

AN OPEN LETTER.

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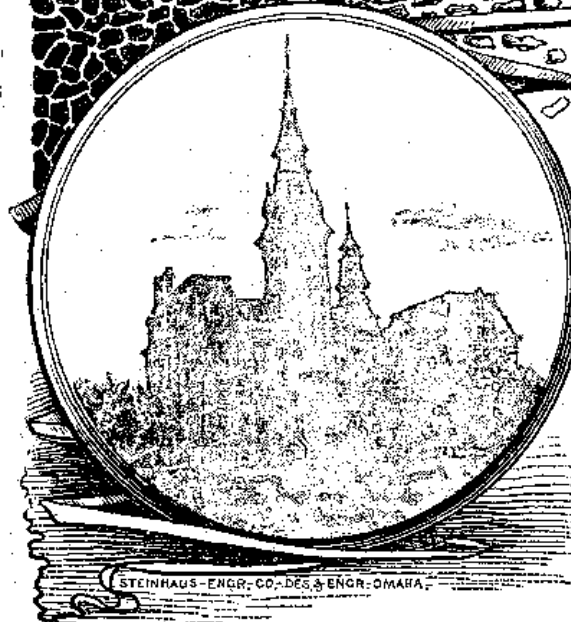
VOL: V:

NUMBER

• 10 •

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

JUNE '91



Commencement Programme ♦ ♦

1. Overture, "Light Cavalry".....*Suffe*
Musical Union Orchestra. "Corners"
2. Essay.....*Fanny P. Coggeshall*
"Second Rhapsodie".....*Liszt*
3. Piano Duet, "Compulsory Education"
Misses Williams and Arnold.
4. Oration.....*Wallace Cadet Taylor*
"Compulsory Education"
5. Spanish Fantasia, "La Paloma".....*Pradtier*
Orchestra.
6. Recitation.....*Mary Butler's Ride*
Mae Pawcett.
7. Oration.....*"The Novel"*
Arthur J. Cooley.
8. Idyl, "The Mill in the Forest".....*Eisenberg*
Orchestra.
9. Essay.....*"Henry George and His Theories"*
Ella Bonner.
10. Declamation.....*"The Royal Archer"*
Edward Taylor Grossmann.
11. Violin Solo, "Trauerlied".....*Schumann*
Edward L. Bradley.
12. Essay.....*"What Is She Going to Do?"*
Julia A. Schwartz.
13. Piano Duet, "Le Reveil du Lion".....*Kontski*
Misses Hungate and Elliott.
14. Oration.....*"The Scandinavian"*
Charles M. Helgren.
15. Address and Presentation of Diplomas.....
President of the Board of Education.
16. March, "Nibelungen".....*Wagner*
Orchestra.

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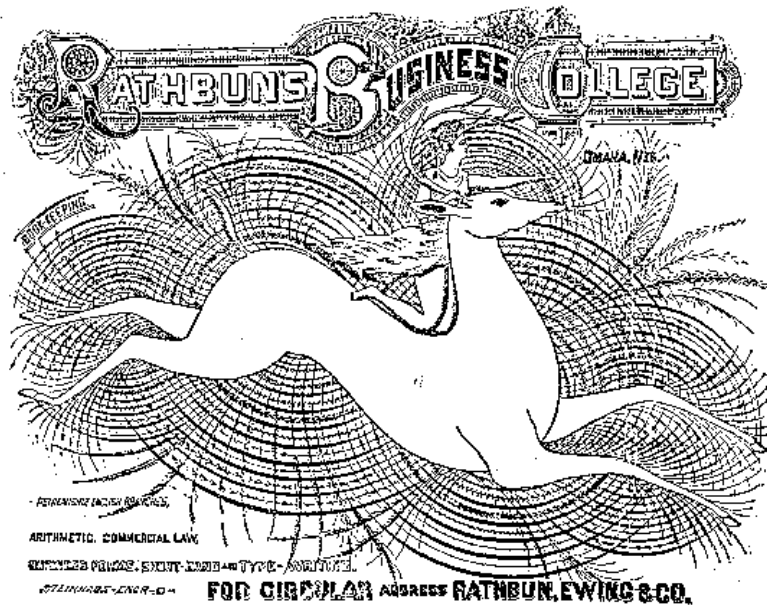
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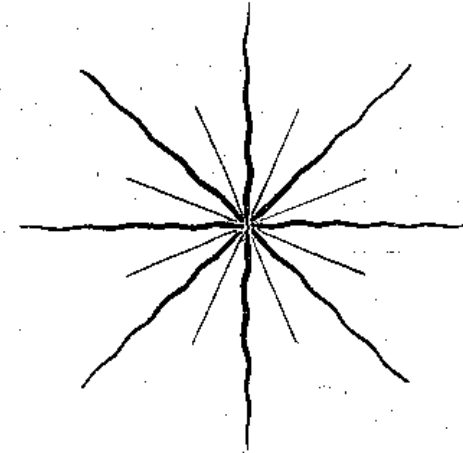
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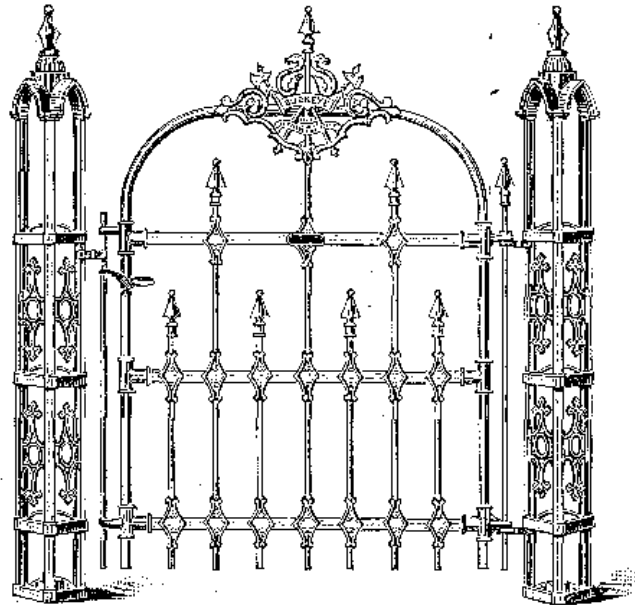
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The High School Register

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VOL. V.

OMAHA, NEB., JUNE.

NO. 10

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.

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It is a pleasure to note the tendency toward athletic sports that is making itself manifest in the High Schools of this country. Annual and semi-annual field-days are being instituted in many of our schools. Our good old O. H. S. has helped along the movement with her long bottled up enthusiasm.

Good sturdy athletic exercise, controlled by prudence, is what brings out mind as well as muscle. Gymnasium practice is not the essential thing in outdoor sports. The boy who does the chores and boldly attacks the wood-pile is the one who promises success. It is the good old out-door exercise that counts. Your dumbbells and Indian clubs are hidden in the wood-pile, saw and axe. A daily run around the square is fully as good as a turn around the gymnasium running-track. When your muscle is developed and your wind is strong, then is the time when you can run all day in a hare-and-hound chase, hit hard and run fast on the base-ball field, and fearlessly join in a tackle at foot-ball. Let us pay more attention to healthy exercise and less to the demands of society.

Sometimes it seems as if there had been a total extinction of the bold, jolly boy who went out o' nights to play all the good old games. Better even the wicked exuberance that leads to raids on orchards than the uniform round of sameness in youthful circles of society.

By all means let us follow the good example set us and continue with our field-days. Such events rouse enthusi-

asm and pride in one's school and class. Competition makes practice and practice makes perfect. It is a positive benefit to throw off your superfluous clothes and the pride that goes with them, and feel yourself justified in sportive conduct and stentorian shouting. Such actions work off the surplus energy and leave you strong, proud of victory and hopeful in defeat. Every engine must have its safety-valve, so should we have our own. The exuberant shouts of the boy just released from school are an example of the feeling which will show itself, if not at one time, at another.

Seen from a practical point of view, field-day exercises are beneficial. Running and jumping strengthen and make supple the muscles of the legs. Throwing the hammer and putting the shot strengthen arms, shoulders and breast. The winner of a bicycle race may some day have full need of all his strength, suppleness and endurance. The tug-of-war strengthens the whole body and is a test of pure strength, and so all the way through the list. There is a practical benefit in each exercise.

The contest arouses emulation. There is justifiable pride in wearing a championship badge, won by hard work. It is thoroughly demonstrated that every one counts for himself as he was created. When strength is lacking there can be suppleness to take its place. The aristocrat has no advantages over the plebeian. All are equalized. We have an interest in athletics. Let us have more. Let us show the world what we can do, and meanwhile benefit ourselves physically, mentally and morally.

The study of a school paper is very interesting, even more so than would be thought, as the minds that are just maturing find many novel ways of expressing their thoughts. For hours one might

sit and look over our exchanges finding pleasure all the while in the different moods and different phrases of the various writers. The affectation of one writer is balanced by the simplicity of another, and so these sheets in which so many speak, are made a great source of pleasure and instruction. It must seem strange to people advanced in life to see such products of young scholars. When they went to school, there were very few of them that could write so precisely and simply as our "thousand" young journalists do now. They were less instructed in the nice work of sentence structure and were less versed in literary affairs. To read these school papers must then be a double source of pleasure to them. But of how great interest must be the school paper to the parents of a school editor. We imagine these distinguished gentlemen reading again and again a half-chewed editorial, declaring between each sentence that he will make his son a newspaper man; or he will be satisfied with the ministry. And the editors themselves—how interested they are in the school papers, and what a study it is to them—poor souls! whose lives are made miserable by constant applications for positions on the reportorial staff. Summing up we find the school advocate an important as well as an interesting thing.

There has been recently agitated, among schools of a higher grade throughout the entire country, the question as to whether or not a school paper is of advantage to a school. It has been debated in lyceums and discussed in groups about the doors, halls and basements of the school buildings. Each side of the argument has had its own followers, and the interest in the discussion has been warm.

Journalism is an art, just as truly as is the power to portray on canvas the

beauties of nature. All art is a gift of the Creator, and fortunate indeed are those who possess this wondrous gift. This talent is rare, and surely those to whom it is granted should wish to make the most of it. But it often happens that the possessor, through lack of opportunity, does not become aware of his taste for this until too late to be of service to him. The journalist, like any other artist, needs training before he can have a perfect conception of his own power, and education must come in youth. To be sure, there are cases where a man has begun at middle age to learn some entirely new study, and made a success of it, too.

Granting then, that some one or more of us is a genius—you need not smile, geniuses have sprung from humbler origin than the O. H. S.—our paper furnishes him the opportunity of finding out this fact and educating himself to make writing his life work.

Then, too, he learns the invaluable habit of keeping his eyes and ears open, of noticing things which, if he was not on the lookout for news, would, doubtless, have escaped his attention.

But if we have no talent, if we are only ordinary, commonplace mortals, of what use is this paper to us?

The power to express clearly and in well-chosen words is one that every one needs. That is wholly the result of education and practice, and with the columns of a school paper open to everybody, no pupil should graduate from our High School who is unable to write, when called upon, a good, sensible article. It may not be in flowery language, or filled with pretty phrases that render the works of some writers so attractive, but it can be grammatical and to the point.

Also, the articles in our school paper are chiefly, we know, written by our schoolmates. Accordingly the most mod-

est of pupils does not deem himself so humble, that he may not think how he would express certain passages, thereby improving more or less. Thus he is, unconsciously perhaps, aided, for whether we know it or not, criticism of another's work is one of the best aids for one's own work.

A recent magazine writer has said that fiction like all other arts should be used merely to give *pleasure*, and that when a novelist moralizes and worries people about their conscience, their future, or their present life, he departs from his field of labor. It is said, too, that the only place for morality to be discussed, the only place in which people should receive direct teaching in the rules of conduct is the pulpit. For novelists to preach is considered a gross injustice to the reading public.

Mr. Taine, in criticising English novels, says, with some truth, that moral teachings in novels are wearisome. He says, "We judge these sermons true, but repeated till we are sick of them, we fancy ourselves listening to college lectures or handbooks for the use of young priests. We find similar things in books with gilt covers, given as Christmas presents to children.

"Are we much rejoiced to learn that marriages for the sake of rank or money have their inconveniences, that in the absence of a friend we are ready to speak evil of him, that a son often afflicts his mother by his irregularities, that selfishness is an ugly fault?" Further he says, "All this is true, but it is too true. These old moralities though useful, smack of the paid pedant." It has been objected that many of Dicken's and Thackeray's novels have been spoiled from the "regular presence of a moral intention."

Shall we accept all these statements at

once as true, and say that novelists do not know their business? Let us study first the art of fiction—what it is. What has made it so. It is the most religious of all the arts, because the lives, the deeds, and sufferings of gods, goddesses, saints, and heroes have been its chief subjects in every age until the present. It is the most moral of all arts, because the world has been taught whatever morality it has by way of story, fable, parable, allegory.

It has the widest influence of all arts, and is the greatest teaching power, because it is most readily comprehended and understood. Walter Besant, in his "Art of Fiction," says, "Here the majority of reading mankind learn nearly all they know of life and manners, of philosophy and art; even of science and religion. The modern novel converts abstract ideas into living models; it gives ideas, it strengthens faith, it preaches a higher morality than is seen in the actual world; it is the only book which the great mass of reading mankind ever read."

The modern English novel, whatever form it takes, starts with a conscious moral purpose. When it does not have this, we are so much accustomed to look for it, that we feel that something is wanting. Shall we say that it is all wrong for the writers of fiction to try to lead us up to higher planes, wrong for us to expect to be helped by the novel, and that we should be content to be pleased by it? Most emphatically not. It is not our destiny merely to be amused; and it can be no one's destiny merely to amuse us, when he can do much more for our good.

Can we say that Dickens and Thackeray misconstrued their duty in putting the moral element into their books? It may be that as works of art the books are not what they should have been, had there not been a "regular presence of a

moral intention"; but how much the world would have lost had they merely evolved works of art!

How many of us have been helped by George Eliot's thoughtful and wise sermons in "The Mill on the Floss," and "Adam Bede". We cannot think for a moment it would have been better if we had not received these teachings. How many of us, too, have been helped by the wise life of "John Halifax". George MacDonald has done much to overthrow old ways of thinking, and bring us into new and broader views of light. Even Tolstoi, who is so much descried, has done a noble work for his people. We cannot say it would have been better to please those people rather than to bring them up to higher planes of morality. We have all been helped by many novels, and none of us are willing to say that we would rather have had more of enjoyment and less of instruction.

