

# AN OPEN LETTER.

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OFFICE  
**GLOBE LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY SAVINGS BANK,**  
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**STOCKHOLDERS LIABILITY \$100,000.**

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MARCH 1891  
 VOL. V.  
 NUMBER 7

# HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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The following are some of the privileges of membership: A thoroughly equipped Gymnasium, the most complete in the city. Lighted by electricity. Individual and class instruction by expert physical directors. The finest suite of BATH ROOMS in the city; tub and shower. Commodious LOCKERS without extra charge. "Star course" of concerts, including "NEW YORK SYMPHONY CLUB" and "LOTUS GLEE CLUB OF BOSTON." Elegantly furnished Parlors and Reading Room supplied with leading the periodicals. During the summer OUT DOOR SPORTS, such as Base Ball, Foot Ball, Lawn Tennis, etc.

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Classes for Seniors daily from 5 to 6 and 8 to 9 P. M.

For further information ask the editors of the REGISTER. Call at the building, 16th and Douglas Streets, or drop a line to the Membership Secretary, and secure a copy of "Leisure Hours," a book full of useful information, which will be furnished free.

O. D. HEISSENBUTTEL, JNO. H. HAZELTON, W. S. SHELDON,  
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## THE NEW YORK WORLD

recently printed in its columns a history of how the Self-Made Rich Men of To-Day made their first \$1,000 years ago; it was found from their Personal Statements that every one of them acquired the Habit of Saving without regard to the Amount Saved. The remarkable growth of money when placed at interest and untouched for some time, was the simple reason of their acquiring the first \$1,000.

YOU can do it. Try it. Open an account with us. We pay five per cent interest on deposits.

## MCCAGUE SAVINGS BANK

Opposite Post Office,

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

# The High School Register

DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO.

VOL. V.

OMAHA, NEB., MARCH.

NO. 7

## THE REGISTER

EDITORIAL.

THE REGISTER is a monthly journal published the third Thursday in each month, from September to June in the interests of the Omaha High School.  
 SUBSCRIPTIONS: Fifty cents per school year, in advance; by mail sixty cents.  
 Contributions respectfully solicited.

### EDITORIAL STAFF,

EDW. L. BRADLEY, '91, } Managing Editors.  
 EDW. T. GROSSMANN, '91 }  
 Miss MARGARET COOKE, '91.  
 Miss JULIA SCHWARTZ, '91.  
 Miss LIDA HARPSTER, '92.  
 LOUIS EDWARDS, '92  
 GUY PRINFOLD, '91

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Omaha P. O.

### CALENDAR.

#### OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

Homer P. Lewis.....Principal.  
 Irwin Leviston.....Ass't Principal.  
 M. W. Richardson..... } Librarians.  
 Miss M. E. Quackenbush..... }  
 Number of teachers.....20  
 Number enrolled students.....585  
 A. M. Bumann.....Manual Training.

#### CLASS OF '91.

W. C. Taylor.....President.  
 Anna Hingate.....Vice President.  
 A. W. K. Billings.....Secretary and Treasurer.

#### SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

Edw. T. Grossmann.....President.  
 Stella Rice.....Vice President.  
 Frank Wead.....Secretary.

#### JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

Luther Leisenring.....President.  
 Cora McCandlish.....Vice President.  
 Mary E. Buck.....Secretary and Treasurer.

#### CHESS AND CHECKER CLUB.

Frank Welles.....President.  
 Oscar Quick.....Secretary and Treasurer.

#### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Scott Brown.....Manager.  
 Carl Hoffman.....Capt.  
 Wirt Thompson.....B. B. Capt.

Inasmuch as the conditions required were not fulfilled, the prizes offered last September by the REGISTER will not be awarded. The number of articles required was twelve, and up to the date given to receive them we had received but seven. No further explanation is needed.

The formal announcement of the death of John H. Kellom appeared in the city papers some days ago. Where he was born or where he died makes very little difference, but that he lived for many years in our city and was the first principal of our High School, made a great deal of difference to the young people of Omaha. He was not a teacher by profession; he was a teacher by instinct. The salary offered him when he accepted the position could have been no inducement, for he was already a wealthy man; and when a delegation of citizens waited upon him to allow them to name him as a candidate for the office of Governor of Nebraska, he only answered, "just let me alone; I would far rather stay here and educate your future governors." The more stupid you were, the surer you were of his sympathy, and the writer of these lines feels quite satisfied that she owed the undisguised partiality that he honored her with, to the pain and perplexity and the appalling slowness with which she mastered the Binomial Theorem. He was the personal friend of every pupil in his charge, and they besieged his office after school hours for advice and sympathy. No one ever felt afraid to make him their confident.

