The High School.

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

Liberator a defectione solum, qui non nititur.

Vol. III. Omaha, Nebraska, March, 1876. No. 3.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
  Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
  Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, oh Queen, support me,
  Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Hearken to the great heart-secrets
  Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though thy scarred and veteran legions
  Rear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
  Strew dark Actium's fatal shore—
Tho' no glittering guards surround me,
  Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
  Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
  Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that felled him—
  'Twas his own that dealt the blow;
Here, then pillowed on thy bosom,
  Ere yon star shall lose its ray,
Him, who, drunk with thy caresses,
  Madly threw the world away.

Should the base, plebian rabble
  Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse Octavia
  Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her! Say the gods have told me.
  Altars, angel's circling wings,
That her blood with mine commingled,
  Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
  Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
  With the splendor of thy smile;
Give to Cæsar crowns and arches—
  Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn all Cæsar's triumphs,
  Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
  Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming! Quick—my falchion!
  Let me face them ere I die.
Ah, no more amid the battle
  Shall my voice exulting swell!
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
  Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

—[*Selected.*

WASHINGTON.

Read by Lizzie Isaacs in the High School, Feb., 22d, 1876.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland Co. Va. Feb., 22, 1732. He was the son of Augustine Washington, who died when George was 12 year old. He was not allowed to go to any of the colleges, but was obliged to attend the local schools of the neighborhood, where all he studied was reading, writing, arithmetic, bookkeeping and surveying. At the age of 13 he wrote a book entitled, "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation," in the form of brief maxims, 110 in all. George visited Mt. Vernon very frequently, where he acquired a taste for military pursuits. Having obtained a midshipman's warrant, he had his clothes packed, and every thing in readiness to embark, but his mother opposed him, and he was obliged to remain at home. This is called the turning point of Washington's life. At the age of 16 he was engaged in his favorite occupaion, surveying, which he continued for about three years. At the time of the rupture with France, the government commenced making preparations for war. The province was divided into districts, in one of which Washington was appointed Adjutant with the rank of Major. At this time he was about 19 years of age. His elder brother was taken sick, and ordered to the West Indies, in hopes that he would recover. George was obliged to accompany him, and on his account lost his position in the army. When Dinwiddie arrived here from the old country the province was divided into four districts, over part of which Washton was made Adjutant General. At the age of 22 he was placed at the head of a force destined to serve in the Seven Years' War, as Lieutenant Colonel. Captain Trent's army attempted to build a fort at the fork of the Ohio where Pittsburgh now stands, but on account of the Indians were obliged to abandon it. It was then taken by the French, finished, and named Duquesne, after the Governor of Canada. A little later it was recovered from them by Washington. The next year two regiments were sent out under General Braddock, with Washington as a volunteer. This affair, July 2, Colonel Washington was almost the only officer that survived, his companions being killed on all sides. Two horses were shot under him, and three bullets passed through his coat. Washington married Mrs. Martha Custis, Jan. 17, 1757. At this time he had been engaged five years in military service. He resigned his position and retired from active duty for seventeen years. Soon after the battle of Lexington, which was fought April 19, 1775, Washington was elected Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the revolution. In 1789 he was chosen President of the United States, and served in this office eight years, when he declined to serve a third term and retired to private life. He died at Mt. Vernon at the age of 67. The people all mourned his death, even his rival and enemy said, "He was indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man." We all think, as Irving does, that "Washington's fame stands apart from every other in his history, shining with a truer lustre and a more benignant glory."

SPAIN.

Read Before the Young Men's Literary Club.

From the earliest period of Europe, from the time when history and tradition were first blended, Spain has occupied a prominent position in the recorded affairs of the world. Like that of other eastern nations, her early history is vague and indefinite.

The first authentic details were recorded at a time four or five centuries before the benificent light of Christianity was shed upon fallen man. These tell us that Spain at this time was first peopled by the Ibereans, supposed to be some of the nomadic tribes of Asia. The restless disposition of the Celtic tribes led them into this land where a bitter war was waged upon them by the Ibereans. Compromise followed, and ultimated in the fusion of the two races as one people. The progress of this people brought upon them the enterprising Rhodians and Phœnecians who obtained a footing there and became exceedingly powerful. Government at this time was extremely crude and was purely tribal. As the nation developed in wealth and strength, it became a worthy subject of attention for the Carthegenians under Hannibal, who completely subjugated the province, and thus strengthened his own kingdom. Though it was dearly acquired, for being done under protest from the Roman government, it was followed by the Carthegenian war, in which Carthage was destroyed, her commerce driven from the seas, and her nationality lost with her acquired territory. For two hundred years, incessant war was the lot of Spain before the Romans were complete masters of it. The bright Augustine era, the golden days of Rome, when her splendor and power dazzled and awed the world, when art, science, and philosophy were stimulated by a wise prince, at a time when Virgil was first famous in his land—Spain became the province of Rome under the name of Hispania. As we contemplate the fearful sacrifices of life and resources made by Rome in acquiring Spain, thinking of the scores of thousands of human lives and the fabulous wealth squandered to gain territory, I confess to the conviction that in so far as the spirit, purpose, and results of war go, we have no higher claims to the justice of war than the ancients. To the practical intelligence of the Roman government the riches of Hespania were full compensation for

View of the Omaha High School Building.—*From a Photograph by Eaton.*

their efforts. An energetic administration was carried out, and the new province became infused with the spirit of Roman institutions.

Till the fourth century, Rome governed Spain, leaving upon it a lasting impress of her laws, customs and religion. The fifth century opened as brightly upon Hispania as upon any other nation, yet the bright promise of these years was soon followed by the withering blight of Vandalism. The land was desolated by the malignity of these German tribes. The shock was like the paralysis upon the human frame. Many years were required to retrieve the loss by the one season's work of the Vandals who had wantonly and with no incentive destroyed every object that could be desecrated. From this time are recorded many remarkable changes in Spain. The Goths settled within its borders. They were followed by the Mohammadens—then the Moors and Saracens; the country constantly improving in its laws, and all the elements of prosperity. We pass from this period of peculiar interest when Christian and Infidel were contending for the supremacy, each enjoying the fitful honors of triumph, to a time in which the events may be of more practical interest and application.

At the opening of the fifteenth century, Spain was rapidly rising to a front rank among the greatest nations of the world. Her commerce was expanding, trade and manufacture stimulated by the steady influx of population, and her own resources, by the policy of her government were developing this fair land into a wealth that excited even oriental envy.

