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Under the direction of Messrs. Abbot & Grau.

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IL TROVATORE.

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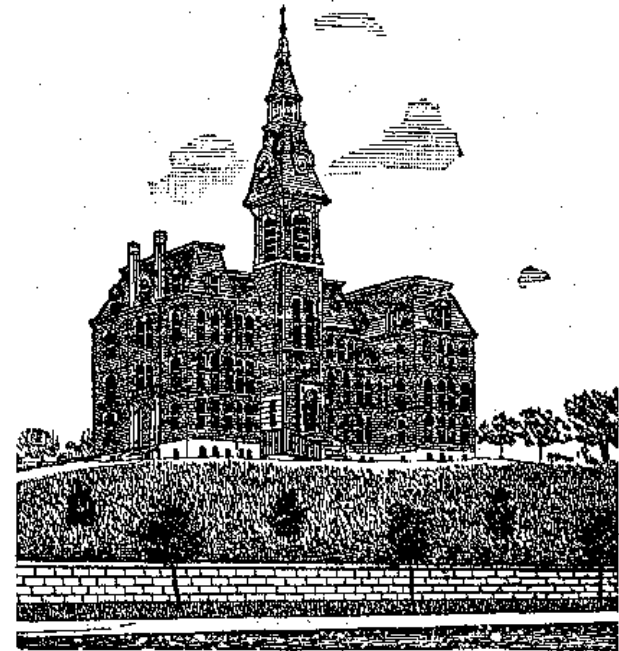


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THE HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

Vol. IV. February, 1890. No. 6.



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THE HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

VOL. IV. OMAHA, NEB., FEBRUARY. NO. 6.

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.

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EDITORIAL.

Just before going to press we learn that Chicago has the World's Fair. We told

you so! Rah for Chicago and Omaha. May we all see the World's Greatest Fair in 1892.

THEY say that the person who is good at making excuses is good at nothing else, so we will only give a bare statement of facts to explain why we are two days late.

1. Back studies to make up.
2. The senior orations for class exercises and commencement; due March 10.
3. Late news and shortness of month.

We have endeavored to give a better paper than we could by issuing without the latest news, and consequently do not expect any kicks.

WHILE the REGISTER likes to see enterprise in the Ninth Grade, and for this reason is in favor of the cadet company, it is nevertheless rather "galling" to a senior to go up in the gymnasium on a drill night, and see the boys of the military company having such a good time with the new apparatus, which the senior has been denied. Another thing was noticed also. Some of the members of the company have somehow (we ain't supposed to know how,) gained entrance to the old armory and appropriated the caps, etc., belonging to the members of the old High School military company, many of the members of which are still at school. These are facts; they don't amount to much perhaps, but there is food for thought in them "for a' that."

At a recent meeting of the Board of Education a motion was brought up to place the flag of this great country over all the public school houses of this city.

This is a movement that has originated in one of the great eastern cities—patriotic Boston we believe—and which has spread all over the New England States, and now by the aid of such papers as the *Youth's*

Companion, is gradually spreading over the whole Union.

After much discussion in the Omaha Board of Education the motion was lost! In another part of this paper the speech of Charles Wehrer is given. Wehrer is the member from the Fourth Ward, we believe, and this speech is a typical one. He has a voice that is a cross between the grunt of a pig and a fog horn, and the effect of a great speech like this on the board is magical. The report of the speech was clipped from the *Omaha Mercury*.

The REGISTER would like to inform Mr. Wehrer that the American flag has a great deal to do with the education of American children and what's more always will have. His speech shows that Mr. Wehrer has no appreciation whatever of the finer sentiments that actuated this move, and by taking advantage of the poor laws that make it possible for an ignorant foreigner to become a citizen of this country and a member of the Board of Education of a great city, he and his ilk trample down every motion that they have not got sense enough to see the actual benefit that can be derived therefrom. He has no idea at all of patriotism, and has no conception of what the flag of this country means to its citizens, real and prospective.

CLASS ORGANIZATION.

In all the large eastern High Schools, as soon as a class enters, it is the custom for them to organize, appoint class officers, and decide on pins and colors. This is commendable and according to the eternal fitness of things. The custom of this school in waiting until a class reaches its graduating year before organizing should be abolished.

The drill of the business meetings of a class is as good, if not better than that of a lyceum or debating society, and as the latter do not seem to flourish in our school, the plan of all the grades of the Omaha High School organizing, immediately, would probably receive the support of all the teachers.

The REGISTER suggests that a few members in each of the three lower grades call a meeting, elect a chairman and appoint committees as soon as possible. It is simple and only needs a beginning to carry it through. If anyone will come to the REGISTER it will do all that it can to help this movement.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

For the last two months the whole country has been excited over the subject of a World's Fair, to be held in commemoration of the discovery of America, the site to be at one of our great cities, the location to be fixed by Congress. It is a project into which the whole country has entered with great interest and vigor, partly caused by the love that Americans have for shows of all descriptions, partly by patriotism, and partly by a desire to outdo the great French exposition held last year.