That Mr. Kellom could tell a lie is not to be doubted; that he ever did tell one, you will never find one of his pupils willing to admit. Their favorite expression was, "if Mr. Kellom says a thing is so, it's so if it isn't so." He often said he believed an ignorant soul would arise from an ignorant body, and although he was then an old man he was always ready to take up a new line of study. On one of the pillars at the east door you will find his name cut in the stone. That is but a frail memorial. But down town you will find in their offices many young lawyers and business men, and in their homes many young matrons who will tell you that they know they are better men and women because they were once the pupils of John H. Kellom. That is the best memorial of all.

#### NOTES.

By the way, we would be pleased to learn what was the cost of that sleigh ride, so much enjoyed by Mr. Wead and a certain popular Junior maiden?

McCormick & Lund, Druggists, Boyd's Opera House Pharmacy.

M. '93 closed a description of Long-fellow's life by saying, "He lived to the age of 75 and died a month after."

The Juniors would like to know why it is that, "In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Please do not judge the editors,

By the locals that you read;

For in our first attempts,

We may not, perhaps, succeed.

Keep your eye on McCormick & Lund's New Soda Drinks.

The following conversation took place between two Freshmen of this school:

First pupil—Why is the High School piano like a scold?

Second pupil—Because both are out of tune.

Some of the small Freshmen boys seem determined to crawl into their desks.

Is not Master G—'94, satisfied with the location of the waste basket, or why did he recently change its position?

Why should P-a-t never wear a neck-tie? Because "beauty is best undorned."

McCormick & Lund's Prescription Pharmacy, 15th and Farnam.

The new teacher of German geography in Harvard is quite an economy, judging from a portrait we saw recently, as the college doesn't have to buy any maps, inasmuch as the Professor can use his own face.

Teacher—"Who was the leader of the Baptists in the time of the restoration."

Morse—"John the Baptist."

McCormick & Lund, Druggists, Boyd's Opera House Pharmacy.

"How do you know the heat is hot in the outer cone?"

"Miss Alcohol."

"How many zones are there?"

"Four—temperate, torrid, frigid and ozone."

McCormick & Lund's Prescription Pharmacy, 15th and Farnam.

"It is known that she prefers all men."—Gr. in German.

Boots in chemistry.—"Platinum is sometimes found, rarely, not very often alone."

"Where will I find Mr. Beard?"

"I don't know. There is a sign down the street that reads, 'Whiskers died here.' I guess he's dead."

'91's class punster said there was an awful tough gang down at the Smelter. What shall we do with him?

Keep your eye on McCormick & Lund's New Soda Drinks.

The following is an example of the peculiar construction of the German sentence:—"As he some information him concerning to obtain determined had, ordered the Duke one of his servants him home to follow, and all possible inquiries to make."

"Pearls in the mouth."

If you wish to have pearly white teeth and a sweet breath use Myrrhine, a liquid dentrifice, Leslie & Leslie, 16th and Douglas street, Bushman block.

Parmelee in German recitation. "Let us remain in our own cases, Lords."

Teacher at phone—"Send up a beef-steak right away, please. That's all."

When you are down town and want your watch repaired take it to Lindsay, the jeweler, 1516 Douglas street.

It looks kind of suspicious when a young man comes to school with two cuts on his upper lip, and gets mad when a fellow calls him "a little shaver."

McCormick & Lund, Druggists, Boyd's Opera House Pharmacy.

The Junior (Wisdom), who told us that Virgil copied his beautiful illustrations from Whittier, was whittier than any one gave him credit for.

Delicate—Lasting—Fragrant  
Two New Odors,

Evening Primrose and

Orchard Blossoms.  
Leslie & Leslie, 16th and Douglas sts.,  
Bushman block.

A lad of sixteen has just been added to Harvard College's pedagogic force. He is Merrit L. Fernald, son of President Fernald of the Maine State College, and he has accepted the position of assistant botanist and herbalist at the Cambridge College. He is considered

a youthful phenomenon, for he has discovered and classified during the last two seasons about thirty plants unknown in the flora of Maine. At least one or two of them were new to the science as well.

McCormick & Lund, Druggists, Boyd's Opera House Pharmacy.

