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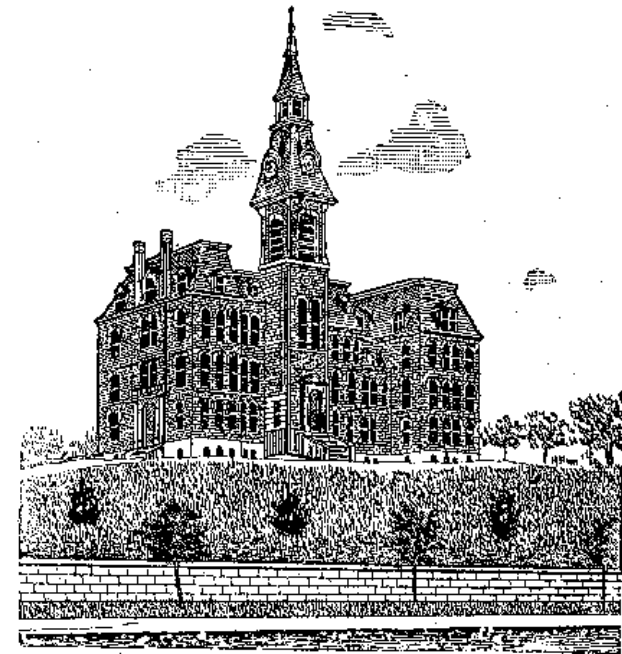


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THE HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

Vol. IV. January, 1890. No. 5.



Published in the Interest of

The Omaha High School.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

VOL. IV. OMAHA, NEB., JANUARY. NO. 5.

THE REGISTER.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Fifty cents per school year, in advance; by mail, sixty cents.
Contributions respectfully solicited.

Editorial Staff.

F. B. HARRIS, '90, { *Managing Editors.*
G. B. HAYNES, '90, {
MISS ETHELWYNNE KENNEDY, '90.
MISS MOLLIE SARGENT, '91.
MISS CLARA CLARKSON, '92.
MR. CHARLES SAVAGE, '93.
WALLACE TAYLOR, '91, *Sporting Editor.*
CARLISLE ROWLEY, '90, *News Editor.*

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

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EDITORIAL.

If the REGISTER is behind its usual standard this month it is owing to the sudden illness of one of the managing editors. Thus throwing the entire labor on the shoulders of one, who has found himself almost unequal to the task and begs your indulgence. We hope that our contemporary will soon be restored to his wonted health and the REGISTER will then take on its usual address.

Every other Friday from now on the seniors are to be put upon the rack and well tortured. The entire class has been divided into seven divisions, and every other Friday a division has to prepare orations that all the rest have to listen to. It is hoped, by this means, that by next June they will be able to stand before an audience without being taken with a severe attack of the ague in the region of the knees.

At the beginning of this school year it was decided by the management of the REGISTER to require all subscriptions in advance, but we have been as indulgent as possible, hoping that they would come in of their own accord. At the present time but few have been received. The money is now needed to meet some demands on the REGISTER and we will deem it a favor if you will hand your subscription to one of the editors immediately.

We are happy to be able to inform the long suffering boys that something will be done in the near future to remedy the hooks in the cloak room. Mr. McConnell, of the Board, has informed us that he will see that the hooks are changed. Up to the present he has not had time to visit the school but we will probably have the hooks in sometime during February. The REGISTER thanks Mr. McConnell on behalf of the boys who have picked up their new hats from the floor looking more like dish-rags than anything else.

THE REGISTER again begins its world renowned picture gallery. This feature of the REGISTER has created widespread comment and our artist has received flattering propositions from the *Police Gazette* and *Christian Advocate* to contribute to their columns, but we have increased his supply

of orations and he will be found at the old stand. There are a few in the school who cannot perceive the exquisite tone and gradation of these pictures, but all who appreciate beauty in nature cannot but admire the master hand of the artist so plainly shown in these exquisite productions. [Down went McGinty, paralyzed.]

THE *High School World* devotes some of its space in the January issue to the subject of commencement. Below is an extract:

"As the graduation exercises are now conducted they utterly fail of their primary object. From the general understanding these yearly exercises are intended to show to the public what the High School has been doing towards educating the girls and boys of St. Paul, and to demonstrate the ability and learning the pupils may have obtained.

"It is claimed the public demand the exercises. The public is always in good taste (?). If they are demanded why is it the majority consider the exercises a bore?

* * * * *

"Perhaps, as has been stated in the *World*, a graduate's commencement essay is his last chance to deliver his sentiments on any subject he chooses before a large audience. Yes, perhaps this is so, but are the sentiments contained in the essay his own? That is a question best answered by one that has gone through the mill. By the time the essay has passed through the hands of some half dozen teachers, and portions stricken out, new ideas inserted and the phraseology so changed that the essay delivered on the platform would scarcely be recognized as the one handed in by the pupil—such an essay can hardly be said to contain the sentiments of the writer, and is not a true test of the ability or learning of the graduate."

