

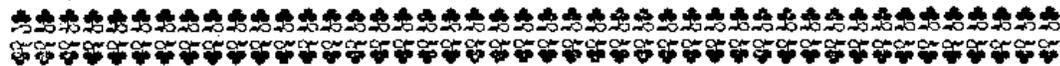
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Vol. XIV.

MAY-JUNE

No. 9-10

The
High School
Register

Commencement
.. Number ..



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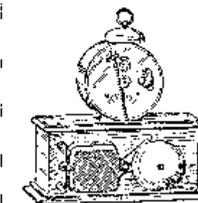
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High School Register

VOL. XIV.

OMAHA, MAY-JUNE, 1900.

No. 9-10.

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Editorial.

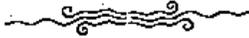
With this issue we close Vol. XIV. As we look back we can see our numerous mistakes and recall many instances where improvement could have been made. The common criticism is that the paper does not represent the school as it should. There has been an effort to remedy this, and we feel that the numerous improvements planned for next year will make the paper a marked success as compared with former issues, as an entirely new plan will be followed out. It has been the custom of the editor to elect the class representatives. This will be done away with and each class will be asked to select from their number two members to act as editors for their class. This, with several other changes, we feel sure, will make the school take an active interest in the welfare of the paper, and materially assist the board in their arduous duties.

We have been rather unfortunate in our track athletics this season, but fate seemed against us. We must, however, keep our energies for the next school semester. Our captain, to whom we looked to win at least four events at the state meet, suffered a severely sprained ankle and was prevented from entering any event. This disheartened the team and although the records made were good, the O. H. S. boys are capable of doing much better. Our base ball team we are proud of and much credit should be given to Coach Benedict for the efficient training he has given the boys.

Thus far they have not suffered a defeat. The organization of class teams has aroused a new enthusiasm and the Register hopes that next season far better records will be made.



Tonight the class of 1900 ends its life at the Omaha High School. For four long years have they toiled faithfully and diligently to attain the essential to success—education. Four years association has bound the members of this class with an inseparable tie, and perhaps after tonight when they step from the threshold of school into the wide and toiling world, they may never have an opportunity of seeing one another again. But memory never dies and the event tonight will be one always remembered by the class of naughty naught. The Register bids farewell to these Seniors and wishes them all success in their new vocations.



I Did the Best I Could.



The old Cambridge auditorium was filled at it had never been before. A special train had run up from Jaybrook loaded with the undaunted wearers of the "Blue." In fact it seemed as if all Cambridge had turned out to hear the great debate between Harvard and Yale.

On one side of the great hall were the Yale enthusiasts, on the other side the supporters of the "Crimson." Now on one side some person would cry Yale! Yale! Yale! Then a hundred voices would take up the cry, and deafening cheers would last for several minutes. Then would come the answer from Harvard. Suddenly the orchestra strikes up "Harvard Forever." President McBride of the Harvard Emersonians, appears on the platform, followed by the speakers of the evening, amid deafening applause from both schools.

President McBride then announced the speakers for the evening. The question for debate was: Resolved, That a Property and Educational Qualification Should be Made Necessary for the Citizens to Vote." Yale had the affirmative, Harvard the negative. Frank Gibson and Charles Chadwick were the Yale speakers. Charles Richards and Thomas Keane the Harvard speakers.

When Gibson arose to speak there was a burst of applause on the Yale side. He was calm and self-possessed, and spoke with a force that moved his audience to applause. His arguments were superb. His main point was, "Government exists for the protec-

tion of property, therefore those who own the property should constitute the governing power."

Richards of Harvard followed. He was calm, self-conscious and confident to the greatest degree. His articulation and gesticulation were excellent, yet they seemed mechanical. His speech was rather melo-dramatic. He gave many quotations from Lincoln, Jefferson and Webster. Sometimes he gave a paragraph from Webster, now one from Lincoln. It was grand thought, but yet it seemed to come amiss in his speech.

Chadwick devoted his time to refuting Richards' arguments and made few new points.

Thomas Keane followed for Harvard. There was forced applause on the Harvard side. For Keane was unpopular. Both boys and girls said that he was "a baby, who could talk of nothing but books, birds and flowers." He cared little for society and didn't take enough interest in their "hops." When asked to come out to the good times the boys had he always declined, saying, "I cannot, I must study, I haven't mastered Seneca yet. If I go to the 'hops' and receptions that is all that I can do."

What a crazy fellow he was. It was study all the time. He didn't seem to know that the lessons he was studying were the thoughts of men who lived years and centuries before. What did they amount to? Why they would not do a person half the good that it would to get out with the boys and girls and have a good time and learn modern ways. Seeing that he had such ideas he was nick-named "Baby."

Now he spoke quick and seemed rather nervous. He made humorous references to his opponents' arguments. In three minutes he had answered them all and his audience was in sympathy with him. But now came the hard part he must make a plea for a government by the whole people. Like a flash there came to his mind a picture. It was his boyhood home. The lights in front of him seemed to grow dim, he was back home. He heard the song birds sing as they sprang from limb to limb, heard the babbling brook as it ran past the door. There in a cage by the door was a beautiful canary. Seeing its kind fluttering about happy and free. Yet it was shut up alone in its little home. Now it tried to be happy and would sing, but soon it would sit still and look mournfully out at the merry songsters on the limbs. His voice trembled, a great lump rose in his throat, he paused and looked at the floor. The lights shone on the floor as bright as ever. The Yale men hissed and the Harvard people held their breath. He nerved himself and proceeded. He declared that it was not right that some men should be caged up like that little canary, while others were free and happily like the songsters of the woods. His

words came from his very soul, such beautiful language, such poetic thought. It was marvelous. He closed, resumed his seat and buried his face in his hands.

The judges gave the decision to Yale by four points. Then the cries for Yale were deafening. Hats, umbrellas, streamers and banners flew for several minutes. The Harvard men marched out looking downcast. There was no cheering, no crimson streamers waving, sadness and gloom filled their hearts. They gathered on the street corner.

"I'll tell you," said Sluy Winters. "It was 'Baby' Keane that lost it for us. That Sophomore kid should never have been chosen as a speaker. He is crazy. See him nearly break down in the middle of his speech. I'll bet that cost us ten or twelve percent. A fit representative for Harvard he is. Jack Flynn should have had that place, but the judges were daffy and got carried away by that kid's description of bugs, worms, birds and such things. If Jack had been on, the crimson would now be floating in triumph. Now, where is it? If I had that fellow here I would mash him to a jelly.

"There comes the 'star' now," said Larry Brooks, who was one of those boys who had lots of grit. "Come fellows, let us pile the duffer into the pond. Maybe he'll have some sense after he has soaked for a while." They rushed forward, seized him, carried him to the pond near by, and flung him as far out into the water as they could. Then they turned and ran away for fear that the Professor might see them.

Thomas swam to the bank, crawled out and sat down. His clothes were dripping wet. He looked up and saw the boys disappear around the corner. As they passed from view he murmured, "Poor foolish boys, how they have misjudged me, but perhaps they are right in punishing me for breaking down. I know that I am not fit to speak on such great questions. My thoughts are so much greater than my words. Yet I did the best I could."

After sitting in this position for some time he arose and started home. He walked around by Fourth street and Lundy's avenue, where there were few lights. Reaching his room he opened the door and went in, removed his wet clothing and sat down. How different he felt now than what he did when he went away. There lay his manuscript as he had left it. It seemed to mock him. There was the tall mirror before which he had practiced his speech so often. How hideous it seemed. There lay his Emerson. He could not look at it. He crawled into bed and wept like a child. After a time he fell asleep.

He was not at school the next week. No one cared to see

him. Blanche Edwards and Lulu Brown were speaking of him on Friday afternoon. Blanche turned to Lulu and said, "Lulu, that Keane is the most unworthy fellow I ever saw. I often told you so. But still you persisted in going with him instead of treating Charles Richards right. Charles is just the nicest boy. That Keane has given away the secret of the Phi Delta Kappa, so Jack Flynn told me today, and then he lost Harvard the debate. I always said Charles was not to be compared with him. Keane is a disgrace to Harvard, and is not worthy of your company. As popular a girl as you are Lulu, ought to go in better company. You know that Charles's father is President of the Third National bank.

