

Dec. '91.
Vol. VI.
No. 4.

High School Register

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OMAHA, NEB.

The High School Register

DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO.

VOL. VI.

OMAHA, NEB., DECEMBER.

NO. 4.

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.

For Remainder of Year, Twenty-Five Cents.
Contributions respectfully solicited.

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

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Number enrolled students.....703

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A very neat publication has lately appeared before the Omaha public. It is *Men*, published in the interests of the Y. M. C. A. of this city, giving information and items of interest concerning this excellent institution. We hope it will gain the success which it bids fair to obtain.

* *

As yet we have seen no immense quantities of material drop on to the editor's desk as a result of our repeated requests for contributions. We are still looking for the long desired and long delayed aid, but we console ourselves with the thought that *perhaps* we "have something comin'."

* *

The long-talked of Senior Class pins have at last appeared. They are very neat; a gold bow-knot with flowing ends having the initials and date, O. H. S. 1892, cut in the surface of the pin.

The design is pretty, well-executed, and original in the High School, with the class of '92.

* *

Desiring to make Volume VI. of THE REGISTER the finest and most popular volume that has yet been produced, the editors have decided to make the following offer to those who have not yet subscribed: For the remainder of the school year, *beginning January*, THE REGISTER may be obtained for *twenty-five cents*. Subscriptions may be handed to either the managing or associate editors.

* *

As announced in the September number of THE REGISTER, it was the inten-

tion of the editors to have the December number finished and in the hands of the subscribers by the middle of the month, but owing to a press of other duties, on the editor's part, and a very apparent lack of interest and support on the part of the school in general, the paper makes its appearance as usual, at the end of the month and a trifle late.

* *

On the occasion of the appearance of the last number of THE REGISTER it was necessary for one of the teachers in the study room to request that the scholars would apply themselves to their books and postpone the reading of the paper mentioned until some time not in school hours.

Of course, to know that some of the scholars read THE REGISTER is very pleasing to the editors, but we desire that the intense eagerness to peruse the pages of the magazine may not again interfere with scholastic duties.

* *

Doubtless our readers have been more or less surprised at the numerous changes made in the appearance of the paper as it has been issued in the last four months. In explanation, we would say that we are trying to get up a superior style of paper to represent our school.

The first number of this volume was very unsatisfactory in many ways, which undesirable points we have attempted to remove by making such changes as we deemed beneficial. The present form of the paper, with the same type and color of title page will be kept for the remainder of the year.

* *

Superintendent Fitzpatrick has expressed his approval of abolishing practise of promoting scholars by means of written examinations. Mr. Lewt., also, favors the idea of raising the standard of

merit, and promoting the pupils on the strength of their daily work. Written examinations are a source of dread to both teachers and scholars, as well they may be, and little can be said in their favor, while the plans favored by our superintendent and principal are acknowledged to be superior by nearly every person interested in the matter. It is to be hoped that a term or two more will see the abolishing of the written examination in our schools.

Notes.

Skytz!!!
 Volumn.
 Present arms.
 "Puss in Boots."
 Jessie B. and Jessie T.
 Jessie Broad and Jessie Tall.
 Dogs! Dogs!! Dogs!!!
 Oh! that chemistry review.
 Mustaches—where are they?
 Wanted—a *private* lunch room.
 O! that mince pie will be cold.
 The pins! O, aren't they beauties?
 "Oh, M—e, darling! You're tardy."
 Bartlett must be afraid of his shadow.
 Anybody slip down on the waxed floor?
 Who wrote the "Tub of the Tale"
 Miss B?
 Moral—Don't talk with the girls in the halls.
 How much joy a dog in school does cause.
 See Stephens & Smith's winter neckwear.
 "Such stuff as dreams are made of"—mince pies.
 They say Ross T. delights in solitary buggy rides.

Seen, a Senior *sliding down the balustrade.*

What's the matter, Haskell? Somebody cut you out?

The Sophomore Lyceum seems to be flourishing.

Every one should read the editorials carefully, this month.

Ask Henry if he has applied for a position as "dish washer" yet.

Oh! Mr. Pratt, won't you please show me this Algebra problem?

In fifth hour Cæsar class: "There, you sat down on some dinner."

(Mr. B. in Latin.) "He sent him out headlong in every direction."

