

Nov. '91. ★
Vol. VI.
No. 3.

High School Register

In the
Interest
of the
Omaha
High School.

Price
Ten
Cents.

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The High School Register

DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO.

VOL. VI. OMAHA, NEB., NOVEMBER. NO. 3.

THE REGISTER

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

EDITORIAL STAFF.

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 JESSIE POTWIN, '94,
 NORWOOD AYERS, '94,
 ELLA PHELPS, '95,
 HERBERT HAMBLET, '95

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

CALENDAR.

OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.
 Homer P. Lewis, Principal.
 Irwin Loviston, Ass't Principal.
 M. W. Richardson, Librarian.
 Number of teachers, 23
 Number enrolled students, 687
 CLASS OF NINETY-TWO.

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 Miss Helen Black, '94, Teller.
 Miss S. Leisenring, '95, Teller.
 Charles E. Morison, '92, Book-keeper.

Mr. Russell Wilbur, '93, having resigned, we are sorry to say, his place on the Staff of THE REGISTER, Mr. Will Welshans, '93, will succeed him.

The boys who "haunt" the basement hall at noon would find it more pleasant if they would congregate in their rooms and eat their lunches there and it would not be so annoying to the teacher who has charge of the lower part of the building.

The Sophomore class is going to make its mark yet. They have now started a Debating society and it is already on a fair way to success. This is something no Tenth-grade class has ever done before and the members are to be congratulated for the energy they have shown. THE REGISTER is ready and will gladly give any aid within its power toward the forwarding of any such organization.

The Senior boys are "bustlers" for sure. They have now started a quintette club from their number, consisting of a quartette assisted by a cornet. They are now practicing diligently and hope to be able to accomplish something by the end of the year. Miss Arnold instructs them every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. It seems as though the young ladies of the class ought to be able to get up something of the kind. There is a good deal of good material among them and it may be of great value to the class about Commencement time. It's a good thing, at any rate, and worth trying.

The members of the Junior Literary Society are to be congratulated for the neatness and general appearance of their pins, which are entirely different from last year's. The only objection that could be made to them is that they look rather frail, which might have been obviated by having the convex bands a little wider.

THE REGISTER is glad to note that the Savings Bank is doing a prosperous business among the scholars and it is to be hoped that more of them will patronize it. It is a good place to start an account now and by putting in ten cents or so each week at the end of the year it will amount to quite a little sum. The Bank is open every Monday after school in the Ninth-grade room and all the scholars are invited to make a deposit, no matter how small. Let the institution prosper.

"FOUGHT FOR THEIR COLORS," is the heading of an article in one of our daily papers concerning a "battle" between the Freshmen and Sophomores of the Syracuse University, N. Y. May be the participants didn't consider the disgrace of such an affair, but it is to be hoped that when one reaches that age they should be able to settle disputes with their brains and not like animals, by physical force. The most disgraceful part of the affair was, that no regard, as to the sex, was paid by either side.

We are very much dissatisfied at the little interest taken by most of the scholars in their school paper. Nearly every High School of any size in the country has a paper, and surely ours, which has the reputation of being as fine as any in the country, should be near the head of the list. To make the paper what it ought to be we need your aid,

and once more we ask you for contributions. Not nearly as many of the scholars have subscribed as ought to. Surely it is not the price that makes you hesitate. So hand in your subscriptions, those of you who have not already subscribed, and rest assured that the more subscribers there are the better the editors will be able to make the paper.

Notes.

Coughing.

Continue!!!

"Minus M—O?"

Aren't we enterprising?

Patronize our advertisers.

L. G. "Blood lately extracted."

"Who used a sling, Miss S—y?"

And S—e got a blue card after all!

"Where did you get that 5, Miss T?"

A fur boa makes a handy jumping rope.

Miss B— is quite an animal (?) trainer.

"How about that lock of hair Mr. C—?"

The cry of the girls, "I want a beau."

See Stephens & Smith's fall neckwear.

Comes high but we must have it—the sun.

"Bells! Bells!! Bells!!! How appropriate."

WANTED—A soprano yell for the Seniors.

The Senior Colors at last. Aren't they pretty?

Which are you Henry, yourself or your brother?

