be forgotten; nothing ever escaped his eye, the slightest whisper was caught by his ear; he always chose the right thing and let the rest go; he seemed omnipresent and omniscient.

Sometimes he conversed gracefully and wittily with the others, yet he always wrote, no matter what else he did at the same time. I myself (the ghost of me) saw him write three pages of funny and original jokes, while reciting perfectly, though with a preoccupied air, forty-five lines of Vergil in Latin class!

My ghost was convulsed with delight at such an enthusiastic editor, and, curious to see if his work was as remarkable as his interest, it floated down stairs to where the newly printed REGISTERS are first packed under lock and key. There, sitting in a chair before the open door, was our Most Puissant Head Editor himself. The lines of care had dis-

appeared from his lofty brow; his own genial spirit beamed again from his eyes, his ambrosial locks were no longer ruffled by anxiety over backward editorials and printer's ink (only by foot-ball.) And as he leaned back in his chair with clasped hands he soliloquized aloud:

"Oh, what a treasure, what a pleasure, is Mr. Knowun! Surely he is the Ideal Associate come at last! He is unending in his brightness, his vivacity, his wit, his power; he is indefatigable in his work. Why, every month he brings me, at least two days before any other editor is ready, a collection of writings that is wonderful, both for quality and quantity. Every month he brings me twenty-five pages of editorials, such as Curtis might be proud of; every month he comes with fifty pages of personals, the most interesting things about everybody that anybody ever knew; every month he lays before me ninety pages of squibs, such squibs as Mark Twain or Bill Nye might envy him for; every month he presents to me twelve stories of the proper length and subject-matter, stories worthy of Hawthorne, of Thackeray, of George Eliot! Oh, what a treasure, what a pleasure, is our new Associate.

"He also has a funny poem to fill up spaces. He can touch up some one else's dull work with a few words and make it bright and interesting. Everything he hands in is headed properly, everything written legibly in ink, everything properly punctuated and spelled. Nothing is ever stale, nothing ever out of season. He induces all the other pupils to write for him, and seems to inspire them to do their best. We fill our waste basket to overflowing with good material, that we may make room for better; and THE REGISTER is ten times larger than it ever was before!

"With such support as this we can

make the Omaha HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER a world-famed paper; it will go down the ages ranked side by side with the Spectator. Oh, what a pleasure, what a treasure, is this that we have found."

On hearing this soliloquy, my ghost fell into a long reverie.

At noon everybody swarmed at once upon the class editors for their papers. Each pupil would have a REGISTER of his own, no one now would borrow of his neighbor. I watched them as they gathered in groups to read and discuss. Sometimes Mr. Knowun came among them, with pen and pencil and pad; he was already gathering material for the next issue!

I did not wonder at the eager interest in the serious parts; the chatter over the personals, and the ringing laughter over the squibs, but what was my astonishment to see one little group in the depths of grief, with great tears rolling off their faces and splashing down on the floor. Others, too, on coming to the same place, seemed deeply moved and made various manifestations of sadness. I glided toward them to see what could be the reason. There, surrounded by a band of black, touchingly written, bringing in all the good qualities of the deceased and forgetful of faults and mistakes—perfectly written, indeed—was my epitaph, by that invaluable Associate!

This was too much. I awoke from my dream and returned to the ordinary life at school, so different from what I had just seen. But as the Florentines of old looked forward to Pope Angelico, who was to rule all things perfectly, and cause by his power for good a time of peace and prosperity and plenty, so will we of the High School even wait and watch for thee, thou Ideal!



SENIOR PLAY.

The play, "Chums," as interpreted by the '07 comedians was a model of cleverness and dramatic art—to say nothing of propriety. The only feature of the performance which could be called objectionable or could in any way lower the moral standard of the Freshman class was the gum chewing, and, it was only by means of the "drag" which certain members of the school have with the Board of Education that kept this part of the play from being suppressed. As an antidote to any evil effects which this gum chewing may have, THE REGISTER wishes to remind the Freshman class that though their elders indulge in a little dissipation on occasions, that is no reason why they should do so also. When they become Seniors they may also take a little Rex Pepsin without having to take the Keeley cure, but it is unwise to begin too early.

