

The High School Register.

Vol. I.

OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL, MARCH 4, 1887.

No. 7

NOTES.

The Springtime Sports.

The smiling spring with its base-ball brings
The cricket and foot ball game,
And the boys run around to the tennis ground,
While the racquets and girls do the same.
In tennis and cricket, the nets and the wicket,
Are sailing about in a heap,
The foot ball and bat on the bases have sat
To watch the mask make a leap.

The short-stop looks high, while the ball passes
by,
And the pig-tail runs after a foul,
The bowler, he bowls, on the ground the ball
rolls,
The wicket it falls midst a howl;
The server yells fault, over net the ball vaults,
And the others, they shout forty love.
The next makes a set, if the ball hits the net,
But it goes a-spinning above.

—R. H. YMER.

—The ninth grade held some exercises on last Friday week.

—The High School was well represented at the Patti concert.

—General opinion seems to be that the history classes have not had their lessons the past week. How, pray, could such an idea have arisen.

—Cry of the Tenth Grade scholars—
"Where, O, where have the histories gone? Where, O, where can they be?"
(Twenty-seven chapters omitted for want of space.)

—A few of the girls are interested in the proposed riding school, and they hope that the High School will do its share in encouraging our city's growing metropolitanism.

—The girls complain that everything in the paper is about the boys, their clubs, etc. Well, why don't the girls get up some societies or clubs and do something to talk about?

—The boys in a certain study room have been tried and found unable to govern themselves as a body. An inevitable state of anarchy exists every time they are left without a teacher.

—It is admitted by all that it is a shame that the grounds of the High School are so dark and dismal at night. An electric light placed on the tower of the school would obviate this and light the whole western part of the city.

—Though Clark Redick was not a member of the High School he will be missed by many of its scholars, both boys and girls. He may be supposed to have arrived last Monday in Los Angeles, where he will enter his father's bank.

—About a dozen of the boys and girls of the High School celebrated Washington's birthday at one of Fort Omaha's most delightful dances. The programme was unusually long and Miss Kinzie is to be congratulated on the success of her hop.

—The ninth grade girls do not display their talents at the piano as much as they use to. It was not our intention to scare you out entirely, girls, but to give you a few gentle reminders. We hope you will forgive us if we were a little too plain, and return to the former custom of enlivening the recesses.

—Some soft paper tabs have been purchased for the school for figuring and general scribbling. Blocks, containing about twenty sheets, are distributed every week. This is a step in practical economy, and we are glad to see that the REGISTER's advice on this subject has been taken.

—Some boys in the ninth grade have been throwing their schoolmates' rubbers up on top of the closet in the cloak room. The closet is large, but notwithstanding this fact, the top was soon covered. There was quite an extended search both for the rubbers and the perpetrators of the bold act. No more rubbers are left, in the cloak room now.

—Sparring seems to be less popular in the school than it used to be. The gloves are often unused for days at a time—a state of affairs greatly to be regretted. Many young men who would like the sport hesitate to box lest they cannot control their temper when struck rather sharply. This is all the more reason for sparring, as nothing teaches self control so much as those exercises which strain it.

—Applauding has been prohibited in the ninth grade. We see no harm in an enthusiastic appreciation of an entertainment, but on the contrary think it stimulates a scholar to do better. An

absence of applause makes the scholar feel as if his effort was a failure and had been received coldly. Some of the recitations at the ninth grade morning exercises have been exceptionally well rendered and the silence at their conclusion is simply painful. We hope the first year scholars will be given the permission to show their appreciation of talent.

—There has been some talk of organizing an orchestra from the High School scholars to furnish music for graduating class at the June commencement. There is undoubtedly much talent among the scholars and a good orchestra could probably be obtained if properly instructed. But for an occasion like this the board of education is able to provide experienced musicians and should do so. The audience, unless especially interested in the class, soon weary of the usual routine of exercises and nothing is more pleasing or breaks in upon the monotony so much as good orchestral music.

Military Notes.

—The boys of the military company need a flag, and the girls want to make one for them, when the boys prove themselves worthy of one by their valor.

—The company made its first outdoor appearance last Tuesday. The boys found a soft ground much inferior to a hard floor for a drill ground, but did remarkably well considering the difficulties.

—We heard a young soldier say that he was going to enter every drill for officers until he succeeded in obtaining a corporalship. If every member would show this spirit the battalion would have no reason to be dissatisfied with itself.

—The competitive drill for non-commissioned officers took place on Tuesday last. Stiger was chosen as second sergeant and the corporals appointed were Fred Montmorency, Leonard Strang, Nat Burnstein, and Joe Pulcer. Eight aspirants contested for the honors and the board of officers had considerable difficulty in selecting the four corporals as the candidates were nearly on a level in efficiency.