It is not the novelists who determine that we shall receive moral lessons, but we ourselves. Mr. Besant says further, "The sense of personal responsibility among the English speaking races, the deep-seated religion of our people even in a time of doubt, are all forces which act strongly upon the artist as well as upon his readers, and lend to his work, whether he will or not, a moral purpose, so clearly marked that it has become practically a law of English fiction."

This is undoubtedly an admissible thing, as Mr. Besant says. At the same time we can but think the distinctively "preaching" novel is the least desirable, and rejoice that "the old religious novel written in the interest of the High Church or Low Church or any other Church has gone out of fashion." None of us would desire another Maria Edgeworth, none of us would again wish to read the old Sunday-school books which we read in our childhood. But in this

hurried time when we get so little home instruction, and so many are too indolent to sit through a sermon in church, let us not be deprived of anything which shall lead us to a higher purpose or nobler aspirations.

The newspaper plays a prominent part in the life of civilized nations; but its influence is especially felt in America. The comparison of our newspapers with those of other countries reveals that the former have features peculiar to themselves, and these noticeable characteristics naturally fall under the heads of faults and virtues.

Sensationalism is one of the chief evil tendencies, and papers are found filled with scandal, bringing before the public, matters in which they have rightfully no concern, and also those of a degrading character. These practices ruin reputations; so that no man may be sure that some of his acts may not be set forth in a wrong light and misconstrued by readers, to his irreparable injury.

A less harmful weakness, but still a marked one, is the amount of personal matters of a trivial nature occurring in the majority of papers. Too often are the columns filled with items about people of whom nobody knows or cares, except a narrow circle of acquaintances. In country papers this matter forms a large proportion of the paper; and people who apparently resent the use of the names are secretly glad to see them in print.

Politics occupies much space; but newspapers taking an independent stand are rare and even these are addicted to partisan views. The papers become so imbued with their political ideas as to be unable to represent fairly an issue of any kind. A reader cannot ascertain the truth; and if he is influenced it is in

the direction of bitter and bigoted partisanship.

Owing to haste and carelessness news is published which later reports prove completely inaccurate. Read the different accounts of the same affairs, and your faith in newspapers will be shaken because of the widely conflicted statements. Descriptions of events which should be reported are invented, and the same spirit of unfairness is shown in other than political matters.

Another of the noticeable errors is the amount of room given to reports of crimes, prize-fights, and other similar topics, and the lack of it afforded to articles which the better class of people desire. A murder can have a whole page but a scientific meeting of general interest is limited to eight or ten lines. The Sunday editions go to the extreme of aspiring to be magazines, and their best contents lie hidden in a mass of worthless matter. Many fail through trying to satisfy the desires of all classes of readers.

Although many faults are apparent, on the other hand, many redeeming qualities present themselves. A great daily presents a vast amount of information, gathered from all parts of the globe, picturing the world's life of the day before. The items are bright, well arranged, and to the point; so that one can grasp them in a limited time. The editors, reporters, and other writers are constantly watching for every bit of information. A visit to a newspaper office will show the amount of detail, and the complicated system which the daily work requires for its operation. Besides the mental labor, think of the mechanical skill necessary to so hastily publish the great editions.

The grand office of the newspaper lies in the influencing of public opinion; and they are found in the vanguard of all

great movements. Public officials are made more directly responsible to the people for their acts, as the papers present all misdemeanors to the public. Full reports of frauds and deceptions effectually warn the people against them. Business is aided by bringing into close communication the buyer and seller, and in every department they are found helping and encouraging worthy enterprises.

The intelligence of our people is largely due to the newspapers which thus constitute an important factor of our life. Since they are a business venture they publish that for which there is a demand; and when a wholly clean, impartial, and accurate paper will pay, then will it be established; but now the newspapers which are nearest to that ideal do not have the largest circulation.

Six months ago the Irish cause was apparently on the flood tide of success. The bye-elections were constantly showing Liberal gains. The ministry had been nearly defeated in several votes in the House of Commons. The Piggott forgeries and the *Times'* prosecution had caused a strong reaction in favor of Parnell and the cause he represented. He had come out of that trial unscathed and had gained the sympathy of the whole world as a man foully libeled. The strength of his party had grown ever since and the feeling prevailed that if the ministry could be forced to appeal to the people, the Liberals would be victorious and Gladstone would again be Premier.

But suddenly there came a crash. The end of November found Parnell convicted of a grievous social crime. The news brought a shock to every advocate of Home Rule. Gladstone wrote at once that he could not lead the Liberal Party for Home Rule with such

a man at the head of its Irish allies. There was no equivocation or vacillation in his position. The sentiment of Cassius:

"In such a time as this, it is not meet

That every nice offence should bear his comment,"

had no weight with him. He could not associate with criminals even in the cause he loved. His prompt and decisive action brought men to their senses. The Irish realized that the Liberals of England, Scotland and Wales, their greatest hope, would brook no delay.

But instead of yielding gracefully and retiring before the rising opposition, Parnell resolved to put on a bold front and fight it out to the end. He issued a manifesto disclosing the secrets of a private interview with Gladstone and accusing the latter of being ready to yield in some points without which Home Rule would be but an empty name. This breach of confidence shocked the world, and Parnell's public honor was destroyed. The Irish delegates in America at once repudiated their old chief. Many of the most prominent Irish members of Parliament demanded his immediate retirement as their leader.

A meeting of the Irish party in the House was called at their demand. Parnell in a passionate appeal, referring to his past services, asked for their support. A stormy debate followed for several days. The bitterest personalities were indulged in. For Mr. Parnell, though a convicted criminal, was not wholly without supporters. In the midst of this contention came the action, the most important of all save Gladstone's, of the Irish Catholic Hierarchy. They spoke firmly and plainly. A man convicted of the gravest offences known to human society cannot be the leader of Catholic Ireland. When we consider

the tremendous power of the priests over the people, we realize the importance of this strong and honorable position of their bishops and archbishops.

At this writing it seems that Parnell must retire for a time at least, and that the cause of Home Rule, however discredited by his recently discovered acts, need not any longer bear the burden of his loss of character.

All these events have a significance beyond the momentary effect upon the Irish cause. They show a public sentiment which will not be trifled with. They show that the time has passed when a man could live in violation of moral law in private life, and still retain the support of the people in the political world.

And this is not the only instance of late years. Many another has fallen in the same way and been forgotten. Let us hope that nothing may retard the healthy growth of this righteous public sentiment.

The power of concentrating the mind is the characteristic feature of genius. A man who has the faculty of for a time forgetting himself and everything which surrounds him, to apply his mind with all its powers awake upon the particular thing with which he is engaged, is a genius. Some men have minds capable of grasping and originating great thoughts; of reading the signs of the times and suggesting remedies for the emergencies which they perceive will come, and of conceiving great plans, systems and conquests; but these qualities are very often unproductive of any real practical results, because their possessors are lacking in what is called genius for detail, which is the ability to bring the mind to bear upon those seemingly unimportant small things upon which success so often depends.

Generals must possess this sort of genius in order to be successful. Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo because of the existence, unknown to him, of the sunken road of Ohain, which proved such a terrible death trap to his soldiers. He owed, nevertheless, a great part of the success of his battles and campaigns to the possession of this sort of genius, and it was through the ignorance of his guide that he did not know of the sunken road. Frederick the Great possessed genius for detail in a marked degree. As a matter of economy, and in order to occupy his restless mind, he himself attended to all of the government affairs even to the smallest details. He was his own Prime Minister, Treasurer, Commander-in-Chief, Intendant of Public Works, Minister for Trade and Justice, for Home Affairs and Foreign Affairs, Master of the Horse, Steward, Chamberlain and Groom of the Back Stairs. Matters of which no chief of office in any other government would ever hear, were in this case decided by the King in person. If a traveler wished for a good place to see a review, he had to write to Frederick, and received next day from a royal messenger Frederick's answer signed by Frederick's own hand. He attended to all the details of his army and everything else connected with his government, and it was probably this training in small things which enabled him in his hours of need to defeat in seven campaigns a coalition of five nations, the least of which was stronger in resources and wealth than his own, and to prove himself on many battle fields one of the greatest generals the world ever saw.

Von Moltke, the great German general, arranged the details of his battles with such a nicety of precision, and took such thorough precautions against even the smallest mishaps, that on several battle

fields of great importance he was found seated in his tent practicing difficult exercises on a violin, or reading a light novel, perfectly satisfied that nothing could go amiss, because every detail had been attended to.

In every great work of art, literature, science or generalship, which requires thoroughness and exactness, genius for detail plays an important part.

Agassiz, the great scientist, was a genius of this kind. He was so thorough and minute in his observations that he was able on one expedition to South America to discover two thousand new kinds of fish. It may seem fishy, but it is said of him that if he examined a single scale from a fish he could tell from its structure and shape the habits, species and appearance of the fish from which it was taken.

All great writers must possess this genius for detail because it is necessary for an author to be exact. Unlike the work of the orator, which is heard but once, and cannot be closely observed, the production of the writer is critically examined. If he blunders there is not much hope of his being undetected, and if he reasons sophistically, he can hardly hope to escape unrefuted.

While reading Shakespeare one of the thoughts which forces itself most persistently on our attention is this, that while he speaks on almost every subject, still he is exact and always strikes the nail on the head. Every little weakness of human nature is vividly portrayed; every beauty of nature is carefully observed, and all the causes and results of passion are minutely described. When he wrote Othello he told more about jealousy and its effects than could be contained in any number of essays on the subject, and when Romeo and Juliet was produced it became unnecessary for

ardent and love-sick youths to worry any longer about inventing extravagant expressions for their passion or rapturous praise for their beloved. It is only necessary now to consult Romeo and Juliet, for there the subject is exhausted.

The lack of a proper regard for details has caused the failure of many brilliantly conceived campaigns, clever theories, and good arguments. Daniel Webster won one of the most important debates of his life merely because he excelled his opponent in the shades of meaning which he put upon his definitions.

A certain young man (we do not doubt there are many others who have had similar experiences) once found, on getting home at about three o'clock in the morning, that the door was locked, and that he had forgotten his night key. His native modesty and regard for the feelings of others restrained him from arousing his father from the arms of Morpheus, and he thought of a brilliant scheme by which he could get to his room unheard and unobserved. The back cellar door could with little difficulty be pried open. No sooner thought than done, and he began to grope his noiseless way up the stairs leading to the kitchen. He knew the house like a book, and chuckled to think that his father could sleep in peace. But his head came in contact with a large dish-pan hanging in the the cellarway. It clattered down those stairs with a noise calculated to make Jove the Thunderer turn green with envy. Thus was a well-laid scheme rendered useless (nay, many times worse than useless, as you could have seen had you but heard the furore which that fall created and the storm which it caused in the family circle) by the simple lack of regard for that seemingly innocent and unimportant but really malicious detail, the wash dish.

A Letter.

DEAR ELSIE:—

They tell me you enter
Our blessed old High School next fall;
It's the pleasantest place in the town, dear,
I love every brick in its wall.

'Tisn't often one finds a great city,
With a temple of learning so fair,
Adorning its loftiest hill top,
And guarding small children with care.

Our building 's a thing to be proud of—
It's grounds with the beautiful trees,
The smooth, grassy lawn and the play-ground,
The tower-clock, too, if you please.

But far—Oh, far better and dearer
Is the school that's within, the real thing;
The teachers, the pupils, the system,
The sweet comely whole that I sing.

You don't know how pleasant it's been there,
The years that have vanished so fast;
And now we are merely ex-seniors,
Bemoaning the joy that has past.

Of course, much bright hope gilds the future—
That's natural when people are young;
We're going to do such great things when
We labor with sword, pen, and tongue.

You see we have proper conceit, dear,
This class that is called Ninety-One,
We're going to make the old High School
As proud as can be ere we're done.

And do we have fun in the High School?
(You're still but a 'grader' I see);
The good times you'll have there are legion—
Just wait a few months—then tell me.

A word now, a caution to Freshmen—
Go in, if you wish to, for fun,
But take not much more than your share, and
Be upright. That's all—

NINETY-ONE.

NOTES.

Hurrah for '91.
The defunct "Sporting News."
How many Juniors had "Success in Life"?
Seven of the Junior boys say good-bye to school this month.
Miss——, to Hess, "Is the H. S. gas running?" Punster Hess, "No, it's stand-

ing still at present." Seniors, forgive him, for he knoweth not what he doeth.

"Who did it? I wouldn't mention his name. Well, as a rule, men-shun personalities."

"The oatmeal trust is going to come to a gruel end." Parmelee's latest.

"Why is a blind man like an idiot? Because he hasn't any i-idea."

Bartlett has discovered the astounding fact that the earth "wabbles."

"Oscar, you may take this seat, so that Mr. Edwards may have some peace."

In Physics. Mr. L.—"Morse, you may tell the class the reason of the eclipse of the moon." Morse.—"A lunar eclipse is caused by the sun passing between the earth and the moon." (General laughter). Mr. L.—"You may answer my question, Peterson." Peterson.—"When somebody passes between the moon and the earth, there is an eclipse."

There seems to be a good deal of noble blood in the High School inasmuch as there is an Earl, the Duc De Smythe, joking by the humorists of '91 and a count by those in the book-keeping classes.

Brown has developed into a "phenom" on the ball-field.

It is rumored that Quick has injured his wrist by endeavoring to step on his ears.

Teacher, in study room, to scholar playing behind his book, "There is a kind of bird, Jacob, that hides his head and then thinks that no one sees him."

"Let us pray!" Ask Miss P. about it. Cicero.—"Quos stare ad curiam." Translation.—"Who stare at the courthouse."

Miss S.—"Mr. M., what impressed you most about Spenser?"

Mr. M.—"We-e-ll, I don't know much about his birth, but he fell in love with a girl and she went back on him, and then

his heart was broken, and he went up North and wrote the 'Shepherd's Almanac.'

Scholar, reading Knight's Tale, "And in his arms he seized them all."

Small voice, from a back seat, "What an armful he must have had!"

Question.—"What influence had the Romans on the English Literature?"

Answer.—"Oh-h—they built aqueducts, roads and camps."

Mr. Butler, in Cicero class, "Cataline had fled himself."

The other day a package of "Ladies' Spanish Court Face Powder" was found in Mr. F. Schneider's desk. This accounts for the improved condition of Mr. W.'s and Miss P.'s complexions. The first hour literature class are very grateful to Mr. S. for the use of his powder and the pleasure it afforded.

Miss Cain don't like to talk about parallel points.

Say, F. R., is the plural of Gracchus Gracchusses?

Heard in German: "Come to yourself! She comes!"

"The Dauphin is the Prince of Wales of France."

Senior Privileges: "You may whisper or talk quietly from nine to fifteen minutes past nine o'clock, but from five minutes after nine until the gong rings at nine fifteen I must have quiet."

