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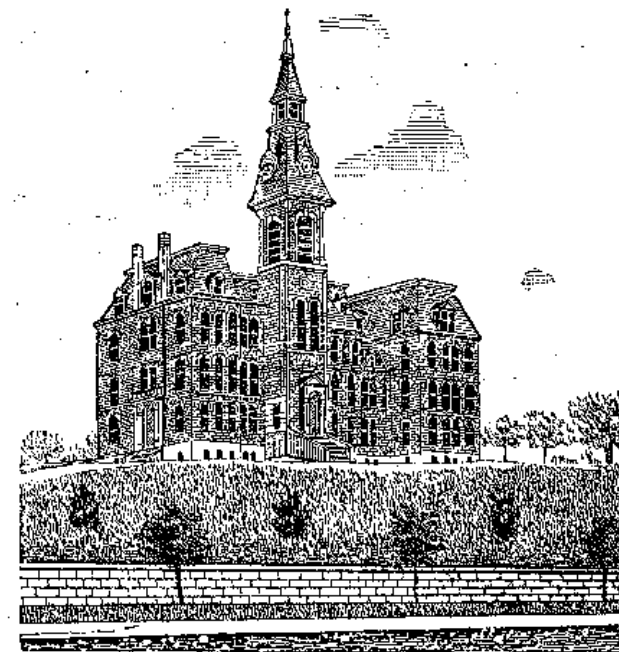
THE

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

Vol. IV.

March, 1890.

No. 7.



Published in the Interest of

The Omaha High School.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

VOL. IV.

OMAHA, NEB., MARCH,

NO. 7.

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.

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Editorial Staff.

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MISS MOLLYE SARGENT, '91,
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EDITORIAL.

For two reasons we are a little late this issue; the present board of editors was not elected until about a week before the paper was due; and we felt inclined, since we could not be on time, to be another day behind in order that we might give full account of the Palladian and inter-society

contests. In the future we shall endeavor to be on time and hope that hereafter we will not be compelled to ask pardon for tardiness.—*Lincoln Hesperian.*

There now, you see the REGISTER isn't any worse than the rest of them!

The allurments of duck and geese shooting are too much for us. We have given the printer a wad of copy and vamoosed for the Platte and Lake Desota, when we will slaughter the festive duck, and eat bacon and crackers in blissful ignorance as to how things are progressing in Omaha.

It is probably our last chance for several years, and this is our final hunt of any duration. When we strike the tent this time it will be for good—there is but three months more.

The other day some one brought the subject of hand-shaking to our notice, and since then we have been surprised to notice how few people can shake hands properly. We have all met people who crush the hand, cause a great deal of pain, in the mistaken notion that such a grip is cordial and hearty, and we always have an unpleasant impression of them, however agreeable they may prove to be. We have also met limp people, who, however well meaning they may be, give an impression of haughtiness and reserve by their very cold and unresponsive manner of shaking hands. Let us then try to reach the happy medium, the frank, cordial, yet gentle clasp which shows friendly interest and kindly greeting.

As a general rule it is against our principles to make any objections to any of the text-books which the faculty have chosen for us to study, but with as many excellent treatises on Political Economy as there are now extant, it has been a matter of sur-

to go far nor wait long. It takes time to grow a hard-headed boy, but a soft, sappy, shoddy, short-sighted slab of a boy will grow like the castor bean and mature in one season. "See here, John, do you like greens? If not, don't make a mess of yourself. When you get to be a man if you are not educated it makes no difference what profession you enter, some strong cultured fellow will come along some day and take you in at one meal."—
CHANCELLOR CREIGHTON.

A VICTORY OVER STUDENTS.

HOW THE LATE ADAM FOREPAUGH RESISTED THE HORNING OF HIS CIRCUS.

There are or were in Forepaugh's museum several horns which attracted no great attention from the patrons of the show, but were among the most prized of their owners' trophies of the many battles of his life. They were proof that Mr. Forepaugh was the only showman who had ever successfully resisted the practice of the Ann Arbor College students of "horning the circus."