By ties of consanguinity the provinces previously existing as kingdoms were being centered into one general government—one head. The conquest of Granada consumated the union. Under these auspicious circumstances, Ferdinand and Isabella ascended the throne. Though prosperous, the country was sadly in need of an energetic ruler. There was no uniform system of laws; such laws as existed were neutralized by the licentious tendencies of the people. The nobility hampered the administration of justice, but these factors in discord were swept aside by the conscientious monarch, and the end accomplished in the revision of laws and their enforcement. It was an Herculian task, aud more than the unaided power of the throne could accomplish. The king sought aid from the Holy Brotherhood, a confederation of cities, controlled by the holy men of the church, who had forces of which the king availed himself. To them he delegated great powers. The work was done thoroughly. Well would it have been had the work ceased with the punishment of criminals, but heretics, apostates to the faith of Rome, passed under the blow, and to-day the influences of this work tinge Roman Catholicism with a sombre hue. That Holy Brotherhood became the Spanish Inquisition. It was during this reign that the enlightened mind of Isabella, aided by personal sacrifices, opened the way for Columbus to his immortal fame. Admiring the adventurous spirit of the man, in opposition to friends and eneemies, fitted out the expedition that opened up the wonders of a new world to the old. Can we forget the one who furnished life to the spirit of Columbus when we accord him the glory of his discovery in 1492? Following close upon the discovery of America came a conquest of Mexico and Peru. Here Spain, like Rome in her own case, left upon these countries the influence of her laws, customs, religion and language. Turn from Spain to Mexico—does history furnish a more perfect mirror? The aggregate wealth and resources of these provinces placed Spain second to no nation at that time. We pause in our investigations at this period, and look upon Spain at the zenith of her power. Flushed with wealth and pride, she stultifies herself in merciless persecutions of her subjects, paralyzing her industries by expelling near a million artisans by a systematic crusade against their religion and customs. O, the insanity of bigotry—itself is its worst enemy! The people were burdened with grievous taxes and were suffering a constant abridgment of their privileges and rights. From this time down to today, 1876, the political history of Spain has largely been a blemished page—a record of strife, of unhappy coalitions and compacts, of erroneous state policy, of imbecile administrations, of vacillating, impotent sovereigns and of political treachery in diplomacy and war. It has shown Spain the pliant tool of France and repeatedly the Frenchman's victim. Civil war is never dead there. This country has seen in her government little other than insurrection, anarchy and bloody republicanism; and to-day with wearied gaze the nations of the earth turn to Spain and behold it drenched with fraternal blood. Civilization seems unable to deal with Spain alone. * * * *

The Spanish character is of all others the most heterogeneous. From the Romans it received that haughty pride and love of power; from the Celts a strong elastic structure; from the Germans a love of amusements; but most largely are they imbued with the impetuous, crafty and passionate nature of the Moors. These characteristics are at once striking and dominant. Who gave them the vein of treachery they so much possess I cannot attempt to puzzle out. These quantities from Greek, Roman, Carthagenian, Celt, Mohammedan and Moor—extreme, diverse and incongruous—assimilated in a distinct nationality, give to us the most volatile and sensitive of all nature; and people. If their history is peculiar, shall we wonder? If their government tumble about them, shall it cause surprise? If the austerity of a proud nobility has maintained a government for themselves and a system of religious ostracism, does it need deep reasoning to argue to results? If ignorance is cultivated as a governmental policy, are we to wait in vain for the harvest of anarchy? Ignorance and despotism are inseparable. Intelligence and despotism may coalesce, but ignorence and independence never. Spain, unenlightened by the progress of nations around her, has been struggling with this problem these many score years, and, in attempting to turn one of God's immutable laws, has brought down upon her the desolation of ignorance, the horrors of anarchy, and the continual blight of civil conflict. May we not hope that experience will teach those who can give Spain what she needs—that in liberty of thought and worship, freedom of speech and the blessings of universal intelligence is a nation's greatest glory—her pride in peace, her defense in war, and between citizen and state the tie of love and fealty.

F. R. McConnell.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD CENTURY.

Farewell, Old Year! Your work is done! Many times have you brough blessings and happiness to us, although sorrow and pain have followed like thieves who break through and steal the dearest treasures that man can possess. But now the darkest days have given place to the golden light of a bright and dazzling sunshine, and the remembrance of the Old Year has been hidden beneath the merry songs of Youth. Let us, the *children*—creatures of a glorious destiny, subjects of a King whose omnipotent hand holds a sceptre of immortal brilliance, beneath the light of which countless millions of planets, stars, comets and meteors sparkle with midnight splendor—rejoice and give thanks for the great things thet we have seen in this our day. Look at the pages of 1776: see how they are blotted with the noble blood of our forefathers! Hear the wild Indians shouting the death knell around the log house of New England! Listen to the dying groans of faithful hearts who perished in the mighty conflict for freedom! Oh! I wish that our voices could recall them back to life for a single moment! How happy they would be to see this our day! Step by step we have advanced upon the wings of progress until an iron rail binds the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the hidden voice of the atmosphere conveys messages of commerce to every nation, Magnificent school houses occupy the places where the prairie dog was want to hide from the thunder of buffalo herds as they rushed before the flames of destruction. And the Stars and Stripes float proudly over every sea, honored by the civilized world and feared by the ruthless savage. "Verily, verily, what mighty things have come to pass!" but let by-gones be bygones. We live in an active, progressive age. Let it not be said that the hundred years of experience which we have had has not caused us to be a happy people, but on the contrary, that vanity and extravagance have destroyed all the elements which produce national and social enjoyment. I, for one of the children of freedom, am proud of the past with its record of devotion, and hope that its glorious achievements will not cause us to forget the sacred charge left to us by our forefathers, dyed though it be in their blood, yet it was cemented by their tears.

W.

TRIFLES.

A little thing is a sunbeam, as it glimmers through our casement, making the cheerful room still more cheerful, and yet, so accustomed are we to its presence, that we notice it but little and do not heed its exhilerating effect. Truly hath the poet said—

"Trifles swell the sum of human happiness and woe."

Our highest and holiest inspirations, our purest and warmest affections are frequently called forth by what in itself may be deemed of trivial importance. The fragrant breath of a flower, a snatch of some familiar song, or a soothing word from one we love, will often change the whole current of our thoughts and feelings, and bring to our remembrance some long forgotten occurrence which will sweep the clouds of sorrow from our brow and usher us once more into the cheerful sunlight of happiness.

The unfortunate prisoner in his dimly-lighted cell would hail with gladness a little word of kindness, which in itself is only a trifle, but to him it is a blessed sunbeam which lingers many days. And the scarcely less imprisoned inmates of the more obscured streets of our crowded cities would welcome it as a messenger from Heaven. Without these little sunbeams to cheer us on, life is a blank; all seems cold and lifeless as the marble slab that marks the spot where our departed loved ones lie.