Some of the scholars say that they never knew there were so large feet in the O. H. S. until they had witnessed the select dancing carried on on the 2d floor at noon recess. They claim several number *tens*. Beware of all plantations.

Miss W.—"Did you study your lesson well?"

K.—"Well, I looked it over."  
Miss W.—"Yes, I thought you must have overlooked it."

Can you pronounce "sacrificable?"

A certain teacher of the O. H. S. is accused of having said that the "Seniors' essays were exceptionally fine."

Extemporaneous debates will be in order next term.

Beautiful strains of enchanting music lure many, while in the study room, to dream of summer excursions, fishing parties, graduation, etc.

Keep your eye on McCormick & Lund's New Soda Drinks.

Teacher in study room, (music in lower hall.)—"Mr. Butler, is that you accompanying the music?"

Butler.—"No Ma'am. I don't know that tune."

Mr. Frank Welles has been recuperating for several days.

Is there any difference between an electric car and a Senior girl?

Eugene Patten has just returned from the Chicago College of Pharmacy and is now occupying a position in Kinsler's Pharmacy.

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck." Wal. in Elocution.

McCormick & Lund, Druggists, Boyd's Opera House Pharmacy.

Mr. Ephraim Pratt of '89, recently passed a thorough and searching examination to be admitted to the bar. Ten questions were asked, each a technicality and we are proud to see that a graduate of our school received a perfect mark, an exceedingly rare occurrence.

In Greek, "No," kills two birds with one stone.

The readers of the REGISTER will please take notice that the Pharmacy of Leslie & Leslie, has removed to the Bushman Block, cor. of 16th and Douglas.

Say, Holdrege, how many ohms in a volt?

Mr. Thomas of the Junior class is now editor of a magazine devoted to poultry raising. It is called the Asiatic.

L.—"The Physics book says that there is nothing under man's control that has a brilliancy equal to an electric arc lamp. I know something that beats an electric arc lamp all hollow."

H.—"Well, what is it?"

L.—"Two electric arc lamps."

"In discussing the agents question, suppose, Shannon, that you should meet a person who said he was representing the St. Louis Browns, and wanted to sign you. What would you say?"

Shannon—"I would inquire as to his authority."

"Very good, now what else would you say?"

Shannon (having been out the night before)—"I would ask to see his pocket-book."

Result—Laughter for several moments.

"Now Mr. Schneider, if an apple and a half costs a cent and a half, how much would one apple cost?"

Keep your eye on McCormick & Lund's New Soda Drinks.

Wanted:—The base ball and tennis season to open. Apply to any member of the A. A.

On some occasions, steam radiators are very nice places to sit on, are they not, M—?

McCormick & Lund's Prescription Pharmacy, 15th and Farnam.

Miss Nelsie Hughes, of Vassar College, a graduate of the O. H. S., paid us a visit during examination week.

'Tis strange that the Chemistry Class didn't have Paris Green for lunch on the 17th—'tis good *diet* anyway.

Oh, Boots, does it take several months to anneal glass?

McCormick & Lund's Prescription Pharmacy, 15th and Farnam.

Heard in American History Recitation:

Teacher: "The leaders of the Army were all politicians—what about the leaders in the Navy?"

S. A. "They were very brave generals."

Chem. Teacher: What is white paint?

MacCague: Lead suspended in linseed oil.

Chem. Teacher: A lead pipe, I suppose.

Keep your eye on McCormick & Lund's New Soda Drinks.

Miss Baker in Rhetorical debate: "I think the Liberty has too much Press."

Miss A—s: Shall I take the Positive side of the debate?

Rhetoric Teacher: You want to be positive what side you take.

## Athletics.

WAL TAYLOR

Editor.

At the regular annual meeting of the Athletic Association, held the last Thursday in February, the election of officers for the ensuing year took place. Mr. Scott Brown '92, was chosen manager; Mr. Hoffman '94, base ball captain and Mr. Thompson '92, captain of football.

On motion the manager appointed Messrs Butler, Baker and Taylor a committee to have in charge the contests on field day. This committee will decide as to the different contests and will procure the prizes to be awarded. Next term it will commence active operations and provide the necessary apparatus for the training of the contestants.

Two of our teachers have already, without solicitation, expressed a desire to offer prizes. If there is any such thing that encourages an enterprise in our school, it is to see so much interest manifested in it by our teachers.

Creighton College seems to have about as hard a time to keep a full nine together as the High School. Last fall we were all happy with the prospect of opening up this spring with a strong nine but our hopes are somewhat blighted. Three of our best players have left school, and it will take considerable rustling to get a good nine together. We are not fretting however, and Captain Hoffman is ready to make arrangements with other amateurs for games.