The horns were part of a large invoice shipped from Detroit to an enterprising University place book-seller, one day in May, 1876, when Forepaugh came to town. They were short horns, but they were noisy ones, and when a blast from 300 of them in unison rang derision at the first joke of the clown in the evening performance the clown's humor was as completely lost on the audience as the students' was on Mr. Forepaugh.

For half an hour the contest went on between the clown and the horns; according to the time-honored custom of the University of Michigan. At the end of that time the old showman stepped into the ring and essayed to speak. To say that he was angry would be to ridiculously understate the case, and as the blast of the 300 went on, his wrath grew apoplectic. Finally the students stopped for lack of breath and Mr. Forepaugh choked out, "I've got the peoples good money and they're going to see and hear this show out. Sheriff, do your duty."

At the wave of Mr. Forepaugh's hand there appeared at the entrance to the dressing tent what was probably the most remarkable *posse cometatus* ever seen east of the Rocky Mountains. It was composed of circus men of the roughest variety, and fourteen years ago when the cry of "hey rube" was not stilled on the village greens, and when the practice of "burying tubes under the ring" was not entirely obsolete the variety was a good deal rougher than now. Every canvassman, hostler or driver, and there were a hundred of them, was armed with a large tent peg and mallet, and every one was sporting for a crack at a student's head.

At the sight of the Falstaffian army the horns rang a blast, not of derision, but of defiance. Every tent peg and mallet was raised, and the circusmen sprang forward, pushing the mild-mannered sheriff ahead of them. Some of the students flinched, but the majority kept their seats, and another blast, a trifle ragged, perhaps, and not so defiant, came from the horns.

A riot was imminent. Suddenly from out of the lower seats, sprang a short, stout man, who raised both arms as he rushed forward towards the advancing array of tent pegs, a seeming Arnold Winkelried of college liberties. It was not heroism, but common sense which inspired him, however, as he shouted: "Sheriff, for God's sake, do you want murder?" The mild-mannered politician replied that he didn't want anything, but that Mr. Forepaugh wanted quiet. "Well I'll pledge you my word," replied the stout man, who was Ben Cable, captain of the senior class, and son of the then and now president of the Rock Island railroad, "that if you'll call off that mob, the horning will stop, but it won't unless."

The sheriff hastily consulted with Mr. Forepaugh, who had grown calmer at the cessation of the noise, and then the *posse cometatus* sullenly withdrew and the horns were quiet. Some of the weaker vessels among the students threw away their horns, and these, when picked up next day under the seats, became Mr. Forepaugh's trophies.

ATHLETICS.

Athletics are reviving in anticipation of the summer sports.

Ned Reading has challenged Prince for a seventy two hour race.

General sporting Tuesday, Friday and Saturday night, and also Saturday afternoon.

Wilk Rustin has returned from Mexico, and he and Mose Beall will probably be on the ball grounds a good deal, at least we hope so.

With Butler, Baker, Arnold, Kelly and two or three others, together with some ex-association members, the high school will be able to turn out a somewhat respectable ball nine.

The polo teams have returned peacefully to the realms of the league and all is quiet along the Patomac. The season will soon be finished. The Council Bluffs team are still in the lead.

After getting nearly every one who were interested in base ball to swear that they would be present if an Athletic Association meeting were called, the meeting has at last been held and the A. A. is once more on its feet, although not so strong as formerly. However, if noise and frivolity go for anything, this association is going to outstrip all its predecessors. Ninth and Eleventh grades on'y, had representatives, but some of the members of the other grades will probably join, now that the association is once more organized. There was some trouble in getting any one to accept the managership, but after some debating (?) it was decided that the present manager should continue in office for one month, to give the association time to get well started again, when Roy Arnold should assume the duties of manager. Horace Butler was unanimously elected base ball captain; Kelly, foot-ball captain; Cooley, cricket captain and Christian, custodian. There are about twenty members at present, but about as many more are expected to join before summer. Any ex-high school boy can become an honorary member by signaling his wish to the manager.

A TARANTULA'S BITE.