How many of the great events of life have their origin in trifles! How many deep, heartfelt sorrows spring from neglect of what seemed, to us, a duty of little or no importance—something that could be done or left undone, as we pleased; and, alas! how many things are left undone that would add so much to the happiness of others. Kind words, kind deeds, praise and appreciation, are all mere trifles, but truly, they "swell the sum of human happiness," and sometimes smaller trifles—only a smile, has often cheered a weary heart and given rise to brave, nobler purposes. It has often produced a wish to once more rise from the dark despondency into which misfortune has thrown one, and again cope with the bravest in the "battle-field of life." Joshua Reynolds says: "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." A fact we all must acknowledge, and one which most of us are only too glad to do, for perfection would indeed seem a "frowning impossibility" if we had to acquire it "all at once;" but as it is made up of *trifles*, it does not appear *quite* so formidable. Nor is perfection the only greatness thus obtained.

Trifles affect the human heart-struggles. The heart is wonderfully constructed, and its strings vibrate to the slightest touch. Be careful then, friends, that the trifling deeds you perform may be deeds of kindness, lest by some careless act you snap the delicate cords of the heart, and send a fellow-traveler into the great and uncertain eternity.

Lulu Safe.

The High School

OMAHA, NEB., MARCH, 1876.

THE HIGH SCHOOL is published every month.

TERMS—$1.00 per year; 50 cents for six months; single copies, 10 cents; delivered by carrier in the city or postpaid to any part of the United States.

The paper will be sent until ordered discontinued and arrearages paid.

POSTAGE—The postage will hereafter be prepaid by the publisher.

CLUBS—Parties sending the names of five subscribers, accompanied by the cash, will receive one copy free.

Subscribers changing residences can have the addresses of their papers changed by sending notice to the Business Manager.

Articles for publication must be handed in before the 20th of the month.

Anonymous communications will not be published.

Rejected MSS. will not be returned unless previously accompanied by the necessary postage.

Address all communications to

J. F. McCARTNEY,
Manager, Omaha, Neb.

EXCHANGES.

Sweet and soothing, satisfactory and elevating, are the duties of an exchange editor. There is nothing more sweet, unless it be the taste of pickled olives; nothing more soothing, unless it be wearing tight boots, or talking politics to a woman; nothing more satisfactory, but the traditionary "eating soup with a fork"; and nothing more elevating to the backs and noses of contemporaries, to whom you have given an adverse criticism.—Now, we are not quick-tempered, by any means, but when we have read the same piece of wit over sixty-five times, in as many different exchanges, we begin to feel a little put out; we want to walk around a while and read an extract or two from a Patent Office Report, by way of spice and variety. Then, too, for the last three months, it has been nothing but Centennial, Centennial, prose, essay and oration, poetry, epic and parody, and always the same old story, Centennial. The only comfort we have left, is the fact that we cannot live until another. We have a friend who drops in occasionally to read exchanges. He is not a poet, but he does not know it, poor fellow, and once in a while he writes things that are so soothing to our harrowed feelings, that we beg him for a copy to beguile our lonely hours. Here is his last, and, if it will help any suffering brother to bear more patiently the burdens beneath which he struggles, we will feel that we have filled a big space in our regulation two columns, and that our labor has not been in vain. Some people accuse him of imitating Walt Whitman. We exonerate him from the charge, so we are sure will Mr. Whitman:

This year is the Centennial.
We hate that word Centennial.
Our days go by in misery,
We wot not of the things we see,
And only long that we might flee
Where there is no Centennial.

'Tis nothing but Centennial,
All things are called Centennial.
The children cry, the ladies sigh,
And men reply, Centennial!
The tinkers, tailors, peddlers, nailers,
Bootblacks, cobblers, soldiers, sailors;
The doctors, lawyers, merchants, chieves,
And loudest beggers, frauds and thieves,
Cry, "Ho, for the Centennial!"

We're sick of this Centennial.
All things are called Centennial.
The books we read, the clothes we wear,
The food we eat, the oaths we swear;
Where ere you go, where ere you come,
From churches down to chewing gum,
All things are dubbed Centennial;
And, "most unkindest cut of all,"
Our beef-steaks *are* Centennial.

There are several more stanzas, but we do not like to publish them all at once. An over dose of this style of poetry might be fatal—Not so much to the people who read it, as the paper that publishes it. We say all this, however, to have it understood that no exchange can expect to receive a favorable notice from us, that prints more than three Centennial poems in one issue. The Yale *Lit* is, as usual, excellent in material and make-up. The editors assert that the unusual mildness of the winter has been caused by the warmth of the discussions aroused by Yale's withdrawal. If anything should happen to Yale, what would become of this poor world? We are confident that the editors of the *Lit* think it would tip over. We quite agree with them it would, once in twenty-four hours, just as it usually does. The *College Herald* publishes a poem entitled, "Our Prayer," which, when translated, means, "add three hundred thousand dollars to our endowment fund." We hope they may get it, but, if they have any more prayers of that style to say, for the sake of humanity, we beg that they will say them to themselves. The *Berkleyan*, for February, is a good number—we have no fault to find with it, the contributions, editorials and locals, are all good. The University *Review* says:

The *High School* reprints, entire, "The Tail of a Dog," but fails to make the usual acknowledgement. We do not like to appear at all stingy,—you are perfectly welcome,—but, "honor to whom honor is due."

We beg a thousand pardons, Mr. Editor, we did not know that the tail belonged to you, else we should have mentioned the fact.

The *Eurhetoriun Argosy* comes to us from New Brunswick, and is a very interesting paper, especially the name. The *College Chronicle* is a newsy little journal; the articles are all short and to the point. The *Bates Student*, for January, is up to its usual standard, which is a high one. The matter in the McKendree *Repository* is well enough, but it seems to be put in pell-mell, contributions, editorials and locals whereever chance may place them.

The Vassar *Mis* is as charmingly bright as ever. The article, "A Plea for the Cynic," is especially good. It is really very condescending of the editors to remember that they once read in the second reader,—who would have thought it? Our friend who writes poetry th nks that this journal is the most entertaining of all our exchanges. Being particularly pleased with the last number, he clasped it fervently to the place where his heart ought to be, and recited the following extempore:

Oh, Vassar *Mis*, while you I kiss,
I dream of other blisses,
And only sigh that you are not,
Some other Vassar Misses.
The spot of earth, that gave you birth,
No other can surpass her;
Oh, I could live forever,
In the Lassic shades of Vassar.