At the beginning of the "campaign," there were four cities who each claimed the best location: Chicago, New York, Washington and St. Louis. Philadelphia, our other great city not entering because of the Centennial. Washington's chief claim was that she was the capitol of the country, and relied on the congressmen to support her, but sad as it may seem, the congressmen wouldn't support her and she is now distanced in the race. St. Louis has been the laughing stock of the whole country by her ridiculous efforts in this direction. The old rivalry between Chicago and St. Louis is no longer possible, owing to the immense strides Chicago has taken in the last five years, and the sooner St. Louis recognizes the fact the better. St. Louis has combined with New York to keep Chicago from getting the fair. Washington being out of the race this leaves Chicago and New York to be decided upon by Congress. The two cities have been industriously raising money. New York with all her millions has not been able to raise as much money as Chicago. Chicago now has a guarantee fund of \$10,000,000, while New York has about \$5,000,000. Chicago has worked steadily, but with all

the industry and "hustle" of a genuine western city, which easily beats anything in the world, and above all there has been no dissensions in her committees, and politics have been entirely left out. The result is that already Chicago is acknowledged to have won the location. New York has about \$5,000,000. New York has had great trouble in raising the guarantee fund from her stingy merchants, capitalists and manufacturers, and politics, by the defeat of the \$10,000,000 appropriation bill by the New York legislature has practically "cooked their goose." Many prominent New Yorkers, among them Chauncey M. Depew, have given up the World's Fair as belonging only to Chicago. In fact Chicago is the city for the fair. It is the central city of this country, and the people of the Pacific coast have as good a show of seeing the fair as those of the Atlantic Coast, and we, living in Omaha, although we would rather have the fair at Omaha, that being an impossibility, are nevertheless within a day's ride of the Great Metropolis of the West.

WEHRER'S SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN FLAG.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—It's a gold day ven some member of dis here board don't haf some-dings to poot on or into dem shkool houses. What for a nonshens is dis flak peezness vill ish wissen? What's our shkool houses for? I tink de peeples pild dem for some-dings else dan to set slitecples on 'em or to shtieck slitecks into de roofs to tie a rag to: You dalk about flaks, who vants flaks on shkool houses? De flak is all recht in its blazes, but de shkool house is not one ov dose blazes. What dose de flak learn my poy or kirl. Dose it learn him to shpeak de English or to gount interest or to read de bapers? What fer soll ich sagen dat de people's mone shall be biled on de roof ov de shkool houses? Slitecples is enuf, and so is shimneys. If de deechers vants flaks dey can gone and get 'em. I dont care. If de shkolars vant flaks, or vat you call 'em—flakstaffs—es mecht mir nichts ans, let der fodders got 'em, gif each poy a

flakstaff, but I dont vote for no shkool house flakstaffs, nichts komer raus. What are dese flaks anyhow? I got no flak. My fodder neffer gif me a flak. No flak vas neffer floddering from my shkool house. Ve didn't neffer study from no flaks. Some ov de members of dis board dalk about patriotismus. I got patriotismus but it don't vas deeched to me on a flakstaff. Vat ve lay our deechers for if dey don't haint deeching dot patriotismus. I peleve it's a shkoeme. Some publisher got some pokes patriotismus left offer, and vants to vork 'em off. Dey don't bull de vool offer me. I peen in dis peezness too long already. Ve ain't got no use for no flakstaffs. Mr. Chairman, I fote "Nozur."—*Omaha Mercury*.

SENIOR PROGRAMME.

- 1 Music—Flute Mr. Rogers and Mr. Karbach
- 2 Essay—Painting in America Miss Wearno
- 3 Oration—Electrical Progression Mr. Rowley
- 4 Recitation—Phaebé Miss Harriet Brown
- 5 Declamation—Plain Language from Truthful James. Mr. Light
- 6 Essay—The Homes of our Poets Miss Colo
- 7 Oration—Washington's Birthday Mr. Weymuller
- 8 Recitation—An Order for a Picture Miss Pearson
- 9 Oration—The Courage of One's Convictions Mr. Karbach
- Declamation—Daniel Webster Mr. Weitz
- Music—Miss Kennedy.
- 10 Declamation—America Unconquerable Mr. Robinson
- 11 Essay—Pocahontas Miss Getner
- 12 Oration—Benedict Arnold Mr. Hungate
- 13 Declamation—The Madman Mr. Knight
- 14 Essay—A Visit to the Country Miss Walker
- 15 Oration—Capital Punishment Mr. Kent
- 16 Essay—Spain Miss Church
- 17 Declamation—Mr. Burke on American Taxation Mr. Bauman

When is the worst weather for rats and mice? When it rains cats and dogs.

ANECDOTE NO. 2.