The perils of travel in tropical or semi-tropical countries are largely from poisonous living creatures. One of these creatures is the enormous spider, known as the tarantula. Its bite is not necessarily fatal, but it is dangerous to be attacked by one when remedies are not at hand. People in the native latitudes of tarantulas, scorpions, etc., should carry antidotes with them. Neglect of this recently cost a man his life. An Arkansas letter in the Chicago *Journal* says:

Oliver C. Waddell, who recently removed to this State from Texas, settling in Stone County, was bitten yesterday by a tarantula. He was on a hunting expedition in the mountains, and had camped under a large pine tree.

Sometime during the night the insect crawled between the blankets which covered him as he lay before the fire, and bit him twice, once on the finger and again on the arm, near the elbow.

He was awakened by a tingling sensation in that part of his body, and rousing himself, discovered the cause and succeeded in killing the tarantula. It was as large as the hand of an ordinary man.

Waddell's hand and arm began to swell rapidly, and before he could get to the nearest house, some four or five miles away, the poison had spread apparently to all parts of his body. It was some time before he could get medical skill, and when the physician arrived Waddell was found to be beyond hope. He lingered some time, however, dying in the afternoon.

MACHINE POETRY—MARCH.

When blustering winds like demons howl,
When cloud-wracked skies put on a scowl,
When bones are chilled, "and ways be foul,
Then March rules in the skies.

When by a circle marked, you see
The grimy urchin on his knee,
Who talks of "aws" and "knucks," in glee,
Then March rules in the skies.

When on the wires festoons the kite,
When Shamrock thrills with fond delight
Fair Erin's sons, no rhymes indite
To March, who rules the skies.

PERSONALS.

Miss Collett has been ill with the diptheria.

E. D. Pratt, '88, is studying law at the University of Iowa.

Clarence Meyers is now running a store on Eighteenth Street.

Mr. Chas. Savage our Ninth grade editor has left school, another editor has not as yet been chosen.

Herb Taylor, member R. S. C. and H. F. G., is now in the newspaper business at Pendleton, Oregon.

Quick '92 recites Greek with the seniors, yet succeeded in getting a higher mark than anyone else, 98 per cent.

We learn that Grant Lily is about to marry a Kansas City girl. Although in favor of the home article, we congratulate you with all our heart.

Yon Yonson, member R. S. C. and H. F. G., has gone to Beatrice again. He writes us that there are \$14,843 ties between Omaha and Beatrice.

Arthur Montmorency came up to school the other day and denied that he ever had the grip, grip, growth or anything else, but good grub. We believe him for he looks healthy and as dangerous as ever.

Mr. Scott Van Etten paid the school a visit on the first part of the month. The "Prof." says that he has been employed for the past six months by the Midland Electric Company, but on returning there after a few months sickness he found the firm broken up. He thinks of returning to school.

ROBERT WILHELM BUNSEN.

The man, whose name constitutes one of the chief glories of Heidelberg University, who was one of the foremost chemists of the century, has just died. To students in the physical sciences his name is one of the most familiar, for he it was who invented what is now known as "Bunsen's burner," "Bunsen's Battery," and other most useful contrivances for the laboratory.

In connection with Kirchoff he invented a new method of analysis, known as

"spectrum analysis;" their brilliant researches were crowned by the discovery of two new elements—the metals, *caesium* and *rubidium*; this was in 1860. He invented a method of preparing magnesium in larger quantities and discovered its high actinic powers in burning.

In almost every department of chemistry he made extraordinary discoveries, and his inventive faculties were simply astonishing, inventive not as to labor-saving machinery, but as to methods and instruments useful in physical and chemical sciences.

He was born in 1811, the year of Germany's greatest humiliation, when it lay prostrate at the feet of Napoleon, but he lived to see his country united and victorious in arms over its arch-enemy; but he himself has lent phenomenal brilliancy to the luster of modern science which knows no conqueror, no narrow bounds of provincialism, before which arms and wealth and potentates are powerless, which gives its all to humanity and exacts nothing in return but a scanty subsistence for its disciples and an undisturbed open field for its work.

The great chemist was one of the most modest of men, though scientific societies and princes lavished on him their tokens of honor and appreciation; wherever possible, he avoided publicity; he had but one ambition—to discover the laws and methods of nature in the field he had chosen for his life work.