The Cornell *Review*, for February, comes forth with all the condescending modesty of a victor. They publish, this month, Mr. Heath's essay, "Dickens and Thackeray Compared," which took the first prize at the recent contest. "The Oxford and Cambridge Uundergraduates' *Journal*," England, is very stiff and Englishified in appearance, but very jolly and home-like in the tenor of its articles.

We welcome, as a new exchange, the "Round Table of Beloit." It is an excellent journal in several ways.

The *Madisonesis* is endeavoring to crush the aspiring Freshmen of Madison, who have determined that they, not the Juniors, are the proper ones to celebrate Washington's birthday. Fight it out, gentlemen, remember that if the "Father of your Country" was "first in peace," he was also "first in war." In addition to those already mentioned, we have received the Institute, Western, Central Collegian, Woman's Journal, University News, College Journal, Niagara Index, Sunday Morning, Utah Educational Journal, Common School, Normal Herald, College Journal of Pittsburgh, New England Journal of Education, Earlhamite, McGill Gazette, University Press, Capitol, Simpsonian, College Chronicle, Nebraska Teacher, University Reporter, American Journal of Education, Journal of Chemistry, Hesperian Student, Westminster Monthly, Cornell Review, National Teacher's Monthly, Nebraska Teacher, Fremont Tribune, Pleasant Hill News, Kearny Press, Seward Reporter, Plattsmouth Watchman and many others.

IT has been suggested by an eminent educator who expressed his views at the late meeting of the Vermont Teachers' Association, that Shakespeare should be taken up as a reading book in our public schools. The only objection we could urge against this innovation is, that the book contains many passages which should not fall under the eye of the average school-girl or school-boy. The vulgarities of this author grate harshly enough on the ears of mature readers to justify the wisdom of withholding the book from young students.

THE boat race between Harvard and Yale Colleges will take place June 30th, at Springfield, Mass.

WE seldom reproduce complimentary notices of this journal, as our past files will testify. The following, however, which we clip from the Wisner *Times*, not only expresses the fact that the HIGH SCHOOL displays some literary merit, even though it be a western journal, but reflects a well-deserved compliment on one of our most able and accomplished contributors:

"The "High School," of Omaha, is on our table for February. The High School is in its third year, and has proven itself a success. Under its able management it compares favorably, both in typographical appearance and literary merit, with the best of our college journals. A Plea for the Cook, by Elta Hurford, is worthy of a place in any journal in America."

G. W.

George started out in life by cutting down his father's favorite cherry tree, and then telling on himself. This was a stroke of policy in the boy, for he knew the old gent would find it out any how, so the only way he could escape a "licking" was to make a little "buncombe" out of his veracity, and his little scheme worked admirably. There are circumstances surrounding this little transaction which are not down in history, and which should be impartially considered by the admirers of G. W. for his truthfulness. In the the first place, his father had just brought home a new hatchet which was the only sharp instrument on the farm, and, secondly, as he saw that George was playing with it all the while, he felt pretty well satisfied who did the damage when he saw the tree. Armed with all this circumstantial evidence, he cast such a withering glance at the boy as he asked him the question that little George immediately "wilted," and commenced to think of the whipping in store for him if he couldn't get on the "soft side" of the old gent. After he had grown to be a man, history tells us that he served as an army officer, and President of the United States; these were good positions—the best he could get, we presume, and when we celebrate his birthday, we should remember that there were lots of men out of employment in those days who were anxious to do some of his work.

YOURSELF.

Would you know yourself? Notice your actions, motives, and their consequent results, how you look, and esteem yourself; mark yonr sayings, and the impressions they make on your hearers. Note if they appear anxious to listen, or do so from motives of courtesy. If you can discern the slightest reluctance in another to converse or associate with you, cease your attentions, or contempt will supplant the indifference that was felt for you. Avoid askiug consecutive questions in social conversation, it betrays ignorance and stamps you as a bore. Answers which you have to continually ask for, cannot be interesting to give. It is the hardest and most unsatisfactory way of sustaining a conversation. Keep silent, if you have nothiug to say. If you force yourself to speak, the subject will undoubtedly lack interest, and the forced delivery may even give it a silly flavor. When you are silent, another cannot well judge of your thoughts, whether they are brilliant or dull. If you will ever be liked, loved and admired, it will be for your own original traits. You like others for their peculiarities, they like you for the same. Every individual has originality—you may not notice it in yourself, but others can. If you are not liked for you own mouldings, you never will be for imitating those of others. Avoid the habit of speaking ill of others. By not mentioning their failings, you do a generous action, them a favor, and guard yourself against cause for future regrets. Arrogance and sudden familiarity exhibit vulgar breeding. Sir, be nothing that is effeminate. Lady, avoid masculine traits. Actions that we admire in a woman, are often detested in a man, and vice versa. Guard against being smitten with the desire to mingle with higher society than what you are qualified for, as it will assuredly give you reason to repent your impudence. Be careful how you make advances. The mortification of a repulse will cause you more stinging grief than the joy you could experience by being favored. Keep with your own class. When you are worthy of a better, it will seek you, and you will find yourself among it, without your endeavoring to get there. If you have talents, and are conceited thereby, your vanity will cause for you as much dislike as your talents will excite admiration.

ANONYMOUS.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

The first law of nature should be the first law in every school room. It is needless to add what that law is. Chaos is a great many things mixed together, making nothing, and a school room where there is no order is the next thing to chaos. Every teacher has his own particular plan for making and keeping good order. Some believe in the rule of the "ruler," and some believe in the rule of the tongue; while others believe in so many rules that they have not time to keep any of them. Still others believe, parents and theoretic teachers, that children, especially little children, should be subject to no systematic restraint; but should be allowed to caper away from, and back to their tasks, as often as they felt so inclined. They argue that too much restraint breaks a child's spirit, and makes the efforts of his intellect automatic rather than willing and natural. The royal road to knowledge has not either been invented or discovered yet, and downy paths make tender feet. If a child is allowed to study fitfully and inattentively while young, he will lack the energy and concentration necessary to work his way through the higher grades, or in the school whose school-room is the world. Order and system should be as strictly observed in the lower as in the higher grades, and our golden rule of order is, "Mind your own business." It seems to be a natural instinct in children to want to attend to the affairs of other people. They will remember anything you tell anyone else twice as long as they will remember what you tell them. If Johnnie Smith, whom you told to remain in his seat, rises to leave the room with the rest of the pupils, half the hands present will be up to remind you that you told him to stay. Johnnie will have forgotten all about the circumstance, his whole attention having been absorbed in the fact that Bill Brown was eating peanuts in school. Ask the first boy you see whispering what he is whispering about, and you will be sure to get some such answer as, "Well, Tom Jones was whispering too." Now if children were only taught to watch their own actions as carefully as they watch the actions of others, an orderly school would be the result. It is "tattling," to call it by its good old name, that breeds dissension among pupils, and gives idle children an excuse for not having better lessons. How can one have his lessons when he has the affairs of thirty or forty schoolmates to attend to. How can good lessons be expected when at least a dozen pupils are engaged in watching the unfortunate culprit on the platform, in order to tell "teacher" when he makes a face at her. Teachers are in a great measure to blame for this state of things. If children were given to understand at once that anything they had to say with regard to their own affairs would be cheerfully listened to, and that they were never to tell anything of anyone else, unless especially requested to, there would be one great stride made toward good order. Teach them that they do not come to school to superintend their neighbor's education, but to get one themselves. Teach them that they are responsible for their own conduct only, and that their neighbor's delinquencies make up no part of their responsibilities. Teach each one to be his own monitor. Teach them, in short, each and every one, to mind his own business. Now some good people will hold up their hands and cry out: "Would you make stoics of the children? Would you rob them of all natural sympathy with their fellow-humans?" By no means, sir, or madame; we wish to make self reliant, self-governed members of society; not idle, meddlesome nuisances, such as they must inevitably become, if encouraged in what is natural to a child but will grow to a passion in a man.

