

The High School.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL AND OMAHA AMATEURS.

Legendo, Cogitando, atque Scribendo vere docti fienus.

VOL. II.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, MARCH, 1875.

No. 1.

POETRY.

THE BACHELOR AND CUPID.

How now, you little Modoc rogue!
You back again to try your arts?
This mode of war is out of vogue;
Men now-a-days must have no hearts.

'Tis time, my boy, you civilize;
Your arrows now can never fly;
Adopt a gun of larger size
And dress yourself—at least half-way!

Ho! ho! but you are wondrous pert!
To rest that shaft in that frail toy—
And point! as though such things could hurt
A man that's civilized, my boy!

Your aim is well; but 'tis no use;
The points glance off as though from steel;
My heart is old and too obtuse
A shower of such small shot to feel!

Now just once more I'll let you try;
So pick your arrow good and stout;
And after you have let it fly
Why then, my son, I'll kick you out.

There, there,—don't cry! I quite forgot
That you was such a sensate child;
You have a heart, if I have not—
Ah, little imp, I'm sure you smiled!

Come here and climb upon my knee
And tell me where on Earth you've been,
And did you in your flight e'er see
A lovely maiden named—I mean

Did you ever see—O, pshaw!
'Twas long ago I met the flirt
But still old memories sometimes grow
And just to ask can do no hurt!

So did you meet her, boy? you did!
And was she handsome, boy? Of course
Was she—she—single, boy, or wed?
But you say she got a divorce?

And she always loved me the best?
Here, take her this letter of mine—
Fly! fly day and night without rest
Till you bring her my valentine!

He's off like the wind—there he goes!
Ah! here's his gold arrow, love tipped!
See how his fingers fly up to his nose!
All right, little fellow, I am whipped!

H. D. E.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 14th, 1875.

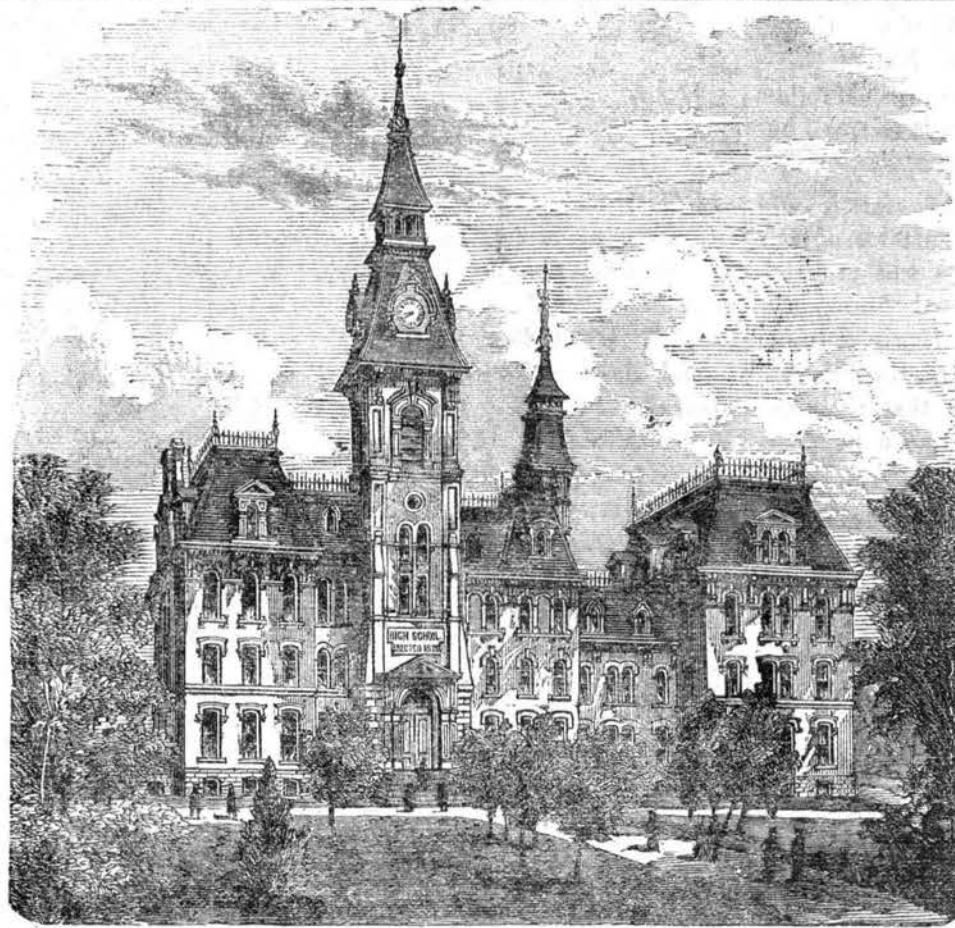
CHILDHOOD'S MYTHOLOGY.