Pat (applying for a pension)—I was shot right here in the chest, sor—(placing his hand over his heart).

Pension Agent—Why! if you had been shot there you would have been shot in the heart and killed!

Pat—Sure, me heart was in me mouth at the toime.

Miss Sargent, where is your heart?

Saville (whose mind is running to chemistry)—"Say, McCague, how are you

going to make the address to the lower groups?"

"Do you know anything about Bill Nye?" "Yes, I had a bill nigh up to five dollars once."

Parvulus Jack Horne,
Sedeat in corner,
Edens a Christmas pie;
Inseruit his thumb,
Extraxerit a plum,
Dixit, "Quis sharp puer am I?"

"The antiquity of the Greek religion was very ancient."—Morrow, in History.

Genius—"Donnelly shows in his book that it is very probable that Falstaff was no other than Shakespeare."

Punster—"Certainly, that's obvious. Before I ever heard of Donnelly I knew that Shake-speare and Fal-staff were just about the same." (The genius drops dead and the curtain falls.)

"There was a man with the name of Wood who tried to obtain a position as conductor on a motor line, but the manager refused him, alleging that *Wood* was a bad conductor, and consequently he would not do."

Pupil -- (translating French)—Come down, you unfortunate.

Teacher—Give it in idiomatic English.

Pupil— (quickly)—Come off your perch.

"Do you know why we celebrate Washington's Birthday?" asked Mr. Hendricks of his son Bobby; "why his birthday is honored more than—than—mine, for instance?"

"Oh, yes," responded Bobby promptly, "George Washington never told a lie."

"The animals of that age walked on their tails." (Ginsberg, in geology class.)

"Johnny, what teacher are you under most?"

"They all sit on me when they get a chance."

Ever hear Parker sneeze? It sounds

like someone falling down the back stairs.

The REGISTER has its opinion of any girl that wears a hat so large that a boy can't walk on the same sidewalk with her. Juniors please observe!

We understand that Thompson, who is a member of the Sons of Veterans, is pretty expert with a gun.

Miss Schultz, are you sure "his eyes were blind?"

Now that summer has come, one may easily procure a lemon-ade to sleeplessness.

"What is the opposite to Increase Mather?"

"Father—Lessing, of course!"

"Morrison, your memory is just exactly one-fourth of an inch long."

"Did you see Agnes *Wink*?"

"I don't know. *Ask-her Quick* and see."

Say, Luther, you and Lou had better tell another "quail" story and quit.

"The Whig party was choked to death in attempting to swallow the Fugitive Slave Law."

Teacher:—"Where would the sun's rays, coming from a long distance, go?"

Miss O.—"They would evaporate."

Certain Juniors in last month's REGISTER, having asked for a joke on "The flowers-that-bloom-in-the-spring, tra-la," the following is recommended for their careful consideration: "The-flour-that-blooms-in-the-spring, tra-la, will never become well-bread, tra-la." C?

Teacher.—"What is the transfer of a mortgage called, Shannon?"

Shannon, (not giving the best of attention)—"Did you ask what a promissory note is called?" Mr. Shannon now attends the afternoon reception regularly.

"When I die, may I be buried in a

fire-place, so that my bones may mingle with the grate (great)." An original (?) by Schneider.

"I got quite *Thirsty* on Friday, making it a *Sadder-day* than I expected, so I decided not *To-stay* any longer."—G.

PERSONALS.

Mr. A. J. Shields, of '90, is now occupying a position as stenographer and type-writer in the office of J. H. Manning, Division Master-Mechanic of the U. P. R. R.

Miss Gertrude Smith has returned from Cornell College, Iowa.

Miss May Duryea returned last week from Grinnell College. It is said that she holds the tennis championship at that institution.

Miss Margaret Brown, who will be remembered by the Juniors, of Christian College, Columbia, Mo., is at home. She is the proud wearer of the Junior Essay medal.

Miss Mae Burns, of Mount Auburn, Cincinnati, is in the city.

Mr. Howard Kennedy, '85, arrived in the city on the 14th from the St. Louis Law School.

Mr. Fred Preston is home for vacation.

Miss Irene McKenzie, of '93, has left Omaha and is now living in Chicago. '93 regrets the loss of such a general favorite and diligent scholar.

Miss Margaret McKay, '93, has left school.

Yale examinations commence on the 16th. Following them comes the boat race, after which we may look for the "Yale boys" home.

Denise, of Princeton College, is visiting in Washington, a guest of Mr. Addison Townsend.

Mr. Paul Luddington is with us again.

He is reported to have sprained his ankle so as to debar himself from participating in many of Princeton's sports this year.

Mr. Rollin Smith has left the ranks of '91 to become that very popular institution, "a bank boy," in the Omaha National. Already his fellow clerks have exercised a demoralizing influence on him. He wears a Gordon sash!

Miss Maud McClure, formerly of '91, now manipulates the typewriter in the law office of Bartlett, Baldrige & Crane.

Mr. Fred Andrus, formerly of '91, is now on the pay roll of the Union Pacific.

The Dream of a Sophomore.

If, perchance, you see a scholar,
With a far off vacant look,
Fixed intently on the ceiling,
Quite regardless of his book,

Don't disturb him, I entreat you,
Wonder not his brow so knit,
Change of rule he's meditating,
For the scholars' benefit.

When he gets to be a Senior,
Things shall very different be;
Students of all mathematics
Shall be furnished with a key.

And by Cæsar's "little round top"
Pupils never shall be vexed,
For new notes each word explaining,
Then shall cover half the text.

Marking troubles shall be banished
By a system he'll invent,
Scholars, at each recitation,
Will put down their own per cent.

O'er a highly prosperous paper,
He, with grace and modest pride,
In a small, mysterious sanctum,
Shall, all powerful, preside.

But, alas! these pleasant visions
Flee, too soon, as by a spell,
To the present he is hurried
By the recitation bell.

With a start he realizes
That his mind must cease to soar,
For the present he is only
'93—a Sophomore.

J. '93.

THE QUEEN OF ARTS.

Poetry sits enthroned on her royal seat, wielding her sceptre among the arts. She retains her place of honor despite the mighty efforts of her rivals, music and painting, to displace her.

In her we find all the graces of the other arts combined. She is the art par excellence, which comprises all others, to which they aspire, which none can reach.

Since the Laocoon of Lessing it is no longer permitted to repeat, without great reserve, the famous axiom, "*Ut pictura poësis*;" or, at least, it is very certain that painting cannot do everything that poetry can do.

Everybody admires the picture of Rumor, drawn by Virgil; but let a painter realize this symbolic figure; let him represent to us a huge monster with a hundred eyes, a hundred mouths, and a hundred ears, whose feet touch the earth, whose head is lost in the clouds, and such a figure will become very ridiculous.

Expression is the true measure of the value of the arts. Being the supreme end, the art that most nearly approaches it is first of all.

All true arts are expressive, but they are diversely so.

Take music; it is, without contradiction, the most penetrating, the profoundest, the most intimate art. Extraordinary things are recounted of the ancient music, and it must not be believed that the greatness of effect supposes here very complicated means. No, the less noise music makes, the more it touches.

The peculiar power of music is to open to the imagination a limitless career, to lend itself with astonishing facility to all the moods of each one, to arouse or calm, with the sounds of the simplest melody, our accustomed sentiments, our

favorite affections. In this respect music is an art without a rival;—however, it is not the first of arts.

Such is the force and at the same time the feebleness of music that it expresses everything and expresses nothing in particular.

Music does not paint, it touches, it puts in motion imagination, not the imagination that reproduces images, but that which makes the heart beat.

The domain of music is sentiment, but even there its power is more profound than extensive, and if it express certain sentiments with an incomparable force, it expresses but a very small number of them.

By way of association, it can awaken them all, but directly it produces very few of them, and the simplest and most elementary, too—sadness and joy with their thousand shades.

Ask music to express magnanimity, virtuous resolution, and other sentiments of this kind, and it will be just as incapable of doing it, as of painting a lake or a mountain. It goes about as it can: it employs the slow, the rapid, the loud, the soft, etc.; but imagination has to do the rest, and imagination does only what it pleases.

Give the most learned symphonist a storm to render. Nothing is easier to imitate than the whistling of the winds, and the noise of thunder. But by what combinations of harmony will he exhibit to the eyes the glare of the lightning rending all of a sudden the veil of the night, and what is most fearful in a tempest, the movements of the waves that now ascend like a mountain, now descend and seem to precipitate themselves into the bottomless abysses?

If the auditor be not informed of the subject, he will never suspect it, and I defy him to distinguish a tempest from a battle.

But the art par excellence, that which surpasses all others, because it is incomparably the most expressive, is poetry.

Speech is the instrument of poetry; poetry fashions it to its use and idealizes it, in order to make it express ideal beauty.

A word in itself, especially a word chosen and transfigured by poetry, is the most energetic and universal symbol.

Armed with this talisman, poetry reflects all the images of the sensible world like sculpture and painting, it reflects sentiment like painting and music, with all its varieties which music does not attain, and in their rapid succession that painting cannot follow.

Think of it! What a world of images, of sentiments, of thoughts at once distinct and confused, are excited within us by this one word, country! and by this other word, brief and immense—God! What is more clear and altogether more profound and vast!

Tell the architect, the sculptor, the painter, even the musician, to call forth also by a single stroke all the powers of nature and the soul! They cannot, and by that they acknowledge the superiority of speech and poetry.

They proclaim it themselves, for they take poetry for their own measure, they esteem their own works, and demand that they should be esteemed, in proportion as they approach the poetic ideal. And the human race does as artists do: a beautiful picture, a noble melody, a living and expressive statue, gives rise to the exclamation, "How poetical!"

This is not an arbitrary comparison; it is a natural judgment that makes poetry the type and perfection of all arts.

Taking, then, poetry as the royal, the representative member of the group of arts, we see its rank justified by the breadth of the field which belongs to it. It roams wherever imagination and feel-

ing room, and within the limits of the mind's faculties it is without limit. It can express dull and hopeless gloom in the same way in which music does,—that is to say, by monotonous reiterations, by hollow and dreadful reverberations of gloomy sounds; and it can express joy and happiness by the same means which music uses.

The *Dies irae, Dies illa*, recited only, produces the most terrible effect. In those fearful words, every blow tells, so to speak. Each word contains a distinct sentiment, an idea at once profound and determinate. The intellect advances at every step and the heart rushes on in its turn.

In Virgil, by means of verbal sounds, the gusts of wind about a tree are rendered as completely as though the voice were that of the wind itself.

In the smokiest of cities, the poet will transport us, as if by enchantment, to fresh air and the bright sun, to the murmuring of brooks and the leaves eddying to and fro in the woods.

He will cast off the cares and troubles of our life, and make us, as it were, forget ourselves.

So let there be all honor and glory to the art of the poet and may it long continue to elevate and inspire us with noble thoughts.

STELLA V. RICE.

A Soliloquy.

(Addressed to and only appreciated by a few iniquitous Members of '91).

My monthly record came to-day;
'Tis a bad showing, truth to say;
I fear the consequences may
Be evil unto me.

And yet cheer up!—My mark is low:
Latin is one—and Greek, zero;
The others worse. A pretty show
My father fierce to see!

Conduct!—O heavens—'tis fearful too,
And yet I pale not—father you
May ne'er see this. I have a few
Blank copies—fix'd for thee!

K.

Class of '91.

Last evening the teachers of the Omaha High School tendered a reception to the young ladies and gentlemen comprising the class of '91. The reception was held in the High School building and the usually staid old halls and corridors of that structure resounded with mirth and laughter until a late hour in the evening.

The idea of a teachers' reception to the Senior class asserted itself last year and consequently last night's event was the second of a series of annual receptions which will hereafter be held. The entire class was present last evening, together with a few invited guests. Preparatory to the reception proper, the teachers had arranged for the presentation of a German comedy, entitled "Paula's Geheimniss," or, "The Wife's Secret." One of the large rooms on the third floor had been transformed into an auditorium, and a stage with curtains, etc., arranged at one side. The play was a mirth-provoking one which frequently excited laughter and applause. The following was the cast of characters:

Dr. Emile Gericke... Mr. Charles Helgren
Paula, his wife... Miss Mary Walker
Adolph Actenburg, assessor... Mr. George Hess
Clotilde Merz, Adolph's fiancee... Miss Mary Bechel
Katie, a maid... Miss Alda Mills

The several parts were well sustained, the young ladies and gentlemen displaying considerable ability, as well as an intimate knowledge of the German language, which has been included in their course of study. The fine piano solo rendered by Miss Schneider as an overture lent an additional interest to the entertainment.

In the upper hall an orchestra furnished delightful music for all who cared to join in the dance, and a programme of fifteen numbers was rendered during the evening.

A number of tables were placed in the hall on the second floor, at which all who

did not care to dance amused themselves at cards, dominoes, crokinole and other games. The physics room, on the second floor, was for the occasion transformed into a supper room. The apparatus and blackboard had been deftly concealed by a profusion of rare plants. The tables were also handsomely decorated with plants and cut flowers.

The reception was arranged by the twenty teachers of the High School department under the supervision of Principal Lewis.—*Omaha World-Herald*, June 13

A Geometrical Sketch.

An obtuse old man, having a repulsive exterior, and looking as if he came out of the arc, was walking along the road. He was slim, his circumference being little, his feet and hands were out of proportion, and a conspicuous wart was on the end of his nose. In an adjacent circular field he saw a cute young man digging angle worms. "What are you going to do with those worms?" "Scout you? I am digging them." The old man's countenance changed, the chords stood out on his forehead and he exclaimed in an angry tone: "I never saw your parallel. Give me a proper answer or I'll circle you with a lash." The young man answered, saying: "I am going to write a composition on 'bait,' so I was studying this kind." The man said: "Thank you. I now make the proposition that you solve this problem for me: 'What is the nearest road to the station?'" The boy answered: "On the opposite side of this field is a road, strike that and keep in a straight line and you will see a triangular rock on which is inscribed the distance." "How much for your direction?" "One dollar, please," replied the boy. "You are a shrewd boy," the man said. "Thanks, but I can't return the complement." "The man paid the dollar and walked away, saying

angrily: "If I meet that boy again I will get square with him."

The Declamation Contest.

On June 5th, at 12:45 p. m., the contest for the honor of speaking the declamation of the Class of '91 at the Commencement exercises at the Opera House, was held in the Junior room. The contestants, Miss Mae Fawcett, Miss Mae Sargent, Miss M. Lehmer, Mr. George Sumner, Mr. Edw. T. Grossmann, Mr. Howard Parmelee, had been selected by the class four weeks prior to the competition. The program, the positions being decided by lot, was as follows:

MUSIC.