It may be in St. Paul that commencements fail to demonstrate the ability of the pupils, but here it seems to the REGISTER, it does to the best advantage.

Of course we are not acquainted with St. Paul, but if the public consider the

the exercises a bore, why is it there is scarcely an auditorium in Omaha large enough to seat the people that flock to any commencement. The latter part answers for itself. The REGISTER stands up for commencement. It is the last gathering of the class; it is the freeing the student from the bonds of school; it is the commencement of independent life.

Take away commencement and you take away the star that beacons on many a student to greater exertions. Hoping thereby he may gain one little dot of applause the world is so sparing of.

ATHLETICS.

STANDING OF THE POLO TEAMS.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.
Council Bluffs.....	7	4	3
Omaha Wheel Club.....	6	4	2
Ramblers	6	4	2
Morscs	6	3	3
Continental.....	6	1	5

At the present time the Coliseum is the favorite place of amusement. It is open every Tuesday and Friday nights for a polo game and general skating, and on Saturday afternoons for the juvenile league and in the evening for general skating.

There is to be a grand, free to the world, six-day four hour a day bicycle race at the Coliseum, beginning February 10. All the crack racers of the world are entered and the record is sure to be beaten.

THE ASSAULT UPON THE GAS WORKS.

It was decided some time ago that a combined assault upon the gas works by the entire chemistry class should take place in the near future, and Friday, January 13, was decided upon as the day for the engagement.

The columns were drawn up in line of battle in the laboratory, and after an inspiring address by Prof. Richardson, the army advanced toward the redoubt to the inspiring strains of the band, (music furnished by one small senior with his whistle.) The command was divided into four divisions. Prof. Richardson and Mr. Battin composed the van and the rear was

NOTES.

McGINTY.

Let no one say gas.

Oh! those orations!

P.—Spells sign "sin."

Say, when do you arate?

One hair-cut and a shave.

Oh, those essays! Those essays!

Have you paid your subscription?

"The girl who had THE 'La Grippe.'"

The next person who says McGinty dies.

Ask Gilbert for one of his private alphabets.

What has become of the harmonica orchestra?

"If the object is near the circulating fibers act."

Robinson & Garmon, clothing and gents furnishings.

Ark J.—What the choroid coat of the eye is composed of.

Amateur photographers, see Heyn for outfits and supplies.

S. R. Patten, dentist, 310 Range building; telephone No. 156.

The Labyrinth is a distribution of the elementary canal." K—

The internal ear contains a distribution of the ariditory canal." D—

L.—"The use of the vestibule in the ear is to take consequence of noise."

What a vulgar boy said of the Christmas REGISTER: "There's no flies on it."

The geology classes have been formed. They are taught by Prof. Leniston.

Ed. S. Beaubin, cigars and tobacco, 402 North Sixteenth street, Omaha, Neb.

Mr. Batton, you may report at the ninth hour. A look of despair settles on Batton's face.

Some High School pupils are considering the advisibility of starting a string orchestra.

They now send us to the seventh hour for passing a paper to another. What are we coming to?

brought up by two young ladies excellent shape. Upon arrival at the scene of action, it was first intended that the attack be made in two divisions, but after a short council of war, it was decided to advance in solid column and occupy the works by sheer force of numbers.

The first attempt was directed against the condenser which was captured without loss of blood.

The expedition nearly ended disastrously here owing to a stampede among the feminine corps, caused by the blowing off of the — but order was quickly restored and the nctorious work went on, upon leaving the condenser they were joined by reinforcements under Miss Shippy and Miss Hall. The columns being reformed and divided into two divisions after singing paean which had been omitted before they rushed to the attack, and soon the works were declared captured, and was immediately turned over to plunder. After thoroughly inspecting every part of the works, battle stained and weary, the forces disbanded and wound their way homeward.

There is a rumor afloat to the effect that an engagement with the smelting works is being planned, and if it come off, the REGISTER will have a correspondent on the field, who will furnish a full and complete account of the battle.

NOTES OF THE BATTLE.

Say, how is my phiz?

If they can't stand a little.

The seniors don't resemble that lime, do they? Why not? Because they ain't green.

N. B.—This one received the only wound of the attack.

Thirty boys after two girls.

How the girls jumped when the thing went off.

The monkey was at last discovered.

It was thought during the last part of the engagement that Prof. Richardson had deserted, but it was afterwards discovered that he had gone back to care for the dead dying, at least he says so.