It is such a very formidable title, that it seems as if it cannot have anything to do with children or childhood. And yet it has to do with what makes childhood, its beliefs and disbeliefs. Did you ever meet children who were so wise that you pitied them? who scorned to listen to stories of "the little man in green," and scouted the very mention of Santa Claus? To such children, childhood's mythology is a closed book, and they are as much to be sympathized with as a man who has never read a novel. They revel in stern realities from the cradle. They are taught that they must not believe everything, and grow up so that they will not believe anything. Poor little unfortunates, they have lost the brightest link in life, they have never been children. What a desolate thing it must be to look back upon a childhood, (for so we must call it until some wise man gives it a more appropriate name,) in which there were no giants or fairies? When the wailing that came to our ear on gusty nights, would not be called the voices of fair princesses shut up in the ice caverns of the North, mourning for their far away summerland; but "the wind down the chimney child." How much pleasure we would have missed had we always known that the bright rounds on the grass were not the mystic rings where the brownies danced at midnight; but, "circular shadows cast by the sun?" How much more terrible would have been our trials, had we not been firm in the conviction that, some day, a goblin God mother would lead us to the buried gold at the rainbow's rim, and make us rich and happy forever? Oh guileless, golden dreams of childhood, what were the days without ye? And yet there are people who regret that they ever believed such things; who think they would have grown up wiser and better, if they had been warned against such conceits. Wiser? perhaps; better? never. Would you, oh reader, forget if you could, how you sobbed yourself to sleep over the sorrows of "the Babes in the Woods;" or wrought yourself up to pitch of Don Quixotic valor in behalf of "Little Goldilock?" Ah me, those

generous tears of childhood, never, never, can you shed such tears again. A few pearly drops may fall over

"The book wherein the master Hath writ of Little Nell,"

and you may grow fierce over the wrongs of poor little starving Oliver, asking for "more;" but while your tears are falling fastest and your anger is hottest, you still remember that the trials of one and the wrongs of the other are but the fact like incidents of fiction. Not so with those tears shed long ago, they were the tears of perfect faith, and what matters it that they fell over fables. They were generous trusting tears, and you are the better man or woman to-day, that you shed them. Wisdom must be wisely wielded and cautiousness carefully used, else they may quench the flame they endeavor to make too inordinately bright. "My boy" warns some solemn parent "you must not waste your time over such tales as that of 'Aladdin.' Do not put faith in anything that is so improbable and unnatural. Reject all reading but that which is of practical value, and of the truth of which you have no doubt." Children are more thoughtful than most people give them credit for, and is it at all strange, that the boy who was taught that the probability and practicability are the best tests of truth, should begin to question the reality and naturalness of the story of the Baby of Bethlehem, the stable born King, the manger cradled God? The little seed of distrust has taken root, time will mature the plant and eternity will bring forth the fruit. "Do not want my children to believe in fairies or in Santa Claus" says some overwise mother, "because it creates fevered imaginations and engenders superstition." But you do want them to believe in guardian angels, do you not, oh mother? you do want them to believe in the white winged watchers ever at their sides? How can you explain to them the possibility of one and the impossibility of the other? How can you say, "doubt this, because it is improbable, but believe this," which to them is equally improbable? If there must be some fault, let it be in too great faith. If the twig must be bent, bend it so that the tree will grow away from the precipice. The mind will outgrow superstition, but distrust will outgrow the mind. And then too, which is preferable superstition or infidelity? For our own part we are inclined to like any one who has a tinge of superstition in his nature, it is, to us, the shadow of faith; one is not without the other. But infidelity is the echo of emptions, the "nothing from which nothing is." When we hear any one say: "I am superstitious" our internal verdict is; you are thoughtful, you hold a faith of some kind. When we hear any one say: "I am an infidel," we repeat mentally; you have not brains enough to think, you have no faith in yourself, so none in others. But we have wandered from mythology to metaphysics, and that world frightens us. How many more arguments can we bring to bear why the myths of the nursery should remain unmolested? Oh, so many, they crowd upon us so quickly as we write. But there comes to us also the voice of the clamoring crowd, crying out; "Away with those fairy tales and fictions, let us have facts, practical facts." Oh, that word practical, how they ring it through all the changes! How they startle dreamers with peal after peal from its frozen syllables! This clamoring crowd; do they know that their everlasting practicability is the death knell of poetry and romance. But some of them would temporize, they say: "if we must have fairy stories in the nursery, let us have some that we can draw practical lessons from, that will give a child



VIEW OF THE OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

some idea of the world and its ways and customs." Barbarous! by and by they will be asking for moonbeams to fatten their swine. But let us look through the present literature of the nursery, and see if there is not something already there from which a wise utilitarian may give a child some practical lessons and teach him some of the ways and customs of the world. Turning over the pages of the much abused mother goose melodies, let him take, for instance, the story of "Goosey, goosey gander" who went "up stairs and down stairs, see in my lady's chamber" and who in the course of his wanderings, "met an old man who would not say his prayers, so he took him by the left leg and threw him down stairs." There, is not that the present state of religious society exactly? So our practical friend need only add to complete the picture for his youthful pupil, that goosey, goosey gander, were he wandering to-day, would meet so many old men "who would not say their prayers," that he would not be particular which leg he took them by when "he threw them down stairs," he may also say that they, goosey goosey ganders of the present are more arbitrary than were those of the days of mother goose; for, you must now say not your prayers, but theirs, else they will threaten you with a place much further down than the stairs. If you think that it will make children happier and better to teach them the ways of the world in the nursery, why do it; but do not expect them to be children, do not expect them to go out into life with much of that which is life's best treasury, trust in their fellow men. However, "Blessed were the days of my childhood," would never have been written, had that plan been always adhered to. But "Blessed were the days of my childhood" has been written, and blessed has been called even the memory of those days. Blessed were the days of our childhood, because they are the days of faith. Give me back my trust in all things and you give me back my childhood. And so let the fictions of the nursery be sacred, let faith be fostered by fables, and childhood's mythology may strengthen and perfect the Christian's theology.

STACIA CROWLEY.

KINDERGARTEN CULTURE.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM OUR ST. LOUIS CORRESPONDENT.

St. Louis, Feb. 23d, 1875.