"I did think he was somebody, but after he has done all this I shall never speak to him again. You tell Charles that I have no further use for Keane and that I am sorry that I have treated him so. Fool that I was."

"I'll fix that all right, don't worry," cried Blanche, as they separated at the door of the Art institute.

The next Monday morning Thomas returned to the chemistry recitation room to bid Prof. Sumner good bye, for he was going home. Prof. Sumner tried to persuade him to stay, but he refused, saying, "I must go, for my mother is very sick." He soon was out and was descending the stairs. The students hooted at him as he went. One threw a book at him. At the foot of the stairs a number crowded around him. Jack Flynn seized him by the coat and said: "Thomas Keane, you are a disgrace to this old college. If I could find you alone I would fix you proper. Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

Thomas replied, "I did the best I could, Jack."

Then handing him a note Jack replied, "Go you scoundrel, it's a pity you were not breathing your last."

He hurried along until he reached the seats under the old three on the campus. He sat down and opened the note. It was from Lulu. He read as follows: "I consider that any person who has disgraced Harvard as you have, by losing the debate and giving away the secrets of the Phi Delta Kappa, and by reporting that malicious story about Charles to Prof. Sumner has forfeited all. Don't you insult me by speaking to me. I despise you."

The poor fellow gazed across the campus. He had never been so sad in his life before. Everybody was opposed to him. Now the girl he loved had written such a cruel letter to him. It nearly killed him. Suddenly a cry sounded in the still morning air. Fire! Fire! he looked up. Great heavens, Thornton Hall was on fire. Great clouds of smoke boiled out of the second story windows.

Now the flames burst forth from the windows. He rushed across the campus toward this hall where Slim Winters, his worst enemy, roomed. He saw the fire company rush up and in a moment great streams of water were pouring on the flames. The stairway was not yet on fire. Many boys were rushing down. When he arrived the stairway was on fire. If any persons remained above they would appear at the head of the stairs, but no person came. So he and all in the assembled multitude thought all were out and safe.

Suddenly a window on the third floor was raised. A boy looked out with a look of horror on his face. Heavens! it was Slim Winters. The crowd went wild, men and boys ran in every direction. Girls ran sobbing and ringing their hands. Blanche standing and looking on. She rushed up to him and cried, Charles! Can't you save him! Oh, he will perish. "I'll see," said Charles, as he rushed over toward the firemen, "Hurry men," he said, "Let that hose go. Don't you see that boy. Get that ladder up there or he will perish." The firemen dropped the hose, sprang to the ladder, raised it, but alas! it was too short. A cry of horror went up from the crowd. He must perish before their eyes.

Like a flash a person passed them, seized a blanket that was lying on the ground saturated with water. Flinging the blanket over his head, he rushed forward, sprang up the stairs into the furnace of fire. The crowd held their breath. They thought he was going to certain death. In a moment they saw him wrench Slim from his hold on the window, throw the blanket over him, take him in his arms, and disappear. The crowd waited a moment; so on a figure covered with fire appeared in his arms; he bore a precious burden. A human soul; his worst enemy. A cheer went up from the crowd. He rushed up before Charles Richards, who was standing by the engine, and dropped at his feet exhausted. The crowd rushed forward. Charles bent over him and said, "Thomas, you did nobly." Tom moved a little, opened his eyes, and murmured, "I did the best I could." Then his eyes closed; a death-like palor spread over his face; he lay as if his spirit had fled.

A doctor rushed through the crowd, knelt beside him, discovered that he was still alive, applied restoratives, and he soon regained consciousness. He sighed, opened his eyes, and said, "Is he alive?" The doctor said, "Yes, alive and safe." "Tell Lulu if I don't get well that I die contented, although that note nearly killed me." He closed his eyes again. They picked him up and placed him in an ambulance, and took him to the hospital. They noticed how badly he was burned. His hair was burned

off, his right ear was partially burned away, his face was a solid blister, and his right arm was frightfully burned.

It was a month later; Slim Winters came in to see him. Lulu had been over to see him the week before. She prayed his forgiveness. He forgave her gladly. She said she would come over every day and read to him. Slim came to his bedside and said: "Tom, I have come to ask your forgiveness. I did you a great wrong. I told that story about your giving away the secrets of the Phi Delta Kappa, and besides I have learned that you were the best speaker at that debate. All the papers speak of you as a hero. Judge Winthrop, who, you remember, was one of the judges, had a signed statement in the Morning Journal saying that you won first in that debate. Richards had copied so much that they marked him twenty per cent lower than you. What a wretch I am. I am ashamed to look at your honest face, Tom. It mocks me. Can you ever forgive me, Tom? O, please; don't say no; I have suffered enough!"

"Yes, Slim, I forgive you, although you have caused me such suffering as no man can form a conception of. Yet I have borne it. It has passed. I have always tried to do right, yet men have spurned me. I know you did not understand me, so I forgive you, Slim. Let it all pass."

"O, Tom, don't speak of it; it haunts me. My conscience cries out against me. I who treated you as I did. They wanted you to risk your own life and save me. While I am safe and well, you lie here, disabled, marred with hideous scars which you will carry to your grave. Your noble soul bears the pain which is my due. You, to go forth into the world marked and maimed; I free and well. Oh! Tom, I am not fit to remain in your presence. Spurn me! Strike me, Tom! I deserve anything!"

"Be quiet, Slim; you pain me; these scars are nothing. They will pass away. I am content to see you safe and well. I did nothing more than my duty, and no man deserves special credit for doing his duty. I'll soon be well and hearty."

Blanche and Lulu met at the Art Institute one morning. Blanche said: "Lulu, I have learned the difference between true manhood and assumed manhood. I thought because Charles Richards was rich and had a fine carriage, and had such a pleasing appearance that he was a true man. On the other hand, I thought because Tom was so quiet that he was unmanly and ungenerous. I mistook modesty for a queer disposition, full of selfishness, but I see that it is only the immodest and unmanly who have to assume worth. I must say that Thomas Keane is one of the noblest souls that ever breathed."

Thomas Keane was the hero of the school when he returned. The more people praised him the more modest he became. He finished his college course and went into business at Boston. Two years later he brought Lulu, as his wife, into a beautiful little home on State street.

If you were to go to Harvard today, you should go to the President's office. There you will see a large picture of Thomas Keane hanging over the President's desk. In one corner is written in his own hand, "Thomas Keane." Across the bottom of the picture is written these simple but suggestive words, "I did the best I could." B. G. LEWIS.

Welcome Address.

Classmates, Schoolmates, Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the close of almost four years of unremitting scholastic association, a welcome address seems involuntarily and forcibly to frame itself into a prologue, so to speak, of the valedictory soon to be uttered. We have assembled as a class for well-nigh the last time, chiefly for the purpose of leave-taking. These last days are the ones ever to be remembered: for many it is the ending of one career, the beginning of another; a passing from the generous rivalry of the school to the less enjoyable competition of the world. The feeling of sadness is undeniably present; but still we can feel a certain joy in the closing of the friendly doors after our receding steps. Behind us is the preparation: before the application; and in this latter let us have a little of the spirit of our French ally, Lafayette, of whom it was said, "It is fortunate that he did not strip Versailles of its furniture for his dear Americans, for nobody could resist his ardor."

This occasion is productive of aspirations and ambitions, and these are now being freely and confidentially exchanged. These ideals and aims scarcely ever remain with us; they suffer radical change. Garfield at one time said that he "would have surrendered every ambition and prospect of life for the certainty of the principalship of a good academy for the rest of his days;" by considering his subsequent career, we know how this sentiment, expressed in his youth, underwent change.

In this period we have formed friendships never to be severed. Depew said that "graduating day is the most interesting period of our lives. It crystallizes in deathless memory the pleasures of the past and the aspirations of the future." Our class has with earnest and persistent effort carried itself through toils and

vicissitudes to the summit of scholastic effort—graduation; the diplomas soon to be placed in our hands bear testimony to this. But ever side by side with our own efforts has gone the kindly, encouraging aid due to the presence of our friends; today for the last time do we drink in the inspiration of that presence: and to them we extend our heartiest welcome.