The Coliseum is to be venerated with brick. This will also improve the view from the matinee window.

It is very discouraging to call upon a young lady and have her dog stand and bark at you all the evening.

How amusing it was to hear several small boys wrangling with subjects that wear larger hats than they do.

We always thought that Caesar was dead long ago, but some one in the ninth grade claims to have found him.

Everybody go to Gwin & Dunmire for sporting goods of all descriptions. Headquarters for gymnasium goods.

One of the editors was presented with a fine waste basket Christmas. Nevertheless send in your contributions.

The girls are trying to see who can brag of the most sleigh rides. They all seem to have been quite fortunate so far.

The Greek class began their examination Tuesday, January 21, and continued over the recitation period of three days.

The management wish to secure one more bright boy to canvass for advertisements. Earn some pocket money.

We have not attached to our choice selections of warbles the latest success, "Auch-amachalulu" and—and—"McGinty."

We think it about time that some one got a match and burned these dried up McGinty jokes. They are no longer funny.

"The Snow, the snow the beautiful—"

N. B.—The rest of this beautiful ode was drowned in a surging billow of rubbers and overshoes.

Who has swiped that dime that the seniors have been shaving on. It must be that Aiken has it and is saving up for a fifteen cent scrape.

We find it rather hard as well as tedious to keep a newspaper up on "wind," but no one seems willing to help us in any way. Nobody seems to care.

The present tenth grade thought they made a poor attendance record last year, but when they view the long string of

numbers on the board in the ninth grade room they think differently. As many as fifty numbers on at a time. Surely they have not all the grippe.

We like these jasper walls better than ever now, when the thermometer is trying its level best to stay anywhere between zero and twenty below.

One of our tenth grade girls is developing into quite a Chinaman. She speaks Chinese fluently when she gets started, but it is quite difficult to start.

The matinee has been giving such fine performances lately, that it was found necessary to detail two editors for duty therein one day last week.

In the algebra class.—Young lady explaining the example of the vessel filled by pouring in forty-two gallons of water, had x equal to what the ship held.

Bowman & Co.'s enlarged and newly equipped photo gallery for good work at reasonable prices. Best tinypes in the city; 305 North Sixteenth street.

At the matinee all the boys gather on the north side and the girls on the south side of the room. Why don't they attempt to mitigate their sufferings?

We think the teachers should be a little more careful about opening the windows for "La Grippe" comes in with the draft and grabs some unsuspecting pupil.

If you have never noticed the Farnam street crowd, just watch out the west windows some morning about 8:50, and you will see a strange and marvelous sight.

O girls! Why will you be so vain as to leave your ears uncovered this cold weather. We notice a number of very red ears and we know it is all from vanity.

We would like to politely request that Snyder's Pop factory be moved back a little. As one sits at the matinee and gazes down 21st street, this obstructs the vision.

Hamilton street is just lovely for coasting. Ten or twelve traverse are out in full bloom every night. Davenport is also pretty well patronized as is Twenty-second.

Dr. J. C. Whinnery, dentist, has removed his office from the Continental block to the Hill block, over Browning, King & Co., corner Fifteenth and Douglas streets.

To study geology properly a knowledge of mathematics, physics, chemistry, botany, lithology, mineralogy and zoology is required. The geology student should be regarded with awe.

One of the best plans for saving money is to carry in one's pocket only what is absolutely necessary for immediate use. Deposit the remainder in the Dime Savings Bank at 1504 Farnam street.

Now is the time to engage the young ladies for a buggy ride next summer. First come, first served, come early and secure a seat. It is the early bird that catches the worm remember.

Now is the time of reckoning. Have you paid up that sleigh ride that you so rashly promised to several young ladies, when first the snow should come. If you haven't you'd better be hurrying.

We wish to thank the young gentleman for the use of his pad at the matinee. We ought also thank him for the pad. It seems to be a very good one and we are surprised that he should not put his name on it.

"Say, Miss G, do we have to do this way or—"

"Oh, say, please do you want this pad?"

"Will this do?"

"Say—,"

"Oh—" But the teacher had fled.

The senior class wishes to call the attention of the undergraduates to the peaceful manner in which all its deliberations have been carried on. They have given you a good example young friends, and we hope that you will profit by it when your turn comes.

We should like to know why it is that tall boys most always walk as though they were trying to appear smaller. Generally a stooped awkward appearance with the head bent forward as though their head was so anxious to get there that it couldn't

wait for the feet. Brace up, boys! The taller you are the better, the straighter the healthier, and besides—the girls like nice, tall, straight boys. I speak from experience.

We never understood till lately why it was that when we were looking for something we always found it in the last place we looked. For the benefit of those who puzzle their brains over the same deep problem, we will say it is because—when we find it we stop looking.