Friend M—

Have caught time to visit the celebrated "Kindergarten" and can't forbear giving you a description of it. It is a wonderful thing. Here in very truth, you hear "wisdom from the mouths of babes." I never so fully realized how my education and everybody's education had been neglected. The schools are in charge of Miss Blow, an enthusiast on the subject, and a young lady, eminently qualified for the work.

Her attention was attracted to the system while traveling in Europe, and on returning to St. Louis she interested the public educators in the matter and at last succeeded in inaugurating the method in the public schools, under her especial supervision.

I expected to hear the alphabet pretty correctly recited and wouldn't have been much surprised if they could spell certain words of two syllables; but I was in imminent danger of a paralytic stroke when the first question, put to a little miss of four summers, was; "Bessie, will you draw a right-angled triangle, intimating the base, perpendicular and hypotenuse?" Bessie drew a rather

questionable looking figure, but explained that it was a right-angled triangle, "thith is the base and thith is the per-pen-dick-u-lar, and thith—" after a struggle with her tongue she finally relieved herself of "ly-pop-e-nuse!"

But before I hitch the cart before the horse, let me explain the *modus operandi*. There is a prescribed number of pupils and none over the number are admitted. The schools are only in certain localities of the city, but efforts are being made to make them a general institution.

About 9 o'clock in the morning the little ones assemble and the duties of the day are commenced. But these "duties" are sugar coated and go down "like a miece." The text books consist of a collection of sticks and twine, black boards and crayons. After shaping the sticks and twine into the different letters and combining them in words, shaping geometrical figures and learning the names of them, a few moments recess is had. But the whole process is a recess, for while the children learn the technical names of nearly every figure of geometry, they do it all under the impression that it is the jolliest of plays and pile up blocks and arrange sticks, seeing who can make the best rhomboid or the prettiest A. The teacher is called upon to decide, which decision is so judiciously given, that no warm feelings nor discussions are aroused.

At recess they group themselves around a large, extensive table, and several little red balls are handed to them. These balls are passed around and around and each one says: "I take it with my left hand give it with my right."

Then they sing in chorus, while the balls still go the rounds "what does lit-tle bird-y say, in his nest at peep of day—." It is pleasant to reflect that at least one of Tennyson's poems has been utilized.

At noon, every one takes out his or her lunch basket, and the contents are spread on the table. Apples are supplied from a large basket in a closet and the coziest, happiest of dinners is eaten.

After dinner, they all keep their seats, while the teacher passes around a wash-bowl and their little "paddies" are washed and the molasses stains removed from their faces. Then comes a general romp, and oh, the fun! The teachers are as enthusiastic as the children and indeed the merriment is contagious. I was surprised to find myself straddle of a stick horse, cavorting around at a great rate and again discovered myself in an animated game of "peek-a-boo" with a little urchin, who persisted in catching my nose every time it rose above its hiding place. Manners and morals are instilled as well as learning. Several of their games are for the special culture of grace and ease in company, and the little misses courtesy and the little gents bow as polite as grown folks, and more so than some. The teacher evidently thought I was interested in the course of education, for she asked me

to speak. Somehow my ideas left me, and I fell into anachronisms that were somewhat startling. I commenced: "Babes and sucklings: Did you ever hear the story of Martha Washington, the father of your country? Did you ever peruse the biography of George E. Hatchett and his Adams apple? Did you ever take an especial interest in the adventures of Christopher Crusoe?" I paused to mark the effect of this outburst. Our youth had pulled the *Globe* out of his pocket and was deep in the details of Moulton's testimony.

School dismissed.

H. D. E.

P. S.

It is fortunate I have no reputation to lose on the poetical effusion of mine in your last number. I expected some typographical errors, but I also expected that there would be left some semblance of the original production. As it is, I have seen "sicker" poems but never in this country.

H. D. E.

ST. VALENTINE.

Dear post-office Saint! your health we drink;
You make our memory totter;
You've goose quilled many a bottle of ink,
And used our heart for a blotter.

The Lupercalia was a Roman festival held in honor of Pan and Juno. Pan was the boss god of the wool-growers, and Juno was a sweet, low-necked, auburn-eyed girl, who washed dishes and worked monograms in Pan's handkerchiefs. This was ages before civilization had flung her bare arms around the neck of our Western hemisphere, and several weeks before Ben Franklin went to Philadelphia.

A valentine is a concentrated poetical effusion spread out on tinted paper with a licked postage stamp and a girl to back it. Valentine poetry is the result of the chemical action of an oxyhydrogen heat upon the brain. The invisible, gaseous, hydrochloric vapors, that rise from a *busting* heart being heavier than the common sense, displace the oxidized phosphates of the intellect, react upon the specific gravity of the mind, and throw down a sentimental precipitate that would salivate a cat. For instance:

Araminta Jane, oh, hear me sigh.
You're dearest of the dear;
There's business in your laughing eye,
There's cotton in your ear.

When a boy gets old enough to know that two weeks make a fortnight, and fifty cents subtracted from his father's pocket leaves remorse and a *licking*, he is about the right age to have an incipient attack of valentine love. In olden times, before store valentines had taken the place of home-spun heart-twisters, such a youth would be found about the ices of February wasting the midnight tallow and his mother's stationery. And when the valentine was completed, what a compound it was of poetry, dirt and handwriting. How insignificant the genius of Byron and Tom Moore must have seemed to the girl as she broke the seal and read.