The civilized world may well say to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant."—*Dayton H. S. Times.*

EARNESTNESS.

O! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad;
Strike! Let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.

In the North Carolina State Library, at Raleigh, there is a curious walking-stick.

The cane is said to have been cut from a beech-tree, sixty feet high, on which the following inscription can be read:

"D. BOON cilled a BAR
On TREE in Year 1760."

INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

Still shines the light of holy lives,
Like starbeams over doubt,
Each sainted memory, Christ-like, drives
Some dark possession out.

O friend! O brother! not in vain
The life so calm and true,
The silver dropping of the rain,
The fall of summer dew!

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,
In old age as in youth,
Thy Master found thee sowing still
The good seed of His truth.

—John G. Whittier.

NOTES.

Who gets the cake to-day.

Now, now: two boys exit.

Rogers almost did take the cake.

What has become of the foot-ball.

Seniors—All please turn out to the sociable.

Every senior should turn out to the sociable.

Their pants! Them Pants! Them three dollar pants!

The seniors badges are beginning to look a little bit ragged.

Did you get fooled on the puncher?—Brower McCague.

A Dynamo has been purchased for the physics department.

There are one or two parties going camping during vacation.

Snipe are thick out at the lake provided you haven't any gun.

The classes in American history did not have any examination.

Remember the senior sociable on Tuesday evening, April 11th.

A small mouse created a great commotion in the German room.

The senior boys are born debaters, they have already become familiar with the fact

that he who makes the most noise is best man.

The Greek boys were treated to a little surprise in their examination.

The senior Latin examination was on Latin Prose and was a stunner.

If there is anything I hate worse than another, its to be called Professor.

Every senior who doesn't attend the class social should be severely dealt with.

Wasn't that Chemistry examination a scorcher. Whew, we are worn yet.

Our new hooks are still somewhere in the future. They are always coming.

We do object to a young fellow hooking a girl's smelling bottle and filling it with ammonia.

Not content with reading the old masters, the Greek class started out to speak their language.

We object to a fellow getting another into a scrape, and then going and getting his story in first.

Ducks and geese are reported to be just thick on the Platte. Yes, guess so, well we'll try once more.

Now that the seniors are doing their duty, we hope that the other grades will quickly follow in their footsteps.

Those who had two examinations on that day, were allowed to be averaged on the first seven questions in Chemistry.

One of the Eleventh grade scholars has a decided aversion to being introduced. For further information apply to V. K.

The Ninth grade we hear are considering the project of holding a class social in the near future. Your learning sonny.

Why don't the badge committee furnish some new colors. They only cost two and a half cents apiece, which will hardly break us up.

If some of the senior boys don't learn to polka, it won't be their fault. They have discovered that the circuit of the room makes as good a dancing floor as the hall.

Just opened the German-American Savings Bank, corner Sixteenth and Farnam.

Interest on deposits at the rate of 5 per cent. A penny saved is a penny earned says poor Richard.

One of our senior young men has a brilliant future before him, the variety stage is to be graced with another stay. To see this young gentleman raise his foot and gently stroke his ear, no one can help but recognize a rising genius.

It has been thought by some that the REGISTER should apologize for its attack upon one of the Board in the last issue, and has finally decided to do so, but is still in the dark as to whom the apology is due, to Mr. Wehrer or the American flag.

The *Argus* voices our sentiments in these words: "It should be distinctly understood that the columns of the *Argus* are always open to any member of the school who has anything to say. Make your grievance known and don't go for the editor."

In the present House of Representatives, six members are graduates of Princeton—J. M. Jackson, '45, West Virginia; Baines Compton, '51, Maryland; C. A. Bergen, '63, New Jersey; J. S. Fowler, '73, New Jersey; J. Buchanan, '74, N. J.; and A. Pri e, '76, Louisiana.

We verily dislike to see young ladies gamble, but from the strange sounds coming from a certain platform on a recent Friday, accompanied by some foreign words that sounded like—two deuces, pairs of trays, etc., we strongly suspect that our fair classmates have been indulging.

Excuse us, but we must stick up for the down trodden. As near as we can get, this is about what is muttered through those clenched teeth: "Just let me get a hold of those two kids, who with smiles and giggles and boisterous laughter, go telling around about those pants; those chemistry pants that I wasn't after.