May this be a gala day for all of us—a day of joy and pleasure unmarred by any tinge of sadness to which the occasion may give rise: and, in the course of our exercises this afternoon, let no jocose or playful allusion be construed in any but the proper spirit of friendly sportiveness. And with these words of welcome to our friends, and my heartfelt hopes for the individual success of the student body now about to make its exit from school life; I call your attention to this, the last program of the illustrious, the peerless class of 1900.

ARTHUR V. JESSEN, *President.*

Class History.

PART I.

During the recent excavations in Omaha made by Professor von Schwartzinburger, the ruins of what seems to have been a large building have been found. Not far beneath the surface of the earth in the central part of this there was a vast heap of brick and stone and in it a heavy iron box was found. As I am somewhat of an antiquarian I obtained the box and with difficulty opened it. It contained several copper coins and some papers, yellow with age.

By comparing the coins with other ancient specimens I saw that they were simply United States money of the year 1899; and I thought, perchance, here was some record of the events of those times. With the aid of several books and much patience and imagination I succeeded in deciphering the records, which proved to be a history of the last and most brilliant class that graduated from the old Omaha High School—the class of 1900.

From the record I gathered that this class had entered the High School in September, 1896, with five hundred and fifty members; the largest class, the record stated, that had ever entered. On September 21st it held a meeting or assembly in the ninth grade study room to organize; a Professor Woolery opened the meeting and chose Miss Walker temporary secretary. Then Mr. Miles Houck was elected temporary president and a committee appointed to draft a constitution. At the next meeting Mr. Houck was elected president, Miss Purvis vice president, Miss

Walker secretary and Mr. Dyer treasurer. Miss McHugh was chosen unanimously as class teacher and Miss Augusta Yates and Mr. Will Wood represented the class on the Register staff. This register, by the way, seems to have been a very important school publication of some kind, as I find several references to it among the records of this class. One of these references states that in midwinter of '97 and '98 the first Register Annual was issued, much larger than the usual number and containing many interesting things such as the versified history of the class of 1900 by the gifted Mr. Godfrey.

That year, '96 and '97, the High School had a new Principal, Professor Leviston, and a new course of study and a new system of promotion, by which, if a student had a term average of 85 per cent or above for each study he would be exempt from the regular examinations.

Here I found the records of several business meetings, all of which were characterized by the adjective, noisy. At one of them orange and black were chosen as class colors and a yell was adopted; but otherwise the records are unintelligible until November 20th, 1896. On that date a program was given in which several members of the class showed for their literary and musical ability. But this must have been a great effort, for there were no more programs that year and only two more business meetings. The reason assigned for retiring thus early from public life was that 1900 had decided to devote itself wholly to study. However, the faithful secretary inserted a note to the effect that although the class-meetings were held at one end of the third floor with the door of the room tightly closed, Mr. Leviston, in his office at the opposite end of the first floor with both its doors closed, could not hear the words of his teachers.

Then there is a break in the records until September, 1897, probably accounted for by the summer vacation then customary. This time the class was much smaller than it had been, only three hundred strong, for many members had been obliged to leave for various reasons.

A class meeting was called immediately and new officers were elected; James Godfrey, president; Carrie Goldsmith, vice president; Leonora Hedendahl, secretary, and Florence Lewis, treasurer, with Carrie Purvis and Robert Morse as class editors.

This year the class gave several interesting programs similar to the one of the previous year; at one of them Mr. Kopald gained lasting fame for himself by playing upon the piano an original march dedicated to the class of 1900. The class even aspired to giving a theatrical performance entitled, "A Pretty Piece of Busi-

ness," but this plan was never carried out. A Dramatic Club was formed with Mr. Rex Morehouse as president and stage manager, the success of which must have been very great.

In January the cadets lost an able commandant and a kind friend by the resignation of Lieutenant Ord; but his place was well filled by Lieutenant Campbell, an officer of experience with cadets. He immediately organized a "crack company," which represented the High School in all exhibition drills and these were not infrequent that year since it was the time of the great Trans-Mississippi Exposition.

With a grand program in the latter part of May, 1898, the class of 1900 bade farewell to its Sophomore year and to the old High School building for a second time. And now, having labored hard in translating so much of this ancient manuscript and hoping that it has interested you as it did me I leave the last two years of this famous class to my friend, Miss Newlean.

BESSIE L. ANDRESS.

A Defense of the Classical Course.

There is a passage in the Vicar of Wakefield where the principal of the University of Louvain makes these remarks: "I never learned Greek and don't find that I have ever missed it. I have a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; and, in short, as I don't know Greek, I don't believe there is any good in it." There are many people in this age who make such remarks concerning the study of the classics. To them the knowledge of Latin and Greek is of no value whatever. But, can they intelligently read the history of the Greeks and Romans and then say that they have no interest in their literature? The Greeks and Romans were each at one time masters of the world. Their dominion extended to almost every nook and corner of the earth. They carried their civilization and refinement to the utmost limits of their empire. Imagine, if it is possible, what difference there would be in the modern condition of the world, if the Greeks and Romans had not existed. We would have possessed the barbaric customs of the orient; the Greeks and Romans gave us their refinement. Our race would have been ignorant and superstitious; the Greeks and Romans have made it intelligent and civilized. Indeed, it is a mighty debt that we owe to these ancient peoples. It is from them that we received our love of Science, of Art, and of Freedom. Surely, the

people who turned the tide of the world's history from the darkness of ignorance and superstition to the light of civilization and refinement, deserve and demand our careful study. But, we are in other ways debtors to the Greeks and Romans. The English language is largely derived from theirs. Accordingly, the knowledge of Latin and Greek gives us the power to clearly discern the meaning of words, and to use them with precision.

But, those who oppose the study of the classics, although they admit this, still say that there is really no practical use in the knowledge of Latin and Greek. Yet, where can the orator find better models than the works of Demosthenes and Acco? Where can the poet gain better acquaintance with the muses, and imbibe more deeply the spirit of poetry than in the imperishable works of Homer and Virgil? It would indeed be a poor historian who did not read source material from the Greeks and the Romans. Modern philosophers could do no better than to read thoroughly the works of Plato and Aristotle. The excellences of Greek and Latin poets, philosophers, and orators few can hope to equal, none to surpass.

But here again the anti-classical people come forward and say that as there are many excellent translations of all the noted works of ancient writers, there is absolutely no need of acquiring Latin and Greek. But, translations at their best, are only shadows of the original. Languages differ so much from one another, and especially an ancient one from a modern, that it is impossible to produce a translation that will adequately convey the genuine thought and spirit of the original.

There has been a tendency in late years to crowd out the classic by introducing into the school curriculum a large number of scientific studies. The proportion of students now taking the classical course is much smaller than it was fifty years ago. Is the change for the better or for the worse? True it is that the scientific course has many advantages. Sciences have greatly multiplied the comforts and conveniences of life. Mining, manufacturing, farming and traveling have all been made much easier by science. The knowledge of the sciences is likely to be vastly useful in the various relations of life. It would be well for everyone to know something about them. But the question is should they be made the principal factor in education? Or, in other words, is it the prime purpose of education to narrow a person's vision down to merely the material side of life? If this were so, what would be the result? Altruism would give place to egotism; bound up in our own selfish interests, we would forget our duty to humanity. The prime purpose of education is not to make ex-

perts in a few sciences; it is to make men—broad-minded men, cultured and developed by various discipline, and fitted not for a profession, but for life itself. Will the scientific course which deals merely with the material side of life or the classical course which deals with the culture side accomplish this better? Some enthusiastic advocates of the scientific course see absolutely no good in the classical studies for the simple reason that they measure the worth of everything in dollars and cents, and fail to recognize that the worth of some of the advantages of the classical course cannot be measured from a financial point of view. What sense of artistic beauty and what noble ideals of life are in the possession of the classical student of which the merely scientific scholar has no idea whatever.