The seniors threaten to demoralize that one boy that is so forever pushing things, and bring down dire misfortunes upon him. He has already been well shaved with a buck-horn knife, and other punishments are to follow unless there is an immediate mending of the culprit's ways.

Pearls in the mouth—For cleansing and preserving the teeth and hardening the gums and imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath, use Leslie's Myrrhline. For chapped hands use Leslie's Maladerma. Prepared and sold by Leslie & Leslie pharmacist, Sixteenth and Dodge streets.

We got up one morning about two weeks ago and found the highest point of the mercury sticking to 18° below like the grippe to a down easter. Ever since that it has danced between 15° above and 12° below, with the chances on dancing lower. This weather reminds us of old Omaha. When the mercury is low business is way up.

On Saturday night about half-past ten I saw a meteor which I will attempt to describe. It looked like an immense ball of fire and seemed to start directly above us, falling to the east. When we first saw it it was a bright yellow, but as it fell it turned a soft blue, still leaving a long yellow streak behind it, as though in its swift passage it had taken the blue from the sky and left its yellow instead. Suddenly it burst, dropping showers of tiny meteors in every direction and everywhere. Then all was dark and silent again, as though so beautiful a thing had not fallen. It was a wonderful thing, and one that is

not seen every night, and I think those who saw it will not very soon forget it.

Who is it comes to school so cold
They scarcely can their Virgils hold,
And rare and rare, and rip and scold,
The girls.

Who is it won't wear arctics warm
Nor carmuffs in the wildest storm,
Yet wish they never had been worn,
The girls.

Who is it that for vanity's sake
Let eyes and feet, and fingers ache,
Yet won't allow the boys their books to take,
The girls.

Quite a number of good compositions have been handed in by the tenth grade scholars, and if the best ones were printed once in a while it might be the means of drawing out the mental powers of some of our brilliant scholars. We print one this month by one of the tenth grade girls. The poets are still developing. Here's a new one:

I want to be a Dutchman,
And with the Dutchmen stand;
A glass of foaming lager
And a pretzel in my hand.

The same poetess has made the class motto for Mrs. Robinson's German class:

I want to be a Dutchman,
And with the Dutchmen stand;
All the poems in my cranium,
And the verbs at my command.

A PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE LEGEND OF ST. CATHERINE.

In the sixteenth century lived two children, Trity Cotta, a child of eight years, and Elsie his eight year old sister. Their grandmother once told them the legend of St. Catherine. She said that Catherine was of a benevolent nature and delighted to feed the poor, of whom there were many near her home. One day, while thus employed, her guardian discovered it, and forbade its repetition. She did not obey however, but, concealing the food in her dress, carried it to some distance from the castle where the children awaited her coming. In this she was successful for some time, but one morning, as her guardian chanced to be riding that way, he discovered her with the children about her,

and asked what she was giving them. She replied "roses," and he requested to see. So good was this young woman, that a miracle was performed on her behalf, and, when she held them out to him, sure enough, there were beautiful roses but no bread.

This story was sincerely believed by the children, who in their simplicity, never questioned the honesty of her course. They longed to do so much good that they might be saints, but to give away food seemed impossible, since their family was large and their father poor. The day before Christmas offered an opportunity to the children to imitate their beloved St. Catherine. The pantry was well stored with pies and cakes for the next day's feast, and Fritz and Elsie, stealing in, carried off quite a portion to a needy woman not far away. She was greatly pleased, and called them good children, so they returned feeling well satisfied with their first attempt.

As their mother was preparing dinner, they felt a little guilty, and almost wished their work of charity might be undone. Of course absence of a third of the meal was noticed, and their mother reported that a thief must have visited the pantry. A little brother said he had seen Fritz and Elsie carrying something from the room yesterday. Their father sternly demanded what they had taken, and Elsie, still innocently following the example of St. Catherine said "roses," with the vague hope that the pies might be restored to the shelves; but evidences were against them, and they were sent up stairs with a severe reprimand for their falsehood, and deprived of their share of the dinner. They were sadly puzzled that events which gave so much glory to the saints should turn out so sadly for them, and Elsie declared she would try no more to be a saint.

FEBRUARY.

"Get out your bran new cutter,
And get your gal's consent,
And hitch up Dobbin, or some other cutter,
And let the animal went."

Josh Billings.



REGISTER GALLERY No. 3—YOURS TRULY, THE EDITORS.

OTHER SCHOOLS.

The catalogue of Princeton seminary shows a total of 172 students in attendance, forty of whom have attended Princeton college. Osborne, '90 who played second base in last year's nine, has left college and will not fill his usual position next spring.