Twelfth Grade German—"If I have done it, I have not done it."

That table in the office makes an awful nice footstool, eh, Mr. Bartlett?

You must pronunshe pronounschiashun, *pronunschiashu*, you know.

Look at the line in italics in the paragraph just over the EDITORIAL STAFF.

The Juniors are very enterprising. They are now talking of having a social.

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

The lucky few who had no examinations this term are to be congratulated.

Mr. Weinberger—"The air is lighter at the top because it's heavier at the bottom."

Although this seems to be a little late, pairs seem to be plenty about the school.

The young ladies' chorus and the boys' quintette of the Senior class, are progressing.

Teacher. "Tell me the properties of H₂SO₄." Bright pupil. "Why—it eats."

"What do you want most for an Xmas present?" "A high average in examination."

FOUND—In the week preceeding Christmas: How much and how little we know.

The scholars seem to be unanimously in favor of the abolishment of examinations.

T.—"What is a broken neck?" S. — "A broken neck is a neck that is cracked in two."

The Freshmen have a male quartette and the Juniors are talking of starting one. Next.

Where was Moses when the light went out? In an "Old Manse," according to Miss Hoey.

"Edwards, I think it advisable for you and Morison to go into the dark room together."

Our advertisers are all reliable men. Patronize them, mentioning THE REGISTER.

Miss McD., in Cæsar class, translating: "Our men killed a great number of these flying."

Gum may assist athletics, but it is not good for "mental athletics." How about that, Mr. D?

Teacher (hearing first gong strike)—"Which bell was that?" Scholar—"The warning bell."

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

"Some of you Seniors seem to rely on what you have stored up rather than trying to store up more."

The Chinese, Indian and Negro Questions have been discussed and settled in the Rhetoric class. Next!

Miss Maud Lantry entertained a number of her friends at a "Red Tea," recently. A very enjoyable time was reported.

How sweet the strains of "Annie Rooney" sounded in the Junior study-room on the last day of school.

Teacher in Physiology: "How are nails and hair nourished?" Pupil—"By a process called ambition."

Cicero is credited with saying that "all the books are full, the voices of the wise are full, the old men are full!"

An exercise for the elocution classes:—
Clammy thou art, and Chowder, and shalt be all that is good to eat.

Miss T. please explain the meaning of the word universe. "Well—er—don't you know, that means the 'whole thing.'"

Lynn—(who had been out the night before). "Say, James, what day does Friday come on this year, Christmas?"

Riley at air-pump: "Whew! I haven't worked so hard since I used to turn the grindstone on my Uncle Joshua's farm."

Teacher in Elocution—"Has anyone gone to help Louis?" Henry striding thro' the door way—"Some one's goin'."

A very interesting account of the cane rush at Lincoln comes to us this month. The Freshmen gained a victory over the Sophs.

If THE REGISTER isn't worth subscribing for it isn't worth reading. Don't do the sponge act with your more progressive neighbor.

Teacher in shorthand, (explaining position of words): "Man" is in the first position, "woman" in the second and "women" in the third.

Joe declared he had found fourteen of the loveliest meteors imaginable in his Julius Caesar, but he afterwards explained that he meant metaphors.

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

Black court plaster has been generally accepted as the colors of the Foot Ball team and most of the boys wear their colors in conspicuous places.

If two or three young ladies and an equal number of young gentlemen always make a committee meeting, how many the Juniors must have.

Teacher. "You had better look out for examples as you'll be dead sure to have them on examination."

Pupil. "I'll be dead, sure if I do."

Substance for thought: The Senior class has about ten boys and about sixty girls, and the date of the year is evenly divisible by four. Now, what do you suppose will happen?

In Gossip Hall—First voice: "Well, no! Not *exactly*. Aren't you a little precipitate?" Second voice—"Yes, a white precipitate." Third voice—"A dense white ppt." Chorus of howls.

Visitor in office, much alarmed: "What can that noise be? It sounds like a wheel that very badly needed greasing." "O! that's only Oury. He got a new pair of shoes last week and he's trying to break them in."

For rent—Seat in S. E. corner of Junior Study Room, fifth hour. All modern conveniences, gas, bath, city water, etc., sociable neighbors. Present tenant desires rest and quiet. Apply Allan Hopkins, O. H. S.