Assaying done in short order—Wm. Bartlett.

Say, Corkie, you know lots about girls, don't you?

"If you boys are too long just sit on the desks."

"Say, will this acid turn a brown card blue, Mr. T?"

What interesting special sessions in chemistry.

Say, Henry, did the girls have their apparatus on?

Harvest doesn't come in the spring-time, Mr. Morrow.

"Say, you know my J. L. S. pin, well, I've"—"so have I."

The "Gossip Room" is just as popular as ever, isn't it, girls.

Mr. H. couldn't sacrifice his pompousness even to science.

Miss B— must have great control over her pedal extremities.

Oh! I wish Henry was here to translate this Virgil for me.

Mr. B. has discovered a *Classical* yell for '93 in the Anabasis.

After the social we will reconsider it and postpone it a week.

Bright pupil (in Caesar)—Then they renewed the battle again.

"Dilute the Ca (OH.) to the thinness of cream, Omaha cream."

Mr. B. thinks the love scene in "The Tempest" worth studying.

There seems to be a good deal of minstrel material in the school.

Miss P. feels the cold excessively in the fourth hour Literature.

The O. H. S. savings bank is flourishing like a "green bay tree."

Mr. B. (in Greek class)—"They struck the pian and the allua."

Question.—"Who was the heroin of the story?" Answer.—"Cato!"

Sometimes when people look into other people's eyes they're sorry for it.

"Who is the 'Hon. Mr. Naugle' who was absent from the singing class?"

Will H. T. please explain why Caesar wanted to get away from *California*?

When down-town leave your watch at Lindsay's for repairs. 1516 Douglas.

Don't be a sponge and absorb all the news from your neighbor's REGISTER.

An over-turned book-case sometimes causes much action in certain directions.

"You girls just be women, and after while you'll be angels."—(Miss Crowley.)

What a consolation the NH-OH bottle is to those scholars who have colds.

In last month's *Century* we see a poem by James Herbert Morse. That you, Bert?

The Rhetoricals are improving every week, but just wait till we begin over again.

Copied from the *Junior Warbler*: "Wanted by J. L. Houston, a pair of long pants."

The Junior girls are rejoicing in a mirror which graces one of the dressing rooms.

A young lady astonished the astronomy class by saying "light is made up of hydrogen."

W. W. found it necessary to use the "conjunctions modestiae" in his closing remarks.

It was so perplexing; there was both a long light hair and a dark one on his coat-sleeve.

It's remarkable how those weak little chest tones develop as soon as I leave the room.

In German: Teacher—"To what gender does 'Löffel' belong?" Pupil—"The Genitive."

Primus—"What light refreshments we had the other eve!" Secundus—"Yes, light but match-less."

Some one in History class informed us that William, Prince of Orange, was the wife of Mary II.

Mr. L.—“Be careful, Miss A—that you don't fall into something besides Physics back there.”

Examine the line of fall and winter underwear at Stephens & Smith's, 105 North Sixteenth street.

The young lady who recently married an Indian evidently found him a Siouxfable Sioux-tor. Next!

Literature teacher (to class)—“Now, to-morrow, I want you to bring your Longfellows with you.”

Who is it that writes on yellow paper, borrows (?) other people's lunches and then leaves a card of thanks?

Ticket Fiend:—“You will hear a fifty-cent concert for 25 cents, therefore saving a quarter by buying a ticket.”

Ask a certain Junior maiden about “her own sweet Will,” and she will ask you very innocently “which will?”

If you see one or two boys and two or three girls go into a room by themselves, don't mind; it's only a committee meeting.

Freshman (in his dreams at end of first week):—“*Gallia est divisa X 2 X equals*—Hawkins.” This was probably too vivid.

At a Progressive Conversation Social not long ago, beautiful rosy-cheeked apples were passed after the topic, “Eve's Temptation.”

Mr. Beals, in Astronomy class—“What if I should give you reports for the month?” (An artist would liked to have seen the faces).

The lunchers in the Zoology room were entertained by two recitations from one of the Rhetoricals. They were heartily applauded.

On the Eleventh-grade Blackboard: “Lost—Physics No. 108, Latin Grammar No. 5. Return to seat 86. Where, O where, have they gone?”