An unprecedented number of petitions to register were received by the faculty at the opening of the term at Cornell. The influenza was an excuse that had to be respected, although it was handed in for all kinds of delays. They appealed to the dean, who was suffering from the malady himself, and few were refused.

The recent death of Dr. Vinton, librarian of Princeton college, has deprived the university of one of its most efficient officers. Dr. Vinton was at one time in the service of the Boston public library. While there he arranged the entire Bates library, comprising 30,000 volumes. He was eight years at Washington as first assistant in the library of congress and went to Princeton in 1873 as library of the Chancellor Green library. During his administration here the number of volumes in the college library increased from 28,000 to 68,500. The library is at present in charge of Dr.

Vinton's two assistants, Miss Joline and Miss Martin. His successor will not be appointed until the meeting of the board of trustees in February.

A new fraternity has been established at Cornell. It is called the Alpha Zeta, and is intended solely for the benefit of persons born in the western hemisphere and who speak either Spanish or Portuguese. The fraternity is established on the same general plan as the other Greek letter societies. The Cornell chapter has at present eighty members.

A new telescope has been purchased and placed in the tower of St. Paul High School.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HANOVER, N. H., Dec. 29, '89.

EDITOR REGISTER:

I see that the O. H. S. boys have been playing football and thought it would not be amiss, now that the playing is all over, say a few words concerning the Dartmouth team. As you all doubtless know they took the championship, and took it easily, winning all four games and only playing one of them on home grounds.

Now when we consider that most of the other teams had professional trainers and

coaches and that Dartmouth had none of these, but only her traditional grit and courage to back her up, I think it greatly enhances the value of the championship. Now a word concerning the team that did all this. I do not think it a good plan to describe them individually, as that seems too personal, but I will say that each and every one of them would be an acquisition to any Rugby team in the country. They have all worked together to secure that team work which is so essential to success. They have not tried each man for himself to do brilliant work, but have rather sacrificed themselves in the effort and to fit together and make one grand unit. To this I think, more than anything else is due their success. Our team's strong point was their rushing, and "Dartmouth has the best rush line in the country," has often been heard. Still we are not lacking in the other essentials of a football team, as some of the tricks our men played, go to show.

We played our last game with Stearn's Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, N. J., and defeated them, making the first time Dartmouth has ever defeated that college on her own grounds. You can imagine how jubilant we were when we found Dartmouth took the penant with an unbroken record of 1,000.

Perhaps the hardest game our men played, was that played with Williams' on Thanksgiving day, at Springfield, Mass. The boys did not feel a bit confident when they went down and were a trifle nervous, as Williams has always been our strongest rival. And their confidence was not a bit strengthened at the end of the first half, when Williams was ahead by a score of 9 to 0. Things looked blue for Dartmouth then, but on the faces of the players could be seen grim determination, and what it meant the final half showed Dartmouth won the game 20 to 9, not allowing Williams to score at all. To describe the game in full, would tax both your space and the patience of your reader, besides it has been so fully discussed by the papers,

that it would be a "chestnut," so I will forbear.

Wah, wah, wah, wah, wah, oh!! Dar, da, da, Dartmouth!! Wah, wah, wah!!! Tiger!!!

Yours, of O. H. S., '88,
NATHAN BERNSTEIN.

There seems to be a great deal of trouble over the excuses sent by parents to our teachers. The rules say that a scholar must not remain out of school without a good reason. What kind of a school would we have if the pupils could stay home whenever they felt like it. There must be something compulsory or the dear scholars will go out of the school with no more knowledge than with which they came in. If a scholar is sick it is no great embarrassment nor no crime, but a little courtesy to inform the teacher in your excuse that sickness was the cause of absence, if a dress or coat is torn or buttons are off so a pupil cannot very well attend school with the same enjoyment just state in your excuse that absence was necessary and we think that will be sufficient. But don't say it is necessary just because a pupil feels a little tired from being up late or that it is too cold. Any scholar in the High School can stand the cold as well as full fledged people and the walk to school in the morning is healthful. A well heated and ventilated school is ready to receive them and parents who care anything at all about the children's education will not let them stay home because it is cold.

When we go to school we are supposed to be learning something. Parents should be careful about letting the pupils stay home without some urgent cause, it hinders the teachers in their work and sets the scholars back to no small extent.

A small girl saw a parrot for the first time in one of our ice cream parlors. As she was looking at it the parrot said "hello." The child gazed in astonishment for a moment, then answered in an awed tone, "hello schicken."

PERSONALS.

Miss Carrie Mansfield has returned to school.

Mr. A———Z has been suffering with the grip.

You, Harry Johnson is still working at his trade.

Mr. Hoxie Clark was in Omaha on a visit during the holidays.

Geo. Christian was kept out of school a week on account of sickness.