Although the study of the classics seems to be out of favor in many quarters and some people even think that it is steadily sinking into oblivion, yet the classical course will hold its own. It is the only course which has stood the test of time. For 1000 years it has been a beneficial factor in education. What effect would it have on our country should it no longer be a part of the education offered in our colleges and universities. The United States, which now stands pre-eminent among the nations of the world and which is clearly endowed with a special mission to carry its Christianity and civilization to the ends of the earth, will forget its mission, and, blind to all sense of its duty, will think only of material prosperity. America, who lately gave so many men and poured forth so much of her wealth solely for the purpose of humanity to an oppressed people, will be thrust down from that lofty pinnacle to which she has been exalted by our forefathers, and, greedy of gain, the dollar will be her highest ambition. Surely America has a more glorious destiny than this. But such a calamity can only be averted by maintaining in our courses at college that which will tend to lift the men of future generations above the material plane and which will present to their minds the highest ideals of life. While the scientist may go on steadily increasing his inventions and multiplying the conveniences of life by his gains, it will still be the part of the man inspired by the classical course to uplift the hearts and minds of his fellow-men above the material to the spiritual, and to hold high the standard of character in the world.

May 28, 1900.

WILLARD LAMPE.

x

The Megeath Stationery Company have the only stock of school books on sale in Omaha.

Class History.

PART II.

Before beginning our junior year we enjoyed a longer vacation than usual on account of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. It was some time before we could get settled down to hard work, as the Exposition still proved an attraction to many.

As soon as possible we held a meeting for the election of class officers. This election almost divided the class into factions. Some of the pupils, who, like Jefferson, were strict constructionalists, thought the election of two of these officers unconstitutional, as they had not the required number of points to make them full juniors. To settle this trouble these officers resigned. After some trouble class officers were again elected—Robert Morseman, president; Lillian Robison, vice president; May Edholm, secretary; Ethel Rector, treasurer. Miss Ethel Rector, who was one of the most popular girls of our class, left soon after to make her home in Chicago. Willard Lampe, the far-shining "Lampe of Wisdom," was elected to fill the place as treasurer. Our sergeant-at-arms, who, by his size and strength, terrified all into the most perfect order, was Stebbins Teal. At this time we made so many amendments to our constitution that, like the little boy's pants with many patches, it was hard to find the original material. During this period of reconstruction we also changed our class colors from black and gold to green and gold.

One day in the last half of this year Room 31 was crowded to its utmost, for it was rumored throughout the school that Robert Morseman was to be tried on the grievous charge of holding too few class meetings. The spectators dared make no noise for there was the judge, Charles Prichard, seated at his desk, cycling them sternly from above his spectacles. One by one the jurors who had previously been sworn in answered to their names. At each side of the platform were seated the able lawyers, Dwight Pierce, counsel for the plaintiff, and James Godfrey, counsel for defense. The jurors, who had found it very hard to awake and often had startled the stillness of the room by their snores, pronounced Mr. Morseman guilty, in spite of the fact that his friends tried hard to save him by proving his previous good character. In stentorian tones, the judge then read the sentence. Robert Morseman was compelled to subsist on bread and milk for the remainder of the term. He was not permitted to dance with the same girl more than four times at the junior social and was positively forbidden to take pies from the lunch counter.

During the reading of this sentence the defendant, who had been ordered by the judge to rise, trembled visibly, clutching nervously at the back of his chair. Considering the weight of the sentence, however, he bore up very well and when led away by the sergeant seemed composed.

Soon after this memorable event came our first play, "The Lady From Philadelphia," and our first social. Both were very successful.

Our junior year was now drawing to a close. It was time for the senior class, which had tried in vain to convince us of their superiority, to graduate. One day shortly before commencement the colors of the graduating class were seen floating from the flag staff of the High School but the next morning the green and gold were proudly waving from the staff, introducing to the admiring public the coming senior class.

We regretted to lose at the end of our junior year, Mr. Leviston, our principal, and Mr. Kelsey, who had been at the head of the Latin department. Both were very much liked by the pupils.

For two months we were free to visit the many attractions of the Greater America Exposition. We then assembled together at the High School proudly conscious that we were seniors. We were glad to welcome our new principal, Mr. Waterhouse.

Class officers were elected at our first class meeting: President, Charles Prichard; vice president, Bertha Phillippi; secretary, Elizabeth McConnell; treasurer, Stebbins Teal. Our president, Charles Prichard, was all that could be desired. He did not lose any of his dignity when he presided over a meeting with his face decorated with court-plaster, for we all knew that he had been contending valiantly to uphold the honor of the O. H. S. in the foot ball field. About the middle of the year he left school to fill a position in the city. We were very sorry to lose him, but in Arthur Jessen we have an able successor.

Our first senior social was held at the city hall. All who went enjoyed themselves greatly and no one went home until the lights went out.

No senior class has been so much written about in the newspapers as we. People who read the news thought that we were having a real insurrection because the school board had declined to take charge of our second senior social. It is true that a few, a very few, acted in a rebellious manner, but the class as a whole was indignant at these actions. Most of the seniors knew nothing whatever of the trouble until they read a long and exaggerated account of it in the newspaper. The press has even

gone so far as to designate us as the "naughty" class. I am sure that we all desire this title to be expunged from our fair record.

The class then determined to give a social on its own responsibility. To this no objections were made. Instead of giving a play to raise money for the social, we gave a musical at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. It was a great success and enabled us to give a social which eclipsed all class socials ever held. It was held at the Metropolitan hall.

I must surely give some of my time and space to that wonderful organization of senior girls, the P. L. S. How the boys have worried their brains trying to solve the mystery of those letters. Some of their interpretations are highly flattering. In spite of the fact that it is said girls cannot keep secrets, the meaning of P. L. S. will never be divulged. This society has a membership of over ninety, nearly all of the senior girls, and through its social gatherings has made the girls much better acquainted than they otherwise would have been. It appears that no other society dares compete against the P. L. S. in a literary program, as two challenges have already been rejected, one by the Demosthenians and one by the Senior Girls' Literary society of the Lincoln High School. The L. P. S. is not to die at the end of this year, but as long as any of the girls are left in Omaha meetings will be held.

When the averages were made out at the end of the year it was found that there were forty-one who had an average of ninety or above. No class before can boast of such a record. The honor pupils are May Edholm, Willard Lampe, Dwight Pierce and Jeannette Newlean.

We are now to separate widely, but our thoughts will often turn toward the class of 1900 which now goes forth from the dear old High School with a record of which each one should be proud.

JEANNETTE NEWLEAN.

Class Will.

Class of 1900—O. H. S.

We, the class of 1900, of the Omaha High School, being of sound judgment and faithful memory, but believing that our material existence is rapidly drawing to a close, do ordain and hereby declare our last will and testament, in manner and form following:

We think it appropriate that we should leave some testimonial of our esteem to the friends, who will remain, when we have departed from these classic halls.

To our dearly beloved classmates, for whom Destiny has de-

creed a longer period of existence in this Vale of Tears, we do lovingly and trustingly confide the final fulfillment and execution of this, our will.

To those, younger than ourselves, who have experienced the same careful instruction and nurture, which were bestowed upon us in the days of our adolescence, we wish to give our most hearty congratulations upon their attainment of that honored position, which it has been our privilege to hold in the past year. We have tenderly watched over them, while they have been under our guardianship, and it is but fitting that we should make them the principal heirs of our estate.

We do not even think it even necessary to investigate the reasons, why they should be called "Naughty Ones," but confidently entrust to them the sole care of the little one, who, following their example, has become "Naughty Two."

We do hereby give to our aforesaid devisee the most valuable gift which is in our hands to bestow, namely, the counsel and friendship of our beloved class teacher, Miss McHugh. May they who receive this bounty be always guided and influenced by her good advice.

To Miss McHugh we respectfully submit the class of 1901, as a fit subject for whatever advice and warning she shall see fit to administer in the future.

We do also trustfully leave to her, for preservation, all files of our monthly publication, The Comet, together with all documents and personal mementos of the class.

We do will, that the class of 1901 shall have the sole right to hoist the emblem of their seniority on the flagstaff of the High School building, provided that they do this, unseen by the wary eyes of our vigilant janitor, and furthermore we do will that said legatees shall have the right of keeping that emblem there until it is hauled down by some ruthless band of junior boys.