Often on bright warm days when all the windows on the east side of the school are open, how exquisitely lovely it is to hear the melodious and sweet strains of Boulanger's March wafted in to thirsty students by a travelling German Band. The boys

consider it their duty to keep time with their feet, of course, and to applaud vociferously at the end.

I want to be a soldier,
And with the soldiers stand;
A cap down over my forehead,
A musket in my hand;
And I would make the Injuns jump
An' make the money fly;
A playing seven up and
Betting on a tie (here we broke down).

The editors all deny having anything to do with the composition of the above.

The third floor seems to be the congregating place of nearly all the high school girls. Those who don't dance block up all passages and talk and talk. When about fifty can be spared they go down to the second floor, and dividing into sets of about seven each, lock their arms about each other, and promenade up and down that hall to their hearts content, and the boys contempt. There is just about room enough in that hall for seven girls to walk abreast.

We hardly consider it right to accuse a person of cheating in an examination, because he happens to hold his paper up. Upon trial they would find that it is the most natural thing in the world after finishing a written document, to rest oneself by sitting upright to rest from a cramped position. And, it is hardly probable that if two were going to run a mutual examination, that they would do it so openly that all the teachers in the room would see them—scarcely.

The REGISTER man started out the other morning to penetrate to Hades and try his hand at making the Furies shed tears within his lair, but only succeeded in getting as far as the boiler room. He was under the delusion that he had reached his destination and started to interview the spirit in charge, but it didn't work, he was soon undeluded, for when a heavy boot came in contact with his trousers he discovered that there wasn't much shade to that spirit and quickly ascended heavenward.

Though the guilty man is sure that no one knows his guilt, he is always afraid that some one has just found him out.

PREMONITIONS.

A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of a world to be:
As travelers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

ON OUR CHRISTMAS EDITION.

That very attractive juvenile journal, THE HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER, marks an epoch in its history by issuing a holiday number just before the Christmas vacation. The reader is editorially informed that its best efforts have been put forth for the occasion. The result is in every way creditable to the bright and progressing young ladies and gentlemen who contribute to its pages and all its readers will join in wishing THE REGISTER a very happy and prosperous New Year.—*The Bee*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FISK UNIVERSITY,
NASHVILLE, TENN., Mar. 10, 1889.
EDITOR REGISTER:

This being a time in which the different societies of Fisk are vying with each other in the entertainment of their many friends and the public, I think it may be interesting to the readers of the REGISTER to know something concerning them.

Fisk is very luxuriant in her societies, having six: The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. P. S. C. E. constitute the religious societies of Fisk, while the Union Literary, Beta Kappa Beta, and the Young Ladies' Lyceum, include the literary societies.

The "Union Literary" is open to all the boys who are not in college. The society meets every alternate Friday night, and renders a very interesting program, consisting of music, debates, orations, essays, and select reading.

The Beta Kappa Beta stands pre-eminent. College students and only college students are allowed to become members. The laws and regulations of this society may be compared with the "Connecticut Blue Laws," in point of strictness. Yet they are strictly obeyed. The productions

here are far above the ordinary school-boy composition. Some of its members are poets while others are distinguished in oratory and music. This society rendered a very entertaining program, not long since, for the benefit of its friends. You will be surprised to know that, although its open meetings are for the public, the girls of Jubilee Hall are not allowed to attend. However, there was a slight exception to this rule the last time,—the members of the Young Ladies' Lyceum being permitted to attend in a body.

These societies besides furnishing a great part of the pleasure for the students, also furnish the directors of the Herald Board.

The Mozart Society, under the direction of Prof. Spence, is composed of well trained voices, for the purpose of rendering difficult and standard music of the classical authors. Mozart's Twelfth Mass has been rendered this year, and in April Hayden's Creation will be brought before the public.

The gymnasium is now ready for occupancy and boys and girls alike, receive both physical and mental training.

Hoffman Hall, the new theological institution for the training of Episcopal ministers was dedicated last week. The students who enter Hoffman, under-college-graduates, will receive their college education at Fisk.