The Association recently received letters and samples from a Boston sporting house. The boys immediately commenced to discuss the advisability of procuring suits, but at present writing, the idea seems to have died a natural death.

The boys have been practicing base ball a little but the mud makes it rather disagreeable.

All those who wish to join the Athletic Association can do so by applying to Scott Brown and paying the initiation fee. We were asked the other day why the manager didn't come around for the initiation money. Well it is just this way. We've been there ourselves and know what it is. If a person wants to join bad enough, he certainly could not expect the manager to chase all over the school after him. He is supposed to join the association, and not it to join him. The members should also have some consideration for Scott, and pay their dues promptly without asking. The present members are however far superior in that respect, to those of two or three years ago, and are an exceptionally enthusiastic set of boys.

Watch our next issue for further Field Day information.

### A MODERN INSTANCE.

"Home at last," said George Gradgrind, joyously, "my education finished and my college days ended. And yet," he added, "I do not rejoice over that. These years of study have been very pleasant."

"The first year was the hardest, wasn't it George?" asked his fond mother.

"No; I can't exactly say that it was," replied George. "I didn't take up my studies the first year, because I pulled stroke in the Freshman crew and was training to get into the foot-ball team."

"Oh!" said sister Jane; "the second year you had to work all the harder then?"

"Well not at books, because my second year I was President of the Inter-collegiate Athletic League, and that

kept me busy traveling from college to college, arranging for the various inter-collegiate games."

"Then you had to hump yourself the third year," said his brother, William, confidently.

"Not in the class-room I didn't," replied George; "the boat club fellows took a long yacht voyage that year, winding up with a pedestrian trip through the south. It was grand. I felt like a new man."

"So you had to crowd four years into one?" said grandma.

"I don't know; I suppose you might call it that," said George. "My fourth year I was a member of the glee club, and we made a concert tour of the principal cities in the country; and we didn't get through in time to get back for commencement. Haven't my books and diploma come home yet? I told my chum to get them together and send them by express."

George's father said the books had come, but he thought he had seen the diploma hanging up in the barn, and he would go and get it. George looked out of the window and saw him bringing it. It was about three or four feet long and two inches wide, with a buckle at one end and a cross line at the other, and seemed to have been taken from life, from an old plow harness. A stillness of death settled down over the family as father came along with it, bending it in his rough brown hands, and George drew his breath hard. Oh, very, very hard. (Slow curtain.)—*R. J. Burdette.*

#### THE JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Junior Debating Society met on February 18th to listen to a debate; subject, "Should Foreign Immigration be restricted," Mr. Oscar Engler and Miss

Miss Jessie Bridge for the affirmative and Mr. Luther Leisenring and Miss Lillian Benson for the negative. Mr. Engler opened the debate in a very able manner. When he had finished we were quite certain that foreign immigration should be restricted at once. Mr. Leisenring then spoke and before he was through his elegant address we were quite as sure that it would be a sin if it were restricted. Miss Bridge endeavored to convince us of the opposite, so that it only needed Miss Benson's pleasing remarks to bring our minds to a condition of "confusion worse confounded." The closing remarks of Mr. Engler and Mr. Leisenring did not help much and your correspondent was thankful it was not left to her to decide, as the sides were so evenly matched. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

The meeting of the Junior Debating Society on March 18th, was opened as usual with the roll call and reading of the minutes, after which a mandolin solo by Mr. Arthur Carter was listened to. Mr. Carter was accompanied by Miss Emma Crandall on the guitar. The very hearty encore given was expressive of the feelings of the audience.

An autobiography by Miss Georgia T. Bruner came next. Miss Bruner gave a charming sketch of some imaginary creature and she gave as her reason, "That she feared an account of her own life would be as short and interesting as herself."

A very amusing reading by Miss Margaret Bennett was the next enjoyment.

Miss Vivian Alvison gave us an interesting and instructive essay on Brazil.

Miss Lida Harpster rendered a beautiful instrumental solo, which was so enthusiastically applauded that she graciously responded. This was the

last on the program, but it was followed by something which proved as interesting and, much more exciting.