The Register.

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THE military company will hereafter meet only once instead of twice a week as before. The reason for the change is that the spring season will bring many amusements apt to interfere with regular attendance at drills. Moreover, several members can not attend more than four drills a month, and therefore fall behind the others in expertness. The change is a timely one, and its effects will be useful if the members will take care to make up by promptness and attention what will be lost in time.

THE Washington *High School Review* was beaten not long since in a libel suit brought against it by a student of that school. Damages were fixed at three cents, this verdict being arrived at after a full discussion before the debating club. Nevertheless the REGISTER will continue on its way unterrified by the calamity of one of the brightest of our exchanges, and to show our sympathy with the *Review* we propose that the school newspapers start a subscription for the purpose of appealing the case of the *Review* to a higher court.

THE Senior Literary society did not meet on Friday last as was expected. No cause is assigned for the delay save the difficulty of securing the services of a sufficient number of members to take part in the exercises.

To most of those belonging, it is distasteful to read or recite in public, so that every opportunity to shirk these disagreeable duties is eagerly embraced. The by-laws require every member to contribute to the general entertainment at least once a term, but such rules are very hard to enforce. Unless something can be done to remedy this evil, the meetings of the society will have to be very few and far between. The fault

does not lie with the officers, much less with the programme committee, whose exertions are untiring, but is due to the reluctance of the scholars to aid the authorities. By making the meetings monthly, instead of semi-monthly, as before, increased interest in literary exercises might be aroused, and more time gained to prepare the programmes.

LAST year the students of Creighton College were repeatedly challenged to play base ball and foot ball with the Athletic Association clubs, but they persistently refused, alleging that they were so occupied with studies and other pursuits that they could not find time for sports. However it is known that the real reason was their fear of being beaten, as the high school teams were undoubtedly superior in ability to play ball. Spring is coming, and our clubs will soon desire to try their mettle against their old antagonists. We are not strong in base ball, nor very strong at foot ball, but our players can, at least, give the college boys some work to beat them. If, however, the latter prove unwilling to contend for the palm of victory, we hope that they will at once decline to play in a manly manner, and not endeavor to avoid a possible defeat by affecting to consider the challenges sent from the Athletic Association, while in reality quietly ignoring them. There was a time when the Creighton College clubs were as desirous of playing as our own. We hope that they will prove to have retained something of their former readiness to accept a challenge.

LITERARY COLUMN.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The illustrations in our magazines have become a most important feature. Each article has its series of illustrations varying in subject, style, and treatment, and showing the versatile talents of the artists, for in work of this kind one must possess an eye quick to see personal traits and characteristics.

The late serial published in the *Harper*, by Charles Dudley Warner, and illustrated by C. S. Reinhart, is a story of a young man's pilgrimage to the numerous summer resorts of the east, and the drawings are most characteristic. The country types of each district are reproduced with great naturalness. The various city belles in their diversity of summer raiment are especially good, while the men are simply perfect. In a picture representing a hotel office at a

watering place, we see young men in knickerbockers and striped jackets, old men with "peculiarities," young girls whose chief aim in life seems to be tennis and a good time, and still others whose faces betray a thirst for knowledge that is most commendable. This artist possesses the power of portraying "society," in its various conditions, in a most versatile way.

In sketches of battles, frontier life, army campaigns and similar subjects R. F. Zogbaum is especially good, and his pictures contain great fire and spirit.

Among the artists who most beautifully illustrate mountain scenery and Nature herself is W. H. Gibson. His pictures present a dainty grace or a charm that is impossible to define, but which convey to the mind a lover of nature thoughts that lurk in the heart, but find no adequate means of expression. His illustrations of Nature's Serial Story have such a charm and power that one seems transported to the quiet haunts, misty mountain tops, and snow laden forests, which he draws so truly and gracefully, and the charm remains with us even after the book is laid aside, only marred by the thought that to so many are denied the gift of speaking to men's hearts with the pencil or brush.

An artist well known for his spirited sketches of old time life is E. A. Abbey. His illustrations of "She Stoops to Conquer," carry us back to the time of Goldsmith, and familiarize us with the costumes and courtly graces of the characters he portrays.

At the holiday time great numbers of illustrated books are published, and each year they seem to surpass the former year in beauty and variety. They carry us across the sea, into mountain solitudes, into the fairy realm of imagination, and through the everchanging panorama of nature herself, and sitting around the sparkling fire while the wind howls and whistles without we may wander undisturbed through the ruins of ancient Greece, or through the vine-clad hills of sunny France.

Among the artists whose works will be a joy to many is Miss Irene E. Jerome, whose dainty sketches of birds, flowers, and all the details of out door life are especially beautiful. Her books, "One Year's Sketch Book," and "Nature's Hallehijah," recall to the mind the various beautiful bits of nature that in the hurry of every day life we are too apt to forget.