Those noble recorders of contemporaneous history—the newspapers—have, during the past year, presented our class with several important gifts, which we think it our duty to hand down to our successors: First, the privilege of having all High School occurrences attributed to the senior class (this is a privilege which will be much appreciated by those who receive it); secondly, the honor of finding the names of distinguished outsiders recorded as belonging to the aforesaid class; and lastly, the great fortune of seeing their names so jumbled up in print, that their own friends will not know what is happening to them. All these we do most graciously bequeath to the class of 1901, and to their heirs and assigns forever.

To the coming brilliant orators of 1901, who have even now given us a foretaste of their eloquence, we leave our senior rhetorical, in which we hope to see them, sometime, eclipse those wonders of two different ages—Bryan and Demosthenes. We moreover hope that, in the coming years of their academic life, they will not be so oppressed with the urgent duties of their studies as to forget those talents so beneficently bestowed upon them. And, as a more tangible gift, we do submit to these newly-fledged seniors, the discussion of all questions relating to the twentieth century dispute, trusting that they will settle it before the dawn of the twenty-first century.

We do further give to the same legatees that long sought-for pleasure of choosing their companions, at their select social gatherings, from the ranks of the lower classmen.

We do hereby leave to the boys of 1901 the prehistoric senior tree, together with as much grass thereabouts as is covered by the shade of said tree, and is convenient for banqueting purposes.

We bequeath to our beloved instructress, Miss Snyder, the power to impose upon the senior class, as long lessons, in Ovid and Vergil, as she has administered to us, and, for a further token of our regard, we give her the privilege of even lengthening those lessons.

We do entrust to whomsoever shall become the quartermaster of the cadet battalion, one curly lock of hair, now preserved on the west wall of the War department, and formerly belonging to Captain Higgins, once quartermaster.

We do tenderly confide to the new adjutant one tame mouse and family, which have been, hitherto, well fed on officers' lunches and first sergeants' reports, and furthermore we do leave to him all such equipments of the retiring adjutant's staff as still remain in some state of preservation.

Lastly, we do will and bequeath all personal and real estate, not hereinbefore mentioned, to our principal legatee, the class of 1901, and to its heirs and assigns forever.

We do hereby utterly disallow, and nullify, each and every other, former will, testament, legacy, or bequest, in any manner by us named, willed or bequeathed, ratifying and confirming this, and this only, to be our last will and testament, in confirmation whereof, we have herunto set our seal, on this, the 7th day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1900.

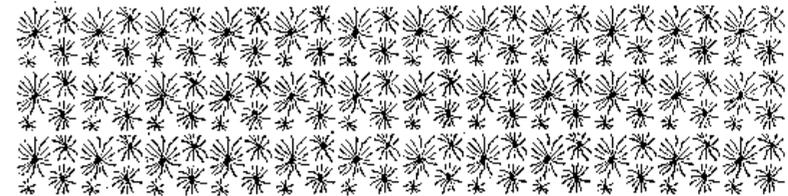
THE CLASS OF 1900, by its attorney, W. D. PIERCE.

Signed, sealed, published and pronounced by the above said Class of 1900, to be their last will and testament, in our presence. THE CLASS OF 1900.

WITNESSES: THE FACULTY OF O. H. S.
MR. WATERHOUSE.

Commencement Program

THE CLASS OF
1900
OMAHA HIGH
SCHOOL
THURSDAY EVE
NING, JUNE 8TH
1900, AT 8:15 P. M.
AT THE CREIGHTON
ORPHEUM



Omaha High School

Class of '00

Class Motto "He Conquers Who Endures." Class Colors - Green and Gold.

Adair, N. Pauline	Hiller, Louis	Purvis, Caroline
Allen, Emma	Houck, Miles B.	Randall, Albert
Anderson, Jane H.	Huestis, Genie	Redfield, Sue J.
Andress, Bessie Loretta	Hughes, Agnes	Redington, Helen Dora
Bach, Nellie	Isakson, Edith	Rees, Henriette McKoon
Barker, Ethel D.	Jessen, Arthur	Rees, Samuel, Jr.
Bechel, William	Keller, Helen	Rehfeld, Hattie
Bennett, June	Keys, Maude	Richards, G. M.
Bevins, E. R.	Kinkead, Nina L.	Roberts, Walter
Borg, Charles	Kirschbraun, Lester	Robinson, Paul T.
Buchanan, Alice	Knobe, Ray A.	Robinson, Theo G.
Carson, Martha J.	Kracht, Carrie	Robison, Lillian Beatrice
Chisam, Ray	Kracht, Fannie	Rooney, Edward
Clark, Bertha L.	Lampe, Willard	Rochchild, Miriam
Clarke, Hortense	Lawton, Rachel Remer	Sandberg, Bessie
Clark, Mildred F.	Lehman, Augusta	Schmidt, Ursula C.
Cooper, Mary H.	Le Voy, Effie J.	Senter, Guy A.
Cooper, Walter J.	McArdle, Brigie Marie	Skinner, Jos. B.
Crandall, Grace L.	McConnell, Elizabeth	Slater, Irving O.
Cultra, Ruth	McEachron, Margie A.	Smith, Arthur D.
Dajmon, Cora's Mabel	McElroy, Agnes	Smith, Emma Frances
Dawe, Margaret	McKenna, Elsie	Spethmann, Alma
Dietrick, Mary Josephine	McLaughlin, Laura	Stevens, Edythe
Dumont, Edith	Maguire, George C.	Sutler, Anna
Edholm, May	Mitchell, Harriett M.	Teal, Stebbins C.
Edwards, Grace F.	Moran, Vera Kathleen	Thompson, Chas.
Edwards, Helen	Morseman, Robert Porter	Tillotson, Lola May
Ehlers, Bernard H.	Naudain, Mae Arnaud	Tindell, Wm. H.
Ellsworth, Olive	Naughton, Patricia Louise	Tukey, Louise
Ewers, Edith May	Nelson, Lottie	Valentine, Edward
Farson, Josephine	Nelson, Mattie	Walker, Sarah Frances
Field, Bessie	Newell, Harold Chas.	Wallace, Nettie
Flanagan, Stella	Nowlan, Jeannette J. M.	Waller, Fred C.
Foster, Robert	Overall, Eulalia S.	Watt, Bess
Frederickson, Dorothy M.	Pampol, Bertha	Wellér, Agnes
Green, Estella	Parker, Cecil	West, Elmer
Griffith, Mary J.	Parmeloc, Florence M.	Willie, Bertha
Haley, May	Patterson, Georgia D.	Williams, Isabelle F.
Hardy, E. Gay	Paulsen, Kirsten	Williams, Rubie Elizabeth
Hawley, Joseph William	Phillippi, Bertha	Wilson, Ruth Mary
Herbert, Agnes R.	Pierce, W. Dwight	Walters, George F.
Hervey, Clara	Pixley, Blanche	Wright, James
Higgins, Harry Noyes	Pixley, Ida	Yoder, Elizabeth
Hill, Walter	Prichard, Chas. B.	Yost, Ethel May

Program

Overture, "Tancredi" *Rossini*

Invocation

REV. CLARENCE S. SARGENT

Address, "Wendell Phillips"

A. F. NIGHTINGALE

Address to the Class

W. F. JOHNSON

{ Tannhauser March *R. Wagner*
 { La Serenata *Darcy Jaxone*

Presentation of Diplomas

SUPT. C. G. PEARSE

Board of Education.

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CHARLES A. HAYWARD.
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ROBERT SMITH.
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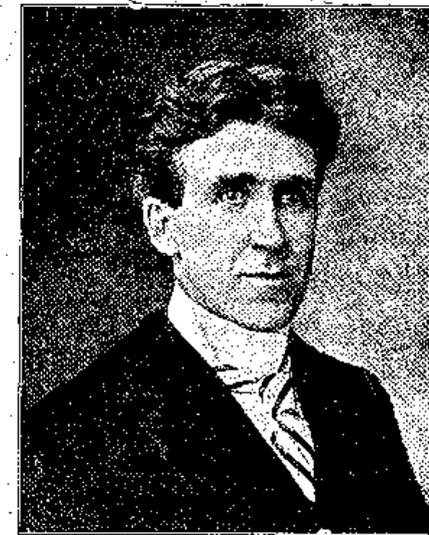
Officers.