The scene opens on the farm nominally of Mr. Breed but in reality of Mr. Reed. "Our Harry" is only waiting till "Mother" can explain the situation to the audience, before making one of his famous foot-ball rushes on to the scene, in the character of a college man. After displaying his slang vocabulary to the old folks and after having made numerous facetious remarks to the audience, he is informed that he is to marry a cousin whose mother "has been trephined for rheumatics," and the family retires to give Mr. Tukey, in the character of Tom Burnham, a chance to display his charms with a clear field. As he made his appearance, the eyes of the female portion of the audience assumed a green cast, while many a youth's heart broke

and fell with a dull thud upon his diaphragm when he realized that the sylph-like form and virgin beauty were but mere mockeries, and could be taken off in five minutes.

Mr. Lehmer again appears on the scene and after a few disparaging remarks on the personal appearance of Mr. Tukey, seats himself in the middle of the stage. Mr. Tukey approaches softly and leads with his left, flooring Mr. Lehmer, who then jumps to his feet, recognizes his old college chum, and the two embrace violently. [Tableau.]

In the ensuing conversation Mr. T. is informed that Mr. L. is in danger of matrimony and is invited to impersonate the hated cousin, which Mr. T., as may be expected by all who know him, accepted. "Pa" and "Ma" enter and meet the supposed cousin. Then all exeunt, and the real cousin enters red-headed (figuratively) at having no one to meet her at the train. Mr. Tukey again appears and recognizes in the real cousin his fiancée; she also recognizes him and begins to spar for an opening (she having a supernatural horror of masquerading); however, Mr. Tukey lies with customary facility and, for the sake of the plot, the real cousin consents to believe him. Exit Mr. Tukey—enter Mr. Lehmer. Mr. Lehmer thinks the cousin is not half bad, and begins to communicate his opinion to her. She tells him that she is already "took" and and reveals the name of her fiancé as Tom Burnham just as that gentleman enters. Mr. Lehmer proceeds to spoil his rival's reputation in her eyes, while the rival proceeds to spoil Mr. Lehmer's appearance in the back. The old folks enter and the plot gradually unfolds. Mr. Tukey unmasks, but his fiancée is still mad, and Mr. Lehmer seizes this opportunity to press his suit. This rouses Mr. Tukey's wrath and he informs

Mr. Lehmer that he is not the only fly in the molasses and appeals to the cousin. She wavers for an instant, then yields to her former love, and the curtain falls with a sickening thud.

Following is the cast:

Mr. Breed, a Vermont farmer... Lewis B. Reed
Harry Breed, of Harvard... Frank W. Lehmer
Tom Burnham, his chum (in female attire) Harry A. Tukey
Mrs. Breed Ethel M. Tukey
Flora Strong, her niece Fanny Cole

Editor's Note—We feel obliged to account for the noticeable pugilistic tinge in the style of our dramatic critic, by explaining that he was much interested in the late trouble at Carson City and is said by some to have lost some money on it.

SENIOR RHETORICALS.

At the Senior Rhetoricals, March 1, the following program was rendered:

1. Essay—"The Man in the Iron Mask" Miss Shea
2. Recitation—"The Little Hero" Miss Rehfeld
3. Piano Duet By the Misses Jensen
4. Debate—Resolved: "That the good acts of Napoleon outweighed his bad ones." Affirmative... Mr. Plummer
Negative Mr. Vore
5. Violin Solo Mr. Lyman
6. Essay—"A Trip to Butte City" Miss Gordon
7. Recitation—"The Legend of the True" Miss Roys

The program at the last Senior Rhetoricals, on March 19, was:

- Recitation—"MacLaine's Child" Miss Stapenhorst
- Essay—"Thos. Jefferson among the Men of His Time" Miss Shipman
- Recitation—"Ticket o' Leave" Miss Hurst
- Mandolin and Guitar Duet Messrs. Albert and Will Innes
- Recitation—"Loussaint L'Ouverture" Mr. Sumner
- Essay—"Tito Melema" Miss Shields
- Recitation—"Jane Conquest" Miss Robison

On March 3, Miss McHugh spoke on the Study of History, to those who do study it here and also to many others, who were there, in the Freshman study room. Unnecessary to say, the talk was very interesting as well as instructive

and of no small value to those who are pursuing this study at present. It is hoped that this will not be the last of such talks here.