OR, HOW GEO. WASHINGTON GOT TANNED TWICE IN ONE DAY.

The father of George Washington once owned a very fine Baldwin cherry tree. He probably had thousands of other cherry trees, but only one fine one. One day when George and his father were out taking a walk, his father led the youthful George to this tree and explained to him its value and the fine quality of the fruit. George took it all in, and when his father turned his back, George, with an eye to business, marked the tree with a piece of brick for future reference. He then wended his way back to the house with the old man. In about a week, George's 5th birthday came around and he was the grateful recipient of a fine new hatchet. His mother kicked on his having such a weapon, but George told her that he had probably handled a thousand hatchets during his brief career and probably understood its use as well as anybody in town. And he did. He went out in the yard and in spite of his mother threatening to tell his father when he came home, he deliberately chopped in four washtubs seven buckets, including the well buckets, and had commenced on the flock of chickens, when the old man appeared on the scene.

"My son, come here, immediately."

George knew what that meant and tried to reason with the old man, but it was no use. He was marched into the woodshed and tanned. After dinner, his father marched him out in the back yard and said, "My son, do you see that cord of wood?"

"Yes, sir," said George meekly.

"Well," continued his father, "if that wood ain't chopped and in the shed by night, you get tanned twice in one day."

This was indeed hard lines, but George knew there was no margin in the contract for monkeying and so he set diligently to work. He worked until his dad left the house, whereupon he sat down on a log and figured. By the least calculation there was a day's hard work in that pile and

after balancing the two sides of the question, George, with the great foresight he after showed to the world, decided that as he would get licked anyway, he would make hay while the sun shone, so he shouldered his hatchet and immediately made tracks for the Baldwin cherry tree. When he reached it he set to work and in about an hour, had the pleasure of seeing it come to the ground with a loud thump. He hacked it all to pieces and hid it in the bushes and by this time the afternoon was about spent and George was getting hungry. After playing around a little while longer, he started toward the house. On the walk home he realized that the way of the transgressor is hard. He could have stolen and eaten all the cherries anyway. He commenced to realize what a fool he was, but alas, too late. His father did not get home till after dark and forgot to ask about the wood pile, but in the morning he discovered the missing cherry tree and called his son to him. When he saw the old man approaching the house, George knew what his name was and tried in vain to think of some good lie to tell the old man, when suddenly a brilliant thought came to him.

"George," said his father, with a wild look in his eye, "did you cut down my Baldwin cherry tree?"

"Father, O father!" said George, with a stage accent, "I cannot, will n o t, tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet!"

Now George figured that his father would be so darn pleased to hear him tell the truth right out in that fashion, that he would embrace him, call him his son and give him ten cents; but alas, for human schemes and calculations.

The father said not a word, but went and cut a club and held an extensive interview with George that lasted for some time.

It cast a gloom over George's whole life, and it is said that he never smiled again.

FINIS.

Frowning Minister—"Who made the world in six days?"

Small Boy—"Please, sir, I didn't."

ATHLETICS.

Wal Taylor, Editor.

The twenty-four hour race at the coliseum was well attended by our high school boys.

The gentlemanly little canine, Richardo de la Bell, went to the coliseum and whooped it up for Schill and Reading.

The ninth grade boys have organized a military company, and are now drilling in the gymnasium rooms when they can find time.

Where, oh where is "Willie" Higgins; we can't find any trace of the high school's "phenom." If this should chance to meet your eye, Willie, write and tell us where and how you are. Are you in the brotherhood or league?

Probably the most notable event that will ever occur at the coliseum, will take place March 3 and 4, when the great Patti sings. The immense building will be filled three times, and in all probability the school will be well represented.

What few base ballists there are left in the school, are looking forward to a good nine for Omaha this year. We won't make any comments on the players at present signed, but will say that Omaha will stand near the top at the end of the season.

We should be excused for playing base ball at this time of the year, but if General Greeley can't give us anything but warm weather, we will utilize that to the best advantage. Last year we played ball all through "winter," but as this year has been a little cooler, we have been letting our balls rest.

There seems to be some prospect of a good base ball season for our school this year. The ninth grade boys are somewhat livelier this year than last, and although we cannot expect to get up a good sized nine, the smaller boys will be able to hold their own.

"Kid" Nichols won't be with us this season, but we are just as happy to see him raised to the highest notch of a pitcher's

ambition; a position in the league. He has been in Omaha for several weeks, spending most of his time at the Coliseum on rollers. Allow us to inform our readers that he has recently been married. We wish him good luck, etc.

The races at the coliseum lately were attended largely by the boys. If Manager Prince continues to give as good attractions as he has lately, everybody will stay by him. Frank Schill did some fine riding for an amateur, while Reading, the old-time favorite, verified the many opinions by winning the race. Dingley amused the audience by the "don't-care-whether-school-keeps-or-not-look" he wore through the race, although it grew a trifle forced at the last.