Angelic miss! seraphic sis!
I strike the lyre for thee;
Accept with this, a six-pound kiss
And a chafel mortgage on me.
Dear bliss-lived girl! my three ply love
No power on earth can check:
I worship the sty, on your labboard eye,
And the mole on the back of your neck.

There is no landscape on this verdant sod so pleasing to our eyes as a pair of hood-winked worshippers bowing at Cupid's shrine.

Two heads with but one single thought,
Two hearts that beat like sixty.

We have seen a life insurance agent struck by lightning; we have viewed Niagara in her wild, majestic gush; we have witnessed our mother-in-law tumble down the cellar stairs; but in all these inspiring scenes we miss that cherubim and seraphim sweetness which we have felt in gazing upon two love-blossomed hearts skewered upon one of Cupid's arrows. To the followers of St. Valentine we would say, never disgrace your saint, annoy your friends, or abuse your enemies by indulging in comic valentines. They always lack in merit, beauty and wit. Confine yourself to the sentimental, high-toned heart-revivers. If possible, accompany your valentine with a verse of original poetry; something that will spread a happy equilibrium over your girl's pathway and make it pleasant for you when you call. We would suggest a combination of pathos and intense passion like the following:

When the earth is wrapped in slumber,
And you are wrapp'd in your bed,
With your hair done up in papers—
Twisted all over your head—
Oh! then if I were a bed-bug
I'd crawl from under the clothes
And climb up on your pillow
To bite your little nose.

APOTH E. CARY.

The High School.

OMAHA, NEB., MARCH, 1875.

A Monthly Journal devoted to the interests of the HIGH SCHOOL OF OMAHA and Omaha amateurs.
J. P. McCARTNEY, Manager, Omaha, Neb.

The High School is published every month.
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Slowly but surely the truth is becoming manifest that the system of compulsory education in the free and independent States of America, cannot succeed. Enthusiasts may harp over the many benefits that would be derived if it were in successful operation. The argument against it has not been a denial of these benefits if they could be had, but the impracticability of such a system in a free country like this, and the extra expense and trouble such a system would entail, were its enforcement attempted. From Michigan, where the law was recently tried, news comes that it has proved a total failure and the repeal of the law will be immediately urged.

A proposition to abolish the study of German in the public schools of New York is now being considered by the educators of that City.

The number of children studying that language is 19,000, thirty teachers are employed, and the aggregate expense amounts to \$45,000 per year. It is claimed that one fourth of the population of New York consists of Germans, and in their name a strong protest is made against abolishing that feature of the school system which makes this language a part of common education. On the other hand it is claimed that the study was first introduced merely to gratify a whim; that economy in the administration of public affairs demands its abolition; that it is contrary to the genius and spirit of our American institutions to perpetuate, through a foreign tongue, a sympathy for foreign ideas that might develop into hostility to republican rules; and that, if the Germans are to have their language taught in the public schools, the French, Swedes, Spanish and Irish have an equal right to have the tongue of their fatherland added to the list of studies provided for at the public expense.

BUSINESS EDUCATION IN HIGH SCHOOLS.

Sometime ago we ventured to suggest that the High School would secure greater attendance, and be productive of more good to the general public if it would provide a course of study that would embrace more of the useful branches of knowledge. A very good endorsement of that view is the following, which we clip from a recent issue of the Daily Herald:

We will illustrate our idea of prevailing defects in teaching in our Public Schools by declaring it as our positive belief that there is not one pupil in four in any grade who has "gone through" arithmetic and passed on to the bewildering mazes of the Ologies, Osophies and "higher mathematics," who can, without special hints and helps, step behind the counter of the First National Bank and compute interest on notes of hand, or cast the contents of a board, or the fractional parts of a cord of wood to properly fix its value. The trouble is that thorough education in useful branches of knowledge is sacrificed to efforts at surface education in what are, to the mass of American youth, comparatively useless branches of knowledge.

The above comes from a writer whose opinion on the subject is worth something, and it goes to show that there is a growing sentiment favoring a speedy change in that direction. Hundreds of young men whose circumstances in life will not admit their attendance through a four years term in the sciences and classics, would hail as a blessing a free institution where they could secure a business education. We freely think that a public school with the necessary facilities for teaching, bookkeeping, banking, commercial, law, telegraphy, &c.,—giving graduating certificates for any or all of these studies—would be eagerly attended by thousands of young men who are now compelled to grow up without such necessary knowledge, because they have not the means to attend private institutions.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. John Rath of the Board of Education called the attention of that body to the use of tobacco in the High School building, and stated that holes were bored in the floor through which the amber fluid was passed. It is said his attention was called to this alarming fact when a six year old asked him for a chew.

President Grant has recommended in a special message to congress, an appropriation of \$50,000 to secure a fit representation of the educational interests of the United States at the Centennial Exposition.—The Omaha High School will doubtless send a professor with a couple of small but smart boys, for a western contribution.

The State Teachers Association will convene in this city on the 30th of this month, and the proceedings will probably be held in the High School Building.—The April issue of the HIGH SCHOOL, which will contain the programme in full, will be off the press before that time and will be furnished free to all the members of that body.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again" and the same may be said of individuals. It is related that some cruel brute wantonly stepped on the boy when he was young and threw him back several years growth. Notwithstanding this distressing calamity however, he has gradually kept rising, and look at him to-day, president of the High School Debating Society.

The subject of suspending operations at the State University has been broached by several members of the present state legislature, on the ground that it costs tens of thousands each year, without doing the state at large any good. It might appropriately be termed the High School of Lincoln City, from which place about three-fourths of the attendants are supplied.