- 1—"Christmas in the Quarters"... Miss Mae Fawcett
- 2—"Battle of Iery"... Mr. Edw. T. Grossmann
- 3—"King Volmer and Elsie"... Miss Mae Sargent
- 4—"Doom of Claudius and Cynthia"... Mr. Parmelee
- 5—"Echo and the Ferry"... Miss Lehmer
- 6—"The Stowaway"... Mr. Sumner

MUSIC.

The speaking was excellent, and after the contest several of those in the audience qualified to criticize pronounced the entire entertainment first-class in every detail. The pieces were selected with great care and the rendition of each showed that much study and attention had been expended in preparation.

Immediately after the contest, a vote was taken on the result. The election was made on the first ballot, thus:

FOR THE GIRLS.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Miss Mae Fawcett..... | 23 |
| Miss Mae Sargent..... | 18 |
| Miss Margaret Lehmer..... | 13 |

FOR THE BOYS.

- | | |
|----------------------------|----|
| Mr. Edw. T. Grossmann..... | 27 |
| Mr. Geo. Sumner..... | 14 |
| Mr. Howard Parmelee..... | 13 |

Therefore Miss Fawcett and Mr. Grossmann will deliver the declamation. Both will change their selection, Miss Fawcett rendering "Mary Butler's Ride," and Mr. Grossmann "The Doom of Claudius and Cynthia."

Athletics.

WAL. TAYLOR, - - - - Editor.

The American people are just beginning to take such an interest in athletic contests as the Spartans once did. A strong, well built and agile youth is more to be envied than an orator of marked ability. Self-protection is a prize sought by all. In our colleges, the most popular man is the one most proficient in athletic sports. A base ball player, who, by some exceptionally fine and difficult feat, has saved his team from defeat is the hero among his classmates until some other equally phenomenal player springs into prominence.

Among the scholars in our colleges are to be found the finest of athletes and every year adds newer and superior material. As our public schools prepare us for college classics, so should our public school scholars prepare themselves for college athletics.

This is what the O. H. S. Athletic Association is attempting to do. Although in considerable distress on account of finances it is making the best of that which it has.

The Omaha High School has not much of a record in the way of a field day, but at different times in its existence it has had several athletic contests.

The class of '80 had what may be termed a field day but no successful effort was made to keep up the interest in athletics thus imbued.

About 1886 Wallace Broatch succeeded in stirring the boys up to engaging in running and jumping contests, but that was for a little sport only.

In 1890, Mr. Lewis suggested to the graduating class the propriety of having a "Field Day" on a more systematic and

extended scale. That class with its characteristic energy and enterprise immediately took steps to put Mr. Lewis' suggestion into a practical form. Mr. Fred Nave was appointed chairman of a Field Day committee, and worked hard for its success. The class offered six silver medals for competition and the whole school soon became thoroughly interested in the new enterprise. The Field Day was held on the 20th of June and the grounds were crowded to witness the contests. Everything turned out in a very gratifying manner and left such an impression that the Athletic Association immediately took the matter in hand, and made arrangements for a more extended day this year.

Mr. Lewis, our principal, and Miss Crowley, in charge of our rhetoric classes, encouraged the boys by offering suitable prizes for competition. Mr. Lewis gives a beautiful solid silver medal for the pole vaulting contest while Miss Crowley offers a pair of handsomely engraved gold cuff buttons for the swiftest runner in the 100 yard dash.

The GLOBE LOAN & TRUST Co's SAVINGS BANK gives us a very pretty solid medal for the hurdle race. MR. GEO. W. COOK, the Farnam street shoe merchant, will present to the winner of the base ball throw a very nice pair of tennis shoes.

The H. F. G. offers a pretty solid silver medal for the highest jumper. This is a club of North Omaha boys who have enjoyed life in the High School and in and about Douglas county for the last five years. It consists of Oliver Auch Moedy, H. B. Taylor, Geo. B. Haynes, Chas. C. Hungate, Arthur Knight, Chas. F. Ellis, J. Harry Johnson and W. C. Taylor. These boys all love health giving sports and wish to show their approval of the A. A.'s Field Day.

LETTERS.

DES MOINES, IA., June 9, '91.

TO THE REGISTER:—

Having been requested by one of the editorial staff to contribute to the souvenir number of the REGISTER, we have decided to write an article on the West Des Moines High School.

On Thursday, June 4th, the Commencement exercises of the West Des Moines High School took place at Foster's Opera House. The stage had been decorated by the Juniors, as is the custom here, the Juniors each spring giving an entertainment to defray the expense. A bank of flowers had been arranged on each side of the stage, and the whole stage trimmed with white and smilax—the Senior colors. In the center, above the speaker, was suspended a floral emblem about five feet high and four feet wide, composed of smilax and chrysanthemums, in representation of the class pin.

There were twenty-three members of the class, ten of whom were chosen to represent the class. Heretofore all the graduates have appeared, the exercises occupying two or three evenings. A box was reserved for the class of '91, and also one for the class of '90, the boxes being draped with their respective class colors.

The orations were exceptionally fine, one of them being considered the best ever given by a graduate of this High School. One young lady gave a dramatic recitation of the trial of Queen Catherine, from "Henry VIII," in a manner which visibly affected the audience.

Field Day was observed for the first time by the West Des Moines High School a week before Commencement, and was a decided success, several

teachers encouraging us by participating in the games.

At the Class Day exercises, held in the High School building, upon raising the curtain the class was seen seated at a banquet table (the teachers' platform in the assembly room being high and so arranged that it can be used as a stage by the use of a curtain). The addresses were in the form of toasts. Their class song was followed by the Junior song, a burlesque on the Senior song and motto. As is customary here, the graduating class presented the school with a gift, in this case an elegant desk and chair.

On the Saturday following Commencement, the graduates gave a reception to the Teachers, Juniors, Post-Seniors and friends, which was very enjoyable. We call graduates Post-Seniors, as you see, there being no organized Alumni here.

Shortly before Commencement, the Juniors gave a reception to the teachers and the Seniors, which we have frequently been told was the "best thing" ever given in the High School. The chemistry and physics classes also have banqueted each other.

On entering here we found considerable interest in the O. H. S., Prof. Howard having taught here. We were ranked with the class of '92 as in Omaha. The classes here organize as soon as they reach the Junior year. There are no debating societies, nor is there any High School journal.

There are two High Schools here, one on the East and one on the West side. Books are furnished by the school board at wholesale prices.

Manual Training and Cooking were introduced this year, and Dressmaking will probably be added to the Industrial course next year. Altogether the school is thriving and is deservedly popular.

We are to have a new principal next

year, the present one having resigned. Would not some of the O. H. S. graduates accept the position?

Loyally,
CLINTON and EMMA DORN.

In the Manual Training School.

It is nine o'clock. The Manual Training rooms are empty with the exception of the teacher and the rows of work benches with their racks of tools.

All is quiet and at rest, and no one would suspect that with the ringing of a bell all would be changed into life and activity. The class appears, off with coats and on with aprons, ready for the work of the hour.

Soon the song of the saw and plane, and the bang of hammers and other tools is heard. What is the meaning of all this commotion? What are they trying to do? They are developing all the unknown resources of the person by the Manual Training method. Manual Training? By Manual Training is meant that branch of education whose object is the training of the brain, hand and eye, through the use of tools and the study of drawing. But let us pass around the room and see what they are doing. You will notice that each bench has a rack of tools for the use of each class in common, and that each pupil has a private drawer in which to keep their individual tools, such as planes and chisels, and also their aprons and pieces of work under construction. But to go on. This first young man is engaged in making a working drawing which will be his guide in making one of a series of exercises of the Manual Training course.

The next young man is industriously working on his exercise which is well under way, and he seems so happy to think he is progressing so nicely. How he examines it and compares it with his

drawing. But see, he stops, and the look of happiness passes away, and one of perplexity takes its place. He has made an error, and now his whole mind is brought to bear, in trying to discover what is wrong. He cannot depend on anyone but himself, so is compelled to use his own brain. But let us pass around the room. You see they are all intensely interested, not an idle hand or brain, each with an exercise at different stages of completion. No, the exercises are not for sale, and like all school work the value is in the making and not in the completed work.

They began without the least knowledge of the use of tools, and now have acquired a degree of skill that is surprising, considering the amount of experience they have had. This work has advantages that do not appear at first glance. The using of tools and dealing with material things directs their thoughts into many new channels, and brings the pupil into direct communication with obstacles such as we are always meeting in practical life. It induces originality, promotes independence of thought and action, relieves the strain from purely mental application, arouses interest in school work, and has a tendency to keep the pupil at school. This has been the experience in the Omaha and other Manual Training schools.

But let us cross the hall and see what the advanced class is doing. They finished the course in carpentry last year, and now are at wood turning. Here we have a number of rapidly revolving lathes, and the work is entirely different. Instead of dealing with plane surfaces, everything is curved. The same plan is followed out as in carpentry. They begin by making a number of exercises, in which they are taught how to use their tools to the best advantage, and to control them.

They are next taught how to use the face plate for boring or hollowing out work, to use chucks and mandrels, and all the different ways of working wood. They end the course by making a complete piece of work. After putting seven months at turning, they are ready to take up wood carving, which finishes the course as we have it in the Omaha High School. In carving, as in the other branches they follow out a systematic course of exercise, from the simple line carving to the more difficult relief carving. The Manual Training Department has now been in successful operation six years. What at first was considered a doubtful experiment is now acknowledged a successful and valuable addition, and is growing in popularity each year. The classes have done excellent work, and for a more thorough knowledge of this work it would pay to make this Department a visit.

M. A. BUMANN.

More Abuse for our Board of Education.

Ah! valiant men, fearless and bold,
For deeds unheard-of horn;
Reformers of our age, at last
You've made a wise reform;
Through years of torments, trials, fears,
Abuses, gales and storms,
The wisest thing you've done is to—
Reform your own reforms!

Author is dead.

Hard Spelling.

"While hewing yews Hugh lost his ewe,
And put it in the Hue and Cry.
To name his face's dusky hues
Was all the effort he could use.
You brought the ewe back bye-and-bye,
And only begged the hewer's ewer,
Your hands to wash in water pure,
Lest nice-nosed ladies, not a few,
Should cry, on coming near you, 'Ugh!'"

The Junior Debating Society.

The Junior Debating Society of the Class of Ninety-two is one to be proud of. It was organized early in the year with a large membership, and has continued with harmony.

The plan of having a debate once a month was adopted, and a programme alternately. Mrs. Lewis graciously accepted the office of critic. Thanks to the kindness of our principal we have had the pleasant eleventh grade rooms for our regular meetings.

Our pins, with the initials J. D. S. in half monogram, are doubtless known to most of our readers.

The meetings have proven a great help to us in many ways. We have more confidence in ourselves before an audience, have learned some helpful parliamentary rules, have been instructed by the debates and entertained by the programmes, while the music was especially enjoyable.

We wish to urge the Class of Ninety-three to establish a similar society. With so many capable members they could accomplish much.

The programme for May 20th opened with the roll call and reading of the minutes. An essay by Miss Katie Heelen with the subject: "How He Saw the President," was enjoyed very much. She described the misfortunes of a friend in his efforts to secure a glimpse of the presidential party. Miss Margaret Hocy followed with a very interesting reading, entitled: "How Mother Cooked." Mr. Henry Clarke rendered a pleasing musical selection and was heartily encored. This closed the programme which was so short because of the absence and resignation of those appointed to take part.

After a short business meeting the Society adjourned.

CORA McCANDLISH.

Something About Woman's Weapon.

Last evening we were talking of the immeasurable value of that little member which has been stirring up strife ever since the world began. Someone observed that humankind may be divided according to the manner of using said troublesome weapon into two general classes of the slow to speak and the nimble of tongue.

It occurred to me when thinking over the matter that the respective advantages and disadvantages of both divisions balance each other fairly well.

Those of us who belong to the first class either on account of possessing brains which are more sure than swift, or because we have fallen into the habit of subjecting each idea which presents itself for utterance to the closest scrutiny, or by reason of thinking that after all speech is but silver, silence is golden, have some ground for thankfulness.

For the chances, which have been lost, of making clever answers, and the opportunities for saying pleasing truths, which have been missed, we may console ourselves by remembering all the time and breath that have been saved and the many awkward, unkind, or embarrassing remarks which we might have made but did not.

People of few words, as a rule, receive more credit than is due them. Some are inclined to believe that "smooth water runs deepest." They forget that stagnant pools are also still, and that a deep spring may send off part of its overflow in noisy, laughing, delightful little rills.

But these refreshing talkers are included in the category of our nimble-tongued brothers and sisters. To be able to converse well is a valuable accomplishment. It is an acquired art, yet worth the trouble it costs. Who has

not listened with pleasure while a brilliant conversationalist fairly makes the air quiver with humor and scintillating wit? One may with reason envy such a fellow-creature. His vivacity, quickness, intellect,—each calls for admiration.

But, then, it is a dangerous talent. When words are flying off the tongue like sparks from a forge, it is very uncertain whom they may injure. Sometimes they inflict deadly wounds.

Woman must use her weapon with careful thought. It is apt to grow too keen if employed entirely in war or in mowing down her neighbors' faults. On the other hand, if not pointed occasionally by a necessary, though it may be difficult or unwelcome, truth, it becomes dull and unreliable, fit only for parlor practice.

J. A. S.

That Reception.

They were holding a reception, the post-graduate classes. All the accustomed members were gathered in the great brick temple waiting decorously, yet with eager interest, for the honored guest of the evening to make his appearance.

The hour was growing late. Then, as they began to feel impatient at the fashionable tardiness of the important one, there fell upon the expectant hush of the august assemblage the clear sweet notes of a silver trumpet.

Instantly each one rose to his feet and blew, loud and shrill, an answering blast. The great east doors swung grandly open and with his honors fresh upon him, becoming well his gracious bearing, there entered Ninety-One.

A murmur rose and swelled around the circle. Was it admiration or criticism? He cared not. All things were then to him deserved homage.

Ninety advanced politely and cordi-

ally greeting her younger brother, and began the task of introducing him to her friends.

"Eighty-Eight," said she, sweetly, "this is Ninety-One."

"Ah, yes," murmured the one addressed, "so this is Ninety-One. I'm glad to meet you, dear. Weren't you the ninth grade when we were Seniors? Ah, yes—you were quite a promising class, I believe, and you admired us very much. I remember. Yes, yes, very naturally, very naturally, indeed, certainly."

Ninety-One lost enough of his abounding self-possession to stare for a moment with mouth wide open. Suddenly recollecting himself, he bowed a regular diploma courtesy, and observed, pityingly, "I'm so sorry that you have not recovered yet."