With the advent of spring, summer sports are crawling out of their holes and starting in for all they are worth.

The seniors have taken up a collection and purchased a foot-ball, and now spend their time kicking it about the school grounds. They want to play foot-ball pretty bad, now that the season is over. If they had taken a little pains to attend the Athletic Association meetings, which were called—but not held for lack of attendance—last fall, the high school might have had a good foot-ball team. Now they must make way for base ball.

THE GREAT VISIT.

Through the efforts of Prof. Richardson the chemistry classes were allowed to visit the Omaha & Grant Refinery and Smelting Works, or in other words, the Omaha Smelter.

The whole class assembled on 20th street and waited for the special train of the cable line. The thermometer registered 20° below in the shade, and before the train came Nave and Montmorency froze to death, but came to life in time to catch the second train. The journey down Dodge street was made amid the plaudits of the multitude and the whole party arrived at the works in good order. Prof. Richardson leading the way. The blue vitrol works were first visited, here were great tanks

with sheets of lead all covered with blue crystalline.

Next, several other places were visited where the REGISTER man was unable to find out what was going on, but it didn't make any difference. A big black furnace, molten metal and slag, Bohemians, Scandinavians and a big noise would describe the visit in nearly all the different stages.

The assay office was the last place visited, and while there the class were allowed to gaze on 3-quart pots full of gold. Some of the boys wanted it proved, as it looked to much like sand to suit. Taking the visit as a whole, it was a very enjoyable affair, and Prof. Richardson has the thanks of the whole chemistry classes.

NOTES OF THE VISIT.

Aiken, you drop that.

Wonder whose dress burned.

If any of the boys are seen down in the pawn shops, we will know what's the matter.

One of the girls tried to talk to a workman, but without avail. He was Bohinski.

It was through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Nash, that the doors of the smelter were opened to us.

Among the visitors were Professor Lewis and Messrs. Nave, Akin, Ludington, Montmorency and Shields

The language of the works seems to be a species of grant. Probably a pigeon English-Bohinski-Hungarian-Swede-Polish.

PERSONAL.

Paul Burleigh is in the city.

Mr. V. C. Rosewater is now in Baltimore.

Wilk Rustin is in Mexico accompanied by his father.

Fred Rustin is going to join the Andover base ball nine as catcher.

We learn that Miss Grace Carter of '91, is about to move to Grand Island.

Mr. Ed Bradley has left school. This makes one less among the senior class.

Mr. Claude Light is still at the B. & M. headquarters, but now has a fine position.

Mr. Bert Billings is about to start for Hoang Ho, China, to remain until he regains his health.

Mr. Lew Weymuller '85, is now in the the firm of Peterson & Weymuller, coal and ice merchants.

By a letter found on the street the other day from Will Creary to—, we learn that "Willie" is in Denver.

Yon Yonson has returned from a visit to Beatrice and its girls. Yon says there are lots of girls down there, but no mud fences.

Mr. George Hempel is attending business college yet. He was seen by the REGISTER man lately and says that he is getting along in great shape.

Miss Comfort Baker, Fisk University, '98, and '89 of the Omaha High School, in a letter to one of our teachers tells us that she is progressing finely, having secured the high average of 98.

Mon. Bealls was seen roaming about the streets some time since, and wanted to know why the high school couldn't get up a base ball nine this summer. Now don't speak of foot-ball, he got his dose last Christmas in the "Hash College" games against the Y. M. C. A.

CUI BONO.

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here—still yonder, yonder--
Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore;
Gay we sail, it melts beneath us;
We are sunk and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives and fights and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is what he gets.

—Thomas Carlyle.

She—"Yes, we had a splendid time last summer. Four other girls and I took a tramp through the Adirondacs."

He—"Did the tramp have a good time."

THE NINTH GRADE MILITARY CO.

By this time the whole school probably knows that the ninth grade have organized a military company, but beyond that simple fact we believe their information does not extend, and for that reason the REGISTER publishes the following.

About a month ago the first meeting was held, committees appointed, and the election of officers resulted as follows:

- Harry Kelley.....Captain
- C. F. Savage.....1st Lieutenant
- Frank Davis.....2d Lieutenant

Since that time the company has drilled steadily on Mondays and Fridays of each week in the gymnasium, and are making great progress in marching. They are lucky in having for their captain a boy who understands his business. Mr. Kelley has served four years in the Iowa militia, and consequently is a good drill master. The 1st lieutenant will also make a good officer. Mr. Savage has attended military college at Davenport, Iowa, and is well up in military matters.

The company are making great efforts to procure arms by the time they expect to be ready for them. They have seen some members of the Board of Education and have received encouragement from them. They are about to petition Governor Thayer for arms and have the company join the State militia. At first they tried to get the guns of the old company, but that failing they resorted to this better way. The following is the roll of the company who have paid their dues. The company musters about thirty men.