Among the first who have renewed their subscriptions for the HIGH SCHOOL for '75 was Prof. J. H. Kellom, who tendered, at the same time, his best wishes for the future success of the paper. The encouragement and good will of that gentleman is worth more to the HIGH SCHOOL than twenty subscriptions, and we do not wish to conceal the fact that we fully appreciate the same.

EXCHANGES.

The *Cornell Era* makes its regular appearance four times a month.

The *New England Journal of Education* is all that it claims to be—the representative journal of New England's educational interests.

The *Berkleyan* of Oakland, California, mourns the death of Henry Hunter, the founder and president of the Berkleyan University.

The editor of the *Niagara Index* says, with an emphatic stamp of her foot, (No. 11) that she has not yet seen an intelligent argument in favor of co-education.

The *Yale Literary Magazine* was compelled, as it says, to cut down its exchange list on account of the new postage law. It sees merit enough in the HIGH SCHOOL, however, to continue exchanging with us.

We are indebted to S. R. Wells, publisher of the *Phrenological Journal* for his illustrated annual for 1875. The *Phrenological Journal* is the leading publication of the world on the great science of Phrenology.

The *Vassar Miscellany* for January contains a variety of interesting and instructive articles which display highly refined culture and advanced education.

Among the most noticeable contents are two exhaustive arguments on the subject "Does the Reviewer benefit Literature?" affirmative by Miss Wheat, negative by Miss E. E. Poppleton.

The *College News Letter* for February contains a sentimental "gush" from "Laura." We quote a verse:

"How grand to be escorted,
By the fairest of the fair,
On a lovely moonlight evening,
No rustling in the air."

Can't she get an escort? Or are the Grinnell boys afraid to venture out on moonlight evenings.

The *Hesperian Student* of Lincoln comes to us in a new form, it now being in the shape of a magazine. It looks well and is a credit to Nebraska as an amateur journal. It has got a new editor, and he throws down the following in his salutatory: "All hail blustering New Year! Welcome to these latitudes, thou boisterous cherub, though thy hoary beard shakes many an icicle, and

the harsh breath rushes from thy frosty nostrils somewhat too fiercely for an infant." Bad case. If the lunatic asylum is so overcrowded that it can't possibly make room for him, we would suggest that a wet blanket thrown over him, might do when he gets those spells.

In addition to the above, the following, have been received:

Chicago Teacher, University Press, The Institute, Rhode Island Schoolmaster, Alumni Journal, Archangel, Boston Journal of Chemistry, Newspaper Reporter, American Journal of Education, Cornell Era, Michigan Teacher, Seminary Budget, Public School Record, Farmer's Weekly Blade, Dakota City Mail, Nemaha Valley Journal, Fremont Tribune, Dalhousie Gazette, Madison Co. Review, Central Union Agriculturist, Pleasant Hill News, Educationalist, The Targum, College News Letter, N. Y. State Educational Journal, Central Collegian, N. W. College Chronicle, Common School, Ashbury Review, Woman's Journal, Westminster Monthly, Temperance Blessing, Vassar Miscellany, College Journal, College Ohio, College Herald, Nebraska Patron, Mute Journal, Oxford Undergraduates Journal Oxford England, Amateur Banner, N. Y. Observer, Omaha Excelsior, Bates Student, Tyro, McKendree Repository, Hamilton Literary Monthly, National Teacher's Monthly, The American Garden.

This is from the *Nebraska Patron*, and it is endorsed by the country boys as a very sensible remark:

The season has come around when the papers have articles about the boys—wanting to know why they do not stay on the farm, and wondering what is the matter with them, and in some cases directions are given for the guidance of parents in the premises. First, we are told boys ought to be allowed a little liberty, and they must not be pushed. On cold mornings they ought not to be forced out of bed too early, and when they do get up they should be allowed to sit by the fire and get their clothes well settled. It is poor policy to have them milk because they will cut the business short and dry up the cows, and they should start for school so early that they will not be obliged to run. When they come back they ought not to be set to work immediately; let them get warm and tell the news. For all work and no play makes the boy dull. Just so.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE.

In Hamlet we have the expression of highwrought passion, dreamy madness. So, too, in Macbeth, Lear, Shylock and Othello there is madness; but each has his respective disorder, each his constitutional frenzy. Macbeth's rage is for the glory and power of a throne; Lear's proceeds of great personal afflictions; Shylock's proceeds of insatiable greed of gain; Othello's derangement is occasioned by jealousy, proceeding of wounded self-love and amateness. Poor Ophelia craves our sympathy on account of her double bereavement at one fell stroke so unexpected.

Falstaff, who occupies so conspicuous a place in the second group, appears all the vain, sensual, truckling braggart he is, and in striking contrast with the impulsive tenderness and devotion of Romeo and Juliet.

On the other side we have the subtle yet jocular Petruchio, and the shrewd Katharine, whose "taming" seems so well to have been brought about.

Pigheadedness is written emphatically on the face of the stupid Dogberry. So, too, Sir Toby shows a beastly heaviness, born of his sordid habits. As for Malvolio, the vain, conceited, strutting steward, if he be not Darwinically and lineally descended from the genus "donkey," his features, no less than his words and actions, do certainly belie him. And in the other picture the ass' head is fitly applied to him who should wear it, while we wonder at the enchantment which Titania experienced when lavishing her tender caresses on so coarse a head. Are there not, however, many paralled cases of such "affinity" in our day and generation.—*Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy.*

MODEL LOVE LETTER.