One of the boys was coining a metaphor and in a moment of inspiration grasped his pen and wrote the following:

At New Year's a Junior turned over a leaf,
His efforts for white cards was earnest and true.

But Shiny and Foot-ball seized hold of the brush,

And savagely, cruelly painted them blue.

At the last Rhetorical in 1891, before dismissing the Seniors, Miss Crowley wished them all a "Merry Christmas and

cope. They reached the High School about seven o'clock, where they were met by Prof. Beals.

They soon found their way to the Ninth grade room by the light of a lantern. On the fire escape was placed the telescope through which each person looked at the moon. It was a fine sight. Even the craters on the moon's surface were distinctly seen. The moon was then in the south eastern part of the sky. The telescope was next pointed at Jupiter, then in the southwestern part of the heavens, which with its satellites was seen by all. The belts on its surface were not discernible.

One young lady had the courage to go to the Senior cloak room for the looking glass, in which Jupiter was looked at with two reflections, one on each side of the planet.

These reflections are sometimes supposed to be the satellites of the planet, but it is a mistake. Turn the looking-glass towards the moon and in it can be seen four moons. Try it sometime. Some of the class, while waiting for their turns at the telescope, became quite venturesome, going up to the fourth floor on the fire-escape, and one of the young gentlemen viewed the surroundings from the roof of the building.

The constellation Taurus is well up in the sky and Gemini is visible above the horizon in the north-east. Pegasus, the great square, is now overhead, and Vega is way to the north-west. Orion, easily distinguished by his belt and sword, is now in the east. The planet Venus can now be seen, in the southwest, about six o'clock in the evening.

A Visit.

Two Junior girls visited not long ago the First Grade at the Izard School, where one of '91's graduates experiments

on the poor, dear little innocents. But they bear it cheerfully, and to see the youthful teacher put on cloaks and mittens, tie neckties, frown on the mischievous, and kiss the weeping ones was an edifying spectacle.

But the little dears weren't as angelic as they first appeared, when they came in and saw "the company." One cherub threw his slate on the floor and kicked, threw his slate rag at the teacher, and wailed loud and long when he was set on a chair behind the stove.

In the Hygiene lesson a vast store of knowledge was acquired, principally through strange and marvellous anecdotes which precocious children volunteered. In one family there seemed to be a hereditary difficulty, for one small boy related with ease and rapidity the history of his grandfather's sore eye, his father's and his own. And nothing could shake another urchin in his belief that a certain person's eyes were yellow.

When the last one was gone the weary teacher sank on a chair, and informed her auditors it was the worst day she'd ever had.

Thanks.

We were pleased to notice the following in *The Printers' Auxiliary* of last month: "The Omaha HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER, to which some reference was made in a late issue of *The Auxiliary*, has taken on new form, appearing now in book shape, 16 pages, with neat cover and title page. Brown & Edwards, the managing editors of the publication, seem determined to make THE REGISTER more attractive if not more valuable in all its varied features than ever before, and *The Auxiliary* is free to say they are succeeding admirably. May the publication continue on the line marked out and the excellent features added under the new management become permanent."

Mrs. Raymond

Athletics.

The foot ball game which the Universities of Nebraska and Iowa played at the ball park Thanksgiving day roused such an interest among the boys that it was decided the next Monday to buy a foot ball, which was done.

Mr. Thompson having handed in his resignation stating that he did not have time to do the position justice it was accepted unanimously and Mr. Morrow was elected to fill the vacancy, also unanimously.

Since the purchase of the ball the boys have been practicing diligently and seem to be progressing finely, not only in obtaining black eyes, sore shins, and so forth, but also in understanding the different points of the game.

Although the boys started a little late it is to be hoped they will keep up this practice and under the management of Mr. Morrow, who formerly played on the University team at Lincoln, they ought to be able to do something.

The membership of the association has materially increased lately and if it keeps on by Spring we will have a large enough body to make a good showing.

There is a good deal of good material in the school for a first-class team, and with a little experience we might be able to compete with other similar elevens in the city and surrounding towns. Challenge the Creighton College or some other eleven. If you are beaten you will work all the harder not to let it happen again and if you win you will work just as hard to beat some stronger team. Play some outside game if for nothing more than the experience you will get out of it.