A business meeting was called and with Mr. Leisenring as chairman, Messrs Grossmann and Bradley proposed that hereafter the Senior class should edit the REGISTER, and to this end the Junior class should now elect officers for the ensuing year. After considerable discussion this proposition was accepted and the class resolved themselves into the Omaha High School Register Publishing Company. After several nominations Mr. Hugh Thomas was elected President. He appointed the following committee to draw up a constitution—W. R. Shannon, Miss Cora McCandlish, Edw. T. Grossmann. The meeting adjourned.

The next meeting will be a debate; subject: "Will England ever become a republic?" Affirmative, Mr. W. R. Shannon and Miss Ida Meyer. Negative, Mr. Ben Ginsberg and Miss Clara Spetman. CORA McCANDLISH.

#### AN ESSAY ON MAN.

Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and few in a hill. He riseth to-day and flourisheth like a ragweed, and to-morrow or the next day the undertaker hath him. He goeth forth in the morning warbling like a lark, and is knocked out in one round and two seconds.

In the midst of life he is in debt, and the tax collector pursues him wherever he goeth. The banister of life is full of splinters, and he slideth down with considerable rapidity. He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone, and meeteth the bank teller with a sight draft for \$357.

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path. It riseth up and smiteth him to the earth,

and falleth upon him and runneth one of its legs into his ear.

In the gentle spring time he putteth on his summer clothes, and a blizzard striketh him far from home, and filleteth him with cuss words and rheumatism. In the winter he putteth on winter trousers and a wasp that abideth excitement. He starteth down into the cellar with an oleander, and goeth backward, and the oleander cometh after him and sitteth upon him.

He buyeth a watch dog, and when he cometh home from lodge the watch dog treeth him, and sitteth near him until rosy morn. He goeth to the horse trot and betteth his money on the brown mare, and the bay gelding with a blaze face winneth.

He marieth a red headed heiress with a wart on her nose, and the next day the parent ancestor goeth under with a fee, arrest and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law. — *Wichita County Democrat.*

#### TO THE BOYS.

BY A JUNIOR.

It has been often said, you know,  
(Though by a woman never)  
That girls will peep into a glass  
On any chance whatever.

"Now boys," 'twas said, "were far above  
Those vain ways of the lasses;  
Their natures were too deep and broad  
To care for looking glasses."

But we can prove the adage false.  
For, down behind their books,  
We saw two dignified young men  
Take anxious, hasty looks,  
Into their mirrors— and Presto!  
When they arose to speak,  
The locks upon their honored pates  
Were combed uncommon sleek.

\* \* \* \* \*

But strange to say, in all the room,  
There were no looking glasses  
Hid round behind the desks and books  
Of those "vain," "silly" lasses.

## Scientific Department.

KENNEY BILLINGS - - - Editor.

### VISIT TO THE SMELTING WORKS.

On March 6th the chemistry classes made their visit to the Omaha and Grant Smelting Works for the purpose of observing the different processes in connection with the refining of gold and silver from the ores in the west. Since this plant and another of the same company in Denver form the largest plant in the world, the visit was naturally very interesting.

The class was separated in going down and, although detained by the stopping of the cable car several minutes, the head party had to wait quite a while, until the rest, accompanied by Mr. Richardson, appeared upon the scene. During this interval the boys amused themselves by throwing slag out into the river, while the girls gathered in a crowd, gossiping as usual. Two young gentlemen, who were too impatient in their search for knowledge, wandered inside the gates but soon returned, walking along in an indifferent way which would have passed without comment had not the presence of one of the watchmen behind betrayed them.

Finally the rest appeared and the sightseeing commenced. The first building visited was the blue vitriol works where the scholars saw the lead tanks where the salt is crystallized from the solution in very large beautiful masses. One of the tanks was empty, showing the deep blue layer all over the sides of the tank and the lead stripes hung in it.

After inspecting the machinery for sifting and washing the crystals, the scholars passed on to the part of the works where the blue vitriol is made.

All over the greater part of the building were the inclined lead "ditches," where a stream of water became saturated with the salt and passed to the crystallizing tanks. At the end were the "boilers" where the blue vitriol was made. Large piles of granulated copper were seen, and under the boilers were vats, one of which was covered with a black mud. When one of the boys asked what this was, a workman said that it was gold and silver mixed. This stopped any more questions.

They next passed on to the "roasters" where the ore is roasted to oxidize the sulphur and arsenic. These roasters were long, shallow ovens in which the crushed ore is placed and heated to a bright red heat by furnaces underneath. The ore was raked over by the workmen from time to time, and at a signal from a bell in one end the roasted ore was raked out, giving off white choking smoke from the arsenic and sulphur burning.