COMFORT BAKER.

PENDLETON, ORE., Mar. 19, 1889.

EDITOR REGISTER:

It has been about three years since I wrote anything for your honored publication. About three years and three months ago, Wallace Broach and yours truly, wrote the first copy for the REGISTER. I furnished the paper and a bunch of lead pencils, and Wallace did the writing. That's hardly enough to entitle me to a claim on the first issue, but Wallace is generous, and will no doubt divide the honors with us.

Oregon is quite a few miles from Omaha. Some days it seems just over the hill, and then at other times it seems away on the other side of Jupiter. Pendleton is lo-

cated on the Oregon Short Line of the Union Pacific, and we have direct communication with Omaha. Quite a few Nebraska people pass through here, and a number can be seen here every day. Omaha is a frequent inscription on hotel registers.

This is a great country for exciting experiences. The students in geology have no doubt heard of the Columbia River salmon. They are innocent and calm enough when soldered up in tin cans, but in their natural state they are terrors. I went fishing here a few days ago, and we took special pains to use anti-salmon bait. Somehow they got onto the fact that the fish were on the wrong end of the line, and started off and rustled up two of the biggest and most muscular salmon the old river contained. And we found out they were whoppers. A crowd of Indians had been following them for three days with lassos and handfuls of salt. We never suspected what was going on beneath the calm, deceptive water. I was decoyed to the edge of the bank by a most promising b— nibble, and was leaning over as far as I could in eager expectancy, when both those old whales caught hold of the line and gave it a jerk that sent my center of gravity clear out of plumb, and I was lost. I crawled back up on the bank, and gave my pard a quarter to quit laughing and swear a few verses for me. Like the blamed fools that we were, we again threw in the line and soon had those tug boats at it again. I grabbed hold of a root and told him to pull and be doggoned. I would have worn him out if the root hadn't broken. We told the fish to go to thunder, and then went home.

Money isn't an essential thing to first-class railroad travel in this country. A little scheming can do more than money sometimes. Down near Baker City I struck a friend who was broke; he proposed that I buy him a ticket. I laid the motion on the table. If we could think of any other scheme I would be so much ahead, and I didn't want to pay his way until all other means failed. He had a fool scheme, and

I was fool enough to fall in with it; he proposed that I give him my ticket and take his six-shooter and play crazy, I could act it much better than he could, he said, and could have a whole car to myself. It might be a little exciting, he said, but I surely liked excitement; it might also be dangerous, but I was stuck on risking my life on fool things. I felt a little inclined to get hot at his reflection on by every-day sanity, but he seemed so honest and friendly that I was taken in; a man can make a fool of me sometimes, if he is honest and friendly.

When we went into the car I saw him say something to the conductor, and they both looked at me. As the conductor was entering the car I commenced to sing and reached for the six-shooter; the passengers didn't wait for the six-shooter, but lit out the instant the music began. That made me hot, yet it was not their fault if they could not appreciate good music. I let up singing, and gathering courage they attempted to return, but when the first head appeared in the doorway I commenced shooting. I had a great time all along the road, when I found there were no other guns on the train.

But they were prepared for us at Pendleton. They had telegraphed ahead, and when we neared the city I could see the railroad yards full of armed men. The news had spread over the city, and every shooting instrument that would throw lead was brought into active service. As the train pulled in they took positions behind cars and tie piles and buildings, and as my car rolled by they piled the lead and iron into her as fast as the triggers would work. That was more than I wanted. I got down on the floor of the car, played possum, and let them keep the racket up until the car looked like a fish net. At last the ammunition gave out, and after waiting five minutes for me to die they entered the car, and I was packed into the depot, and recovered consciousness as soon as I felt it safe to do so. It was exciting, sure, and some persons might have enjoyed it, but I am now very positive in my preference to ride as

common people. That's how I struck Pendleton. Yours respectfully,

HERBERT B. TAYLOR.

OTHER SCHOOLS.

Crete seems to have been left at the oratorical contest.

The war between Frats and Barbs at Lincoln University still progresses.

Dayton, Ohio, is to have a New High School Building, as is also Fall River, Mass.