Following are the names and averages of those that receive honors in the Senior Class this year:

Harrison A. Wigton, 95.6.
Miriam Hart, 94.9.
Zora Shields, 94.75.
Ella Crawford, 93.7.

Usually it is a girl that takes highest honors, but here is an exception to the rule, and the boys of the class are naturally highly elated.

Following are the names of those in graduating class ranking above 90:

Edith Higgins, 93.1.
Fannie Ward, 92.6.
Harry Crandall, 92.2. }
Wm. F. Krelle, 92.2. }
Gertrude Waterman, 91.6.
Lewis B. Reed, 91.2.
Bertis Oreta Matthews, 90.8.
Margaret S. Currens, 90.5.
May I. Schreiber, 90.3.
Hanchen Rehfeld, 90.2.



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

As the base-ball team needs practice and there is not any too much room on the grounds, all who do not play on the team, please *keep off*. This means you!

HARRY CRANDALL, Captain.

The Omaha-Council Bluffs Field Day, which was announced to take place May 14th at Council Bluffs, will not come off on that date. The Iowa boys go the State High School A. A. meet on the 21st and are not willing to give O. H. S. a date before that time. This makes

the probable date either May 29th (Saturday) or June 1st (Tuesday.)

The C. B. H. S. Executive Committee now has the matter under consideration and will finally decide it in a few days. If they decide that the time is too short between the State Meet and the 29th, the Field Day will be declared off. Both managements, however, are hopeful that an arrangement can be made. It is only fair to Council Bluffs to say that at the time they promised us the 14th of May they thought that their State Meet was to be on the 28th instead of the 21st and made all arrangements accordingly. If the meet is held it will be at the C. B. Driving Park and not at the Field Club Park, a thing which our athletes will appreciate. If an arrangement is made it will be announced on the bulletin board.

The home Field Day will be held on the 14th of May, at which time the following events will be contested. They are given in the order in which they will be contested:

1. One hundred yard dash.
2. Pole vault.
3. 120 yard dash.
4. Half mile run.
5. Hammer throw.
6. 220 yard dash.
7. Two mile bicycle race.
8. Running high jump.
9. Two hundred and twenty yard hurdle.
10. Shot put.
11. 440 yard dash.
12. Mile walk.
13. Running broad jump.
14. Half mile bicycle race.
15. Mile run.

The rules which govern entries are these:

Any person is eligible to these events, provided:

1. That he has been a regularly enrolled pupil in this school since Jan. 1st.

2. That he is an amateur according to A. A. U. rules.

3. That on or before the day set for closing entries he shall have paid to the Treasurer of the Association ten (10) cents for entry fee and, in case more than one event is entered, five (5) cents additional for each additional event entered.

Prizes will be given for first and second place in each event and the first three men in each will be eligible for the O. H. S. Track Athletic Team.

Outdoor practice will be carried on whenever the weather permits, and hammer, shot, jumping standards, etc., are open for the use of all, or, rather, to those who wish to indulge in athletics, and not in horse play.

Entries are open from now on and names should be handed to Charlie Engle.

The Captain wishes to announce that when he is not out for practice Noyes Spafford will be in charge as Vice-Captain.



Some of the Captains who had been ordered to give setting up exercises to the companies wandered off to the back streets and gave company drill. But they couldn't escape the vigilant eye of Capt. Wagner.

Co. B. had an exciting adventure some time ago in the shape of an encounter with a coal wagon. But contrary to what would have been expected the whole company was routed.

It seems that a certain horse wouldn't have anything to do with Co. A last week, and after demolishing, against a

telephone pole, the buggy to which it was hitched, strenuously objected to having Capt. Holmes hold him.

The Omaha High School Cadets were represented in the Inaugural Parade by Ex-Captain Clarence L. Thurston, who was one of the Aides-de-Camp on the staff of General Horace Porter, the Grand Marshal, and as such formed one of the escort for the President from the White House to the Capitol, and then rode with General Porter's staff and aides at the head of the Inaugural Parade. Captain Thurston wore his cadet uniform and most gallantly maintained the honors of the High School.