But others object, "You would make them selfish egotists." We deny it. The most selfish men in the world are not those who attend most strictly to their own affairs. This is paradoxical, if you will, but disprove it if you can. We believe that each man is to himself the most important person in the universe; and assert, in spite of the names egotist and self-admirer that greet such avowals, that self-love is better than self-neglect. We believe that the good old rule "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," means simply, "Mind your own business." We believe that the man who takes good care of himself does more good for his neighbors than the one who lets his own affairs go to ruin, while he is engaged in giving advice and regulating the conduct of others. If you wish to educate mankind, be yourself all that you think a perfect man should be. Judge and correct yourself, and you will benefit your neighbor more than by judging and correcting him. What kind of music would a band make, if the cornet-man thought it necessary to watch the bass-violinist's notes to see that he played correctly, and the bass-violinist was always occupied with the duties of the man who plays the clarionet? Just such discord as meddlesome busybodies make in the harmony of life. Just such discord as tattling children make in school.

We have seen hanging in school-rooms scrolls bearing such sentiments as, "Love one another." Fiddle-sticks! never mind one another. You love your neighbor most when you trouble him least. For our own part, the first scroll we hang in our school-room shall bear this blunt but most invaluable injunction, "Mind your own business." STACIA CROWLEY.

THE BIBLE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We mean in the administration of our school affairs to treat all acts, and parties of our citizens, with the strictest impartiality. The conscientious scruples of all must remain inviolate. No books must be used in our schools, and no exercises take place in them, to which any reasonable man can conscientiously object. Catholic and Protestant, Rationalist and Jew, all must be treated exactly alike. The majority principle must be waived here, and the rights of a child of the most obscure and friendless citizen in the commonwealth must be respected. The least semblance of proselytism must be avoided; and each must, in this matter, do to others as he would like, in similar circumstances, others to do to him. I would like to have a copy of the Bible upon the desk of every teacher, in sight of all the children in the land. If never opened, it would still be God's book, ever teaching its silent lessons, and imposing something of self-reflection and reverence for sacred things upon the character of youth; if solemnly read by a loved teacher, its holy precepts would sink like seed into fallow grounnd, deep into little tender hearts, to ripen in after days in harvests of good works. But sooner than take from a single citizen his equal rights; sooner than to trample upon the conscience of one honest man; sooner than violate the heaven-borne principle of religious liberty, that ark of covenant which our fathers bid us guard with our lives and fortunes, and transmit, unsullied by unholy hands, to the generations to come, I would, if neccessary, discontinue the reading of the Bible in the public schools, and relegate all religious instruction to the home, the Sabath-school and the church, and limit the common school to the performance of its intellectual and moral duties.—*J. P. Wickersham in N. E. Journal of Education.*

The High School

Extra copies $1.00 per dozen.
Subscriptions, orders for extra copies, Advertisements. or articles for publication, may be lef at office,, 2d floor, Odd Fellows Block.
Local Advertisements 20 cents a line.

THERE'S a hole in a skimmer; aint there Harry?

A NEW literary society has been organized at Rathbun's Business College.

A GOOD suggestion is like a crying baby in church—it ought to be carried out.

A WOMAN named Butes gave birth to two children, and the father called them "a pair of Butes."

SOME one said that the presence of mind in danger was very good, but absence of body is better.

THIS occurred in the eighth grade, but the boy will soon be in the High School, "Decline flee." "Flee, flew, fled, when you put your hand on it."

WORST CASE OF ABSENT MINDEDNESS ON RECORD.—A man thought he left his watch at home, and took it out to see if he had time to go back after it.

EACH schoolroom is now supplied with a dictionary, a clock, and a call bell; the Superintendent has been supplied with a big gong, and everybody is happy.

ARCHETECT Randall who proposed to erect the Third Ward School House for $14,700, withdrew his bid, which was the lowest, at a late meeting of the Board.

THE senior class in the High School consists of Blanche Deuel, Fannie Wilson, Esther Jacobs, Addie Gladstone, Alfred Ramsey and Henry Curry, and it will graduate next June.

THERE are two or three young croakers in Omaha who thoroughly read the HIGH SCHOOL as it appears each month, and then give us a lecture on the few mistakes they find. Let up gentlemen.

THE musical lessons given by Prof. Decker at the High School every Friday afternoon are becoming more interesting each week, and if you want to hear a good concert without costing you a cent we advise you to visit the High School on Friday afternoon. A new feature is a flute accompanimeut by Prof. Meritt, who is a good player.

AN Omaha lady, whose name we wouldn't *dare* to mention, got let into the secret that there would be a surprise party at her house the other day, whereupon she took up her carpets and made ample preparations. The evening came and passed with not even a caller.—That's where the surprise came in.

IN the rush of going to press last month we neglected to appropriately notice the cards of James Donnelly Justice of the Peace, 215 Farnam, Capt. Aug. Weiss, 510 12th street, and L. R. Wright Caldwell Block. When you want to find a notary or justice of the peace in any of their respective districts, patronize them.

BY referring to our advertising columns you will notice the new advertisement of that popular and successful young Dry Goods merchant W. M. Bushman. The Dry Goods house of Mr. Bushman is well known as one of the best furnished ones in the city, and the many admirable features of its management, among which is his strictly one price cash system,—only serve to render a visit to this establishment, one of pleasure as well as profit.