The boys should remember that the property of the association should not be taken from the school grounds. You can

all readily see the justice of this and should co-operate in carrying it out.

The gymnasium classes have been discontinued for a while and it is understood that they are to be done away with altogether. This is a deplorable fact, and can hardly be accounted for since the classes were all very large. The physical as well as the mental training of the scholars is something that should not be overlooked and as it is at present the boys are the only ones who get any exercise in school at all and that only when the weather is favorable.

My Experience.

Having been one of the few Omahans fortunate enough to have visited the Great Salt Lake, I will try to give a short description of the famous place, for THE REGISTER'S readers.

Our party had been staying at Ogden, and one morning we took a local train for Syracuse, a bathing resort a few miles from Ogden on the edge of the Great Lake.

Having arrived at the lake, we "tenderfeet" wanted to try a bath immediately, so we proceeded to the dressing-rooms to which we were given a key after depositing twenty-five cents with the keeper of the gate, receiving a couple of towels in exchange for our fee.

The dressing-rooms are barren rooms, built out over the water of the lake, having at one end a small enclosed box apart from the rest, in which a sprinkler in the ceiling permits one to have a fresh-water shower-bath.

After entering your dressing-room, you disrobe and don your bathing suit, (your own if you have one, a rented suit if you possess none of your own; the latter being made accommodately large, so as to serve the needs of the tourist, be he large or small.)

A long sidewalk built on the bottom

of the lake extends out into clear water, or, more properly, out onto clear bottom.

For about one hundred feet out from the shore the bottom of the lake is covered with thick black mud, very disagreeable to bathers, but as you go out into the lake the bottom becomes smooth and hard; it is of fine white sand and very clean.

The floor of the lake slopes gently downward, as the shore is left behind, but at such a slight angle that one must go out several hundred feet before the water is deeper than a man's head.

Your first desire is to taste the water; you taste it; you look for something salty but your greatest ideas are overthrown. The water is about 22 per cent. salt while sea water is only 3 per cent. salt.

After you have satisfactorily proven the genuineness of the article you wish to learn how to float. This is easily learned; all you have to do is to throw yourself on your back—and you float.

This result is generally unexpected, for, notwithstanding the reports you have seen or heard about the supporting power of the water, you really expect to sink. However, you float; your head and hands insist on remaining out in the air; your feet persistently bob up into view, but your body is "out of sight."

If one kneels in the water he commences to float as soon as the water reaches his shoulders, the knees being off the floor of the lake.

On leaving the bath one takes a brisk run to the dressing room, and on reaching it finds himself quite dry but covered from head to foot with a thin scale of salt which is speedily removed by the shower bath.

It is extremely difficult to swim in this water, and strangers who try to swim usually get some salt water down their throats and severe cases of strangulation often result.

Sometimes a party of bathers will have great fun forming what is termed "a raft." A row of people get together in a long line, holding each others' hands, then they sink backward till they float upon their backs; a second row now form and place their respective shoulders over the respective feet of the people in the first row; row number three put *their* shoulders over the feet of row number two and in this way quite a party can unite themselves.

The pressure of the water holds feet firmly to shoulders and the raft floats aimlessly about until some one tires of the fun and the party breaks up.

It is a strange fact that the lake supports no life; neither weed, worm nor fish can be found in the water, but on one of the islands, of which there are several in the lake, countless numbers of huge white pelicans are to be found.

Now, where do these birds obtain their food?

The First Snow.

Oh! the pure and beautiful snow,
See the flakes as they come and go,
Whirling and twirling in downward flight,
Now to the left and now to the right.

Some so gently touch the ground,
Others 'light, then turn around
As if a courtsey they would make
To another falling flake.

Some the wind has blown aside
From a branch where they would ride,
In order to make room
For another that would come.

Some fall helpless in the street
And are tramped by hurried feet,
Before they can melt or go
From the passers to and fro.

So we all through life must pass
Like a struggling helpless mass,
Some are trampled under foot,
Others in fortune's way are put.

H. C. S.

The Prodigal Son Once More.

"How goes it, old fellow?" sung out a fresh, boyish voice, but Jack did not raise his head to greet its owner who had entered the little dug-out with an armful of parcels.