Never were so many note books just alike, seen before.

In Chemistry: "Where do you find the pulverized nitrogen?"

Some are beginning to think of the next Senior Prom. already.

Members of Company Z! Please note our apology in the Editorial column.

Enter some event on Field Day. Commence training now and work hard. (This only for boys.)

How to Enjoy Yourself at Rhetoricals, by Bidwell and Lyman. (Probable consequences not mentioned.)

A, B. spent considerable time looking at the consummate (sublimate) deposited on the sides of the test tube.

"He struck him on the shining spiel." (It has not yet been learned definitely whether the pupil who said this meant "spear" or "shield.")

One of the members of a Senior English class revealed the fact lately that

"Spencer died with a broken heart from want of food." What a sad fate!

"Waitah, waitah! There's a hair in this ice cream."

French waiter: "Zat eez impossible, monsieur. We use only ze shaved ice here."

What instruments did Jackson use in the war?

Stubby Crandall claims that he used scythes, for he says, "They mowed down whole platoons at once."

"Then a brown gas appeared."

"But there should not be any brown gas, the gas formed is invisible."

"Well, that's what I meant to say. An invisible brown gas appeared."

Following is a report we received from Shaw's Springs, Nevada, just before the recent slugging contest:

CORBETT'S QUARTERS, 1 A. M.

Corbett, after eating a heavy supper, consisting of a huge beefsteak furnished by his trusty butcher, Tufferin H. Ades, has retired and is snoring heavily. If he can give as heavy a blow with his arm as he is now, with his nose, he will surely win. Tufferin H. Ades has taken a great deal of care to furnish Corbett with good meat. He has a great deal at *steak* on the fight, and gives everybody a quiet *steer* to put money on Corbett.

Overheard in the hall:

First Student: "There was a dog in our room the other day and we had lots of fun. It was great."

Second Student: "What was, the dog?"

First Student: "No, you fool, the fun. It chased around the room and tore up papers and raised Cain generally."

Second Student: "What, the fun?"

First Student: "No, (getting angry) the dog, of course. It was getting fast

and furious in that room and we were expecting to catch the dickens for it."

Second Student: "What, the dog?"

First Student: "No, you idiot, the fun. I never did see such a blockhead."

They don't speak now. This is a true story.

Chamberlain's "Treatise on the Art of Rest" is soon to appear in the columns of The Weakly Hobo, of Hoboken, and also in book form. An addition to the literature on this subject by such an eminent authority should be welcomed by all who have given any attention to it. This is not, however, a work that will appeal to the masses, but rather to the close student who wishes to examine first causes and analyze the different phases of the subject in the spirit of scientific research. The author needs no introduction to the public, as his careful examinations of the pernicious effect of exertion on the human constitution having been continued through many years are already well known. The treatise is a masterpiece in itself and besides this there is a preface by Judge Chambers, a noted student of the languid art and worthy disciple of the author of the work. There is also a full length portrait of Colonel Lindsey, Master Workman of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Eminent Resters (in his golf stockings). Professor Chamberlain is himself a member of this Order and is also Chief Leaner of the Society of Languid Leaners. The book will be in twenty-seven volumes and will be sold only by subscription. Those wishing to subscribe can do so by leaving their names at the office.

Now in the last year of the reign of Cleveland it came to pass that the legislature at that little city called Lincoln bethought themselves of depriving the strong and lusty young men of Nebraska

of their sport, which was called foot-ball. And also one of the farmers that was in that same legislative body did introduce a paper called a bill, which was to make the playing of foot-ball a felony. And then there arose great strife in the assembly of learned counsellors and they did wrangle like a lot of washer-women, among themselves. And some were against the game and some were for it, and many hot and angry speeches did pass across the floor, carried upon the air, which became the color of the calm summer sky.

There arose from his seat in the assembly one of the legislators and he spake from his mouth as followeth: "Woe unto ye counsellors, woe unto ye if ye fail to pass this bill, for verily this foot-ball game is much like unto a prize-fight and doth tend to make our young men brutal and to kill each other, and to neglect studies for the game.

And this man had been to an university and forsooth had witnessed many games and enjoyed them!