THE Nebraska Fence Works, situated on Eleventh street, near Farnam, is an institution which is acquiring a good reputation all through the State. The proprietors, Messrs. Buckbee, Fries & Co., are now putting in a stream engiue, and making other improvements to meet the demands of their increasing trade. When anything in the fence line, either plain or ornamental, wood or iron, is needed hereafter there will be no need of going further east as this establishment can turn out the finest kind of work.

PERSONAL.

Charlie Wesson has gone to the Black Hills.

Fred. C. Wilson is now in Marshalltown Iowa, with his ma.

Mr. Z. T. Taylor, of the U. P. Local Freight Office, has returned from Washington D. C.

We acknowledge a call from our young friend Chas. H. Pierson of Boston, and regret that we were not present when he stepped into our sanctum.

We are pleased to learn that Miss Jennie Stull, a teacher formerly of this city, has been rapidly regaining her health since she has been out in Colorado, and that she will probably return here soon.

Miss Blanche Deuel, of the High School, one of the most accomplished young lady pianists in the city, has recently accepted the position of organist at Trinity.

Mr. J. N. Gillett, who formerly acted as teacher in one of the county Districts, has been placed in charge of the Seventh Grade School, heretofore presided over by Miss McKoon.

Miss Hettie H. McKoon has been elected Principal of the Second Ward School and is now in charge of the same, which opened about the first of last month with an attendance roll of 110 pupils.

We clip the following from the Wisner *Times:*

Chas. H. Isaacs, traveling for the new crockery house of Brown & Bliss, Omaha, was in town last week. Charlie is a favorite on the road, and his friends are always glad to see him.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Appropriate Exercises at the High School, on the 22d inst., in Honor of his Birthday.

Washington's birthday, which Congress has declared a legal holiday, has, of late, been overlooked—almost forgotten—and, although it has never been celebrated to any great extent, there is plainly noticable in the people a lack of interest as each year passes. It is probable that in a hundred years from to-day there will be no notice taken of it whatever, and it is just possible that the the same lapse of time may foster a more patriotic and chivalric class of Americans, and his memory will be brighter than ever. In order that something more than a passing notice might be taken of this event, Prof. Meritt had previously made arrangements for a few exercises at the High School, and he is to be congratulated for the complete success of the undertaking. The subjects of the readings, declamations and essays, all related to George Washington, and the affair as a whole, coming at a time when it did, certainly had the effect of awakening in the minds of the students a vivid recollection of the subject, and the importance of appropriately honoring the day of his birth.

The exercises commenced with a song by the whole school entitled "The Chapel." Of the musical talent displayed in the High School we have spoken before, and, without boasting, we are satisfied that its equal cannot be found in the State.

Washington's farewell address on his retiring from the office of President was then read by Misses Fannie Wilson, Esther Jacobs, Addie Gladstone, Blanche Deuel, Messrs. Alfred Ramsey and Henry Curry.

This was followed by a composition, on "Washington," which was written and read by Miss Lizzie Isaacs. (It will be found on first page.)

Declamations followed by Charles Saunders, Wm. McCague, and Will. A. Redick, the latter young gentleman having recited with great credit to himself Webster's Eulogium on Washington.

The foregoing exercises were interspersed with uumerous songs particularly noticeable among which was the beautiful solo "A Letter in the Candle," faultlessly rendered by Miss Ora Cheswell, with Miss Blanche Deuel at the piano.

We noticed in the audience several prominent citizens and freinds of the school, among others Mayor Chase, who, in the course of a few remarks, stated that he was very much pleased with what he had witnessed, and was glad that this much had been done toward celebrating the day in Omaha.

THE THIRD WARD SCHOOL.

There has, we regret to state, been considerable opposition to building a school house in the Third Ward since that proposition was first laid before the board some four or five months ago.

The plan adopted after so much discussion and voting, and upon which bids were received and opened, was abandoned at a meeting of the Board held Feb. 21st, and the question was practically thrown back to the same position it occupied two months ago. The proposition to build this school house down in "the other end of town" has been very uncongenial to the wishes of many prominent citizens, whose influence against this measure has already been felt.

At the Board meeting held on the 21st of last month a motion was made to submit the question to the people, which, if done, would without the least doubt result in a defeat of the measure, but fortunately this motion was voted down. The member who proposed this motion was Mr. John B. Detwiler of the Second Ward, and when it is considered that a fine new brick school house has just been secured by that Ward, mainly through the efforts of this gentleman, we think in all fairness, that he should not be the first to oppose the building of the one asked for by the Third. This locality lacks in a great degree that influence which is generally of much importance in securing the location of public buildings, and if the structure is built at all it will be due to the magnanimity and good will of the present Board.

That a school house in this locality has been long needed is a fact conceded by all, and while at the time of writing the chances look rather unfavorable, we sincerely hope all opposition will be generously waived, and that the building will be erected.

A YOUNG man who waxes warm because the HIGH SCHOOL don't properly appreciate his productions, says he has now prepared and on file articles on Byron, Poe, and several pieces in verse. He says, "I am devoting my self more endusterously than ever to litterature, and of course would like to emprove all the opertunities I can find to publish, but am glad to discover in time that you don't think my pieces worth printing." In all candidness we advise our young friend to drop "litterature" for a few years and "endusterously" study a primary spelling book.

THE picture of the Omaha High School building, in Edwin Curley's book on Nebraska, Her Advantages, Resources and Drawbacks, is a beauty. In the foreground can be seen a fellow mowing the grass; the trees in full bloom; children walking up the path to school, and all this at fifteen minutes past six o'clock—at least that is the time the clock in the tower indicates.—*Grand Island Times.*

"ANONYMOUS" is somebody; if you don't believe it read his article on next page. Read it three or four times and extract some good advice from it.

YOU KNOW YOU DO.

When "some one's" step comes up the walk,
Your cheek takes on a rosier hue,
And though no other hears his knock,
You hear it well—you know you do!

When "some one" talks about the grain,
And bows at pa, yet looks at you,
You see his glances—ah! 'tis plain—
And give them back—you know you do.

And, though it may be very wrong,
When pa is quite ignored by you,
You sing for him your prettiest song,
You cunning thing—you know you do.

And when he talks of other girls,
Of hateful Kate, and Jennie, too,
You fling at him your auburn curls,
You jealous thing—you know you do!

You keep your eyes upon the clock,
And wish 'twould jump an hour or two,
So that your pa would cease his talk
And go to bed—you know you do!

And when the folks to bed have gone,
And left "some one" alone with you,
You wish the clock would stop its tongue,
Or you stop it—you know you do!