“Persons in the back seats have a snap don't they?” “Yes; a very warm or very cold snap though.”

Teacher—“Where is the heart situated?” S.—“In the thoracic duct between the kidneys.”

Stranger (in H. S. building):—“What's all that noise; sounds like somebody calling?” One of de gang—“Oh! that's only our Hell-cution class.”

The Seniors are enjoying their Elocution class in the hall on the third floor, where they take by storm any stray Ninth grader that comes along.

The young gentlemen of the High School will find an elegant selection of men's furnishings at Stephens & Smith's, 105 North Sixteenth street.

Heard in Chemistry:—“It tastes like Sunday School lemonade.” “This makes me tired.” “You are too fresh. Stand under that sputtering salt.”

First scholar (hearing the male quartette in the gymnasium.)—“There is music in the air.” Second scholar—“No, there's an air in the music.”

Irreverence:—“Say, are you a Senior?” Dignity:—“Yes, certainly; why do you ask?” Irreverence:—“Oh, I thought I senior up in the Twelfth-grade room.”

Teacher in History—“Now, Miss H., tell us all you can about Galileo.” Miss H.—who hasn't been paying attention—“Oh! Galileo invented astronomy.”

Teacher to Mr. McC—“You may read your transcript.” Mr. McC—“I once knew a mining town.” Teacher—“You must have had a wide acquaintance.”

Pupil.—“Is not the horizon and the ecliptic the same thing?” Teacher—“Certainly not.” P.—“Why not?” T.—“Does the sun pass around the horizon?” And the pupil not seeing the point again plies the question: “Why not.”

Heard one Tuesday: First boy—“Wonder if the Gym. is open?” Second boy—“Let's see.” Both (one minute later)—“Rats.”

Some Senior girls want to change their names. Of course it is only because they come near the first of the Rhetoricals, nevertheless we hope to receive invitations.

A gentleman, congratulating a Senior young lady upon her exalted position, said, “Now you are a Senior, I suppose you are *very dignified*. How nice it must seem.”

Stolen fruit is always sweetest—such must have been the case with that apple enjoyed by three Senior girls in American Literature; was it not, Misses A—, B—, and H?

Teacher—“And the worst of it is the instigators of the whole thing look so very innocent that you'd never think of suspecting them.” Who *could* he have meant?

Some suggestions for a name for the institution corresponding to the old Seventh Hour, are: Afternoon Tea, The Reception, Evening Performance and The Gas-light Gathering.

Written introductions may prove to be quite the rage in the study-room. Certain it is they cause considerable amusement. It is one of the few cases where a third party is quite permissible.

“I understand Deal W. '90 has just returned from an extended trip through Iowa and Nebraska during which time he has been trying to raise it.” “Raise what?” “His mustache, of course.”

When the fifth-hour Caesar class enters “Sinner's Hall,” there is a general wrinkling up of noses, whipping out of handkerchiefs, vigorous brushing, gathering together of skirts and the exclamation, “Somebody's been eatin' lunch!”

A little while ago some one in a certain Physiology class said that the organs of digestion were the heart, lungs and liver.

The Senior Rhetoricals have proven quite a success so far. An invitation is extended to Miss Marie Parker, '91, who visited one of them not long ago, to attend them all as far as it may suit her convenience.

Found:—A piece of poetry in the Eleventh-grade room, not long since, which is written to the tune of a popular song. The writer, if not dead by this time, may have the same by addressing THE REGISTER.

Sometime ago a tin-type, somewhat resembling two “familiar faces,” was handed among the girls to look at. Above were the words, “We are such stuff as dreams are made of.” Below, “A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

Teacher in Rhetoric:—“Mr. Andrews, change the sentence, ‘They found him where they left him,’ so as to deny the contrary.” Bright Mr. A:—“They did not find him where they did not leave him.” (Convulsions.)

On December 3d and 4th the ladies of the Westminster Presbyterian Church will hold a bazar at 1212 Park avenue, for the benefit of the organ fund. Supper will be fifty cents. High School scholars are cordially invited to attend.

An exchange gives the idea for the following chemical romance:

Said Atom unto Molly Cule,
Will you unite with me?
And Molly Cule did answer back,
There's no affinity.