Chaffee,	Page,
Davis,	Price,
French,	Boyce,
Jingles,	Stowe,
Lodge,	Spencer,
Jones	Thompson.

HEALTH COMMANDMENTS.

I. Thou shalt have no other food than at meal time.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any pies or put into pastry the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not fall to eating it or trying to digest it, for

the dyspepsia shall be visited upon the children of third and fourth generations of them that eat pie and long life and vigor upon those that live prudently and keep the laws of health.

III. Remember thy bread, to bake it well, for he will not be kept sound that eateth raw bread or doughs.

IV. Thou shalt not indulge in sorrow or borrow anxiety in vain.

V. Six days shalt thou wash and keep thyself clean, and the seventh day thou shalt take a great bath, thou and thy son and thy maid servant and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days man sweats and gathers filth, whereupon the Lord has blessed the bath tub and hallowed it.

VI. Remember thy sitting room and bed chamber, to keep them ventilated, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VII. Thou shalt not eat hot biscuit.

VIII. Thou shalt not eat thy meat fried.

IX. Thy shalt not swallow thy food unchewed, or highly spiced, or just before hard work or just after.

X. Thou shalt not keep late hours in thy neighbor's house, nor with thy neighbor's wife, nor with his man servant nor with his maid servant, nor his cards, nor with his glass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.—Springfield Journal.

Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all.

"FOR FUN."

Stealing gates "for fun" will not be a popular amusement, hereafter, in one Western college:

Four students of a Wisconsin college, who stole a farmer's gate "for fun," were given by the faculty the alternative of leaving the college or of undergoing such punishment as the farmer might inflict. They chose the latter, and the farmer condemned them to chop four cords of his wood and deliver it to a poor widow.

They did it to the music of a band and the plaudits of a crowd that watched the operation.

NOTES.

Blizzard.
Ring! Ring!
Wertz, six times.
Aiken got the dime.
"Carbon Dioxinate."
The gym still closed.
"Take another smell."
Nearly time for review.
No dancing after school.
"He had begun—to shave!"
Where is the string orchestra?
Rosewater translated Cicero at sight.
Wonder how much money Cully had?
Art Knight's declamation was a great hit.
H—'s, how did you lose that 15 cents?
"She sat herself on the table."—H. R.
Aw go on, you old Devonian Carboniferous.
The last time I was measured I weighed 140 lbs.
Miss N.—"She was nearly not afraid of him at all."
Robinson & Garmon, clothing and gents furnishings.
What made Washington's birthday come on Saturday?
The chemistry classes have been cleaning louse again.
Amateur photographers see Heyn for outfits and supplies.
What fun it is for the girls to watch the boys play foot ball!
S. R. Patten, dentist, 310 Range building; telephone No. 106.
The recent cold weather has pulled down the attendance considerably.
What a small sized tumult a little birthday book can create at times.
Those who read the English Bible do not become obsolete."—Miss B.

A number of the boys are going camping during the March vacation.

Say, some of you fellows turn to page 206 and find what comes next!!!

The chemistry laboratory was turned into a powder mill the other day.

Our bad luck still pursues us; Washington's birthday came on a Saturday.

Ninth Grade—Found, a knife; found, Algebra 258; lost, Answer Book 86.

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

Why don't the Tenth and Eleventh grades do something worth recording?

Every chance for a game of scrub football is used. The new ball is a daisy.

You ought to see how glad the little boys are when Pad Day comes around.

What is the matter with the Ovid class? The girls are getting few and far between.

We object to everybody pitching on just because a fellow happens to have on a derby.

This is probably the dullest month of the year for news. Athletics and everything else is dead.

It is hard telling which has the more attractions for the boys—the foot ball or the matinee.

There are several schemes on foot to enliven things a little, but none have as yet come to a head.

Mr. Richardson's Geology classes finished for this term on Wednesday, and have commenced the review.

The chemistry class has progressed so rapidly, that it has recently been making *colorless* blue beads.

The class in American history, formerly taught by Mr. Lewis, is now under the charge of Miss Davis.

One of the young ladies was heard to remark: "THE HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER takes the bun for neatness."

Mr. A.—"Hub, see that girl dancing; she can't dance at all. I could dance as good as that if I wanted to."

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

The larger classes are getting used to the *Beltium Helvetium*, although the novelty of the thing has worn off.

If any boys of the ninth grade want any pointers on Prohibition, love, culture, looks and emuence apply to R. Wilber.

Why is it that some of the girls of Miss Walker's class wait in the hall after school has been dismissed? Ask the young men.

The class in United States History has finished the Constitution, and started in on Washington's Administration last Wednesday.

Mr. B.—You couldn't dance if you were to get onto a hornet. They both dance and the professor takes 'em in hand for disorderly conduct.

Miss Shipley's class in General History was treated to an examination on the 28th. She has had the class only a month, and examined them as a test.