Mr. Wallace Broatch did not come home for the holidays, but stopped at Cannon, Ohio.

Miss Lulu Knight was very ill from the influenza, immediately after returning to Peru.

Mr. Fred. Andrews, '92, has left school for the very foolish reason that he was tired of it.

Prof. Richardson participated in a game of football during vacation. He hasn't played since.

Mr. Will Welshans has left us for Pella, Iowa, where he is now attending school. Good bye Will.

Miss Mabel Hyde, Margaret Brown, and Jessie Parsell, Lulu Knight, were home from Peru Normal School Christmas.

Mr. Herb. Rogers came home suffering with an abscess, brought on probably by over-elation over the Yale-Princeton football game.

Mr. Leon Goldsmith, '90 has left us, going to Denver, where he intends to enter the High School. We are sorry to see any of the seniors dropping out.

Miss Dora Groff, '91, now of Washington, D. C., is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever. This seems to be D. C.'s pet malady for all westerners.

Mr. Wilk. Ruskin, from Yale; Mr. Herb. Rogers, from Princeton; and Messrs. Morseman, Crummer and Thomas, from Ann Arbor, were home for the holidays.

Mr. Herb Taylor, formerly of '90, has started out for California by easy stages. He intends to see all there is to be seen.

At last reports he had got as far as Grand Island.

Miss Jessie Parsell came home for the holidays suffering with a hard cold, which clung to her all vacation and delayed her return for a week. At last reports, she was much improved.

In the January issue of the *High School World*, St. Paul, Minn., published a poem by Miss Ruth Kimbal, on Genius and '90. Any wishing to read the production from the prolific pen of our old friend, can find the paper in the case.

Mr. George Haynes, of the REGISTER, has been ill from a relapse of the influenza. Friday, Jan. 17, he was at school as usual, but was taken ill suddenly at night. We are mighty glad to say that he is now rapidly recovering and will soon be with us again.

Among our supporters of La Grippe have been: Misses Lou Morrell, Zetta Churchill, Margaret Cook, Lila Alexander, and Messrs Lewiston, Haynes, and possibly some other boys, but its hard to find out whether they have been laid up, were skating, coasting or hunting rabbits.

Mr. Wilk. Rustin was unable to talk about anything but the beastly luck they had on Thanksgiving day, and how they would have had one up Princeton if the bloody Harvard umpire hadn't ruled Rhoades off. But managed to let us know what a beastly fine class '93 is, and what a bloody nice fellow Billy Vanderbilt was.

OBITUARIES.

Death has long stayed his ruthless hand from our midst, and the REGISTER was in hope that this year it might be spared the pain of a single obituary, but this number must chronicle two. Mr. J. Burleigh Moore, died at his home 1814 Dodge street, January 16, of pneumonia. He started to school Monday, but was taken ill on the way, and before he could reach home he was delirious. Tuesday it was thought that he was better, but he sank rapidly from that time and died the next morning. Burleigh was a member of '93. He had

formerly belonged to the class of '91, but was compelled to leave on account of his health, and for two years he was employed in his father's store. Christmas he decided to return to school and finish the course, and with that end in view joined '93. We were all greatly rejoiced to have him with us again, for he was one that made friends every where and kept them. So great was the shock of the news when received at school, that it first received no credence. But the reality that our school fellow, with whom we had been speaking but a week before, was now cold in death was forced upon us. The funeral occurred Sunday, January 19, and was largely attended. To his parents and sisters, the REGISTER extends its most heartfelt sympathy, and joins them in mourning a friend. But so must we all go, who next? No one knows but God."

From among the faces of old school mates fast fading from view, one has gone never to return, that of Bertha Evans who died December 1. She would have graduated in the class of '89, had not sickness prevented her from finishing her course. For almost two years she had been a sufferer from rheumatism, which developed in quick consumption. During the last months of her life her christian character developed with wonderful rapidity, and the gentleness and fortitude with which she bore the extremest physical suffering, was a matter of remark to all who had known her personally as a merry, fine loving girl. To her bereaved family every reader of the REGISTER extends a sympathy too deep for words.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY NO. 2.

In this article I believe I am to tell all I know of the practical part of photography; of field work and the development of the negative. What I don't know on this subject would fill several volumes, but I will tell what I have learned by taking the camera out and experimenting until I

found the right way, helped along by timely advice.

The manuals always received with amateur outfits cover the ground and give all needful direction except on a few important points, particularly exposure and the development, and it is here that the amateur needs information the most.

Well not to waste any more time, I will simply commence and describe the process of taking a photo as ordinarily practiced by most amateurs, believing that to be the quickest and best way to show beginners.