These are but a few of the hosts of artists whose talent contributes so much to our pleasure. Many others deserve mention and approval, but they have their own admirers, and to all artists, great and small, we say:—

"Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low."

Fencing

The foils purchased by the Gymnasium society have both been broken; not, so far as can be ascertained, through careless handling, but on account of their poor temper. The best blades are said to be those stamped with the mark "Solingen" and a crown. The swords bought by the society were thus marked, except that the mark of the crown was omitted, indicating an inferior quality. It is a pity that the boys are thus prevented from practicing an excellent exercise, which cultivates dash and grace of movement in the highest degree. Perhaps a few facts about the evil of fencing may be interesting to our readers.

Fencing may have been practiced in ancient times but it never attained perfection until the use of gunpowder made armor useless. Then it became necessary to devise some method of defending the body from thrusts and cuts, and fencing was gradually developed.

In no country, perhaps, has swordsmanship been cultivated with more success than in France, where the small sword is often used in dueling. In Great Britain and Germany, however, the sabre and cutlass, or the straight cut and thrust swords have usually been preferred to the rapier, which, in its French form, is too light a weapon to be used in war. It was this circumstance which rendered the French swordsmen less formidable in battle than their skill would have seemed to warrant, for practice with slender foils seldom fitted men to handle the long sabre or short, but heavy cutlass.

At the present day the German students use the sword more destructively than any other class of men. The weapon employed by these duelists is a long, straight, narrow blade, with its true edge sharpened like a razor for twelve or sixteen inches near the end and with the other edge sharp for about half that distance. A point is wanting, it being unnecessary in this kind of sword-play. Armed with such weapons, and having their vital parts protected by stout pads of leather and silk, the combatants commence fighting at a given signal. They are attended by seconds, an umpire and surgeons, beside a number of the members of the societies to which the fighters belong. Duels of this sort are usually of twenty minutes duration, exclusive of intervals of rest, which are allowed whenever it becomes necessary to bind up a duellist's wounds. In fencing the students hold their right hands above,

or opposite their right shoulders and use the elbow to parry certain blows. Every hit is aimed at the face, which often suffers severely, the nose being occasionally split. If one of the combatants receives a wound resulting in dangerous loss of blood his surgeon withdraws him from the floor, and his antagonist is permitted to mark for himself a victory on the scarf which he wears as a badge of his corps. Fatal injuries are very rare, and the marks left by the duelling swords do not greatly disfigure the face.

In France, however, the point of the sword is used to inflict the wounds given in duelling. Duels are there very common, but seldom fatal, being for the most part fought with the rapier which enables one to disable without killing his antagonist. Of 675 duels known to have taken place in France in 1886, the most were probably fought with rapiers. While public men both in Paris and the provinces often engage in duels for the sake of the notoriety obtained in this manner, such combats are too trivial to be considered as serious affairs. However, many bloody affairs do take place in France, but are little noticed in America, as the participants are usually anxious to escape the notice of the authorities.

In Europe officers of the army are instructed in swordsmanship, as well as the cavalymen who are taught to use the saber. At West Point there is a fencing master who exercises the cadets in the use of the swords, but few officers keep up the practice after joining their regiments. Although troops rarely come to close quarters in modern war, it is a pity that so many an exercise is neglected in the army. In private life fencing is practiced by some for the sake of the grace and activity which it cultivates to a high degree. The cost of a fencer's outfit is rather considerable and good teachers are rare, so that comparatively few care to learn how to handle a sword. But for those who can afford to purchase the necessary masks, foils, pads and gloves, and who can spare time to practice the art, fencing must ever commend itself as a useful exercise and a delightful pastime.

SABER.

A Private Camping Excursion.

PART VI.

Early Monday morning Johnny and Herb embarked in the boat for town to buy some provisions. There was not the slightest breeze and the sail was allowed to remain in its inactive position. Rowing north for two miles, they ran in to the shore at a point about half a mile from the landing. The storekeeper was just opening his shop when the boys came up. Purchasing some eggs,

bread and potatoes, they were soon on their way back to camp, which they reached in a very short time. Guy and Wal had breakfast prepared, and shortly the scraping of tin spoons suggested that the bottom was reached too soon.

It was decided that Johnny and Guy were to immediately set out for the cherry tree, and Herb and Wal were to wash the dishes. The cherry pickers secured a couple of pans and were soon over the hill out of sight.

"Let's hurry up and go and help them," said Wal.

"All right. I'll clean up the kitchen. You go and fold up the blankets and tie up the tent," said Herb.