Some body has been putting oil all over the pieces of work in the manual training department, and Bert Billings says if he catches him he will lick him.

Mr. Richardson is now teaching Mr. Leviston's first hour Geology class. He had a surplus of time, and at his request received a class to fill up with.

A number of Iowa educators visited the school Thursday, but the REGISTER not knowing of the visit failed to interview the principal members of the delegation.

There are some very interesting specimens in the case on the third floor. Those taking Geology would do well to make a careful examination of some of them.

Young Gentleman (translating Virgil) and just as I was about to throw my arms around her—"That was as far as I got." We think that it was quite far enough.

Mr. Richardson has taken one of Mr. Leviston's Geology classes in order to give the latter teacher some extra time to give to his other class and his Physics classes.

A great deal of jealousy has existed among the ninth grade girls—that is, if the yellow ribbon proverb proves true. It is especially noticeable among the dances at noon.

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.

At the class meeting on last Friday afternoon, some dissatisfaction was expressed with the pins, and a committee appointed to see if the finishing could not be improved.

Time is money they say and a person often saves money by having the correct time which can be had at Lindsay's. Leave your watch there for repairs. 1518 Douglas street.

The young ladies make the noon hour merry with music and dancing. What do we boys do? Why, we just stand still and look on, and we are thankful that we are allowed that privilege.

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.

Bowman, Hughes & Co.'s enlarged and newly equipped photo galleries for good work at reasonable prices. Best tintypes in the city; 305 North Sixteenth Street and Thirty-fifth and Jones Streets.

A chess club has been organized at the school, and permission has been secured from Mr. Lewis to hold meetings at the school. The following are the members: Parmer, Welles, Nestor, Shannon, Taylor, Nave.

The orations in competition for graduation were to have been handed in by March 1st, but the time has been extended to the 10th. It is hoped that on account of the extension of time many more will compete.

The first of the new class pins was brought up from the jewelers by Mr.

Roland Robinson and shown around. It is a beauty. It is the clover leaf design in heavy solid gold and can be had as a scarf or clasp pin.

The management wish to secure the services of one bright boy to canvass for advertisements. Five dollars can be earned in an hour, and it is the chance of a life time. Now don't all come at once. You might embarrass us!

The hooks in the senior cloak rooms have not been changed. This is owing to the Board. There are about half enough hooks now, and consequently the hats and overcoats of half the boys find a soft resting place on the floor.

We are sorry to see how few of the seniors take interest in the graduating essays. Surely in a class, the size of ours, we ought to have plenty of good essays, but it looks as if we would not have enough to complete the graduating exercises.

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 Myrrhine. For chapped hands use Leslie's Maladerma. Prepared and sold by Leslie & Leslie, pharmacist, Sixteenth and Dodge streets.

The boys are arranging for a grand ball to take place in the Ninth Grade hall in about a week. All boys but the Ninth Graders invited. If you can't dance any known dance, all the better. A few choice unknown dances will be the feature of the occasion. Everybody that can rag will receive a medal.

A fight occurred in the Ninth Grade on last Thursday morning just before school. It seems that there has been a good deal of hard feeling between Bert Morse and Wilbur Christian, and it culminated in Morse hitting Christian in several places, principally in the eye and receiving several blows in return, one of which knocked him down. We learn that some of the Ninth Grade girls ran down and told Mr. Lewis and the affair resulted in the suspension of both boys.

Truly the way of the transgressor is hard, especially if he happens to be an editor of a school paper, and he is pitched sore upon and hard pressed. And the women of the land sometimes scold his head off and again refuse to allow a word to flow in his direction; but he becomes callous after many years and his cheek takes on the properties and violence of brass, and he is in no wise offended, and still they kick.

Julius S. Cooley was summoned to Wahoo yesterday by telegram on a very important action involving \$10,000 in real estate, and over \$10,000 in personal property, amounting in all to between \$20,000 and \$25,000. The case is the most important one ever tried in Saunders county; it is where a designing son obtained his mother (who was a German and could not read a word of English) to sign a deed to him, conveying a section (640 acres) of land, situated on the Platte bottom to him and a bill of sale of all the personal property she owned, which was situated on said farm. The action has been in the Saunders county district court for more than eight years, the attorneys putting it off from term to term, for the purpose of obtaining \$100 for each term. The lawyers who have been bleeding them have been dismissed and Judge Cooley, of this city, retained. Judge M. B. Reese, the ex-chief justice, will be the leading witness for the plaintiff, who Judge Cooley represents. He will be associate counsel with Judge Ames, of Lincoln, who was the democratic nominee for supreme judge last fall. The district court opened at Wahoo this morning and Mr. Cooley expects to be absent the balance of the week.

It was the last day of the week and the air was balmy and Aiken hid himself to the tonsorial artists, that his raven locks might receive their wonted attentions.

And, lo! Zephyrus arising gently, blew through his whiskers, and lo! Aiken was very proud of those very 'tack, and gently stroked them and softly remarked that there were but very few of them left.