"Recovered!" Eighty-Eight exclaimed, "recovered from what?"

"From the effect of your Senior year in the O. H. S."

Eighty-Eight laughed gayly.

She was always sweet-tempered. But Ninety hurried on.

"Eighty-Nine," said she pausing before an individual who wore an abundance of daisies and sunflowers on his person, "this is Ninety-One."

Eighty-Nine smiled broadly, and shook hands in the hearty, whole-souled way that sends a thrill of good-fellowship through one, and makes the coldest heart glow for an instant.

"O-ho, I know you, my friend. You kept in the shade until you reached seniority, didn't you? That is right. But I know you; you never would hand in your essays on time. Ho, ho, ho! How did I find that, hey? Never mind that. Tell me, why didn't you pattern after us?"

"Imitation is suicide, Eighty-Nine. One thing I'd like to ask you, did you

use your own horn much when you were in the school?"

"No, indeed. We kept it where other people could reach it, and we seldom blew it ourselves."

"Do you wish to know how we managed?" asked Ninety, kindly. "Well, we had two horns; one we kept going, and the other was for outsiders. We and the teachers were a mutual admiration society. Oh, by the way, dear Ninety-One, haven't you been often jealous of us?"

Ninety-One threw back his well-balanced head with a haughty little gesture of dissent. "'To be honored is better than to be loved.' Indeed, one of our teachers is reported to have confessed that he held our class in such awe that he feared to send us to the Seventh Hour. Was that the case with you?"

Ninety blushed hotly, and began a retort that was broken in upon by an older member with a request that Ninety-One would favor them with a few words.

He was perfectly willing, and spoke briefly, as follows:

"*Non scholae sed vitae.* Please, Ninety, introduce me to the rest of the company."

And they didn't go home 'till morning.

S.

Reverie of a Graduate.

I have been asked to write an article for the "Commencement Issue" of the REGISTER, that publication over which my massive brain once swung the editorial drum-stick. What, then, can be more appropriate to the occasion than a short delineation of the joys, sorrows and subsequent events attendant upon that festive season. Or, as Bob Burdette might say, on "The Rise and Fall of the Graduate." For yea, verily, he riseth up like unto a toy balloon when the small boy droppeth the string, and

he doth descend downward, anon, if not sooner like unto that very same balloon a few minutes later.

When a person graduates from an institution like the High School, he has reached the very acme of his triumphs. He may go on in the educational world. He may be sent forth from the greatest colleges in the land. He may have honor, riches and fame lavished upon him. He may attain great distinction in the land of science. Nations may bow at his feet, and emperors do him homage, but never again will he feel that keen thrill of importance, satisfaction and joy that he experienced when he came forth on the platform on his first graduation and exploded on his attentive audience of relatives and friends, his first address. His first, aye, perchance, his last. For even before the floral tributes showered upon him have begun to fade, and ere the congratulations of his friends have ceased to come, he must descend from the proud, high pinnacle of a graduate, to a common rustler, looking for a job, and when he finally secures a twenty-five dollar clerkship, he finds that the opportunities for the display of oratorical abilities are as rare as hens' teeth.

And so do his other visions fade. When he stood, as the sweet girl graduate's essay is supposed to read, "on the threshold of life," he beheld stretching out before him a wide and luxuriant pathway, which seemed to his dreamy eyes as leading away to honor, riches and fame.

The sound of his treading feet seemed to be softened by the leaves of roses; wreaths and garlands bedecked the vine-twined arches o'er his head, his steps seemed to be measured by the sweet whisperings of Æolian harmony, while white-clad maidens bestrewed his path-

way with violets, the lily and the chrysanthemum.

Such, I say, was his vision. But one by one, as stars before the dawning morn, these glories fade, and ere he is aware, the festive bill collector is abroad in the land, and he hears the wild exultant whoop of the mercantile agency seeking his scalp. His board bill is long past due, and the trousers he wore last summer are not yet paid for, and those now encasing his weary limbs are becoming exceedingly frail. His shoes have assumed a tired, worn out expression, and he is still wearing his 1890 tie. His mind wanders back to the wild, happy time when he ate three meals a day, and he wonders where he can borrow ten cents to get some dinner.

A haggard and careworn cast has come over his erstwhile classic features, and he puts off going to congress until year after next, and he begins to think that perhaps the legislature will do to start on. He is even seized with a strange, wierd, inexplicable idea that perhaps he is the fool and not his father, and this opinion seems to grow with each passing day. Yea, truly, before the first year of his release from school has reached its close, he decides that this world is full of trials and tribulations, and that they are all coming his way.

When he graduated, a few short weeks ago, he thought he knew something, and what was more, had a diploma to prove it. He now begins to have grave doubts as to the truth of his hypothesis, and pays frequent visits to his sheep-skin shrine to assure himself that he is still what he once supposed he was. As time passes he finds himself compelled to offer up his orisons there still oftener, but even then the dreary, desolate time soon comes when even

those magic words of "This is to certify that John Jehosaphat Jones has satisfactorily, etc.," lose their pristine power and he is at last convinced that he is all fool and that everybody knows it.

But still he has learned much in his short, if not brilliant career, and much that he has cause to be thankful for.

He has learned how to stand off the bold, bad man with a bill for two weeks longer, and how to turn his collar the other side out when the laundry has refused to do his washing any longer on tick. He has even attained some proficiency in the art of walking three blocks and seeing no one whom he owes, and every one who owes him.

He has found that the only way to dig gold out of the street is with a pick at a dollar a day, and that every piece of money he can get a hold of there are two hundred and fifty other people right after.

He has now come to his senses, or rather what he once supposed to be other people's nonsenses.

Truly, the way of the graduate is hard, it is cast in stony places, and might be termed at times as extremely rocky.

But may it be that the class of '91 may find a way less difficult to travel, less set with Carolean traps than some of the rest of us who have gone forth from the O. H. S. But we remember the wild, horrible yell with which we were wont to wake the slumbering echoes on the hill.

Never say die,
Omaha High—
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! '90.

F. B. HARRIS. (*Frank*).

"Pearls in the mouth."

If you wish to have pearly white teeth and a sweet breath use Myrrhline, a liquid dentifrice. Leslie & Leslie, 16th and Douglas street, Bushman Block.

"Meden Agan."

"Do nothing too much." So said the Greek philosophers of yore. Now, though their philosophy left something to be desired, though "they didn't know everything" down that way, there was much in what they did know and say and do that we might with advantage take to heart and copy in these days of too much. For well-nigh everyone—man, woman and child—does everything too much. Men strain their bodies and minds till they grow old long before their time in the mad race for the first place in politics, wealth, athletics, fame, and what not till they leave themselves no pleasure in life but the questionable one of boasting of their deeds. Women—the Creator's noblest work—waste time, money and brain over the senseless struggle to surpass one another in dress and dinner parties, till they ruin their complexions with cosmetics and drain their husbands' pockets to bankruptcy; while both lower the standard of the human race by over-educating their children till the poor little unfortunates are made adults prematurely—old heads on young shoulders. "To what purpose is this waste" of muscular and mental tissue? What good to a man is the fact that he has so many millions more than his fellow if the efforts made in scraping them together have left him without the power to enjoy them, nay, with the nervous dread of loss which afflicts most men who have painfully amassed large fortunes? What real pleasure has the jaded and harassed leader of society when she finds that her turn has come, as it surely will to all, to give place to more beautiful and wealthy rivals? What profit is an expensive and laborious education when it is so often followed by a breakdown in health or even by insanity, and a consequent deterioration of the species? Who thinks any the better of some young mass of

muscle without brains for the mere fact that he holds a "world's championship," almost always at the expense of a broken down constitution before thirty? Cases can be multiplied till one is sick of the work. There is nothing solid in all the results gained except dissatisfaction, and a "nine days' wonder" is not worth the awful trouble and worry and cost that have to be undergone. No one likes to "get left," and no one knows when to stop in the breakneck race, or, if he does know, will listen to the warning voice within. Covetousness is the rampant evil of the present age; every one feels bound to cut out his fellow, and is alike miserable with failure or success. Another old philosopher said, "*Satis beatus unicus Sabini*—Happy enough with my little Sabine farm"—but only too few are content "to live on a little" as did our friend of old. 'Tis human nature, we must suppose, and that plea is like charity—it covers a multitude of sins. OMEGA.

Books.

In every age man has taken some means to preserve the memory of great thoughts or deeds, often, with great labor recording them on tablets of stone. Later, manuscripts were used but they were the property of the few and it has remained for us of the last few centuries to enjoy the art of printing.

Joy or sorrow, labor or rest, or whatever the mind may desire is found in books.

"Come child of care to make thy soul serene,
Approach the treasures of this tranquil scene;
Survey the dome. And as the doors unfold,
The soul's best care of all her cares behold.
Where mental wealth the poor in thought may find,
And mental physic, the diseased in mind."

History, philosophy, science and romance equally attract the mind. Scott awakens a desire for history by his romance. Lytton often carries us into the

unreal, leaving us to wonder what is beyond. Holmes, Irving, Dickens, Hugo, Crawford and scores of others please and train the mind, and often exert a powerful influence on the character.

The poets demand our homage, appealing by the beauty of language, rhythm and grace. Shakespeare adds his knowledge of mankind, and often introduces us to our nearest friends.

Longfellow breathes on us a benediction, and we instinctively look around to see the spirit his words seem to invoke. Pope and Byron, though true to nature, often exert the power of their bitterness and sarcasm, which we half forgive, because of their power.

Often we stumble upon a few lines of poetry which prove to be of great value to ourselves, though unnoticed by the world. As in nature, so in literature, many things are born "to waste their sweetness on the desert air."

"They give new views to life and teach us how to live.

They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish and confirm the wise."

The lover of books has many friends, ready and willing to sympathize. They lead to the great book of Nature, the author of all books. A. W.

'91'S FIELD-DAY.

The Field-Day contests and prizes were as follows:

Running broad jump—Pair of tennis shoes from GEO. W. COOK.

100 yard dash—Pair of gold cuff buttons from Miss Crowley.

Standing broad jump—Pen-wiper from MAX HOLZHEIMER.

Running high jump—Solid silver medal from the H. F. G. (a North Omaha Club).

Standing high jump—Straw hat from PEABODY FINE HATTER.

Hurdle race—A solid silver medal from the GLOBE LOAN AND TRUST CO. SAVINGS BANK.

Baseball throw—A bat, ball and gloves from HAYDEN BROS.

Pole vault—A solid silver medal from Prof. Homer P. Lewis.

Hop, skip and jump.

* * *

The Class Exercises were opened with an address by the Class President. Miss Baker then mounted the platform and proceeded to narrate the events of our first two years of High School life. She spoke of our entrance into the High School, described our thoughts and feelings minutely, and asked us to note the changes that have taken place.

We were then wild and reckless, giving our tutors no end of trouble, for detention after school hours did not have much effect as a punishment. During that time we took part in an amateur minstrel performance. Burnt cork was plentifully plastered over our countenances, and hilarity reigned supreme. Miss Arnold's singing classes were then renowned, and we made good use of our lungs. A performance by school children at the Grand Opera House was aided by us, and several musicales took place in our school. Baseball and cricket were the outdoor sports, while the gymnasium claimed a good share of the patronage. Miss Baker then described our quiet life as Sophomores, and how happy we were when we were preparing to enter the Junior year.

At this point Miss Baker was relieved by Miss Stella Rice, who proceeded to unfold the events of the last two years of school life.

She told of the exalted feeling that comes over a Sophomore when he becomes a Junior, with a brilliant idea of loveliness looming up before him in the

thought of when he would become a Senior.

She spoke of the trip to Syndicate Park by Mrs. Sudborough's botany classes, under the protection of two magnificent canines. The Park was not overflowing with good botanical specimens, so a very great variety was not obtained. The trip was not made without some result, however, as evinced by detention from school of some of the young scientists from an attack of la grippe.

The gymnasium was re-opened under the charge of Mr. Kummerow, and continued this year under Miss Dewey.

The Class of '90 should not escape without some signs of remembrance, so Miss Rice very kindly extended her thanks to it for getting up a field day for the especial benefit, as would seem, of the Juniors (the Class of '91).

Our Junior debates were touched lightly, and we were ushered into the Junior year. Ah! what a relief. We had reached the "Plains of Abraham," and immediately began preparations for storming the last and most difficult barrier—that of graduation. Our hearts were light, but our books heavy, and our teachers hard to convince of our worth, but with all the western zeal we could muster, we finally overcame both. The class was organized, and officers elected. We were then ready for business.

Conscientious discussions were held, all tendencies toward factions removed, and general satisfaction reigned. Pins, colors, motto, programmes and invitations were successively chosen. Several class socials were held, at which the class and its teachers became better acquainted and more closely drawn into fellowship. Ice cream and cake disappeared as if by magic.

Our teachers capped our happiness by giving us a reception in the High School building. The German scholars ren-

dered a German drama, and an Italian orchestra furnished music for the dancers. The physics room was cleared, and the walls covered with white cloth. Bunting, beautiful bouquets, tropical plants, ferns, incandescent lights, and a lovely repast transformed the room from a place of hard study to a palatial dining hall.

Miss Rice paid her respects to the chemistry room and then told us about our troubles in preparing for our rhetorical, commencement essays, etc.

Examinations over and here was the class ready to go out in the world.

Mr. Rollin Smith then delivered an oration over our class tree, using his fine voice and with excellent effect and thoroughly enrapturing his hearers.

The Tree song was then rendered by the class. It is as follows, the words being written by Miss Margaret Cook:

Some day we'll wander back again,
To this dear spot we'll come,
Where now we plant our little elm—
This Class of '91.
The branches then will shelter us,
From summer's sun and rain,
And life's great cares will lighter seem
When we meet here again.

CHORUS.

We wander back, yes, back again,
To where our elm tree stands—
Though we've been scattered far away,
Through many distant lands.

And when we wander back again
To where this tree now stands,
We'll find it one of many more,
Planted by other hands.
But none so proud will bear its head,
Or firm withstand the blast,
As this, the tree we plant to-day,
In memory of our class.

CHORUS:—We wander back, etc.

Some day we'll wander back again,
Beneath this tree to stand,
And think upon the happy days
Spent in our native land.
Though our paths are severed wide,
From dawn to set of sun,

Our thoughts will fondly cluster 'round
This tree of Ninety One.

CHORUS:—We wander back, etc.

Miss Marie Parker then read the class poem, composed by herself. It was very pretty indeed and worthy of commendation.