Teacher in Elocution—“Now, the young gentlemen will find their backs quite strong, no doubt, and will need no support. The girls are accustomed to have some support for their bodies.” Voice from Henry's location;—“That's why us boys are so strong!”

The Senior cloak-room has been christened "Gossip Hall", by the boys, of course. How's this for good advice from Georgie B:

"There is something we should know one and all,
'Tis not proper, 'tis not right to gossip in the hall."

Once there was a Junior, a maid fair to look upon. Dilligently in truth did she apply herself to her tasks. Neither to the right hand nor to the left did she cast her eyes, whereat those on the left hand did marvel greatly. But behold a Sophomore, a goodly youth, appareled in Knickerbockers, with eyes of azure blue, did appear, and lo, things have changed, yea, verily.

Personal.

Miss Maud Church, of '90, is a teacher at the Hickory school.

Miss Hungate, of '91, visited Miss Crowley one afternoon after school.

Miss Lulu Wearn reports rapid progress among the cadets at the Normal.

We have heard from "Fanny" Baker, '91, from the far-off wilds of New Mexico.

Miss Mary E. Brunner, '89, is now a substitute teacher at the West Side school.

We hear that Miss May Sargent, '91, has been studying cooking since she left the O. H. S

Miss Lila Alexander, formerly of '92, paid a flying visit to some of her friends at noon, the other day.

Mr. Arther D. Knight, of '90, now of Irvington, attended the Y. P. S. C. E. convention at Kearney, where he was welcomed by old friends.

Miss Margaret McKell is absent from school with the scarlet fever. The entire class miss her exceedingly, and hope she may soon be among them again.

THE REGISTER is pleased to acknowledge the receipt of some memorandum books from Mr. William Shannon, formerly of '92, but now of the B. & M. Railway.

Miss Agnes Donaghue, '94, had a very painful accident in the Gymnasium recently. She fell from the swinging ladder and was taken home rather dazed. It is to be hoped it will not result seriously.

Mr. Howard, who recently left us for the Stanford University, Cal., kindly remembered us with papers from that place containing a full description of the University and surroundings, and also of the opening exercises.

804.

The Western-bound express was standing for a few minutes at a station, when the engineer, who had been looking out of his cab window, turned to the fireman with a chuckle, saying, "Here they come."

And sure enough, they were already there. A passenger on the train, Mr. L., who was a friend of both, had asked permission to bring two young ladies for a ride on the great iron horse. The girls were helped into the cab, introduced to those in charge, and then took their places opposite the engineer, each with a window to look out upon the broad prairies, across which the tumble weeds were carried, the pretty little towns and honey farms along the way. They were fairly seated, the conductor shouted "all aboard," the engineer opened the throttle and the engine sprang forward, and rapidly gaining headway, quivered as she fairly flew over the rails. Mr. L.— stood near the engineer, and all were watching to see how the visitors should comport themselves. They looked around with considerable curiosity, at first, having never been in an engine before.

They seemed not to think of any accident, but trusted themselves entirely to the care of the engineer. The furnace, ever yawning open like the mouth of some huge beast of prey to devour everything given it, seemed to interest them most. Constantly did the fireman try to satisfy its hunger but without seeming success, and constantly did the iron being spring forward with rattle and roar. Hark! the whistle is blowing, the rope has been handed the girls and the girls are ringing the bell. They rush past the waiting people at the depot and then quietly settle down to wait 'till all are on, then off again. "Now" said Mr. L—"we have come to a place where for forty miles the track is perfectly straight and level. I suppose, George"—turning to the fireman—"when you come to such roads as this, you rest back, for it is so perfectly safe." A peculiar smile was the only answer, but it did not escape the watchful eye of one of the girls. A moment later she leaned toward him. "Did you ever have an accident on this level stretch?" she asked in a please-tell-me-a-story tone. "Watch this side of the track Miss, just before you reach that little house yonder," was the reply. The land which seemed so level was suddenly scooped out on both sides of the track which seemed to curve ever so slightly, so that until you were within a few feet of it nothing but smooth level prairie land was visible. It all flashed before her in a second, then the fireman rang the bell and waved his hand to some one standing at the window of the little brown house. Then between the shovelful of coal which he threw into the furnace, the fireman told them this story: "Almost four years ago I first fired on this road and have been here ever since. Both the engineer and I were new to the road, so it was very easy for that tumble in the land back there to fool us. One night it