And then arose another, who was opposed to the bill, and he spake in ridicule of the first one: "Woe unto ye, oh young men, woe to ye if this bill is passed, for which of ye hath \$25 to pay for kicking a foot-ball. It is a *high kick*." And he continued much in this vein, and the horse laugh of the whole assembly was turned against that first one and he was angry.

And they did then take sides and put the matter to vote and it was returned to the hands of the committee and there has it remained unto this day, and there let us pray may it remain forever and ever foot-ball without end. Amen and amen!

We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.—Addison.



Miss Lulu Wearne, '91, has gone to Albuquerque, N. M., for her health.

Mr. Frank Harris, '90, returned recently from an extensive trip through the South.

Miss Florence McHugh, '95 and Miss Ione Duffie, are the guests of Miss McHugh for two or three weeks.

Mr. Fred Van Horn, '93, has been promoted to the Sophomore Greek class of the University of Wisconsin.

Mr. Frederick F. Teal, '94, graduates from the Chicago Homeopathic Medical College on Tuesday evening, March 23.

Francis J. Gish, editor of Volume X, has accepted the position of assistant to the Chief Surgeon of the O. S. L. & U. N. R. R., at Salt Lake City, during the summer.

Miss Edith Schwartz, '93, achieved the unusual honor for a girl, of being elected President of the Junior class at the State University.

Mr. John Shank, '95, has won recognition already at Ohio Wesleyan University. He has been elected Secretary of the Freshman class, numbering 250, and this month, he has been sent to the State Y. M. C. A. Convention, held at Springfield, as representative of the University branch of the Association.



We have received the following Exchanges, since our last issue:

The Tattler, Ithaca, N. Y.
Epsilon, Bridgeport, Conn.
Epsilon, Bridgeport, Conn.
The Oracle, Malden, Mass.
The Item, Indianapolis, Ind.
The Tatler, Des Moines, Ia.
Aggie Life, Amherst, Mass.
The Gem, Springfield, Mass.
The Aerolith, Franklin, Wis.
The Kodak, Eau Claire, Wis.

The Calendar, Buffalo, N. Y.
College Chips, Decorah, Iowa.
The Whatnot, Fort Dodge, Ia.
The Nebraskan, Lincoln, Neb.
Old Hughes, Cincinnati, Ohio.
The Guardsman, Omaha, Neb.
High School Quill, Galena, Ill.
The Fence, New Haven, Conn.
The Amulet, West Chester, Pa.
The Mercury, Milwaukee, Wis.
The Lyceum, Los Angeles, Cal.
The Pulse, Webster City, Iowa.
Normal Thought, Buffalo, N. Y.
The Recorder, Springfield, Mass.
The Dartmouth, Hanover, N. H.
The Phonograph, Winona, Minn.
Oak, Lily and Ivy, Milford, Mass.
The Steele Review, Dayton, Ohio.
The Reflector, New Britain, Conn.
Res Academicae, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
High School Gazette, Lynn, Mass.
The Polyglot, Wilton Junction, Ia.
The Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Wis.
The Students' Pen, Pittfield, Mass.
The Susquehanna, Selmsgrove, Pa.
High School Journal, Pittsburg, Pa.
The Monthly Visitor, Haverhill, Mass.
The Silent Hoosier, Indianapolis, Ind.

High School Opinion, Ottawa, Kans.
The Hill-top Delver, Council Bluffs, Ia.
High School Echo, Greenwich, N. Y.
The Pennsylvanian, Philadelphia, Pa.
High School Record, Sioux City, Ia.
Coe College Cosmos, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
High School Bulletin, Montclair, N. J.
High School Argus, Harrisburg, Pa.
B. S. N. S. Quarterly, Bloomsburg, Pa.

The Cherry and White, Williamsport, Pa.
English High School Recorder, Lynn, Mass.

High School Radiator, Somerville, Mass.

High School Authentic, Stoneham, Mass.

The Nebraska Wesleyan, University Place, Neb.

A good idea for an Exchange Column is that of the Kodak. It classifies the exchanges according to the states that each comes from.

Sam Burns looks very nice in the picture of Dartmouth's Glee Club.

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