CARROLL G. PEARSE—Supt. Instruction.
J. M. GILLIAN—Secretary.
A. H. HENNINGS—Treasurer.
H. J. BANKER—Superintendent Buildings.
C. H. RIEPEN— } Custodian and Inspector of
 } Fuel and Supplies.
CARL E. HERRING—Attorney.

Faculty.

Omaha High School.

A. H. Waterhouse	Decie A. Johnston	Ellen Rooney
Kate A. McHugh	Jean C. De Kolty	J. W. Roubush
Anna T. Adams	Alice M. Landis	Lucy J. Roys
Ada I. Atkinson	W. M. McClintock	H. A. Senter
H. M. Benedict	Bertha G. Green	Villa B. Shippuy
Nathan Bernstein	Jo von Mansfeldt	Bessie J. Snyder
L. J. Blake	Maria Okey	Eunice Stebbins
W. E. Brooke	Susan Paxson	Mrs. G. B. Sudborough
Carrie O. Browne	Anna L. Peterson	Georgia Valentine
Mme. A. Chatclaine	Laura Pfeiffer	Mary E. Wedgewood
May L. Copeland	Ruth Phillippi	J. E. Wigman
Belle C. Dinturff	Mary E. Quackenbush	J. F. Woolery
Ethel Evans	Nellie Randall	Emma Ure
Mrs. Ida Fleming	J. I. Read	Florence McHugh



A. H. WATERHOUSE, Principal.

The Benefits of Military Drill in High Schools.



Every man has his future; every man his part to fight in the great battle of life. Whether he be successful or whether he fail depends largely upon his early education and the training of his character. The most essential qualities for a young business man are obedience, promptness, accuracy and good health. No factor in our educational world today does as much toward establishing these important requirements as does the military drill now instituted in most of our larger schools throughout the country.

From the very start the boy is taught stern obedience and to show respect for his superiors. From the very minute he is being taught the facings until he receives his diploma, no matter whether he graduates as private or senior captain, he must ever obey his superior officers. It is hard for some boys at first to obey orders from the corporals and sergeants who perhaps are no older or larger than they are. But still hardens it for them, when, by good work in drill, they become non-commissioned officers to comply with commands from their superiors in rank. Again, it is often with bitterness that the higher commissioned officers obey commands from their instructors. Here may be truthfully applied the old saying, "Give a man an inch and he will take a mile." As soon as a boy receives an office among the cadets he too often thinks that he is somebody and tries to take too much power and authority upon himself. The higher the office he holds the harder it is for him to instantly obey orders from those a notch above him. Right here is taught him the lesson—some day he tries to show-off his superior (?) knowledge by paying no attention to an order, but doing what he thinks is right. He falls and is unmercifully laughed at by his companions in the ranks. So it is in all branches of business life. It is often difficult for a young man to carry out orders given him by a man whom he considers his equal. After working in an office for some time and having been promoted a few times he too often believes that he knows it all and could be the general manager himself, just as well as not. He receives careful directions from the office man to do a piece of work, thinks to himself, "Well, Mr. Smith is generally right but he is way off this time. I know a better way to do it than this." Here the young fellow falters, does the work to suit himself, feels confident that he has done it O. K. and that Mr. Smith will now recognize his abilities. But what a mistake! He undoubtedly is severely reprimanded for his action, his chief no longer can trust him, and in nine cases out of ten, receives with

the wages due him a little slip reading: "We need your services no more." It would be impossible for a young man that has had a military education to make this mistake. He questions not the right or wrong, but obeys.

Promptness and accuracy are unconsciously assimilated by all boys who have attained a fair degree of military proficiency. Men fall in with the company at the sound of the bugle, or are severely demerited; in a spell down they fall out if their gun is two inches in front of their toe; they are reprimanded by the company officer if they make the slight error during a successive movement in drill. Thus these two strong qualities are impressed upon the young men without their knowing it.

Youths attending High School rarely think of how they carry themselves. They study hard the greater part of the day at school, bent over their books; most of them go home after school and read the rest of the day or perhaps do a little study and loaf about the house. Two out of every three walk all doubled up, round-shouldered and looking slouchy. But if military drill be established in the school which they attend they will soon straighten up, will pride themselves on their neat appearance and by the wholesome exercise will find that they feel much better and that their minds will be much quicker and brighter for study. Even here in our school, where the drill is very slack, you can tell at a glance those boys who drill and those who do not.

Last, but not least, a military man must be a quick thinker, he has no time to stop and think it over when a command is given, but must execute it at once. So it is often in business; if a man be a quick thinker, a grand opening in his line of industry being shown him, he will grasp it more quickly and will consider its advantages or its disadvantages more correctly than his untrained competitor.

Then, as military drill does more than any other factor in our educational sphere toward inculcating in young men the qualities of obedience, promptness, accuracy, quick-thinking and good health, without which the wheels of industry would be clogged, the massive machinery of our commercial world brought to a standstill we can truthfully say that it should be established in every High School throughout the country.

WARREN S. HILLIS, 1901.

You can have your magazines mailed to your summer address by placing your order with the Megeath Stationery Co.

After the Memorial day parade was there any one who had a whole collar?

Valedictory Address.



Hang out our colors on the highest tower!
It dawns at last—the long expected hour!
The steep is climbed, the star-lit summit won,
The teacher's task, the pupil's labor done;
Before the finished work the class now stands
And asks the verdict of your lips and hands.

Ours was the toil of many a weary day,
Your smiles, your plaudits only can repay;
Friends of this little kingdom where we meet,
We lay our wreaths of laurel at your feet,
Place in your hands the crowns that we have won,
Waiting to hear the cry from all, "Well done."

The long-awaited time has come when we can lay down before you the fruits of our work. Our preparation is finished and we stand before you awaiting your approval before we leave. All that we have accomplished is due first to these friends who have encouraged and helped us all the way through and to the schoolmates of other classes who have aided us by their co-operation and sympathy. Most of all is it due to the patient, untiring help of our teachers. May we some day be able to repay the debt we owe them. Through their efforts we are what we are. We have tried to please them, and some day we may be more worthy and reflect credit upon them. Then we have our own classmates to thank; for it would indeed be a rough road to travel without our class to uphold us. From them we have had sympathy in our joys and troubles, encouragement in our work and loyalty behind us always. But now this is all over.

"In every pulse of Friendship's heart
There breeds unfelt a throb of pain—
One hour must rend its links apart,
Though years on years have forged the chain."

We are going our different directions and will not longer have each other's co-operation. We have met chiefly that we may say good-bye. It is not the brilliancy of what we may say nor the wisdom that we may show that makes the Class Day a joyful and yet a sorrowful occasion, but the love with which we bid our dear schoolmates farewell.

"It is not what we say or sing
That keeps our charm so long unbroken,
Though every lightest leaf we bring
May touch the heart as friendship's token;

"Not what we sing or what we say
Can make us dearer to each other;
We love the singer and his lay,
But love as well the silent brother."

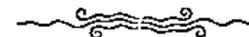
We are not really saying farewell. We need not break our bonds because our daily life will no longer be together. Our class spirit can still last and truly be of more practical good to us now than before. It will be true class spirit if it is strong enough to hold us together through thick and thin, to make us willing to sacrifice something of our own to help one of our comrades. We, as a class, can do no better than follow Holmes' advice.

"All of your crew be sure you know—
Never let one of your shipmates go;
If he leaves you, change your tack,
Follow him close and fetch him back.
When the world goes hard and wrong
Lend a hand to help him along.
If you've wronged him, speak him fair,
Say you're sorry and make it square;
If he's wronged you, wink so tight
None of you see what's plain in sight."

If this is our spirit our bonds will grow stronger and tighter. If we meet each year, the circle may grow smaller as one after another drops out, but the links will be indestructable.

"Thanks to the gracious powers above from all mankind that singled us,
And dropped the pearl of friendship in the cup they kindly mingled us,
And bound us in a wreath of flowers with hoops of steel knit under it—
Nor time, nor space, nor chance, nor change, nor Death himself shall
sunder it."

MAV EDHOLM, 1900.



Where the Teachers will Spend Vacation.