was as black as a black cat, but we came whizzing along just on time. I was thinking of Jennie, my sweetheart; she lived just there, you know; she is my wife now, and I will never forget that I owe my life to her, as did many another poor wretch who was on that train that night." He stopped to lay the dust around them with a generous douse of water, directed the girls to ring the bell for the little town, and when they steamed up again he continued: "I will make a long story short. Just before we reached that place I was watching out pretty closely, for Jennie always had a lamp in the window when it was too dark to see her. Suddenly on that track just ahead of the engine stood Jennie. It was about this time of year, but she hadn't a thing around her, her white face looking up from the black dress. She waved something at us and we turned on the air-brakes mighty quick I tell you, and then I saw her fall, not on the track but backwards, and then the engine jumped the track the other way. Jim shouted 'jump' and we both did and were not hurt badly. The engine went clear off into the ditch and the baggage-car after it, both badly wrecked; but will you believe it, not another car left the track. And Jennie—his voice shook a little—we went back and found her on the side of the track in the ditch where she had fallen. She was lying with her head against the rails which had been thrown from the track. We carried her to the house; she has been pretty much of an invalid ever since. We were married as soon as she could sit up and I'll bet you a farm you can't find a happier couple in Nebraska; no, nor in the whole country. Who had wrecked the train? We never knew; whether they were scared away, or what, I am sure I do not know."

"No, this isn't the same engine; it was

brand new then, and when the whole story came out they just named her Jennie and numbered her 804. That's all."

"Now, girls," said Mr. L., "arn't you most tired of riding on an engine?" which implied that he was. So with many thanks for the ride and the story the young ladies took their departure.

But never will they forget their first and last ride on 804.

MISMAC.

A Backward Glance.

If we could look back ten years or so to a certain morning in September we might see a sunny-faced girl of twelve climbing the old east hills to the High School and tugging along by her hand a sturdy little lad arrayed in kilts, with an immense pocket in front, who is evidently making his way for the first time up the old steps to assume the responsibilities of an American school-boy.

The doors of the great building, which have sent forth an army of equipped men and women for the world's great battle since that day, open and receive them, and the lad's school life has begun.

A few years pass swiftly and a wonderful transformation has taken place. The girl of that morning is now our highly esteemed teacher of Ninth-grade Latin, and the lad in kilts has now become a struggling junior, with the deep furrows of care and Cicero on his brow. Still, even yet, when he watches a game of Pullaway from the east window he wishes that he might shake half a dozen years from his shoulders and join in the fray where he might once more honestly earn a torn jacket, as he did so often in days gone by. Often when he sadly picks up his over-coat from the center of the coat-room floor and brushes out the heel-marks, or when he extracts his Derby from under the radiator and smooths out the crush in its side, he wishes once more

for the days when hats could be jammed into side-pockets, and when overcoats were unknown. Many an hour has he spent in that very coat-room in "durance vile" doing penance for some broken rule, and slyly extracting choice bits from lunch baskets to beguile away the time. Almost every spot in the old building is connected with some remembrance to him, and only the other day a long, white stain on the basement floor brought a thrill over his mind long before his memory could recall the fact that he had once come to grief by tipping over a keg of white lead on that very spot.

He well remembers how he used to gather apples from a long-vanished orchard across the street, and how at the risk of life and limb he used to study his Grammar lesson, always the great dread of his existence, out on the eaves from the fourth-story windows, and where his initials are still registered in deep, unseemly scratches. He might almost be said to be to the High School what Dicken's 'Little Dorrit' was to the Marshalsea, for he was almost raised within the yard boundaries, and whatever little "book-larnin'" he may be the possessor of has been absorbed within the four walls of our dear old O. H. S.

W. B. W., '93.

Of '91.

The pleasing news comes from Harvard that in the entrance examinations, out of the fourteen candidates who passed without conditions in a class of one hundred and twenty-five young men, two were Omaha boys, both graduates of the High School, Kenney Billings, son of Dr. Billings, and Oscar Quick, son of Martin Quick. This should be a matter of congratulation to Mr. Lewis, of the High School, who takes an interest in his boys who go East to enter the old colleges. —*Omaha Excelsior*.