After you have got your camera set up and understand in general the way the machine works, take your camera and accoutrements and go out of doors. It is better not to try indoor work until afterwards. There was once an amateur who tried to take his first trial picture in the house; he got a blurred indistinct image and exposed the plate two seconds, when he had ought to have exposed it about five minutes; he told me he got a "yaller" looking plate with a few dark spots. Although I believe something else must have been the cause for its yellow color, first attempts of exposures indoors are noted for being unsuccessful.

After you have set up the camera, select some object not very far away and move the ground glass until you get the image to look as distinct as possible. I believe the best way to do this is not to look at the whole object and try to get a clean image, but select some small projection or noticeable place near the center of the picture, as a leaf on a tree and look at this one spot, moving the back of the camera until the image is as distinct as possible. Great care should be taken in this, for although it is easy to do the focussing right, it will completely spoil the photo if done wrong or in a poor manner.

If you have a dry plate in the holder now, you are ready to try your hand at an exposure.

Exposure.—The time of exposure technically depends on four things: the amount of light, the kind of lens you have, the size of aperture and the sensitiveness of the

dry plate. We will disregard all but the first, because in the average amateur outfit the other three are nearly the same.

It is very seldom that a person wants to take a picture on a dark or cloudy day, as such days are often stormy, and although an exposure of about four, five or six seconds would do on most of them, we will disregard these days, and only speak of those in which there are plenty of light.

We will now assume that everything is ready to take off the cap. Cover the back of the camera with the dark cloth, taking care not to allow the sun to shine directly into the lens, pull out the slide in the plate holder and expose say from one and a half to three seconds. This second and a half difference is to allow for difference in light and measuring the one-fourth inch stop, or aperture. Shove in the slide of the plate holder and the plate is ready for development.

But before developing the negative, I want to tell about a joke that everybody slings at a fellow when he is taking their picture. You will be working at the camera when the subject says with a grin: "Aint you afraid I'll break the camera." The first time I heard it, I couldn't quite make it out, but finally figured that the person meant that he or she was so ugly that there was danger of a collapse of the camera. I laughed, for the next ten times I smiled. Then as every single person made me the victim of that same worm eaten question I began to get mad; I thought that my friends had leagued together to kill me by degrees, and for a while I carried a brick-bat on top of my camera to sling at people who asked it, but my friend, the photographer, told me with some pride that during his course as a professional he had been asked that question three billion, four hundred and sixty eight million, nine hundred and twenty thousand, six hundred and thirty-four and a fraction times, and that he had finally got to giving chromos to people that didn't ask it.

Development.—After receiving your camera you should immediately set about

fixing a suitable dark room. This is where the first serious trouble begins. Nine-tenths of the failures are caused by poor dark rooms. I first tried a closet but in spite of all that I could do, the light leaked in, and from there I went successively to the bathroom and pantry [without parental knowledge] but was unsuccessful until I built a light tight dark room in the tool house. I puttied and painted black until it finally was as dark as Egypt and the negative finally took that jet black look that I had whistled for so long. But if you can make a closet light tight, it will do well enough to begin with. Then the red lantern is another thing to be careful about in the developing room; if you have any money to spare get a good one; it will be a saving in the end. But to proceed with the development; after you have fixed your lamp and dark room, you are ready for the developer. I tried five or six different kinds and now believe the Seeds Concentrated developer, already prepared, is the best; it is convenient and cheap. To develop, take a white porcelian tray and pour in enough of the developer to cover the bottom, to the depth of about one-eighth of an inch; then place the plate in this, film side up and rock it gently back and forth away from the direct rays of the lamp, for although the red rays are suitable, non-active, a photographer told me that if held right close to a large light, a fine negative is spoiled. For a little while nothing will appear, then the bright lights will commence to come out and if there is one thing that is more fun than another, it is watching the picture appear. Old photographers say that this pleasure never completely wears off. The image will stand out plain and distinct, and it was here I spoiled so many negatives; I took them out too soon, my book failing on this point. (Let the negative stay in until the image grows black, and so that in holding it up and looking at the light through it, it is indistinct.) Then take it out and wash it in water; after that, place the negative in a tray containing: Hypo-Sulphite of Soda, 1 oz.; Water, 8 oz.

After it has been in this solution for a little time, a white film comes on the back. I have heard that this is nitrate of silver. Leave the negative in this bath until this film is gone, then take it out and wash it thoroughly under a tap; then dry and the negative is finished.

The negative, in holding it up to the light, will be the exact opposite of the picture: The light parts of the picture are dark in the negative and the dark parts of the picture are light in the negative. If the very light parts of the picture are dense black in the negative and vice-versa, you can be reasonably certain of a good picture.

Although a certain amount of experience is absolutely necessary, if special care is taken at the sticking points of exposure and development, little trouble need be feared by the young photographer and an immense amount of fun can be had in taking home pictures.