At the end of this building was a furnace full of melted slag constantly being puddled by a workman. The party then passed by large piles of roasted and crushed ore to the place where the slag is crushed. Here two workmen were shoveling large chunks of slag into the hopper. The noise made by the crusher was deafening and the whole building trembled from the jar of the machinery.

The next place visited was the upper story of the blast furnaces. Here the scholars saw the different materials being dumped through the opening in the floor into the furnaces. The different things put in, as it seemed, by guess, were ore, roasted and unroasted, limestone, iron scrap and oxide, coke, etc., and by each hole was a blackboard on which was written the necessary proportions for the special ore in use. The

party then went down on the freight elevator to the lower part of the furnaces and saw the slag drawn off from these into the moulds mounted on wheels. At the sides of the furnaces were the outlets for the bullion. Among other amusing incidents, a workman spilled some slag in his shoe and immediately evinced a desire for water, judging from his actions.

On entering the refining works, the pupils were shown the reverberatory furnaces where the first part of the lead is oxidized to litharge and drawn off, forming very fine crystalline masses. Very little of the interior of the furnace was visible, so the boys looked around for some place to see in. A workman seeing this, picked up a heavy stick and went around to the other side of the furnace, followed by fifteen or sixteen boys. He opened a door a little, held the stick inside until it took fire and then, having lit his pipe, went back puffing away and smiling at the discomfited young men.

After seeing the lead reduced in a furnace and cast into "pigs," the crowd went to the upper story of the works. Here they all got confused over the next process, where there were three large oval basins full of melted bullion. One of these was being churned by a jet of steam, while workmen were throwing in bars of metal, either zinc or bullion. A thick scum was all over the surface and was cast into moulds. After seeing this, the furnaces where the zinc is separated were next visited. Here the mixture of zinc, lead, gold and silver is highly heated and the zinc distills off. The heat of the furnaces could be plainly felt a distance of thirty feet, and the zinc vapor was burning in several places.

The next place visited was the two furnaces where the last of the lead is oxidized and the gold and silver cast into thin sheets, which were cooled and sent to the assayer's office. Here the

party slowly passed along by the assayer's laboratory to the furnace where the "pupils" were heated and the metals melted. A young lady hearing the clicking of reagent bottles, remarked that there was a "ticker" in the laboratory, when one of the assayers looked out, but as soon as he saw the apparition before him he retreated. After seeing about \$6,000 worth of gold in two small crucibles the crowd passed on to their homes leaving the workmen and officials to recover as best they could.

### A BANQUET ON OLYMPUS.

It came to pass on the fourteenth day of the second month in the year of our country, one hundred and fifteen, that there was a great banquet on Olympus.

The chief guests were gods and goddesses, twenty in number. These were seated on the summit with Jupiter at their head. Sixty-three humbler guests found places at a table near, but lower down the mountain side.

When all had feasted well, great Jove rose up and cast his blazing eyes about him. "Lo, brothers, respond in turn to this, I toast the Senior Class of '91."

There was a sound like thunder from those assembled at the lower table, and a murmur swelled up the hill slope like the mighty roar of breakers on a rocky coast, "Hail, all hail our glorious chief!"

Jove smiled, and when he smiled there was a gleam of shining ivory like snowy porcelain on a crimson cloth.

And first replied his sister, "My best wish for the Seniors is that I may never have the power to send them to the seventh hour."

As she ceased she smoothed out the shining folds of her last new gown. The rose in her bosom shed forth perfume as a strong character declares itself by its own peculiar worth.



Then Vulcan spoke, "May their paths be smoothly planed and all the corners of their lives be turned off smooth." A noise as of escaping steam burst forth, "Hurrah for manual training!"

Diana glided from her seat and spoke, "Cela m'est égal. They have my best wishes," and the brilliants twinkling in her ears rivalled the sparkling of her eyes.

Apollo, he of the opal stone, responded next, "These Seniors trouble me. The spirit of true science is not theirs. And yet, I like them well. I drink their health in a glass of H<sub>2</sub>O."

There was a sharp explosion of wrath, "Note-books and the seventh hour! Vengeance! Vengeance!"

Jupiter turned the light of his countenance upon the party on the slope whence came the interruptions. And all was still.

Minerva rose, one hand toying with the keys of the thunderbolt, "I wish the Seniors to grow self-reliant and broad-minded. May they never be one sided, not even with the mumps."

Then came Mars. Drawing his hands from his pockets, he ruffled up his hair till sparks of electricity flew about, and the others distinctly felt a shock as he said, "What I appreciate about the Seniors is the length or rather the shortness of their roll-call. But may it never grow shorter."