The love I have expressed for you is false, and my indifference to you increases. The more I see you the more you seem an object of contempt. I feel myself every way determined to hate you. I had no intention to marry. My last interview has left an insipidity, and by no means given an exalted idea of your character. Your temper would make me unhappy, and if we marry, I should experience daily discord, added to everlasting displeasure in living with you. I have a heart to bestow, but I do not imagine it your own. I could not give it to one more capricious than yourself, and less of an honor to my choice and my family, Adieu! Adieu! I believe me I am and shall always remain averse to you, and cannot even be your most humble servant.

Read regularly and alternately.

CLUBBING LIST.

We have made arrangements whereby we can secure the following named journals and magazines at a reduced rate for our clubbing list, and therefore can offer the HIGH SCHOOL and any one of them at the following prices:

NAME.	Regular subscription price.	Price with High School.
Phrenological Journal,	\$3.00	\$3.50
Science of Health,	2.00	2.75
Harper's Weekly,	4.00	4.50
" Monthly,	4.00	4.50
" Bazar,	4.00	4.50
Frank Leslie's Illustrated,	4.00	4.50
New England Journal of Education,	3.00	3.50
Hesperian Student,	1.00	1.75
Scientific American,	3.20	4.00
Nebraska Teacher,	1.50	2.25
Wood's Household Magazine,	1.00	1.65
Omaha Weekly Herald,	2.00	2.65
" " Republican,	2.00	2.65
" " Bee,	1.60	2.25

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REDUCTION OF YEARLY TERM.

To the Editor of this "High School."

I have read with no little interest the editorials of Dr. Miller in the Herald with regard to the reduction of the school term from ten to eight months. Now, Mr. Editor, this number of school months may do well enough for persons who can afford to send their children abroad to receive an education; it may do well enough for such members of the Board as Mr. Howard Kennedy to talk of a reduction, but we fail to see how it is going to benefit the majority of our people.

The reasons given for this reduction are these. First: that the minds of the scholars are over-worked, secondly, that it will lessen the tax imposed upon the citizens for the support of these institutions, and think that a lengthening of the vacation will have a tendency to make the pupils more diligent. As to the first, we know from personal observation, that this plea is simply absurd. It is a fact that under the present system scholars find more time to indulge in things not pertaining to the school, than under the old system. And even if this were not so, the remedy is not in the reduction of the term. If the principals and teachers find that the present course of study is too much for the scholars in their respective grades to accomplish, let them recommend one which they think is fitting, and we have not the slightest apprehension as to the result, when it comes before the Board, for its adoption. Now, as to the second reasons, the tax for the support of our schools is very small when compared to that which is levied upon the people for public improvements, public buildings and railroads. True, these things are very nice and are of great benefit to our city, but how do they compare with an education? We think the comparison is little less than foolish. If our people cannot have these luxuries without an encroachment upon our schools, I say, for one, cast aside public improvements, cast aside public buildings, cast aside railways and let the youth of our city have a good education. Take away from them the means of procuring a sound English education, and you take away the main stay of our government; take away this education, and you throw them upon the world without any means of support. And now to the third. It has been proven by facts which are undeniable that a vacation has a demoralizing effect upon a school, and that more than one half the term is gone before they can be brought to the standard of study they had attained the previous term. We call upon the principals and teachers to substantiate us in this assertion. But we think we have already said enough to convince all right thinking people that we are correct in the position which we have assumed. C.

THE EIGHTH GRADE.

We dropped into the eighth grade school room—that department under the charge of Prof. Love—during one of the Friday afternoon entertainments last month and were well entertained for an hour or two with historical recitations, declamations and essays. Misses Mora Balcombe, Clara Southard, Jennie Kennedy and Ella Powers, and Masters Will Bartlett and Danie Baldwin were the declaimers, and they all did well. Master Baldwin might profit by modulating his voice a little more. Edgar Brunner read a chapter of a serial story that he is now working on. His subject is an imaginary giant who can jump from one country to another. Brunner and his giant are now jumping around and writing up sketches of the countries visited. An oral exercise in grammar completed the programme. We were shown several very neatly drawn maps of North and South America. The ability of the students in that line is a special characteristic of that grade. Prof. Love has just had a competitive examination in map drawing, and

from among the many maps returned, those of the following students were selected as being worthy of special mention, viz: Misses Annie Burley, Addie Cole, Fannie Hurlbut, Mattie Dort, Lizzie Isaacs, Dora Lehmer, Maggie and Annie Truland, Masters Will Bartlett, Edgar Brunner, John Edgar, Will Killingsworth, Leonard Livezey, Fred McLain, Herbert Schneider, Chas. McCormick, Danie Baldwin and Edward Ord. The eighth grade is divided into two departments, there being about forty students in each one.

WHY IS IT

That a lively, active trade is always going on at Bushman's? And yet customers lose no time in "badgering," as only one price is asked. It

—Several changes have been made in the time of class recitations at the High School.

—The JUGLA Kid Glove, the best that comes to this country, to be had only at Bushman's. It

—A. Hospe Jr. & Co. have removed their establishment from 15th St. to 284 Dodge, opposite new Post Office.

—"Stage struck without a cent jr." is his name, and he called to take her out sleigh-riding at the very unseasonable hour of 11 P. M.

—Edward Koters, who has been attending the Central School, has gone to Sacramento, California, where he will establish himself in business.

—From a private letter to a friend in this city we learn that Geo. M. Sturtevant a former student of the eighth grade is now teaching school in Wahoo, Neb.

—Several of the mineralogical specimens donated by Prof. Thompson have arrived, and work has been commenced on the cabinet that they are to be placed in.