Exchanges.

We cannot see how it is that we have just received a June number of *The Ecritean*, University Place, Lincoln, Nebraska. We also received a September number of good general appearance.

The Owl, Rockford, Illinois, might be improved by a change of form.

We respectfully suggest that the *Cony Student* avoid the use of red ink on the cover.

! *The Racquet*, Portland, Maine, in a recent number, has a good little poem by "Crumbs," entitled "In a Mirthful Mood." The paper, as a rule, is good.

The Industrial School Courier, Kearney, Nebraska, might be improved by change of type and style of cover.

We congratulate Carleton Macy, of *The Academy*, Worcester, Massachusetts, on his success in getting advertisements.

Why don't *The Premier*, Fall River, Massachusetts, decrease the size and increase the number of pages of their otherwise most excellent paper.

The editors of *The Critic*, New Haven, Connecticut, deserve great credit for the work which they evidently have done in improving their paper. Success to them.

Will *The Oracle*, Malden, Massachusetts, please cut its pages before sending out its bi-weekly?

Among the exchanges received this month are the following: *The Record*, Canandaigua, N. Y.; *The High School Herald*, Westerfield, Massachusetts; *H. S. Herald*, Jersey City, N. J.; *The Cadet*, Denver, Colo.; *The Cue*, Albany, N. Y.; *Rutland H. S. Notes*, Rutland, Vt.; *E. H. S. Enterprise*, Lynn, Mass.; *The Levee*, Colorado Springs, Colo.; *The H. S. Record*, Woonsocket, R. I., and *The Brimfield Bugle*, Brimfield, Massachusetts. Last month we neglected to acknowledge the *H. S. Bulletin*, whose ideas, concerning the value of an exchange column, are excellent.

The Palo Alto, of Leland Stanford Junior University, Palo Alto, California, is a good paper, coming from an excellent institution.

The Alphan, Owatonna, Minn., has a good parody in their "Senior's Incantation."

in a second. She watched him closely and what she saw was a boy of about her own age, poorly clad, but with a bright, intelligent face. How could he must be without mittens or overcoat, and she thought of her brother who at that moment was sound asleep and knew nothing of the hardships which some boys had to endure. By this time the object of her interest had disappeared up the street.

All day Phillis thought of what she had seen in the morning. She wished that this poor boy might have something for which to be thankful on the morrow. Perhaps he did not even know that there was such a day as Thanksgiving. If she could only get her brother Alf, as interested as she, they might do something for this little waif.

So when he came in to his supper, Phillis told him all about it and he promised to help her in whatever way she wished. With their mother's help they made up a bundle containing an outgrown overcoat and suit of clothes, of Alf's warm mittens and stockings, and, in short, about everything they could think of for the boy's comfort. On the outside they wrote: "For the boy who puts out the lights."

Early the next morning, before it was light, Alf was to go out and tie it to the lamp at the corner.

The next morning Phillis awoke with a start and sprang out of bed to the window. Why had not Alf called her before he went out? There hung the enormous bundle. And as she looked she saw the boy coming. How eagerly she leaned forward and watched, scarcely breathing. On, on, he came, until he reached the corner. Up the lamp-post he climbed, when, instead of coming immediately down, as usual, he stopped. He saw the bundle. He was reading what they had written. He seemed to doubt his own eyes, and tore a small hole in the paper to make sure that he was not deceived.

At last he seemed to realize that it was for him and descended with it under his arm. How he skipped along down the street, and as long as Phillis could see him, he was fairly dancing for joy.

Just then Alf came in and the brother and sister shook hands over their success. There was a slight tremor in Alf's voice as he said, "Don't tell, because the fellows might laugh, but it made me feel choky to see a fellow that tickled over a few duds."

M. T., '94.

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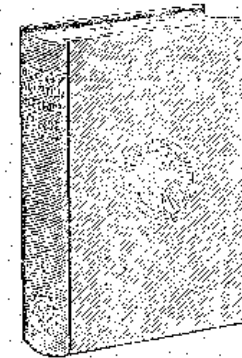
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