The Baltimore Alumni, of Princeton College, have subscribed \$175 towards the new base ball cage.

At a meeting of the Freshman class of Princeton recently, held in English Hall, they decided to have a class cap. It is to be a large yachting cap, with class number and monogram on the front.

The girls generally enjoy themselves when they have leisure, by dancing in the upper hall. The boys are prohibited from dancing with or where the girls are. Some weeks ago the girls repaired to the upper hall after school, and were having a nice dancing party to themselves. A few boys were doing the same on the second floor. Every one was having a fine time. The janitor, or rather the dust raised by the janitor's brush drove the girls down stairs, and they immediately began to dance where the boys were. The girls did not spoil the boys fun, but it became known in a short time that the boys and girls were dancing on the same floor—not together though. The boys were immediately ordered to go home or rather to "git out" of the girls way. Of course they had to go, but will any fair minded person call this justice.

The cigarette trust has a capital of \$25,000,000. That is almost enough money to buy coffins for all the foredoomed cigarette fiends in the land.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A fool in high station is like a man in a balloon. Everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody.

EXCHANGES.

We welcome the *Queen's College Journal* as one of our best exchanges.

The *Hesperian* article on the Greek Professor is amusing. Rather rough, eh Fogarty?

The Christmas number of *Ruthland High School Notes* deserves honorable mention. The article on Edison is just the thing for a school paper.

As near as we can figure it the *Chauncey Hall Abstract* must clear about \$100 on each issue.

College Chips for February has a Scandahimski supplement, which we have taken great pleasure in perusing.

An author in the *Acamedian* apologizes for his story by quoting from Byron: "Praised be all liars and all lies!"

The *Convent Echo*, Denver, has just reached us. We welcome this chatty exchange, and wish the paper all success.

The *Inside Track* reaches us from Ripon, Wis. What earthly benefit such a publication can be except to its own promoters we do not know.

The *Dayton Times* tells of a colored youth who made some money off the school by very unfair modes. We will look out for the young man.

The *Young Idea*, Gloucester Mass., states that the school has realized over \$200 from public entertainments, for the purchase of library books. An excellent idea.

The *Lever*, Colorado, quotes with approval our remarks on the right use of books. The whole paper is bright, readable and newsy, and reflects credit on the editors.

Although we hate to differ with you, *Friend Chips*, we cannot bring ourselves to believe in the statements of the article commencing "At gutten scetter sig sel trankelohed."

The *Wesleyan Advocate*, Kansas City, Mo., says if there is any compensation in publishing a college paper it is in reading

exchanges. We add their paper to our list with pleasure.

The Argus contains the following good things on the exchange editor:

There he sits at his desk
All the day
With his hair of auburn hue
And his rusty scissors too
At his play.

Before him strewn around
All the journals may be found
In full view.

While belted him on his stand
Close beside his hoary hand
Stands the ginc.

And I watch him in his rage
Making up the exchange page
For the type.

Now he works the shears awile
Slaps the paste on with a smile
At one swipe.

Then methought I heard him snort
When I mentioned "Open Court"

As I moped
But it must have been a slip,
For he said "It paste to clip,"
Then I sloped.

FUNNY COLUMN.

The bottom of the coal bin has a way that's very queer of coming to the surface about this time of year.

She—I wonder why it is that a flirt never marries?

He—Because nobody will marry her.

My sister Susanna,
She plays the piano,
The leg of a duck.

—Mickey Bolouny.

"Well father has ratified our engagement, Josephus, dear."

"Good! but what did he say?"

"He simply said, 'RATS'."

The rinktum has vanished;
The skotum has fled;
The rollum is banished;
The wheelum is dead;
Hurrah for the toboggan.

"It's no use telling you to look pleasant," said the photographer to a pretty young lady, "for you couldn't look anything else," and his scheme worked beautifully.

"What a blessing it is," said a hard-working Irishman, "that night never

comes till late in the day, when a man is tired and can't work any more at all, at all."

Everything in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot and the rivers run.

Colley—"How's the folks?"

Tommy—"Pa's got the rheumatism; ma's in bed with the malaria; the children have got the mumps; the dogs got the distemper; and the parrot don't talk any more."