—The Hesperian Student speaks of the University "Gymnasium" Club. We presume it means a gymnastic club. Good grammars can now be bought for \$1.25.

—The editor of the *New Deal* ran for office last month, and, although he voted for himself, he was completely scooped. He is compelled to fall back on journalism.

—The "Omaha Mutual Literary Improvement Society" is the name of a new literary society organized by the young gentlemen and ladies of St. Barnabas church.

—The Board of Education has made an appropriation of \$20 to pay for light, fixtures and incidentals used by Prof. Smith in the exhibition room set apart for the use of his sciopticon.

—A passing pedestrian remarked, as a sixth grade school girl slipped while returning from school, that she had lost her "equilibrium." After picking up her books, and hesitating a moment, she slowly started back to look for it.

—The children of the south school had the pleasure of witnessing an exhibition of the sciopticon one Friday afternoon last month, and were very well pleased. Ten little boys were denied admittance by their teacher, on account of bad deportment.

—The Friday afternoon rhetorical, which have heretofore been held every week in the High School, are discontinued, and the only exercises of that kind will now occur about once a month, when a programme is made up of declamations, essays, &c., from the whole school.

—The Council Bluffs boys have reorganized their Literary and Debating Club, and we understand that a movement is on foot to bring the "Omahawful fact-slathers" and the C. B. "sky-sweepers" together in another literary contest for the championship of the two states.

—Mr. C. Reynolds, who was recently admitted to the High School Literary and Debating Society is a good extempore speaker.

His first attempt was a neat little speech of about fifteen minutes on the Louisiana imbroglio.

—The lecture that was to have been delivered by Prof. Kellom for the benefit of the poor, will come off at the appointed time, but J. Sterling Morton will do the talking.

Mr. Morton has the reputation of being the most humorous lecturer in the state.

—Several students of the Central School have left that institution, and are now among the attendants at Brownell Hall. Among those are Misses Cora Doane, Carrie Millard and Maggie and Nora Boyd.

It is a noticeable fact that the classes at this hall have a larger home attendance this year than ever before.

—Special bargains daily offered at Bushman's to clear out remnants preparatory to receiving a large stock of Spring goods, which will be selected under the personal supervision of the proprietor, who goes east for that purpose during the present month. It

—The tenure of office in the High School Literary and Debating Society has been changed from three to six months. At the last election held Friday, February 5th, the following officers were elected for the term ending April 30th, viz:

F. R. McConnell, Pres't,
R. S. Hall, Vice "
W. H. Potter, Rec'd'g Sec'y,
B. S. Walker, Cor. Sec'y,
Terd. Streitz, Jr., Treasurer.

—The Saratoga Literary Society still keeps onward on its way, and it is now the second literary society in the country. At the last election of officers Capt. Ed. Patrick was chosen President.

We would suggest that a joint debate between it and the High School Literary Society might be gotten up very easily, as we know that the members of the latter named society would take a hand if they did not have to talk against old lawyers.

—Four students in the High School whose names we will not mention, have become involved in a little difficulty that will very probably cause their suspension for the balance of the term. Instead of going direct to the recitation room of the German class the other day, they went down stairs and amused themselves for a half hour or so.

Prof. Decker investigated the matter, reported the fact to Prof. Kellom and at the time of writing we did not learn what action he had taken, but we are inclined to think that the boys will be severely dealt with.

—The exercises at the High School on Friday, Feb. 19th were unusually interesting, there being declamations and essays from several prominent students, among whom were Arthur Huntington, F. Streitz, W. A. Redick, Joseph Megeath, Ed. Evans, Wiley Clegg, Alfred Ramsay, Abbie Cahn, Chas. Saunders, Wm. Champlin, Frank Hills, Placidus Ord, Sam. Nash, Chas. Sweetey and Chas. J. Emery. A humorous dialogue followed between George Jewett and B. S. Walker, Jewett personating a girl, which same was so admirably executed that a general feeling of regret was felt because he was not born a girl.

PERSONAL.

—George Ketcham, of the prep. class, has gone to Detroit, Mich.

—Will King, of St. Louis, will visit Omaha the coming spring.

—Miss Fannie Drake, teacher of the 2d grade, Central School, has gone east on a short visit.

—Mr. C.M. Hall, of Council Bluffs, called over to see the boys of the Literary Society last month.

Miss Josie Ord, who has been visiting in the east for the past few months, has returned to her home.

—Mrs. W. C. Edwards, of Kansas City, Mo., was recently in this city on a visit to her brother, Mr. Jno. S. Johnson.

—Frank Baldwin has been absent a Lincoln for the last six weeks. He was one of the pages in the House of Representatives.

—Mr. Howard Smith, of Ann Arbor College, Mich., has been elected secretary of the students' Library Association of that college.

—Will H. Potter, the newly elected secretary of the High School Literary Society, is now in New York, visiting friends. Mr. C. J. Emery performs the duties of his office during his absence.

—Miss Nellie Cooper, a former student of the Eighth Grade, is now living in Dallas, Texas. She appreciates a live educational journal, and has consequently ordered the *HIGH SCHOOL* for '75 to be sent to her address.

—Harry S. Parmelee, who has been attending the Starling Medical College, at Columbus, Ohio, for the last two years, has returned to his home in this city. He intends to establish himself somewhere in this state as an M. D.

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POETRY.

AN INCIDENT.

"To cast into my teeth."—Shakespeare.