Ceres had a bunch of withered flowers with the stamens and corollas duly labelled. She said "Seniors are sometimes said to be troubled with 'big head,' but that has no reference to the brain. My wish for the Seniors is that they acquire more brain tissue daily."

Neptune slowly spoke, smoothing his long white beard, "When they are Freshmen they call me Santa Claus; when they are Seniors they are above algebra.

Let them remember mathematics are preeminently well calculated to develop the mental faculties."

With arms heaped high with manuscript, Iris arose. Sixty voices cheered her on with greeting. "Ah," she said, "I hope not one of the class of '91 may ever have sixty-three essays to look over all at once. It is the most forlorn of all a teacher's tasks. But never mind, I am proud of these Seniors of ours. Yes, I am proud of them. May they learn to think."

Those at the lower table rose up as one man, and the shout that ascended cracked the dome of the heavens, "Long live our rhetoric teacher! three cheers and a tiger! hurrah, rah, rah!"

Jupiter quelled the uproar with a flash from a pair of blue eyes. There was a short intermission while the company refreshed themselves with apples.

While the deities were thus occupied, a stage whisper swept up from the assembled students, "Say, fellows, if someone gets two apples every day and eats four a week, how long will it take him to save up enough for a banquet?"

The feasting ceased. The feasters stared aghast.

Jove frowned, and when he frowned the birds stopped singing and the flowers drooped their heads. He turned and in an awe-inspiring tone demanded his keys. But the keeper of the keys, in pity for the Seniors, turned his anger with a jest, and when the banquet was resumed, the lower table was vacant.

The Seniors had seen thunder in the air. They feared the bolt about to fall and they had fled. They waited not to say farewell, but went at once.

J. S.

Did you notice the "grane" ribbons St. Patrick's Day?

## FOOTBALL.

### Should it be Played in Our Schools and Colleges?

#### PART FIRST.

In the discussion of this question there is a good deal which might be said both in favor of and against the game; but in this article we shall endeavor to establish the great value of football in forming character as well as in affording sport and recreation, believing that those who oppose the game do so because they are influenced by the excesses that may be developed while the game is being played, rather than by the real object of the game itself.

How long the game has had a place in history we are unable to determine, but it is undoubtedly much older than England—where scarcely a village hamlet can now be found without its team of football players—for we learn that the Romans used to play football, if not our own, certainly somewhat similar to ours, even before Cæsar invaded the land which Englishmen now love to call their home. The game probably was introduced into England by Cæsar's men, and if so, it has been there for nineteen centuries, with varying fortune to be sure, as history relates. Yet it has survived, adding its contribution to British pluck and character.

As the game has taken its place in the centuries it has been regarded with favor in a large measure, differing with the attitude taken by kings and the people toward games and pastimes. Thus we learn by tracing its history in England, that at different times it had been prohibited, or at least interfered with by royal edicts.

In the reign of Edward III. (1365) an act was passed to stop the playing of the game, and from that date down to the union of the Scotch and English

thrones there were several such measures sent forth from the Court.

Probably James I. was the last monarch who vigorously opposed the game; forbidding his son, the heir-apparent, to play—as he said, "The football was meet for laming than making able the users thereof." In early times Shrove Tuesday was the great annual festival of football, and probably the game at that time was so roughly indulged in as to receive the displeasure of royalty. However, all the royal legislation which was ever enacted by wise or unwise kings has not been able to drive the passion for a fair game at football from the constitution of the British schoolboy, and for some inner reason the love for the game rarely leaves the boy, even when the boy has emerged into manhood. It is no unusual sight at the present day to behold, on a Saturday afternoon, 20,000 people witnessing a lively contest at football, on one of the North of England enclosures set apart especially for that purpose.

The English football season usually opens about the first of September, and from that time to the end of April, games are arranged to be played every succeeding Saturday. Of course snow and frost often interfere with such a program, but as the weather in England is very tricky, the Briton's zeal runs ahead of his observation, and he plans to play when he can and grieves when he can't. A very common thing in that country is to *throw* the ground, if the frost is not too severe. In many instances the snow is carted off the ground and the turf is then covered with straw.

Although the game cannot strictly be called "English," you see from the foregoing that it forms at least a certain part of an Englishman's resources for sport. It is because the sport is so local, and has received so much support



and development in that country, that we are compelled to designate it to a thoroughly English game, and speak of it especially in connection with that land. The very fact of its popularity there, is enough to warrant an argument in its favor.