As the Seniors are always looked upon as worthy of attention it became the duty of Mr. Brower McCague to deliver an address to the lower classes. He pictured the Seniors as persons of great importance, and described their position in glowing terms. He then took the Freshmen in hand, telling them of the trials and tribulations yet remaining for them; of his class's experience in the Ninth grade, enumerating the various tricks and troubles resulting from them. He wound them up by giving them good sound advice. The quiet Sophomores were next addressed. Their life being comparatively quiet and easy yet at times they are forced to taste the medicine of authority. The vain Juniors were next in order and Mr. McCague proceeded to tell them to watch the size of their heads for if they keep on swelling at the present rate by next year the teachers will find some very hard people to teach. The Juniors will want to teach the teachers. But all Juniors are not included for there are always roses among thorns. With a few general remarks to the classes in general Mr. McCague made way for others.

The future of the class, individually, was then portrayed in pleasant and laughable terms by Miss Agnes Wink. Each member of the class can now go forth relying solely on Miss Wink's words as to the future life.

The exercises were finished by singing the class song which is as follows:

Come sing us a song of the brave Ninety One,
We're ready for work and we're ready for fun,
On the field, in the class, both with arm and with pen
We've conquered the best and can do it again,

CHORUS.

Ninety One, Ninety One, Ninety One,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys steady,
Oma-ma-ha-ha High! '91-'91.

Not for school but for life is the motto we bear,
Where duty shall call we will always be there,
Where there's honor to bear, where there's work to
[be done
Or wrongs to make right, you will find Ninety One.

CHORUS:—Ninety One, etc.

Then we'll laugh while we can, and rejoice in our
[youth,
There's trouble ahead, if the sages tell truth.
Then we'll march to the front, armed with voice,
[pen and gun—
Get ready old world, here comes Ninety One!

CHORUS:—Ninety One, etc.

WALLACE CADET TAYLOR.

THE RACE QUESTION.

Little did the Plymouth colonists think that when they purchased twenty negro slaves from a Dutch trading vessel what troubles and perplexities they were bringing upon future generations. Little did they think that, by this one act, they would cause the greatest war known to history, and place before the people of to-day, with unmistakable clearness, a problem that challenges the best thought and intellects of modern times to solve. While other great questions have offered some remedy, both practical and effectual, the race problem defies the best statesmanship of our country to present a solution which will meet all the requirements. European statesmen have declared that the United States is now confronted by the most difficult question of her existence.

The intention of this article is not to offer any complete remedy, but to present the various plans hitherto proposed, with some remarks as to the desirability of each.

We will first give audience to a man who embodies in his proposition the pre-

vailing sentiment of the South. Henry W. Grady, whose recent speeches in the North elicited the applause of all parties, and who, from the effect of his effort at Plymouth, soon afterward passed away, in his "New South" claims that the South—by which he means the Southern whites—should be left by the nation at large to settle the question. In the development of this idea, he declares that the negroes ought never to be the ruling class in the South, but that the safety of whites in the South depends upon the latter class ruling. The statement of this proposition in the halls of Congress would bring every Republican to his feet in an instant, and cause a placid smile to flit over the faces of the Democrats. The former because they feel that it means the weakening of their party in the South, the latter because they know it means a blow at their opponents. For this reason all comments will be made, not from a political point of view, but with regard to the interest and welfare of those most interested.

By three amendments to our national constitution the negro was placed upon a political equality with the white. It was intended that the negro should thereafter be a citizen of the United States with all the privileges pertaining thereto. It is unquestionably true that the negro was not competent at that time to properly wield the power thus given him. Mr. Grady truthfully says that many negroes are now unable to cast an intelligent vote, and on this ground he argues that the negro can never be the equal of the white. Before forming our conclusion, let us look for a moment at the past of the black race in this country. A quarter of a century ago, when the negro was emancipated, he could neither read nor write; he came out of a servitude, which, while it had taught him something in the way of agriculture, had at the same time made him irresponsible, indifferent, and kept him

in a condition of illiteracy. In the short period of the race's freedom many have attended school and obtained some education; a large number have learned trades, and a still greater number, thrown upon their own responsibility, have become industrious bread earners. We find in the South 947 colored lawyers, 682 doctors, 20,000 school teachers, and thirty normal schools for the colored children—all of which give ample evidence of the intellectual progress of the colored race. Their industrial progress can be seen from the fact that in South Carolina they own two and a-half out of every fifteen acres of land, and pay taxes on \$30,000,000 worth of property, while it is estimated that two-thirds of the Southern crops do not feel the touch of a white hand until they reach the market. When we think of their former condition, of the short period of their freedom, and of the advancement which they have made, can we despise them because they are illiterate and shiftless, while we ourselves are not free from the same malady? Can we believe that they will never reach the level of the white? Can we believe that they will be willing to let the white cast their vote for them and usurp their political privileges? When we read from Mr. Grady's own pen that the negroes are compelled to attend separate schools and churches, and ride in separate cars on the railroads, how can we but admire them for the noble efforts they have made to elevate their race against such adverse circumstances? True enough, there are many colored men who cannot read their ballots, who do not fully appreciate the privilege bestowed upon them; but when we see at our own elections in the North carriages employed by political aspirants to carry voters to and from the polls who not care for whom they vote so long as they get their ride, and who would not vote at all were it not for the generous (?) assistance given them, we cannot

but feel that the North is not entirely rid of an undesirable voting class—of a class which corresponds in many respects to the so-called illiterate class of the South.

Another plan that has met with some favor, is that of the migration of the negroes. As the colored people are most interested in this proposition, it would be well to ascertain their opinion. A warm climate has always been the natural home of the negro. The fact that slavery was a distinct institution of the Southern States goes far towards proving this. After the negro was emancipated he still remained in the South, although there was much opposition to him from his former master. In the South he has gained a foothold; there he has acquired all he possesses, and there he will remain despite any inducements that may be offered him to change his home. A compulsory migration to some other part of North America, as has been proposed, would not be successful unless the negroes were practically imprisoned after being removed. This would, of course, be impracticable and impossible. Mr. Gilliam, whose name is often seen in our leading magazines, has even advocated the removal of the mass of negroes to Africa, compulsory, if necessary. It is quite certain that the negroes will not voluntarily migrate to Africa, leaving a country which is as much theirs as it is the whites', in which they feel themselves entitled to the same rights as the whites; and it is quite doubtful if Congress will charter the merchant marine of the world and the armies of Europe to transport forcibly eight millions of negroes to a part of the world which is no more the home of the black race in this country than England, Ireland or Germany is the home of the American whites. Longfellow has painted too vividly the pathetic scenes attending the enforced removal of the Acadians for any friend of justice or humanity to wish

a repetition of that act, so disgraceful to Great Britain, and which will indelibly imprint upon the name and fame of the United States a like stigma should she undertake to follow the policy of Mr. Gilliam.

The policy which has met with the most favor in the North is that of educating the negro people and raising them as far and as quickly as possible to a position which shall make them an honor both to themselves and to the nation. We find the negro people in the South where they have evidently been placed by the Divine ruling of God, and the question for Congress and the people to consider is not how they may be got rid of, not how the country can dodge the question, but how they may be made more efficient citizens, how the animosity existing between the white and black may be blotted out and the two races made one as far as it lies in the power of man. The colored race is still, to a great degree, ignorant and illiterate, despite the great improvement which they have made in the short period of their emancipation. As is true of the immigrants to this country, while a portion of the negroes have risen rapidly to an intellectual and financial equality with the whites, another section has continued to remain in its old condition, and with no more disgrace to themselves than to a similar class of whites who have a much greater incentive to activity than their colored companions in ignorance. It is the latter class with which we have most to do. The school system, which is much inferior to our own, should be improved and be made more directly applicable to the colored children. Industrial schools ought to be established, which should teach the boy carpentering, painting, plumbing, and, in short, how to become a skilled workman, and the girl how to cook, sew and perform the various other household duties. Opportunities should

be offered for those who give promise of intellectual ability to obtain a higher education that will fit them for teachers, doctors, lawyers, ministers and legislators, all of which the South stands in great need of. With such a system of education in addition to the common school system, and with sufficient means for compelling all to attend, the negro race in another quarter of a century would be able to cast an intelligent vote and assume an interest in the state and national governments that would give no cause of alarm to the white people either in the North or the South.

The last subject that will be touched upon is that of the social inequality of the two races. It is this point that contains the greatest difficulty and to which Gladstone refers to when he says the United States has the most puzzling problem of her existence to solve. Here are two races of different color who are living under a common government, whose amalgamation is looked upon by all as impossible, and who do not socially sympathize with each other. Under such circumstances legislation is useless. The only hope lies in the future and what it may reveal. It is possible that with the development of the black race intellectually and financially, color may be put in the background and that which is of more value, true merit, come forward as the true object of their observation. It is also possible, as shown by the census taken once in ten years, that the negroes may in time become the distinct inhabitants of the South, and thus the contact and friction between them and their white neighbors be lessened. All these are mere conjectures. Providence alone can tell what will be the result of the present perplexity.

Delicate—Lasting—Fragrant,
Two New Colors,
Evening Primrose and
Orchard blossoms.
Leslie & Leslie, 16th and Douglas sts.,
Bushman Block.

Scientific Department.

KENNEY BILLINGS Editor.

The Chemistry classes have finished their term's work in qualitative analysis and have derived much pleasure and also experience from the same. By the middle of the term they no more noticed the delightful odor of sulphuretted hydrogen, and most of them did not, as a rule, toss up a penny to see whether zinc was in the solution or not. For the first couple of weeks there were many who made no mistakes, but all these gradually dropped back in the ranks of the rest.

The scholars making the least number of mistakes were Miss Bechel, 9; Miss Byrne, 11; Miss Ella Bonner and Miss Coggeshall, 12. The lowest were two, with 37 apiece. The 1st class made 554 and the second class 703 mistakes, a fine record. Notwithstanding the many mistakes all seemed to enjoy the work thoroughly; and an inquisitive few added to this some individual experimenting showing great perseverance and inventive talent in their work. For instance, one genius mixed ammonia carbonate and hydrochloric acid, and when he received the foaming liquid in his face, calmly wiped it off and tried it again with better results. Some of the others made a mixture from every bottle in the racks, about 25 in number, getting various results as to color and appearance.

A number of the scholars are talking of procuring amateur photographic outfits this summer for their vacation. For any one who desires a very pleasant and profitable recreation a good detective camera is "out of sight." However, we would advise those who wish to get some good pictures, either to hand the developing over to a photographer or to practice a good deal beforehand. The

art of taking a good picture is not learned in a minute, and it compels a person to observe and use his judgment in every step of the process to obtain a nice picture.

Aluminum is appearing very frequently of late in the school, and as numerous questions have been asked by some of the scholars it may not be out of place to give a few of its properties. The pure metal is a very beautiful bluish white color and so soft that it can be cut by a knife, but a small amount of impurities makes it brittle and crystalline. The lightness of this metal is one of its most evident characteristics, as it weighs only a third as much for a given volume as steel, and when alloyed with other metals is fully as strong. There is a bar in the chemical laboratory which invariably makes the person hold it remark upon its lightness. This bar, which cost about \$30 when bought, is worth now only a few cents because of the improved methods of making it. The estimated cost at present is 20 cents a pound by the electrical process and about 25 cents by the chemical method.

The price has not gone down lately because of a peculiar injunction served upon the company using the electrical method. This injunction prevents them from selling aluminum below \$1.50 per pound, and even from increasing their output. This does not seem quite just to the company or to the public either.

The increased price of platinum is running electric light manufacturers rather close in their use of it for connections. Where formerly about two inches were used now only a quarter of an inch is required, thus effecting considerable economy and reducing the price of platinum. When Ninety-One's inventive talent is cast out upon the cold world that member who invents or dis-

covers a material which will form an airtight joint with glass will be a fitting ornament to the class.

A small electric plant is being placed in the cable power house. It consists of two Edison dynamos of about 110 horse power each, run by a line of shafting from the cable engine.

If a person wishes to compare electric and cable railways he can do so very easily by going to that power house and comparing the machinery necessary for the two systems. By far a greater part of the space is occupied by the immense machinery and wheels for the cable lines, while all that there is to the electric plant besides the line of shafting is two dynamos, occupying less than a tenth part of the space, and a small switchboard on the wall.

Of course on such a hill as the Dodge street line the cable is the only practical system at present, but on all the other lines in the city the superiority and convenience of the electric system is very evident, both in first cost, running expense and rapid transit.

The London underground railway, which has been talked about so much, has been so successful that it is being extended and there are already two similar lines being projected in this country, one being to supply the same facilities to New York as to London for rapid transit.

The telephone between Paris and London has been working very successfully for some time, and several other long distance cables are being put down, one from Vienna to Berlin and another from Brussels to Dover.

A new writing telegraph has lately been invented and promises to be very successful.

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

Dedicated by the Author to Mr. G. A. Wentworth and his Geometry.

Jimmy Tree is a very bad boy,
He keeps us busy and bothers our heads,
His only object is to annoy,
And chase us even into our beds.
And Georgie
A. Wentworth, he
Is a backer to Jimmie Tree.

Georgie Wentworth he wrote a book
Biographic of Jimmie Tree;
Lots of precious time he took
Fixing it up for us to see,
For Georgie
A. Wentworth, he
Wants us to study Jimmy Tree.

Jimmy is called both solid and plane,
Lines to prove equal, triangles to flop,
And now, I must say it, he gives me a pain,
If lines don't fit, slide 'em up to the top.
For Georgie
A. Wentworth, he
Knows all there is about Jimmy
Tree.

If an angle's not larger nor smaller, 'tis true-
It will equal another, as all of you know,
Sometimes they ain't equal, don't know what
to dew?

Why, put them together, and let them
fall; so

For the Authoritee
Of our Jimmy Tree
Is always as solid as solid can be.

Teacher she thinks that Jimmy is grand,
Says that there are no flies on him,
Worship that I can't understand;
Think his chances for grace are slim.
This teacher she
Says: "Jimmy Tree
Is just as nice as he can be."

There hangs our fate, O, what will we do?
We must study Jimmy, or lose our term's
work.

We must study like blazes, and draw our lines
true,

For I'm sure we can't pass if Jimmy we shirk,
For the Facultee
Of the O. H. S.

Dooms us to battle with Jimmy Tree.

Pretty tight place we're stuck in now,
If we ever get out we'll go on a spree,
Some how or other, we can't see how,

We may get rid of Jimmy Tree,
And we'll be free,
And Jimmy Tree

May pack up his duds and go to Sea.

F. B. K.

An Object in Life.

"Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife."