My friend, who speaks as Hazlitt wrote,
And I, who study men of note,
In earnest, argumentative talk,
To twilight's hour prolonged our walk.
The poet's passion, sculptor's dream,
Yes, beauteous woman, was our theme.
He told of Helen, pale and fair,
And I of Ada's raven hair;
Of Kate, whose teeth, so radiant white,
Glistened like dew in morning light—
Though jet or gold, each chose the curls,
We both paid homage to the pearls;
When suddenly before us stood
Grace, in the form of maidenhood.
We puzzled rules of etiquette
When at the angle sharp we met;
I almost caught her in embrace:
I could not choose but see her face.
Oh! she was lovely as a day
Of beauty in unclouded May.
I looked a moment in the eyes
That read my tribute and surprise,
And, "Pardon me, fair maid," I said,
When laughingly she turned and fled.
Alas, that smile! which quick revealed
All that the lips but now concealed;
Sharp points, unevenly disposed,
On which those bright, red gates had closed.
How must be mingled honeyed words
Which pass across that bridge of swords!
Where is the unsophistic youth
Would catch a Tartar with each tooth?
O Grace, thy feature, form and limb
May all attractive prove to him;
But not for me the buxom maid
Whose smile is wantonly waylaid!
Its warders should be pure and good
To guard its fixed or changing mood;
And when it gleams with radiance bright
Let them reflect its rays of light;
For vain the ruby casket's sheen
Unless the pearls are set therein.

N. E. Jour. Ed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A country girl being asked what chapped her lips so, replied: "One of those City Chaps."

—There is a man out West writing a book called "94," he hopes by this means to go Victor Hugo "one better."

—One of our "Juniors in Chemistry" says that shoe leather chemically considered, is the ox-hide of beef.—*Archangel.*

—A beginner in Latin perpetrates the following: *Vir*, a man; *Gin*, a trap. *Virgin*, a man trap.—*Wells College Chronicle*

—Omaha claims the Champion Hen. She hatched a pie-bald chicken with cross-eyes and a bob-tail, out of an eastern egg.

—It must be a depressing thought to all colored persons named Smith, that no matter what trades they follow, they must always be blacksmiths.

—Editing a paper is like carrying an umbrella on a windy day. Everybody thinks he could manage it better than the one who has hold of the handle.—*Ec.*

—One of our boarding house friends says he has got now so he is resigned to having hair in the butter, but when the butter gets so old that the hair is gray, then there is going to be a fuss.

—An exchange says: "Can the water-melon be successfully cultivated on sandy soil, with a Theological Seminary near by, containing a hundred and twenty students studying for the ministry?"

—One of our western Post Offices has a good looking young lady for a clerk at the gentlemen's window, and its a caution how long it takes the young men of that town to think of their names when they go after mail.

—In one of our dry goods stores the other day a lady shopper who did not wish to buy anything, having exhausted the catalogue of excuses finally declared, that the elastic cord was not round enough.

This paralyzed the clerk.

—Marry for love, young man, but remember that it's as easy to love a girl whose pa has a hundred thousand in the bank, as one whose old man sits up behind a pair of mules, and yells "Whoa! you Pete, or I'll take your ear off!"—*Ec.*

—The young man who perpetrated the following, has been packed in ice and his head braced with steel bands:

What is the similarity between a persons feet and an oak tree?

They both produce ache-corns. (Acorns.)

—"Hi! where did yez git them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a remarkably short pair of trousers. "I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply. "Then, by me conscience," said Pat, "you picked them a year too soon."

—A school not over twenty miles from Whitehall, Vt., is presided over by a cross-eyed teacher. A few days ago he called out: "The boy that I am looking at will step out on the floor." Immediately twenty-seven lads walked out in front of the astonished pedagogue.

—Maria is a very popular name in Illinois. When a cat climbs a back fence in a well-populated neighborhood and plaintively calls out "Mariar!" twenty or thirty windows are hastily thrown up, from which protrude twenty or thirty female heads wildly answering, "What."

—A little girl on Winchester avenue was offered three cents by her mother if she would cease imitating those cherubins who continually do cry. Hastily revolving the matter in her wee blonde head she replied: "No, it's wuff more'n free cents to me to cry," and with a fresh "boo-hoo" she started a whole row of shingles on the roof.

—Scene, Museum. A new student looking at a skeleton.

Student—"Say, professor, who was this fellow when alive?"

Prof.—"My good fellow, he was a Theological student, who attempted to board himself on twenty-five cents a week, and the sequel is the unhappy spectacle before you."—*Ec.*

—A very dirty, debased and ignorant looking man came in to vote in a township of Michigan. Said one of the ladies, offering him a ballot, "I wish you would oblige us by voting this ticket." "What kind of a ticket is that?" said he, "Why," said the lady, "you can see for yourself." "But I can't read," he answered. "Why! can't you read the ballot you have there in your hand, which you are about to vote?" "No," said he, "I can't read at all." "Well," said the lady, "it means, that you are willing to let the women as well as the men vote." "Is that it," he replied, "then I don't want it; the women don't know enough to vote."—*Ec.*

—Boy's Composition on Sticks.—There are a great many sticks in the world, some big and some little. Some are sticky, and some are not. There are large sticks of wood, and that is one kind of sticks; and there are little bits of sticks, and that is another kind of sticks; some people when they handle money it sticks to their pockets, so that is another kind of stick. Sometimes when a boy is doing an example he gets stuck, so that is another kind of stick. Sometimes when a horse is going along in muddy weather he gets stuck, so that is another kind of stick. That is all I can think of now, so that is another stick. FRANK S.—*Middleton (Ohio) Journal.*

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