In choosing to discuss this subject we have determined to defend only what we believe are the true objects of the game. Of course, we admit that if there is no useful end in playing football, it ought to pass into oblivion; but if, on the other hand, it is of valuable service, then by all means we ought to encourage and foster it. The points of usefulness about which we wish to speak, are sport, self-reliance, fortitude, endurance, patience, and general discipline. If we can show that these are characteristic: that they are stimulated and developed by the game, we think that it is worthy of a place in every school and college in our land. This we shall try to show later.

**THE SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.**

The Senior Debating Society held its election of officers for the third term on Thursday, March 19th. The following officers were elected:

- Edw. T. Grossmann.....President
- Stella Rice.....Vice-President
- Frank Wead.....Secretary

The next debate will take place on April 15th; subject: "Resolved, that the discovery of gunpowder has advanced civilization more than the invention of printing." Affirmative, Messrs. Allee and Quick. Negative, Messrs Grossmann and Griffin.

**DID NOT WANT THE CATS.**

To a man outside the circles of business routine the abbreviations often employed are sometimes taken literally. An amusing instance of this kind recent-

ly occurred in the experience of a correspondent. A minister ordered a study desk, and in due time an invoice for same came to hand, on which was written in a hurried (not to say horrid) hand, "Mem.: We will pack with desk twenty-five cats, and we hope you will be good enough to scatter them for us."

The reverend gentlemen was surprised and puzzled, likewise indignant, and the telegraph soon carried this message to the desk company, who so unfortunately failed to write out the word catalogues: "I ordered a desk; scatter the cats yourself, I'm not a menagerie!"

**CÆSAR CLASS.**

We came to recite in the Caesar room,  
And waited as silent as the tomb;  
No teacher came but we waited still,  
Talking and laughing as scholars will.

The muse of poetry quickly descended,  
And in writing of poems the lesson ended;  
First one, then another, wrote a verse,  
And things descended from bad to worse.

The boys to the principle went in haste,  
Then quickly back to the room they raced;  
No teacher was there, so they might return  
To the Caesar room and their lessons learn.

Now behold! what a busy scene,  
Stamps of all sizes, red, blue, green,  
Examined by all with admiring eyes,  
While the boys were discussing their merits and price.

Old Caesar's deeds were all forgot,  
While the precious stamps were sold  
and bought;  
And this is the way the time did pass  
In our intellectual Caesar class.

CLARA GILBERT.

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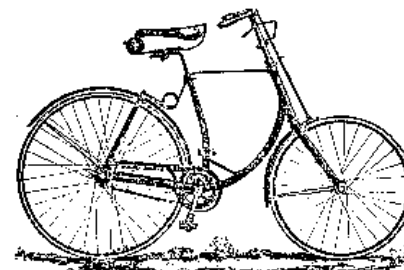
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## LITERATURE.

"The New Senior at Andover" is a new book by Herbert D. Ward, and is published by the D. Lathrop Company, Boston, Mass. This book will undoubtedly attract the attention of American readers, for neither in language, plot or make-up, is there the least suspicion of that heavy English air that until now has dominated too many stories of school-boy life. Even to the utterly absurd pranks and yells it is intensely American. The story is so evidently the outgrowth of Mr. Ward's experiences that this, too, adds zest and interest to the narrative which can be recommended to all readers as a strong, helpful, humorous, pathetic, and absorbing story of life in an American boarding-school told by one who was an American boarding-school boy. The illustrations are all excellent; many of them are direct productions of Andover buildings and surroundings.

## Studies in the Dead Languages.

1. *Epitaph.* Something written in praise of the dead, usually by his relatives. Derived from the Greek *epi*, for, and *taph*, tally.
2. *Tax vocicum.* A sentiment found on the headstone of one McKinley, who died in the Punic War. *Ejus memoria delebitur nunquam*, Collar and Daniells, p. 94.
3. An epitaph unearthed at Delphi, a result of our contribution to the fund last year.  
Hic puer would a hunting go.  
Pater suus dixit, No;  
Sed puer ivit on the sly.—  
Hic omne quod remains doth lie.
4. A verse found on the grave of a "born" poet.  
Hic jacet Grhymes, poeta miser.  
"Poeta nascitur, non fit;"  
His jacket clearly showed his calling.  
For fit it didn't, e'en a bit.  
Our classical editor is now working to prove the identity between the poet and his jacket.

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