These lines from one of our poets seem not inappropriate to place at the head of an article on this subject. For, notice if you will, a herd of cattle being driven along. Do they think or care anything about their destiny? Evidently not. They jostle and hit against one another in the endeavor to keep ahead of their driver; or, maybe they turn aside to satisfy their animal taste with a bit of herbage that appears green and sweet. Now consider for a moment the hero. The very idea brings to our mind a person with an ambition, an object, which he will attain, come what may. And that object is and must be a worthy one. Now in this comparison we must see the contrast between a person with a noble ambition and one without, and I think the picture is true to life.

"But, why should I have an object?" one may ask. Simply for the reason that we were not created to be mere walking blockheads in this world. I believe we were placed here in order that the world might be the better for our having lived in it. And what, I ask, can we accomplish without a worthy object? Great results are not attained in the twinkling of an eye, neither are they often reached by accident. In actual life riches and honor are not apt to come into a person's grasp without an effort being made on the part of that person. They are more likely "to take to themselves wings and fly away." Any great work of literature that has come down to us, was not the production of a mere happy thought, with the energies bent on a single purpose. President Elliot says that whatever ability he has in writing is the result of hard work in that line. It is not because of special

talent that he knows so well how to wield his pen, so much as the practice which he has given himself in order to become a good writer.

Come with me some afternoon along one of our principal business thoroughfares, and with me look into the faces of those lounging there. Can you read character in a face? Well, consider this one,—the face of this man lounging in this doorway. What do you see written on his brow? "I had no object in life, but to get money by means false or fair." And this one here sought pleasure alone, and this even ceased to be a pleasure. Probably neither ever attained the height of their unworthy objects. But what is a worthy object? That a man should develop his powers as far as possible; that he should help his brother man, and be pleasing in the eyes of his Creator. Surely, then, a noble ambition is the best thing a boy can have. It puts animation into his face, joy into his work, and determination into his character. If we wish to make a straight path we must keep our eyes fixed on the goal.

So if we wish to be of any use in this world, if we wish our names to be handed down to posterity as those of persons great and good, let us choose a worthy object for our life's energies and seek with all our might to attain that goal. Let us be sure we are right, then go ahead. Whether we wish to become a farmer, shoemaker, teacher, doctor, lawyer, minister, let us decide and then strive to make the best of ourselves in our line, remembering that "Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world."

If you want your watch repaired take it to Lindsay, the Jeweler, 1516 Douglas street.

A Look Forward.

It is the year 2000 A. D. Five centuries have come and gone since the white man first set foot on the American continent. Two and a quarter centuries have swiftly passed since the young American Republic was launched upon its unknown career. Let us look about us and note the progress of America and her sister empires during the last hundred years.

Our country has been enlarged by the admission of Canada and British America, divided into twenty states, the inhabitants of which are to-day as loyal to our republican institutions as the people of other sections. The northern part of Mexico, divided into five populous states of English speaking people, has also been added to the Republic. To-day the United States comprises the whole of North America, subdivided into seventy states, each represented in the general government in the same manner that the original thirteen were.

Our people by reason of a high protective tariff now manufacture their own goods, employ our own men and use our own capital in supporting our own citizens. The inhabitants of the United States are well fed, well clothed, highly educated and the happiest people on the face of the earth.

The democracies of Central and South America have united in two Republics modeled after the United States, and called respectively Columbia and Brazil.

Unfortunate have been our trans-Atlantic friends. Constant internal troubles have vexed them until, a short time ago, the people rose as one man to overthrow the vile system of government under which they had been living, and formed three Republics, which, though still young, bid fair to become permanent and successful.

The United States was founded on

the doctrine that all men are created free and equal, and should have equal rights and advantages. Her sister empires have gradually been led to see the benefits of such a government and have themselves established similar ones. Long live the Republics! Rex.

The Origin and Growth of the Political Parties.

When the Constitutional Convention was called together at Philadelphia, in 1787, there were no general organized parties such as to-day claim so important a share in the management of the national, state and city politics. Up to that time there had been no such real national life as to divide the people on national lines. The several states had been bound together in 1781, in a confederation, or league, but the states continued to be the real centers of political activity, with different questions agitating the people of the different states, and with but little interest taken in the Congress of Delegates. But in the discussion of 1787 there became manifest two views, which proved to be the formulating principles of two national parties.

The experience of the confederation had taught the delegates to the convention that the centralized government must be strong enough and have authority sufficient to carry out its decrees, and to impress the people with a sense of the national power, as against the almost always diverse and sometimes opposing, desires of the states. But the people of the different states were inclined also to be fearful of the overreaching power of the central government, and the charge was made that the constitution endangered state rights. These two views appeared still more clearly when the constitution came to be submitted to the different states for

ratification. But the need of a national government strong enough to manage the affairs for which it existed, finally convinced the states that they must submit in some measure to a central government, and the constitution was adopted.

The choice of the first president, from the eminent fitness of the man and the desire of all to express their honor of him, was decided almost without the two feelings being considered. Washington was, though not avowedly of either party, really of those who believed in the national government having wide powers, not only in foreign but also in domestic matters; that is, he was of the party which by this time had taken the name of Federalists. In Washington's cabinet were two men, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson, the one of the Federalist party, the other of the party which called themselves Republicans or Democratic Republicans. The influence of these two men on the politics of those times was all important, and their teachings illustrate in some degree the principles of the two parties of to-day; Hamilton standing for Republican and Jefferson for Democratic principles. These men became the leaders in the two fast forming parties, and in this rivalry which grew up and which caused the parties to attend to the better organization of their forces, can be seen the first stages of the intricate party organizations of the present day.

The views of Hamilton at first prevailed and John Adams was elected president. But at the next election the exponent of the Republican idea came into power, and for twenty-five years after 1800, from the election of Jefferson to that of John Quincy Adams, the Republicans were supreme, and the Federalist party ceased to exist, during

these last years, as an organization or as a name, though its chief principles still remained.

The party which was next formed was called the National Republican and afterwards the Whig. It represented generally the views of the old Federalists, such as a centralized government of wide powers; the expenditure of public funds for public improvements; the creating of a strong navy and army, etc., and it found most of its adherents in the northern and middle states, where manufacturing interests were uppermost, and so it favored a protective tariff. The other party—the Democratic—carrying out the principles of Jefferson, was the defender of states' rights and the advocate of a limited amount of power being vested in the national government. It was supported mainly by the south and the farming interests, and therefore was the exponent of free trade, or at least a reduction of duties. In these two parties, then, we see two of the characteristics of the parties of to-day—protection and free trade.

But an even more important issue was now to engage attention. Slavery had become a threatening institution, and the people of the free states were becoming alarmed at the magnitude of the evil. By the Missouri compromise slavery had been forbidden north of lat. 36-30. It was customary to admit a pair of states at a time, one a free the other a slave state. But the available land was, by 1840, almost all north of this line, and so the new states would be free states. Both parties contained men of the free and slave states, and neither party dared to commit itself fully. It was a time of compromises, and the Whig party made the most, and some of a discreditable nature, and finally broke up in 1852-'54, because it failed to meet the slavery question squarely.

The Democratic party now seemed supreme, but out of the remains of the Whig party the Republican party was formed, and, by the fear excited by the Dred Scott decision in 1857, was greatly strengthened, and in 1860, through failure of the Democratic party to decide upon a candidate, succeeded in electing Abraham Lincoln. From that time till now, with the exception of the term of Grover Cleveland's administration, the Republican party has remained in power.

There have been at different times splits and "boltings" in the parties, and even extra parties have run, but these have not been lasting, because their principles of cause have been merely local, or temporary, and have either died out or been adjusted. But there is at present a third party—the Prohibition party—whose views the two chief parties refuse to commit themselves on, which, from this reason and from the importance of the question it presents, seems to forbode a change of some kind in the parties.

The Common June Rose.

BY '90.

A common June Rose in a garden there grew,
Unattended except by the sunshine and dew,
But in their fond keeping it thrived and was fair—
Its myriad blossoms perfumed all the air.

Though humble, 'twas happy—until one bright day,
A lovely La France Rose was carried that way;
Her beauty, patrician and graceful repose
Admired with longing the little June Rose.

"Alas! if I only," she cried, "were La France,
"Like her to be lovely and loved! But"—by chance
Just then a fair maiden came trippingly by,
And when that poor, common Rose met her eye:—

"Oh! come Mamma, see what a beautiful sight!"
She cried, and ran forward full of delight;
And, fancy its bliss, when she buried her nose
In the cool, fragrant heart of that dewy June Rose!

She plucked it—oh, rapture! and bore it straightway
To the sun-lighted parlor,—there—threw away
The fading La France Rose, and put in its place
The common June Rose, in her very best vase!

The moral is plain: those who please at first glance
Don't always wear well, and like Roses La France,
Lack fragrance. 'Tis true that full many like those,
But give me the common-place, modest June Rose.

Our Language Inheritance.

Yes, they are dead! Old Greek and Latin died when those silver tongues were silenced, which were their masters. Demosthenes and Cicero live in the memory of history, and are emulated by modern oratorical aspirants; but what of their ready servants, the so-called dead languages? They are the very means by which history is enabled to preserve the memory of those men of old. If to furnish a record of men and of nations, and still more important, to be the medium for the preservation of the Scriptures down through the ages, were all they had bequeathed us, their memory could not but be sacred.

But this is not all for which we are indebted to them. It is true, they are dead, but what an inheritance they have left us! Nor does this inheritance consist of their fossil remains, any more than his sarcophagus is the real bequest to posterity of one whose life has "turned the world upside down," and left its impress upon the living future.

Men are remembered, not only by what they have done, but still more gratefully by what their bequests are still doing, whether they bequeath fortune to succeeding generations or the continuation of a beneficent influence. But what a *man* can do or give, very feebly typifies our interest in those languages which, though dead, yet speak. Property willed may yield, by judicious investment, tenfold more to the inheritor than it had yielded to the testator. So the languages of the ancients have, by the accumulated interest of centuries, come to be a far more valuable medium for the expression of thought, as incorporated in our kindred modern languages, than they were even to those whom they served so well in their original state.

The classic writers, like faithful stew-

ards, added their quota of usury to the rhetorical and poetic worth of the languages they used. Virgil and Homer, Cicero and Demosthenes, embellished with the riches of their arts, immortalized the memory of their mother tongues. Is it impossible for us to have more than they enjoyed of linguistic elegance and beauty?

Time accumulates interest on a property investment without any exertion on the part of the owner. None the less is it true of language that time and its attendant transformations have done more than the art and diligence of man toward attaining the present degree of perfection of the modern civilized tongues. It has so sifted and skimmed and culled the decaying elements, as well as enriched the chosen parts by combination, that to-day we may have the best in its purest form; the very cream of the best, and an endless variety; in short, the entire accumulation of all past ages from which to enrich our vocabulary.

The science of the growth, change and decay of language has now reached such a height of perfection that to follow—in the minutest details—the whole history of a word, or rather of a word-root, does not mean to give an idle series of conjectures; but it must be done according to rules of word formation as strict and invariable as the rules of the geologist or histologist. In other words, the philologist is a true scientist, collecting and classifying knowledge. If he does his work unerringly, he will take from one of the modern languages some ordinary word, then discovering its identity by unmistakable rules with the same word in kindred languages, will trace them to their common origin, which, if no missing link forbid, will be even back of the Latin or Greek, in the vague Indo-European or Aryan mother

language. He tells *how* our modern tongues are enriched from the word-treasures of the past. Any one can trace out the fact that they are so enriched in the most common everyday words.

As James Russell Lowell says, "We lay Latin bricks with Anglo-Saxon mortar," many words combining affixes of one language with roots of another, and *vice versa*. Then we have perfectly Anglicized forms from two or more old languages, corresponding in meaning and thus enlarging our stock of synonyms; for instance, prison and jail, convention and meeting, congregation and flock, pastor and shepherd, country and land, strength and force. Then from the same root according to its varied transformations in different languages, whole families of words are found, each of which has a synonym from the same origin, but one whose circumstances of growth have been so different through the ages of their transition, that none but the comparative philologist would ever suspect their identity. Thus from an Anglo-Saxon root we have in English, trust, trustworthy, trustful, trustfulness, untrustworthy, etc.; and from the Latin root, *fid*, confident, confidence, confide, diffident, diffidence, perfidy, perfidiousness, and the like. We find the same thing in the Anglo-Saxon verb, *pour*. Its Latin equivalent, *fud*, gives us infuse, effusion, confusion, and almost as many others as there are conjunctions to combine with the root.

Fewer words come to us from the ancient Greek, but they come through no less interesting changes, or rather, the interest in them is chiefly from their modern applications, for they come to us less through the gradual absorption into our language, which the Latin roots undergo, and are more often brought in

bodily to supply a particular need. This is most often the case in the selection of new scientific and technical terms and names, as: geography, orthography, telephone, telegraph, phonograph, zoodont, and many others.

The three immortal words of Cæsar, "*veni, vidi, vici*," illustrate very well how much more this great language inheritance yields us, the heirs, than it yielded its original owners. A comparison of the whole number of Latin derivatives from any one of them with its derivations in English would show how time and man's increasing need for means of expression have enlarged wealth to affluence, and seeming sufficiency to abundance, and even abundance to luxury.

With these thoughts amplified and others aroused in the mind of a classical student, can he fail to find his inheritance profitable, or can he find his share in its propagation a monotonous or thankless task? He must rather view it as a talent which ought to be invested and consider it a bounden duty to do all in his power to multiply the utility of man's most important servant—language.

The Aim of Education.

"Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others and one more important which he gives to himself," were the sentiments which Gibbon expressed in one of his lectures.

The education received at school or college is but a beginning and is valuable inasmuch as it trains the mind to continuous application and study.

Knowledge which is acquired by persevering efforts becomes a possession, a property which no one can take away from us. Nobody knows what he can do until he has tried.

Patience, perseverance and resolute

application are the essential qualifications for success. Look for instance at men of humble station who have risen to distinction in science and literature, and notice what obstacles they have had to overcome in acquiring their knowledge.

We are all familiar with Abraham Lincoln's early life and know that nothing but his unceasing efforts and perseverance gained for him the highest office which the United States could give him.

If there were no difficulties there would be nothing to be achieved.

I think our own active effort is the essential thing, and no books, no teachers, no amount of lessons learned by rote will enable us to dispense with it.

Energy gives a man power to force his way through irksome drudgery and details, and carries him onward and upward in every station of life. Nothing can be achieved without courageous working. Energy and will go hand in hand if we ourselves are upright and honorable,

We *should be so*, as it is the only thing that is wholly ours, and it rests entirely with us whether we give it the right or wrong direction.