In this article I have said nothing about the making of the picture or picture proper, for the reason that it is comparatively simple, and that I have all my mounting done by a professional photographer. I believe this is the best way and also the cheapest, and is my reason for doing so. I keep some albumen proper for taking proofs and also some blue print paper from which some really good prints can be made by printing a long time and soaking the prints for a little while in the following solution, which, by the way, is one of the secrets of the trade: Aqua-Ammonia, 1 dram; Water, 8 oz.

A DILEMMA.

Mr. John C. Wyman, one of the best story tellers in New England, relates the following incident which occurred in a southern city last winter. The train for the north was late and as it drew up before the station there was a great deal of hurrying to get the waiting express matter on board. In the midst of the confusion a man came up with a dog in his arms and a most bewildered expression on his face. "Look quick there," shouted the waiting

express agent, "where's that dog going?"

The bewildered expression deepened upon the man's face as he gazed down upon the struggling puppy in his arms and drawled out:

"Well, I dunno, and he dunno, and nobody dunno, and *he's eat his tag.*"

Wasn't that dog in a dilemma.

FUNNY COLUMN.

A small boy eluded punishment by creeping under the table, where his mother could not reach him. Shortly after, his father came in and when informed of the state of affairs, crawled on his hands and knees in search of his son and when to his astonishment he was greeted with the inquiry:

"Hello, pa. Is she after you too?"

Dr. Bright—Your dolly appears to be out of sorts today, doesn't she?"

The dolly's mother—"Well I guess you'd feel out of sorts too, if you had all the saw-dust spilled out of you."

Don't hit a man when he's down—hit him when he's up a tree and run away before he has time to get down.

Landlady—"How do you like your steak?"

Boarder—"Tender."

We are told that Washington was once a hook agent. But that doesn't seem to hitch very well with the cherry tree incident.

Professor of Geology—"Gentlemen, at the close of the fall term, I asked you to report to me individually, any object of extraordinary interest you might meet in your respective outings. Mr. Corbett, you may begin."

Corbett, '90—"Please, sir, mine had yellow hair, blue eyes and a tailor made suit."

St. Peter—"Well, sir?"

Applicant—"I was editor of a school paper."

St. Peter—"John, a pair of No. 3 wings and a harp, please.

Teacher—"What does N. B. mean, Howard?"

Howard—after due deliberation—"New Brasky."

"I'm so sorry, she murmured; I'll be a sister to you."

Thanks—"In my childhood I never had a sister and I so longed for one, my prayer has been answered, you are the seventh sister."

"I am just going to arbitrate," she said as the shingle descended and raised a cloud of dust from a pair of pantaloons, "I'm just going to arbitrate, my son, and this shingle is the board of arbitration.

"What time is it young man?" asked an old lady, all out of breath as she struggled into the station.

"One-thirty, ma'am."

"Thank goodness! I'm in time for the four o'clock train," she said as she deposited a carpet bag and a couple of bird cages on the floor, "this travelling about an' ketching railroad trains is upsetting to the nervous system.

Uncle—"Suppose you were Santa Clans, Tommy, what would you do?"

Tommy—"I'd never have to wash my face any more, that's what."

Mamma—"What struck you most at the menagerie my son?"

Dickey—"The elephant, ma. He knocked me down with his biggest tail."

A Virginia girl who eloped and was married wrote back to her angry parents: "If you'll forgive me this time, I'll never do so again."

Northern visitor (shivering)—"Is this the 'sunny south' I've heard so much about?"

Southern resident—"Yes, but you were so long coming that we put it on ice to keep it for you."

Teacher (in geography class)—What is a desert?

Young Student—Don't know, mum, I always eat at the second table.

It is very unhealthy for a growing boy to use tobacco, particularly if his father catches him at it.

We have been requested to publish the following extract from an exchange by one of our upholders of prohibition. It is an essay on "Intemperance."

"Intemperance is one of the most popular vices of the day. It is also one of the most popular vices of the night. In fact, the night has a little the bulge on the day. It comes in bottles and barrels, and jugs and kegs. A corkscrew is a sign of intemperance, so is a red nose, but the corkscrew is easier got out of sight. One corkscrew will outlast a hundred red noses. The flowers that bloom in the spring, trala, have nothing to do with the case, but the flowers that bloom on a man's nose have a good deal to do with the case, toory loory, if it is a case of liquor.

We decline to give the author's name, he is not prepared to visit any other world. We plead not guilty.

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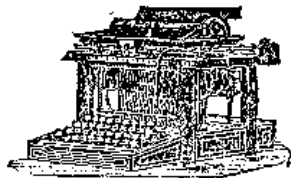
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