—[*Selected by C. A. S.*

CHARLES WRITES US A LETTER.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Feb. 1876.

DEAR EDITOR:—A week passed after our arrival before we visited that greatly renowned suspension bridge, which connects the cities of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Covington, Ky., consequently forming a link between the north and south.

We were delighted at the paved thoroughfares, the simplicity of the architecture and delightful view. We noticed "Sallie Ann," "Lillie Wade," "Mary Jane," and many other female river-ploughers, who plied up and down with jaunty airs, in full trim, all sails set to the breeze, smoking stove-pipe hats and little pull-backs behind in the shape of rudders.

We now arrived at the end of the bridge, and hailing a Covington street-car we were taken to nearly all parts of the city. Here we were in raptures, while my friends looked gloomily out of the car window. We are delighted with the stately private mansions, the high green hills, the long substantial business blocks, well paved streets.

We were obliged to postpone our trip to Newport that day, for it became dusk. As riding is more comfortable than walking, we rode home in a street-car.

While riding, we noted the construction of the upper part of the bridge. The thoroughfare, as we said before, is paved with Nicholson pavement. The street cars, vehicles, etc., run on the center of the bridge; while on each side, fenced off from the central passage, by wires suspended from two cables, is the passage way for pedestrians. There are two street car tracks crossing the bridge. On one, cars run from Cincinnati to Covington, and return on the other.

We soon arrived at home, and, looking for the statistics, found the following concerning the bridge:

"The suspension bridge was built at a cost of one and three-quarter million dollars. The length of it is two thousand two hundred and fifty-two feet, and the width in the clear, is thirty-six feet.

The main span is one thousand fifty-seven feet long; its height is one hundred feet above low water mark. The height of the towers or arches, is two hundred and thirty feet, and they are eighty-six by fifty-two feet at the base. The diameter of the cables are twelve and one-quarter inches and they weigh one million pounds. In the two cables are ten thousand three hundred and sixty wires. The amount of lumber used is five hundred thousand feet. The strength of the bridge is sixteen thousand tons.

These are immense numbers, and it is a large sum of money, but when we consider the vast amount of practical use the bridge offers to the people of Cincinnati and Covington, we must admit it is a masterpiece of modern genius and invention. OMAHA.

[The above is from Charlie Elgutter, formerly of the 8th grade.]

THERE are a thousand ways how a subscriber may fail to get his paper, yet if a copy is missed, the publisher almost invariably gets blamed for it, and many think the paper never left the office. One of our carriers last month discovered a crowd of small boys following him, and taking the papers after they were left at residences. When any or our subscribers miss the HIGH SCHOOL at the first of the month we request that they send to the publication office, Odd Fellows' block, where copies will be furnished.

THE *Center-Union Agriculturist*, published in this city, has recently appeared as a weekly, and we must accord our friend Brewster, who has labored hard to give Omaha and Douglas county a good agricultural paper, his just meed of praise for his commendable effort, as we regard the *Agriculturist* one of the best papers of its kind published in the West.

IT should have been stated in our last issue that some of the students whose percentage in the table published was very low, had good excuses therefor, on account of sickness and unavoidable absence during the term.

WE are informed by very reliable authority that the late Mrs. Edward Creighton bequeathed one huudred thousand dollars for the establishment of a college in Dayton, Ohio.

A PICKED nine of the High School boys beat the Simpsonians in a match game of base ball last Washington's birthday. The score stood 22 to 12.

THE *Western Home* is the name of a new quarterly journal that has just made its appearance in this city. It is a neatly appearing and well gotten up affair, and is published and gratuitously distributed by the new and enterprising real estate firm of Schaller & Gibson.

A Word About Gen. Grant and the Third Term.

What a pity it is that Sewing Machines cannot think and speak, and act for themselves; that they are not capable of resenting the base slanders heaped upon them by unprincipled and designing men. Indeed it is almost a wonder that they should go on performing their heavenly mission so uncomplainingly while subjected to such vile attacks from traducers of real merit. The history of the introduction of any truly fine sewing machine—one that keeps pace with the "marked" progress of the present age—can only be a re-writing of what has already been written, viz.: a conflict with an unintelligent and stereotyped mass of words—brainless utterances from a certain class whom "money" will hire to do most any kind of a job!—a class that has always existed in society, who have been the ready and willing "tools" of "old fogies"—who have been an impediment in the way of progress. Their employees are smart, intelligent men, but they have an article to sell, an "ancient" article. They have a large manufactory producing it, and great quantities made, that must be sold. If from its great age and superannuated condition it has been *superseded* by a newer, simpler and better production of the same article, they must resort to trickery and misrepresentation to succeed. The NEW AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE comes to you with beautiful and symmetrical movements, so simplified that it astonishes any beholder, and so light running and quiet that the frailest and most sensitive lady in the land can operate it. Having done away *entirely* with the tediousness and perplexities that attach to *all* those older and first made machines in getting them ready to sew. Up jumps a hoard of these hirelings, this ever ready class of men to do other's biddings, having been told what to say, they go from house to house, "speaking their little piece," telling the very same thing at every place, and each one telling just w at the other does; it is a very short piece because they could not learn a *long one.* Now, if after they have said it, you will go to the door quick, you will find their horses all wet from fast driving, to enable them to get to you before they forget what they are "told to say."

This is "their piece :"The New American will not wear over three months—*a year will certainly play it out!* The office won't be here three months from now—the singer Company will starve them out! O yes, and they give you another reason why you should not buy the AMERICAN: "The Singer Office h as so much finer carpet on its floor! and is fitted up in so much better style!" Now, ladies of Omaha and Nebraska State, who pays for these things? Every Singer Sewing Machine you buy costs you five and ten dollars more than the AMERICAN in the same styles, and not as finely finished. One hundred of these machines takes at least $500 more from you than that number of ours—enough to buy a very fine carpet!

We are all of us interested in the study of natural history, and I earnestly request every man and woman in the country, after listening to the "eloquent piece" spoken by these philanthropic fellows, to look them squarely in the face, notice how high up their ears are set in their heads, the position and *length* of their ears, see if there is not a a large projection just in *front* of their ears, a sure indication that they are better judges of "sauer kraut" than of Sewing Machines. They tell you "it won't wear." But when did they ever give you an intelligent reason why? Is it because it has fewer working parts and so much less machinery, its movements all so nicely and evenly balanced, making it run so evenly and quiet? Is it because the tempering of all its wearing centers are so fine, or is it because its needle is ly easily set and the threading so easiet done? Is it because there are no cogs in it to break and no side pressure on its needle post? "Words without knowledge darken counsel," and it is possible for men to become as noisy and rattling as the machinery they sell, without enlightening any one, or becoming any wiser themselves. You who intend to buy and use these machines, should look well to it that you are not deceived. You should be willing to investigate this matter closely.