And finally coming in haste to the abode of him who shaves, he seated himself and called in stentorian tones for a hair cut.

But, lo! and behold Aiken had been out the night before and was much wearied and he was unable to keep awake.

And lo! soft slumbers descended upon him and he slept.

And soon the tonsorial artist, having finished his appointed task, softly whispered "Shave!" But, alas! he heard not the hateful sound; he slept; and sweet visions of a fair maiden arose before his eyes and he awoke not.

And the barber wisely taking silence for the desired consent, brewed with skill and care his foamy lather and softly applied it to his countenance and Aiken slept; and again the barber took his keen edged weapon and, softly passing it over his palm, applied it to his countenance and the deed was done.

Then the cry of "next" dispels the vision from Aiken's mind, and he awakes.

But what is this unaccustomed sensation? Why is his head so light? his brain reels; and, lo! he looks into the glass, when "revenge," "kill," "fire," "slay," with a cry of despair and desolation, he rushes to the door.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Feb. 23, 1890.

MR. EDITOR:

Society affairs make our school a scene of wildest excitement and deep-laid schemes. The young ladies have organized a secret society, the Broadiccans. The rites of the organization are shrouded in three-ply mystery, but it is whispered that a quart or two of blood is extracted from each new member at initiation, and other horrid ceremonies are observed. The boys—excuse me, the young gentlemen—also, it is rumored, are bound together by midnight oaths of inviolable secrecy. Of course, this gives rise to factions, and many a worldly war is waged in the Debating Society, which having recently defeated the

Minneapolis Debating Society, is as nearly right as things terrestrial can be.

It is nip and tuck to see who will be ahead. Just now the medal belongs to the boys. At a recent debate, "a pantomime initiation to the Boadicean Society" was announced. The dead march has heard, the curtain rolled up. There on a throne, in awful majesty, sat the Grand High No One Knows What, while about him were ranged the others of that awful tribunal. All were dressed in black robes, with masks and badges of flame color. An officer stalked in. He bowed before the throned one, who bent his awful head in assent. Then with clanking of chains the victim was drawn in, attached to nearly a mile of hempen cable. He was initiated. He bowed. He swore on the awful book, (the dictionary). He was branded. He embraced a skeleton let down from above.

After all the horrors had been gone through, the curtain fell with the society's most secret pass word roared out. You can fancy the rage of the Boadiceans, especially when they discovered that the boys had calmly appropriated the society's robes and apparatus. They are plotting dire vengeance, and no doubt gore will flow in rivers before we are through with it.

The society elections have been unusually exciting, the seniors having crossed swords with the juniors, and won. As each candidate was elected the riant '90s rose and yelled the school yell, with which I will close this elongated epistle. Sin-Poo-IT—, then a shrill hiss, ending with, "Rah! Rah! Rah! Very truly,

RUTH KIMBALL.

PRINCETON, N. J., Feb. 19, 1890.

TO THE REGISTER:

This being, I believe, the first communication from Princeton to the REGISTER, a few words in regard to the college in general may not be out of place at this time. Princeton College is situated in the town of Princeton, New Jersey. This delightful little village, of only three thousand people, lies on the Pennsylvania railroad about midway between New York and Philadel

phia. It is built upon high ground and with its large stone buildings and tall trees presents a very imposing picture from the surrounding country. Several costly residences, besides the college buildings and campus, makes this small place a most beautiful spot. The college was founded in 1746, and is distinguished by many historical men and events. However, I will not dwell upon this topic longer than to mention that Dr. Witherspoon, a president of Princeton and two graduates of the college were signers of the Declaration of Independence, and to recall to your minds the battle of Princeton, at the close of which Washington drove the British from "Old Nassau Hall." The institution has increased and flourished, until today its professors and course of study are second to none in the United States, and there are 772 students in attendance. Princeton is an eastern college, and while fellows from every part of the Union, and even from Europe and Asia come here, it is composed, to a large extent, of men from New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. A distinguished feature of Princeton is her literary societies—Whig and Olio. These two societies, founded about 1765, are of the highest type—the constitution of Whig being drawn up by Thomas Madison, one of the authors of our United States Constitution. The immense practical benefit a student obtains from the training in oratory and debate which these societies give cannot be over estimated. Of course, a student can belong to but one of the two Halls, and the strife between the two for honor and prizes greatly increase the zeal for greater perfection. These societies are distinct from the discipline in oratory given in the college course. In athletics of all kinds, Princeton's high standing is well known. Our overwhelming victories in foot-ball last fall over Yale and Harvard are the results of faithful, hard work by the men under our matchless trainer, "Jim" Robinson. In the gymnasium, Professor Turner, an Englishman, has introduced the famous English military system of physical training. These are but the few facts I

have gleaned during my first three months at college. Believing Princeton to have certain advantages over many colleges, especially as to the students expenses and the class of fellows he meets, I heartily recommend her to the attention of any who may be thinking of going to college.