Where there is a will there's a way. But we should have some work and play intermingled with our study. Work in moderation is healthy as it educates the body as study educates the mind. It is said that Gladstone, although nearly eighty years of age, can go to the forest and fell a tree with the vigor of his boyhood. The training of a student in the use of tools would, at the same time that it educates him in common things, teach him the use of his hands and arms, therefore, I think Manual Training is one of the grandest branches that to-day exists in the school system of the United States.

Thoroughness and accuracy are two principal points to be aimed at in study. It is not the amount of reading that makes the intelligent man, but it is the concentration of the mind for the time being that helps him.

All progress of the best kind is slow, but he who works faithfully will surely be rewarded.

By thoroughly mastering any given branch we have it at our command ready for use at any moment.

Sometimes we feel disheartened and discouraged but this should make us work all the harder. We learn wisdom from failure more than from success. Washington *lost* more battles than he *won*, yet he was successful.

By means of a good education we can make advancement in life, that is, obtain a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable and honorable. With a good education we can the more easily get into good society—society that will elevate and benefit us.

There is no standing still—either we must go forward or backward. Self-respect is the noblest garment in which we can clothe ourselves. As the *thoughts* are so will the *acts* be. When struggles have been endured, obstacles overcome and difficulties have been mastered, we have reached the highest round on the ladder of fame. I think most of us will honestly admit that the chief object of an education is not to fill the mind with one or more subjects, but rather to so enlarge our intelligence that we may make ourselves more useful in whatever field of life we may be called.

WIN. SARGENT.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

An impartial examination into the existing relations between employees and employed, or in other words between Capital

and Labor, shows that a strong feeling of jealousy has found a place in the minds of the working class, respecting capitalists.

From being accustomed to contend with capitalists, and that in no friendly spirit on many occasions for advance of wages, a large proportion of the working men have adopted the notion that capital is the natural enemy of labor, instead of being, as asserted by political economists, its natural cherisher or support. It is to be regretted that such an error should exist. An error that must tend to produce alienation and distract where it is desirable that unity should prevail. While it must be admitted that the condition of the working class is not what it might be, or what the advanced knowledge of all will ultimately make it, yet their irritations, however national, find wrong objects in capital and capitalists. It is trite to say that capital is nothing but the sure and accumulated results of labor—which have been spared from the gains of industry to promote further exertions. This is what the service of political economy tells us, and common observation everywhere proclaims the same truth. Nearly all the immense establishments in the manufacturing districts may be traced to the small earnings of poor operatives, who from the smallest beginnings, have, by frugality, prudence, skill and unremitting industry, raised themselves to positions of wealth and importance in the commercial world. But it may be claimed that working men, when they become capitalists, acquire new views and new sympathies, and immediately begin to act as the enemies of the working class. They are certainly in a new position, but they are not necessarily the enemies of their former friends.

It was formerly their interest that wages should be as high as possible; now, being employers, it is their interest that

wages should be as low as possible. But is hostility a proper word for their new relation? It would be just as reasonable to say that you and your grocer are enemies. To seek in one place to make labor as cheap as possible, is as legitimate and fair, as to seek in the other, to make it dear. The human being is in both cases pursuing legitimately the cause which he thinks most suitable to his interests. It is folly to quarrel with fair and reasonable efforts of either labor to elevate, or capital to depress wages; for by what other means can the balance be attained which is likely to be just to both parties?

In these statements, capitalists must not be confounded as is often the case, with speculators, "who toil not, neither do they spin." What is meant are capitalists who invest in and carry on productive industry, which, in the main, is a thing for the benefit of the masses. It should be borne in mind, at least five-sixths of the boasted, yet condensed profits of manufacturing capital go into the pockets of the working class. Nor should it be supposed, from these observations, that the writer would like to see the working class become the unthinking instruments in the hands of the employers, or cease to pursue their own interests in a right way. All that is contended for, is that there is no reason for viewing the employers with a hostile feeling. In reality, whatever be the evils under which the manufacturing class suffer, none of them are inflicted in ordinary circumstances, either by the employer upon the working men, or by working men upon employers. They proceed from sources quite foreign from the whole class. The interests of employers and employed are essentially identical.

When the profits of capital are high, the wages of labor are good; when low, the wages are reduced. All the efforts of all the men on earth could not change the

laws, for they are based among the roots of human nature itself. When profits are good, manufacturers are anxious to have work done; but when they are low, they are induced to retain working men by a reduction of wages.

The only alternative is bankruptcy, and that means a more serious loss to working men than to the bankrupt.

Those who unthinkingly take up and voice the demagogic cry of "bloated capitalists," as applied to manufacturers, should be informed that there are and have been but few manufacturing concerns that have been successful—that have not failed because the profits were a *minus* quantity, and none of the successful ventures have realized more than a fair profit. Workmen should consider what a vast army of operators are supported and benefited by the productive capitalists. Let workmen seek by every fair and peaceful means to better their condition and interests, but not by hostility or hostile feeling toward the birds that lay the golden eggs. '87.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

Canada has forty colleges, Brazil, forty-five; and India, eighty.

The University of Michigan has more graduates in Congress than any other institution.

The present endowment of Cornell is not far from \$6,000,000, of which \$1,500,000 is in buildings and apparatus.

Foot ball in any form has been strictly prohibited by the authorities of the University of Heidelberg, Germany.

American colleges derive two fifths of their income from students, while English universities obtain only one-tenth from that source.

Wendell Baker, Harvard, '86, ran 200 yards at the Berkley Oval, recently, in

20 seconds, thus breaking the world's record for that distance.

A society composed of non-graduating men has been organized at the North-western University. It is called the Massasoits, and has about 50 members.

Connecticut claims the honor of producing a larger proportion of college graduates than any other state. The proportion is one to five hundred and forty-nine.

"The Red and Blue" of the University of Pennsylvania offers a prize for the best translation of certain French selections. It also offers a prize for the best story.

The Princeton faculty has decided that no special student will be allowed to play in any university athletic team, until after he has been in college for two terms or one year.

Princeton has outgrown its gymnasium and temporary improvements are to be made to relieve the present over-crowded condition.

One man in five thousand takes a college course in England; in Scotland, one to six hundred and fifteen; in Germany, one in two hundred and thirteen; and in the United States, one in about two thousand.

The council of the University of the City of New York has made a public appeal for assistance to increase its endowment from about \$235,000 to \$500,000. Three professorships and additional classroom facilities are the present needs.

It seems likely that the long needed science building at Williams College will shortly be built. The \$100,000 left Williams by the late J. B. Fayerweather, will help in this matter very materially. A new dormitory is greatly

needed, as the present dormitories are filled to overflowing. Since President Carter was called to the presidency in 1881, almost a million dollars have been given to the college—a fact that speaks well for the management.

Dr. Washington Gladden has finished his work entitled "Who Wrote the Bible," in which he proposes to give "to the masses," frankly and fully, the sure results of higher criticism," *i. e.* such as he is "sure" of.

A gigantic pendulum—a bronze wire a hundred metres long, with a steel globe weighing ninety kilogrammes at the end—has been suspended in the Eiffel Tower, to demonstrate visibly the motion of the earth.

Mr. Thomas A. Janvier's new book, "Stories of Old New Spain," is just published. It has been said that Mr. Janvier's fascinating tales of life in Mexico and our Southwest form a new page in our literature, for the author has preserved the coloring atmosphere and character of the life as vividly as Kipling has delineated certain phases of life in India.

An English paper thinks that Sidney Lanier will be regarded as one of the greatest of American poets.

Macaulay's essay on the Earl of Chatham has been edited by W. W. Curtis, A. M., for the "Student's Series of English Classics." The essay in this convenient form is to be used in the list of required studies for admission to the colleges of England. A chronology of the life of Macaulay and one of the life of Pitt, with an introduction containing quotations from different authors, open the volume.

The Australian Ballot System.

When a community attains a rank among the enlightened nations of its age, and its institutions acquire a pre-eminence among those of civilized mankind as types of liberty and progress, it is apt to abandon those principles to which its success has been due. With some such reflection as this must the American commonwealth look upon the subject of ballot reform.

The constitution of the United States provides that the government shall be a government of the people, for the people and by the people; and in order to declare the will of the people it provides for frequent elections. If these elections are fraudulent, if they are carried on by bribery and intimidation, the object of the election is not secured, and the fundamental principle of the founders of the government—that the government shall be by the people—is abandoned.

In American politics, instances of election carried on by intrigue and bribery have arisen sufficient to cause the righteous indignation of the law-abiding citizens. As a representative case, a county treasurer in one of our states, in the presence of his fellow-citizens, stated that he did not consider ballot-box stuffing a crime, but a necessity; that a man who stuffed a ballot-box in case of race-supremacy would not forfeit either his social or business standing, and the act was looked upon, as far as he knew, as a choice between necessary evils. Instances might be cited where voters have been intimidated, officials bribed, and legislatures bought, until the people have pleaded for reform.

Under the present system, monopolists can spend unlimited sums of money to secure elections favorable to their interests; and to be sure that their expenditures are effective, they can give their hirelings their party ticket and watch them deposit it. Employers on whom hundreds

of men and families are dependent for their daily support, can easily compel employees to vote as they wish them, through fear of the loss to be sustained by refusal. This loss of employment to them means much, as it may cost the sacrifice of home and family.

This high-handed encroachment upon one of the most sacred rights of the American citizen has led to the adoption of the Australian ballot system in many of our states. Though varying somewhat in detail in different governments, its essential characteristics are about the same in all. The system provides in general that the ballots are to be printed by the state, and that they shall contain the names of all the candidates of all the parties. At the polling place the ballots are to be kept in an enclosure behind a railing, and no ballot can be brought outside, under penalty of fine or imprisonment. One ballot is to be nailed against the wall outside the railing, so that it may be read at leisure. The space behind the railing is to be divided into separate booths quite screened from each other. The voter goes behind the railing, takes the ballot which is handed him, carries it into one of the booths, and marks a cross opposite the names of the candidates for whom he votes. He then puts his ballot into the box, and his name is checked off on the register of voters of the precinct. In case of illiteracy, if a man under oath declares that he is unable to read his ballot, an officer is allowed to interpret it to him, but he is required to do his own marking.

This plan, though simple, enables a voter to cast his ballot in absolute secrecy. It keeps designing politicians away from the polls. It is favorable to independence in voting, and it is unfavorable to bribery; for unless the briber can follow his man to the polls and see how he votes, he cannot be sure that his bribe is effective.

Ballot reform is not simply theoretical,

for it has now been adopted by twenty-one of our own states, and by the most successful governments of Europe. England's need of such a reform was a pressing one, and she was among the first to adopt the system. The once famous boroughs which sent representatives to Parliament had so degenerated during the Tudor and Stuart periods, and so fallen into the hands of oligarchic rule, that in some instances but six freemen were left to select two of their number as representatives in Parliament. The Crown then found it profitable to intrigue with the municipal government, with the ultimate object of influencing Parliamentary elections. The subsequent history was one of dickering and dealing, jobbery and robbery. Monopolists were licensed, titles and public offices were bartered, criminals, on payment of small sums, avoided punishment. The result was crime, poverty and distress.

By the great Municipal Corporation Act of 1835, England was benefited. The rotten boroughs were disfranchised, representation was given to the new towns, and suffrage was made almost universal. The climax of reform, however, was not yet attained. After that date, historians tell us, that one of the commonest facts in British elections was the controlling influence exercised by large customers over tradesmen of all sorts. Landlords intimidated their tenants, and marched detachments to the polls to vote in their interests. Employers coerced their workmen; trades-unions coerced their members. In large cities hired mobs often patrolled the streets, keeping away hostile voters, and intimidating those who ventured to the polls. This evil continued until the adoption of the Australian ballot system in 1872.

English authorities declare that the system is a complete success; that the benefit derived therefrom is beyond com-

parison; that the people are now practically self-governing, and that, as a result, English politics of to-day has no precedent in English history.

In monarchies, we know the government rests with a few by hereditary descent, while subordinate offices only are filled by the people. If corruption in these minor offices is precarious to monarchies, how disastrous must it be to a republic where all the offices are filled by the people!

Is it wise for any government in this enlightened age, having England's history as a precedent, to allow its institutions to become so degraded and so controlled by avaricious monopolists that its fundamental principles are destroyed? And in America, where our public morality and our beneficent republican institutions have been purchased at the price of centuries of bloodshed, suffering and sacrifice; shall we, for the consideration of a few paltry dollars, allow our body politic to be contaminated by such evils?

We think naturally of Nebraska. With glad eyes we see the great reform inaugurated within our own commonwealth. Under her guardian care, who can deter the political future of our State? With her illiteracy least of all the states in our Union; with her vast acreage to be transformed by irrigation into a Garden of Eden; with her political destiny in the hands of competent and honorable men, nominated by a purified body politic, and elected by an honest ballot, there is no hope too high for her to cherish, there is no position too proud for her to occupy.

FRANK H. WEAD.

"Did you see my boy, Willic, this morning?"

"Yep."

"Where was he going?"

"The other way, mum."

"That's like him; he always was contrary."—Ex.

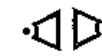
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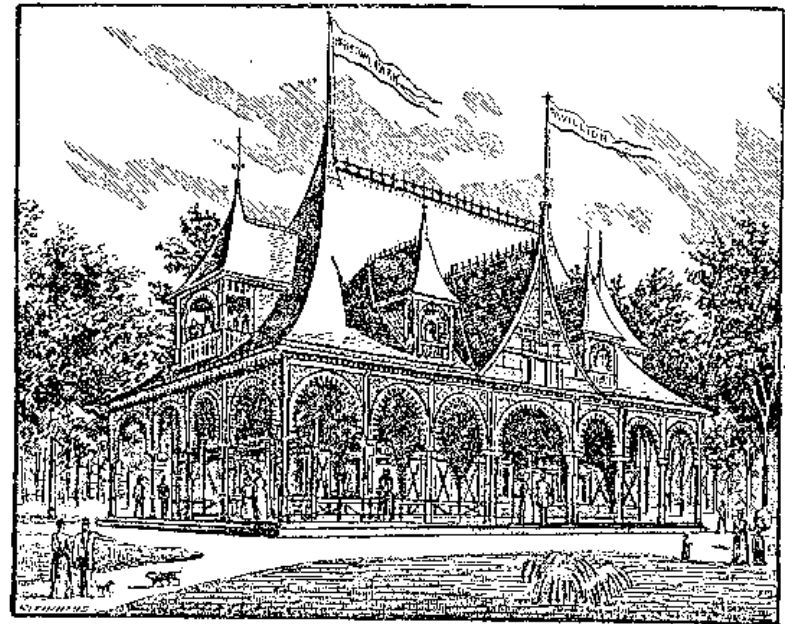
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