If the AMERICAN has decided advantages over other machines, you want it, no matter if all your uncles, aunts and cousins have something else. The fact is you are listening to humbug talk; you would not pursue the same line of policy in the purchase of any thing else. You would take it as an insult were you offered such an old, antiquated article in any other line, when a newer, fresher, better adapted article to the purposes required can be obtained. Don't listen to these "traveling blow-pipes," but come and see for yourselves that we are talking nothing but plain, common sense business talk.

Office between Farnam and Douglas streets, No. 511 Fourteenht street.
WM. M. PRICE, Manager.

The High School

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[This column is open to school students and amateur writers.
All questions to be answered in next succeeding number must be sent in before the 20th of each month.]

STUDENT asks: Who was "Pericles?" Pericles was an Athenian General and warrior of great renown. He led the hosts of Athens in their struggle with the Spartans, and he was noted for the practical views he entertained of waging war and the boldness with which he often urged forward his original and peculiar ideas when counseling his troops. He died in the year 429 B. C., and history tells us that not until after his death was his life and labors fully appreciated by his countrymen.

A YOUNG MAN who formerly lived in this city but now resides in an old and somewhat historical town near the Atlantic Ocean, some time ago sent in a fourth class communication, the ideas in which were very childish, and constructed without the least regard for the rules of syntax. Three-fourths of this heterogeneous mass of words were also most miserably misspelled, the subject was uninteresting, and as a whole, the communication was one which we were compelled to decline. This we did as politely as we knew how, trusting that if the young had the least degree of common sense he would discover why his article did not appear, and say no more about it. This last ingredient, we regret to state, never entered into the composition of this young man—a fact which will give our readers a fair idea of what his communication was—and he recently sent us a rather scurrilous note—one which we presume he thought quite sarcastic, but we would remind him that a score of misspelled words in a "sarcastic" note robs it of all its bitterness and sinks our idea of the writer so far below contempt that the effect is nauseating.

EDUCATIONAL NEWS.

NEBRASKA.

There are fifty-six county school superintendents in Nebraska.

A bill is now in Congress which if passed will provide a new normal school near Kearny, in this State.

The teachers of Seward County will hold an institute sometime during the present month.

The time of holding the next State Teachers' meeting has not been definitely fixed but it will probably be in April.

MISCELLANEOUS.

President Noah Porter, of Yale, is now arranging for exhibition in the Educational Department at the Centennial a complete set of the works issued by the Officers, Alumni, and former members of Yale College in all its departments.

The frequent laudation of self-made men is often turned to the disparagement of college education. The influence of liberal culture may be seen in the authorship which it prompts. Books have been a leading agency in forming American character and history. Hence a complete collection of the works written by the faculty and graduates of one of our oldest colleges will be a demonstration of the value and influence of college training. The Directors of the Exposition approve this plan. Other colleges are preparing to illustrate different features and results, and some of them will make a very imposing exhibition at Philadelphia. Probably no other college will be fully represented by its authorship. As a long period of time is necessary to develop such results, this test is most appropriate for one of the oldest colleges of the country.

A long discussion between a young lady aud gentleman of the town of S., as to which had the larger mouth, was brought to a close by the gentleman saying, "Let's measure." He knows how differences should be settled.—*Annalist.*

Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and 600 other professors and men of science, have petitioned Congress, asking that all books printed in other than the English, Latin, and Greek languages, be admitted into our country from other countries free of duty.

President Gilman, of the John Hopkins University, at Baltimore, will deliver his inaugural at Music Hall on the 22d inst. He will set forth the plans of the university so far as they are matured. President Eliot, of Harvard, will assist in the inauguration exercises. The university will be opened for students next autumn.—*N. Y. Journal Education.*

The Boston School Committee failed to elect a Superintendent of Schools at their last meeting. Fifteen votes out of the twenty-four are required for an election. John D. Phillbrick, of Boston, received twelve, and William T. Harris, of St. Louis, received eleven; and as the friends of each are firm in the support of their candidate, it is possible that a dead-lock will prevent the election of either of these gentlemen to the office. Both gentlemen are eminently fitted for school supervisory work, and both have had large experience, and would bring to the Boston schools valuable services. The main reason for opposition to Mr. Phillbrick is not at all personal to himself; but from a portion of the Board, a desire arises to introduce a new working system of the city.—*N. Y. Journal Education.*

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The regular annual university boat race between Cambridge and Oxford crews has been fixed for Saturday, April 8.—*Yale Lit.*

The editor who was told that his last article was as clear as mud, promptly replied, "Well, that covers the ground, anyhow."—*College Journal.*

A woman is composed of two hundred and forty-three bones, one hundred and sixty-nine muscles, and three hundred and sixty-nine pins.—*Ex.*

It is said that Leipsic University, Germany, has about 150 professors and 3,000 students. Among the latter are 45 from the United States.—*Alfred Student.*

Chancellor Kent once said, "The parent who sends his son into the world uneducated defrauds the community of a useful citizen, and bequeaths a nuisance."—*N. E. Journal Education.*

"Miss wee understand that you have bin whiping some of your scolars and that Must be stopt at wonst fore wee wont stand such work and if it ante stopt i will notifie the borde and have you discharged at wonst from the scool. (Signed) A. B., PRES.
—*N. Y. Journal Education.*

If the sub-deacons would carpet their tin platters, the sound of jingling pennies would not break in upon the music of the organ. When a man gives a cent he don't wish all the audience to know it, for we are not to let one hand know what the other doeth, you know.—*Collegian.*

A young lady at an evening party, some time ago, found it apropos to use the expression, "Jordan is a hard road to travel;" but, thinking that too vulgar, substituted the following: "Perambulating progression in pedestrian excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune cast up by the banks of the sparkling river of Palestine, is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforseen difficulties."

Scene, Fri-day dinner.—*First boarder* (on discovering a piece of ham in his fish). "Well, I'll be dashed if they don't fry their fish in ham." *Second boarder*, (scorning such extravagant conclusions,) "*Fry*, man! Why that was the bait."—*Crimson.*

Mr. B—I bought my wife a pair of birds for a New Year's present, and what do you suppose she named them?

Mr. G—(after thinking a moment), I give it up.

Mr. B—Well; she named them *Wheeler & Wilson.*"

Mr G—Why did she name them that?

Mr. B—Because neither one was a *"Singer."—Ex.*