HERRERT M. ROGERS,
Princeton '93.

OTHER SCHOOLS.

The late Henry W. Grady was a member of the Chi Phi Fraternity of the University of Virginia.

The cost for postage of sending this year's college catalogue to the Harvard alumni was \$500.

The Naval Academy at Annapolis is making great base ball efforts this year and will develop a strong team.

The new Yale gymnasium will in all probability be named in honor of Professor Richards, to whose work among the alumni much of the credit of the work belongs.

The senior class of the state university has elected the following officers: Miss Dora Loomis, president; T. E. Hall, vice-president; W. R. Graham, secretary; Hugh LaMaster, treasurer; Herbert Marsland, historian; Gertrude Laws, sergeant-at-arms, E. E. Gillespie, class brilliancy; Annie Child, cook; E. Farmer, bottle washer; F. W. Russell, prevaricator; H. C. Peterson, orator; Edith Mockett, dish washer.

The individual trophies for the members of the boat crew of Yale University of last year has been completed and distributed. They are in the form of a cigar cutter of Roman gold. On one side, in a bas-relief, is a raised facsimile of the flags won in the race. Lying across the flags is represented an oar and a rudder. On the reverse side is the following inscription: "1889: Yale versus Harvard. Won by Yale." Then follows name of the individual owner of the trophy and his position in the boat. They are the most artistic trophies that have yet been given.

EXCHANGES.

The *Levee*, Colorado Springs, says: Let's exchange. Don't keef if we dol

Many of our exchanges contain notices of the deaths of schoolmates. The grip is not through with its work yet.

If we were running the *Commentator* of Iowa City, Ia., we would change printing offices. The press work is horrible.

The *Review*, Washington, D. C., tells about an illicit paper called the *Kicker*. How in thunder did they get onto that?

Lately the principle object of the *Hesperian* seems to be to inform the world that E. R. Holmes is editor-in-chief and don't you forget it!

The *Hesperian* contains an editorial on the fairness of excusing the editors of the paper from rhetorical work. It is right, and we hope it will continue to fight until it gets what it wants.

A little clipping is a good thing; it gives variety and spiciness to a paper; but when it comes to clipping three out of four papers that constitute the *Prairie Breezes*, we believe it carries it a little too far.

The *High School Record* of Woonsocket, R. I., contains the account of a ball given by the junior class of the high school. It was a great success, socially and financially, as it netted the class \$80.

The *Literary Monthly* of Park College, Mo., is a neat little paper, but we are just fool enough to think that they give too much space to orations, declamations, essays, etc., to suit the ordinary student.

The *Youth's Companion* will give a large bunting flag to one public school in each State that forwards the best essay on the "Patriotic Influence of the American Flag When Raised Over Public Schools."

The English *H. S. Ent revise* of Lynn, Mass., gives an account of the prize drill of the school battalion, and the following is part of the mayor's letter to them:

I am a firm believer in the importance of encouraging and perpetuating a military training in our high school, and to your efforts to attain superiority by competitive drill, I give my most hearty endorsement.

Yours respectfully,
ASA T. NEWELL, Mayor.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are pleased to announce to the readers of the REGISTER that next month these columns will be adorned by an article from the versatile pen of the Honorable Judge Cooley. The article will be entitled, "The Advantages that the Law holds open to Young Men."

FUNNY COLUMN.

An advertiser in Texas calls for "an industrious man as a boss hand over 5,000 head of sheep that can speak Spanish fluently."

An editor wrote a head-line, "A Horrible Blunder," to go over a railroad accident, but thought it was the printer's fault that it got over the account of a wedding. The editor was the man thrashed all the same.

"Mother, I think the spinal vertebrae of the season has received a severe fracture," remarked a high school girl to her mother. "Yes" replied the old lady, "I expected your father would hurt that dog when he threw the poker at it."

"No," said the housemaid, "I don't apologize to a man where I throw a bucket of water down the front steps to wash 'em and he comes along and gets drenched. I've tried apologizing, but I've found that there is nothing that you can say to a man in that case that will satisfy him."

Crammed for an examination—"How came you to fail in your examination?" asked a tutor of one of his pupils. "I thought I crammed you thoroughly."

"Well, you see," replied the student, "the fact was you crammed me so tight I couldn't get it out."

Chauncy M. Depew, President of the New York Central Road, recently issued an order to passenger brakemen directing them to "step inside the car door and call out the name of the station in a clear, distinct tenor voice." A few days after he received the following note:

"Dear Sir: Wot kind of a tenor voice do you eckspect to hear for \$40 a month?"

Yours truly,
JIM.

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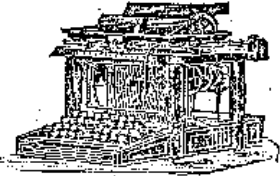
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