Decie A. Johnson, Boston and New York; Mary E. Quackenhush, Morrison, Ills.; Bessie J. Snyder, Pennsylvania and Chautauqua, New York; Villa B. Shippey, Gowanda, New York; Anna L. Peterson, Chicago, Ills.; Carrie O. Brown, Buffalo, Wyoming; Nellie Randall, San Francisco, Cal.; Bertha G. Green, Yellow Stone Park; Ethel Evans, Yellow Stone Park; Madame Chatelain, Europe; Marie O'Key, Scotland, England and Italy; Florence McHugh, University of Michigan; Lucy J. Roys, Berkshire Hills; Ruth E. Phillipi, Salt Lake City; Mary E. Wedgwood, Denver; Georgia Valentine, Richmond, Ind.; Jo von Mansfield, Ashland, Neb.; J. F. Woolery, Holdrege and David City, in the Teachers' Institute; Belle Dintruff, New York; E. Stebins, Yellow Stone Park.



I desire to express my thanks to Mr. Waterhouse, all the teachers, all the societies, all the members of the High School and the Register for their loyal support during this year. Such loyal support has made the Demosthenian society what it is.

B. G. LEWIS, Pres.

Class Poem to the Class of 1900.

X

With a trembling pen I approach my task,
And the kind indulgence of all I ask,
But I'll do my best, though the best I
can do
Will not, my classmates, be worthy of
you.

E'en the year is against me, as we reckon
time,
I can't ring it in to make out a rhyme,
If even it ended with first figure—one—
How much the more easily it could be
done,—

Or yet with a two—how easy to do.
And the third figure, three, any rhymster
can see
That with these, or with four there are
words by the score.
While now with a five I could manage
and survive
To keep out of a mix which would come
with a six.

When the year ends in seven, 'tis the
class poet's heaven,
And strange it appears, with the two
circled eight
How easy it were to keep poor verses
straight,
Until we come down to the very last line
And then end it all with the lone figure
nine.

But here is our class with two ciphers
you see,
And nought, double nought, suggests
nothing to me,
But still there's one thought which I
seem to have caught,
That we are not naughty, although
naughty nought.

And then of the years are we now the
last
Of the century closing? Or has it all
passed
And are we year one of the one just be-
gun?

Will Shakespeare has said there is naught
in a name,
But yet with two noughts we have risen
to fame,
And how much of our lives in this class
has been wrought,
This class that is marked by a nought
and a nought.

When I first had this task given over to
me,
I pondered much on it, but I could not see
Any possible way to bring to my aid
The many sweet rhymes that the poets
have made.

So, turning from them with a much-sad-
dened heart,
resolved that alone, I would not play my
part,
But do as they did, invoke some fair
Muse
And ask her to lend me her talents to
use.

But where would she be in these prosaic
times,
When nothing allures but dollars and
dimes?

Why in no other place but the old High
School,
On some pleasant evening quiet and cool.
All of the Muses must surely be there
In school room or tower or some other
where.

Yes, all save Terpsichore and Thalia,
Who this year went forth without any
eclat.

Expelled by the board who our soiree
forbade,
And our play. So these Muses withdrew
very sad.

Then deciding to go to the school as the
best
Way to find them, I soon started off on
my quest
And climbed up the hill as often before,
And stood in front of the old High School
door.

I ascended the steps and I entered the
hall,
There was nobody there—they had gone,
one and all,
Both teachers and pupils, but outside the
din
Of the workmen was heard and aug-
mented within.

I hastened to enter the Latin rooms
where
The Acneld was kept (now much worse
for the wear),
To see if I might find that very same
Muse
Who would my hand assist and my spirit
infuse
With a heavenly power and a poetic fire
Who would fill me with song and my
poem inspire.

Alas! She was gone. To the Greek room
I went,
But no Muse was there. Still, with eager-
ness bent,
I searched other rooms, and I called thro'
the halls,
But the call echoed back from the old
brick walls.

For a moment the silence was very in-
tense,
And I held every nerve in the greatest
suspense,
Till suddenly, from a far end of a hall—
In the darkest of corners right near to
the wall—

Came a sound as of sobbing. I eagerly
rushed
To the place whence it came, and the
sobbing soon hushed,
But onward I hastened, and there did
behold
A most beautiful form crowned with
tresses of gold.

I approached somewhat nearer and unto
her said,
As she shook back her hair and unlifted
her head,
"Oh, maiden, do tell me, if you chance
to know
Where the Muses have gone, that to them
I may go."

She mournfully smiled, then she said,
"They have flown
To a place where there's quiet—for this
place has grown
Too full of bad noises so harsh to the
ear;
So the Muses have flown and I only am
here.

"They went for the trees which the van-
dals had felled,
Beneath whose broad branches their coun-
cils were held,
And the walls that had sheltered them
years upon years—
They soon must be changed—do you won-
der at tears?"

But oh, woe is me," and she started to
cry,
Then checking her tears, she said, "I can
not fly,
I am Pandora, she who brought into the
world
All the troubles there are which from this
chest were whirled.

She raised up a box set with diamonds
and pearls.
This I took. And I felt like this first of
all girls,
A consuming desire to uplift the rich
lid
And see if a treasure beneath might be
hid.

But I asked ere I touched it if it con-
tained woes,
Or griefs, or complaints, or any of those,
Which once it enclosed. But she made
this reply:
"Ah, no; these have flown in the years
long gone by."

"They now are all gone from the terri-
ble chest.
When you first entered high school and
studied your best,
All the troubles you had in that year and
since then

Have escaped from this box, so that never
again
Need you fear there are troubles. You
may lift the lid."

And I hastened to do as I had been bid,
I quickly peered in, but saw only a fold
Of some soft, filmy gauze both of green
and of gold.
I raised the lid higher and over did turn
One end of the gauze so that then I
might learn

What was hidden beneath. When a
breeze seemed to rise
From the depths of the box and blow
over my eyes,
Then a flapping was heard as of some lit-
tle wren,
But increasing each moment in loudness,
and then

The lid fell way back and Hope rose to
my view,
Who in splendor and brightness and mag-
nitude grew,
As she rose on the air, and, with motion
of ease
She sailed through the door and out over
the trees.

And there while I gazed at her high in
the air
She poised o'er the campus where gath-
ered were
The Seniors, all members of our great
class,
Midst the gold of the sun and the green
of the grass,
And the teachers so wise all stood there
on the right,
While off to the left stood the Juniors so
bright.

Thro' the air slowly falling fair Hope
gently swings
O'er the heads of the Seniors, with out-
stretched wings
She floats—while her pinions in their out-
ward reach
Cover both those who follow, and all
those who teach.

And thus do we part, with bright Hope
shining o'er us,
And go forth with strong hearts to the
fate that's before us.

HENRIETTA M. REES.

We have received one commencement number for this month and numbers of our regular exchanges for last month. Most of them have improved greatly during the last few numbers. The Epsilon, the Mercury and the Helios have been our best and most regular exchanges.

Teacher, what shall we do when we get the equation. Miss H. solve it.

Did you ever see a sphere the shape of an egg.

SOCIETY.



Yesterday the Senior class held their class day program. Room 43 was packed with the parents and relatives of the graduates. The program as given was:

PART I.

Piano Solo Miss Lehmann
President's Address Arthur Jessen
Class History—Part I Bessie Andress
Vocal Trio Caroline Purvis, Edith Dumont and Grace Edwards
Class Oration—"A Defense of the Classical Course"..... Willard Lampe
Class Song—"Our Classes"
Class History—Part II Jeannette Newlean
Vocal Solo Mae Naudain

PART II.

Vocal Duet—"The Two Cousins".....Ruth Wilson and Bertha Phillippi
Class Will W. Dwight Pierce
Class Poem Henrietta Rees
Piano Duet Josie Fearon and Hattie Rehfeld
Class Prophecy—"Ten Years Later".....Effie Levoy, Elizabeth
McCConnell, Bertha Clark, Brigie McArdle, Lillian Robinson,
Messrs. Theodore Robinson, Kirschbraun, Teal, Arthur Smith, Knode
Class Song Words by Helen Redington
Valedictory May Edholm

The P. L. S. gave a most delightful program May 16, 1900. The following program was given.