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher. "What kind of riches is meant?"

And the smart boy at the foot of the class said: "He reckoned they mast be ostriches."

Parent—"My son, when I was a boy, I was always at my desk every morning at seven o'clock.

Son—Oh, that may be, but I know that the business is safe in your hands, even if I am away.

After listening to the various ills to which people were exposed—bronchitis in Florida, yellow fever in New Orleans, lightning in the pine lands—the laziest of the group, pushing back his hat, remarked, "Fact, its rather dangerous livin' anywhar."

"Here, Jimmy, my son," said Mrs. F., "Where are you going with that extra table leaf?"

"Going with it?" replied Jimmy; "Why, those make a boss board for my new tramley. You don't want it till next Christmas, do you?"

"Ten dimes make one dollar," said the schoolmaster. "Now go on. Ten dollars make one—what?"

"They make one feel mighty glad these times," replied the boy.

And the teacher, who had not received his salary for a month, concluded that the boy was about right.

"What is this, my son? How is this, my son? What is this, my son? Your

school report for last month said, 'Conduct, exemplary,' while for this month it reads, 'Conduct, execrable,' what did you do?"

"Just what I did the month before, only this time I got caught?"

"I don't believe that I am very popular with your father," said Herbert sadly.

"No," she answered frankly, "you are not."

"Is there anything that I can do to make him like me better?"

"No," she answered, "unless you should go off somewhere and die."

"Ralph was once asked to compose an arithmetical problem. He handed in the one that follows:

"If a fat man with a big boot kicks an old shoe into which some mischievous small boy has placed a brick, will the shoe with the brick in it hop higher than the boot with the foot in it, or vice versa?"

Editor (to gentleman just arrived)—We don't want any poetry.

Gentleman—No?

Editor—Nor prose.

Gentleman—No?

Editor—Nor blank verse.

Gentleman—How would a \$3 bill suit you for a year's subscription in advance?

Editor—Why, my dear sir, why didn't you say so at first? (To the office boy). James, give this gentleman a couple of chairs and the floor to spit on.—*Yonker's Gazette*.

The truly great man is he who does not lose his child-heart. He does not think beforehand that his words shall be sincere, nor that his actions shall be resolute; he simply always abides in the right.—*Mencius; Chinese*.

They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think.—*Prior*.

I'll thrash them, I'll maul them;
I mean just what I say,
And this school'll be without them
For many and many a day."

Every man must work at something. The moment he stops working for humanity, the devil employs him.

WIT, HUMOR AND PHILOSOPHY.

They say love adds to young men's sighs.
If it be so, what then?
No single woman who is wise,
Opposed is to Hymen.

"Do you believe that people existed on this earth before Adam and Eve were created?"

"Ethnologists say so."

"They must have been a very small race."

"Why do you think so?"

"Well, whenever they are spoken of they are called pre-Adam-ites."

Philosophers long have declared it a fact
That man his own feelings can't see
But by those of his neighbor his feelings are
racked—
If they only would act as he thinks they should
act,

What a happy old world it would be!

She (archly, after having accepted him as her lover)—Suppose I had said no?

He (with a shudder)—it would have been terrible.

She (smiling tenderly upon him)—Do you really love me so much then?

It isn't exactly that, but I had proposed to Mamie Hautie and Kitty Cutter and both had refused me, so you were my last hope.

I.

He'll ne'er the pangs of hunger know,
Who in the field of garden delves
To live, but prosperous will grow,
For God helps those who help themselves!

II.

The man who needs a loaf of bread,
And takes it from the baker's shelf,
And is found out has cause for dread,
God helps the man who helps himself.

Drummer (in railroad train to clergyman)—This is a prohibition State, is it not?
Clergyman—It is, my friend; it has been a prohibition State for several years, I am happy to say.

D.—I can't say I like to travel in prohibition States.

C.—Why not?

D.—Because the whiskey is not half so good as in the States where they have a license law.

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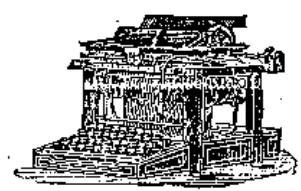
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