In about half an hour they left camp and started out to find the foragers. Up near Col. Burnside's house two pans were seen glistening in the sunlight, and on going closer two black objects were seen in a tree close by.

"Hello, there! Having lots of fun?" yelled Herb.

"You bet. Room for two more here," answered Johnny.

"Say, what's the matter with the pans?" asked Wal.

"Oh, we'll get to them pretty soon. We're just going through the preliminary ceremony," said Guy.

"Well, let us get up there and 'preliminary ceremony' a little."

It took some time to overcome the magnetic influence which the mouth seemed to exert over the hand. But eleven o'clock found them back at camp and Johnny trying his hand at stewing the cherries, in which endeavor he was successful.

The afternoon was spent in crabbing and fishing, and at night they brought home several large eels and about forty crabs.

Tuesday morning, after breakfast, Johnny and Herb rowed over across the creek and went up to Mr. Dickerson's house after a supply of salt eels. Mrs. Dickerson got a bucket of milk and some eggs for the boys to take back with them. The wind was blowing straight for camp and so the sail was hoisted. Johnny took his place at the stern with an oar and Herb sat just behind the sail and occasionally peeked through a hole in it and gave the helmsman his bearings. The sail served also as a shade, and the pleasure of sitting behind it in the cool of the morning caused them to regret the short distance to camp.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the tide went down very low. The boys improved the opportunity by gathering in a large number of oysters,

so that for several meals they had oysters in every style, raw, on the half shell, stewed, fried and roasted.

"Say, boys, you know Mr. Tullis and his two boys will be down to-morrow so let's move around near the landing so we can be handy," said Herb, as the elaborate supper was vanishing.

"All right. The moon is out and it will be a nice little evening's adventure for us."

After supper everything was packed into the boat,—hay bedding, tent poles, the rustic table, and all that could be of use to the campers. Amid songs and yells the ship pushed out from the shore and was headed for the chops. Wal handled the board at the stern, Guy and Herb used the oars and Johnny held down the seat in the bow.

The pull was a long one and the motive power was changed often. To save time they took a short cut across the bar, which was covered with eel grass. A peculiar light was noticed as the oars stirred up the water, which one of the boys insisted was the reflection of the moon, but as the same light was seen when the moon went behind a cloud, they were satisfied that it was phosphorus.

When about three-quarters of a mile from the wharf two of the boys got ashore and explored the coast for a camping place. They found one within half a mile of the wharf and called to the other boys in the boat to "Come on in." The moon had disappeared behind a cloud, so a large fire was built and by the light of it the tent was set up and the camp arranged.

Mr. Tullis came down on Wednesday and brought his two boys with him. Late in the afternoon the clouds began to gather but did not appear to be very wet. The tent would not hold more than four persons, so Herb and Guy thought it would be the proper thing to volunteer to sleep out under the gunny sack sail. About ten o'clock everybody went to bed.

Some time in the night Guy was awakened by sharp sputtering from the fire, and he began to think that it was raining. He soon awakened Herb and said the only safe place was in the tent, as the rain was coming through the gunny sack in a heavy mist. Herb stuck his head under the covers and Guy heard a smothered "Let 'er rain!"

"Hey, there! We can't stay out here without a cork waist. Come on in the tent," said Guy.

The two crawled into the tent and forced themselves in between the slumbering sports until they could hardly

breathe. About an hour afterward Guy awoke, and feeling stiff and sore in such limited space, got up and went out to find more comfortable quarters. On going out of the tent he missed the boat and immediately set up a cry for the other boys to come out and join the hunt. Johnny, whose feet reminded him of sharp oyster shells, instituted a private hunt among the blankets for his shoes. Guy went down the beach while Wal went up. Soon Guy's melodious voice was heard a short distance down the shore announcing that the lost was found. Herb thought it about time to wake up, and he appeared with Johnny in time to see Wal and Guy returning with the boat. It was made secure and they all crowded themselves into the tent again.

Johnny arose early in the morning and went up to one of the houses and borrowed a dry board for kindling, and when the other gentlemen arose he had breakfast nearly ready.

A drizzly rain set in accompanied by a strong east wind. About ten o'clock Johnny and Herb set out to take the boat back to its harbor. The water was very rough and it made the boat dance in an exciting manner. Herb had the bow oar, and found much trouble in dipping it on account of the inequalities of the surface of the water. Once or twice the sea gracefully got out from under his oar and he did not recover from the surprise in time to save himself from turning over backward. Johnny escaped with a few shower baths.

The rain stopped about noon and gave the boys time to dry the tent and blankets before packing up. The steamboat left at four o'clock and arrived at Washington at ten P. M.

The boys did not attempt to put any value on their trip, but the cost, including the fifty cents steamboat fare, was about two dollars apiece.

THE END.

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