1. Reading Ethel Yost
2. Vocal Solo Caroline Purvis
3. Debate—Resolved: From the Junior Year in High School Co-Education Should Cease. Aff., Miss McConnell; Neg., Miss McArdle.
4. Piano Duet.....Hattie Rachfield, Miss Lehman
5. ReadingMiss Peterson
6. Piano SoloMiss Tearon

Miss Alice Buchanan will entertain the P. S. L. at her home on Georgia avenue June 2nd, 1900.

A "farewell meeting" was given by the D. D. S. June 1.

Farewell business meeting was given by the P. L. S. June 1.

Albert Cahn has moved just around the corner. His new number is 219 South Fourteenth street.

Megeath's line of fine correspondence papers is by far the largest in Omaha.

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SQUIBS.

Hillis has arrived at the poetic stage already.

Albert Cahn has neg. shirts from 13 1-2 neck up.

Standeven in Poly Con. "Two hundred pounds of pood."

Have a drink of water, Mary?

Why didn't the Junior girls ride to Elmwood park in the wagon?

And they all went off in pairs after lunch.

Did Guy play it right?

Wouldn't H. Reed make a good "short" for the Juniors?

Mr. DeKolty went fishing the other day and caught two fish and a snag.

Does Lewis belong to the anti-suspender trust?

Put it home, Hamilton.

Heard in Lincoln: Will the occupants of room 36 please shut up for a few minutes.

The cock-roaches were so big down at Lincoln that they took "Dusty's shoes and hung them on the gas jet."

BATTALION.

The sixth annual competition drill of the school battalion was held June 1st at the Y. M. C. A. Park. The companies competing were Company A, Captain Slater; Company B, Captain Walters; Company C, Captain Canfield, Company D, Captain Robinson, and Company F, Captain Hardy. Each company was allowed eighteen minutes in which to exhibit their military ability, the same schedule of arms being followed out by all the companies. The contest from beginning to end was very close and exciting and when the decision was announced everyone drew a sigh of relief. The grounds were in perfect condition and well lighted. In one corner of the grand stand the Junior Military Band played inspiring airs, which urged the youthful veterans on to victory. The event as a whole was a decided success and reflects much credit on the committees.

The standing, as announced, was: Company B won, Company C second, Company D third, Company F fourth, Company A fifth.

In the individual drill for the Thurston Rifles' gold medal, Private Badger of Company F won.

The judges were Captains Foy, Stockham, Hodgens.

We regret we cannot print the promotions, but the lateness of the examination prevented us from so doing.

ATHLETICS.



Our annual Field Day was held May 9th at the Young Men's Christian Association Park before 500 people, mostly High School pupils.

The event was a "corker," some excellent records being made. The high jump was the best event of the day, Captain Painter making five feet, four inches with ease. He stopped at this height so as to not tire himself for the other events.

In the mile and half runs the boys were greatly handicapped by the strong south wind which they were compelled to run against. Every contestant was in the finest condition and the time in all events would have been better had it not been for the wind.

The summaries:

100-yard dash—Painter won, Welch second, Ainsworth third. Time: 10:3-5.

Shot-put—Welch won, Englehard second, Roberts third. Distance, 39 feet 7 inches.

880-yard run—Shimmer won, Moore second, P. Reed third. Time: 2:19 4-5.

220-yard dash—Fairbrother won, Ainsworth second, Hardy third. Time: 0:25.

Mile run—Lehmer won, Sutherland second, Marsh third. Time: 5:05 1-5.

High jump—Painter won, Moore second, Welch third. Distance, 5 feet 4 inches.

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220 hurdles—Welch won, Hardy second, Reed third. Time: 29:03.

440-yard run—Lehmer won, Packard second. Time :57 1-3.

Broad jump—Welch won, Fairbrother second, H. Reed third. Distance 18 feet 6 inches.

Pole vault—Painter won, Hall second, Knode third. Distance 8 feet 11 inches.

Hammer throw—Roberts won, Englehard second, Welch third. Distance 113 feet.

The schedule ended with a mile relay.

On Saturday, May 26, eleven lusty young athletes of the Omaha High School attempted to show their superior athletic ability to a crowd of students from Lincoln, York, Crete and Omaha who had assembled to witness the great annual event in track athletics, the state interscholastic field meet.

Omaha's representatives were H. Welch, H. Lehmer, H. Reed, W. Roberts, A. Fairbrother, A. Ainsworth, P. Moore, J. Skinner, W. Englehard, Mullen and Sutherland. On account of a sprained ankle Captain Painter was unable to take part in any of the events. This was an irreparable loss to the Omaha team, as not only would his fifteen points have helped turn the tide, but his victories would have inspired the other boys to greater deeds. As it was they were disheartened from the first. Omaha's only first was won by Welch on the shot-put.

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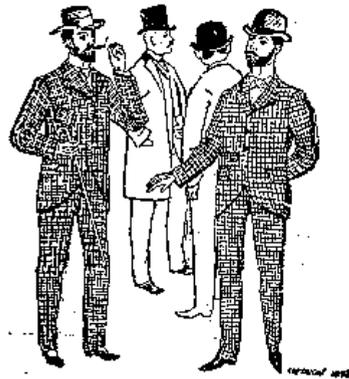
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The prettiest race was the mile run. After indulging in a free fight at the last turn the Lincoln man succeeded in defeating Lehmer by two feet. If the Lincoln students were only as free with their courtesies on the field of combat as in the reception hall we would admire them a great deal more. An example of their gallantry was the hurdles, where both Lincoln men were given the outside track, a great advantage, without toss up or other fair decision. The summaries:

Run, mile—States, Lincoln, won; Lehmer and Sutherland, Omaha, second and third. Time 5:00 3-5.

Pole vault—Johnson, Lincoln, won; Tidball, Crete, second; Benedict, Omaha, third. Height 9 feet, 8 inches.



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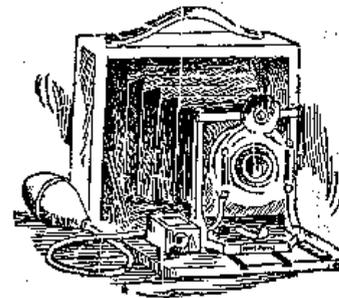


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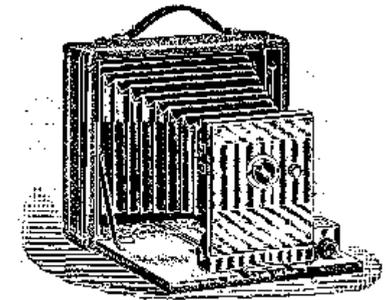


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WE CLOSE SATURDAYS AT 6 P. M.

Thompson, Belden & Co.

Dash, 100 yards—Reynolds, Lincoln, won; Ireland, Crete, second; Wiley, York, third. Time 0:10 2-5.

Shot put—Welch, Omaha, won; Shedd, Lincoln, second; Millson, Lincoln, third. Distance 40 feet 2 inches.

Running high jump—Benedict, Lincoln, won; Ireland, Crete, second; Moore and Welch of Omaha and Cooper and Wiley of York, tied for third place. Declared off. Height 5 feet 2 inches.

Dash, 440 yards—Follmer, Lincoln, won; Fountain, York, second; Mullen, Omaha, third. Time 0:57.

Hammer throw—Tobin, Lincoln, won; Lesh, York, second; Shedd, Lincoln, third. Distance 128 feet 1 inch.

Run, 880 yards—Benedict, Lincoln, won; Fountain, York, second; Skinner, Omaha, third. Time 2:21 -35.

Running broad jump—Hainer, York, won; Welch, Omaha, second; Fuller, Crete, third. Distance 20 feet 5 inches.

Dash, 220 yards—Reynolds, Lincoln, won; Manning, Lincoln, second; Fairbrother, Omaha, third. Time 0:24 5-8.

Hurdle, 220 yards—Gilbert, York, won; Reed, Omaha, second; Welch, Omaha, third. Time 0:30.

Relay race—Lincoln team, Benedict, Follmer, States, Reynolds, Manning, won; York, Allen, Wiley, Fountain, Hainer and Gilbert, second. Time 3:40 4-5.

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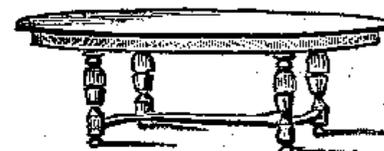
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