"Ho! got the blues, have 'you? And to-morrow's Christmas. Well it is pretty hard on a fellow without a home. Look here! What would you say to this advertisement.—'Lost, strayed, or stolen, tall boy about thirteen, blue eyes, black hair, firm chin, high temper. Left home on account of a misunderstanding of the relations between father and son. When last seen, wore cape overcoat, seal cap, and an injured air. Carried a great deal of temper at scalding point.'"

Jack was on his feet, his eyes blazing. "Tom Scott! if ever I go home again I'll —"

"Keep calm, keep calm, my son," said Tom, patting him soothingly on the shoulder. "I see I must label my jokes. That is an invention of my own. There is no such poster out yet, my boy. The police even have not been notified of your escape from the nursery. Make up your mind to exist a while longer in this delightful private mansion of mine, and to subsist on what comes from our pantry. The erring parent shall yet be brought to terms."

"Quit fooling," growled Jack flinging himself down on a pile of hay, while Tom warmed his hands at the tiny stove.

"You're blue, I say. Screw up courage. I'll tell you how to drive away the blues. Sit down and rock and sing hymns. I do that and it makes the rest of the family so depressed that my spirits rise out of contrariness. But you can't do that, because unfortunately a rocking-chair is not a part of this cavern's equipments. Let's try another cure—coasting. Come on Jack, my prodigal. It's prime to-night."

Jack's gloomy face brightened suddenly, or was it only the glow from the fire as Tom opened the stove door?

"I'd just as soon."

"Shall I take the bob-sled?"

"No, not on my account."

"What will you ride on then?"

"I'm going home to get my own in the shed."

"Oh," it was a very expressive interjection and Jack blushed red, but answered the tone hotly, "You needn't think I'm going to give in. I shall get my sled and come away without saying boo to anybody."

"Come along then," and the two boys climbed out of the stifling den into the clear starry night.

As Jack sped toward home, his spirits rose. He pictured to himself the desolateness of his home without him. He gloated over the fancied misery of this Christmas for all the family. His natural human malice took delight in the thought that they too must be unhappy. He imagined that perhaps his father had spent all his money in the search for him. Why, had he not been missing one whole week? And just to think that father might look upon his poverty stricken family and reproach himself for bringing them to this state. For was it not his egregious mistake that had driven away the light of the home? Any boy with proper pride resents parental discipline.

Jack paused for a peep through the window as he was leaving the yard with his sled.

Oh, strange to tell, the children were not thin and tearful and ragged. They were having the same old fun with their stocking hanging, and those interestingly knobby packages. They shouted and laughed just as if he, the eldest son, were not out in the cold world, a martyr to self-respect and consistency. Alas, poor boy! He had not yet learned that con-

sistency is old fashioned, and that self-respect is not self-pride.

Standing there in his loneliness, in disappointed vanity, the bitterness of being left out sank deep into his soul. Oh, the bitterness, the loneliness! He was not with them and yet they did not miss him. His place was with them, but who cared? They were happy without him. Even his mother was laughing gaily. He could not see their hearts, and so his own was hardened and he turned defiantly away.

Very early Christmas morning there was a stir in that nursery which Jack had ruthlessly left. Shrill calls of 'Merry Christmas' sounded from room to room. White robed little figures sprang up and groped their way into wrappers and slippers amid ecstatic yawns, blissful sighs, excited whispers, and smothered bursts of laughter. Once or twice they grew sober when they thought of brother Jack and wondered aloud when he would come home, for his presents were all ready for him. And that reminded them that their own presents were waiting down stairs, so with delighted whoops they rushed wildly down into the lower hall, dancing impatiently about in the darkness till papa came to light the gas. Then bursting into the sitting room each made a dash for his own stocking and began to examine it with happy shouts. Soon mother and the baby joined the merry party.

When the fun was at its height, the air ringing with excited merriment, a wistful face pressed close against the window, then was gone. A minute later the cellar rats scampered hastily into their holes; a stealthy footstep ascended the cellar stairs; doors opened and shut softly; a little figure stole through the dark toward the room full of light and laughter.

Suddenly there was a scream, "Jack, Jack, look, there's Jack!"

On the threshold stood the run-a-way, his clothes torn and soiled, his hair rumpled, a pitiful little droop at the corners of his mouth, his cheeks scarlet, his eyes fixed beseechingly on his mother's face. He saw there a loving smile of welcome. He saw the dear arms stretched out to him. His eyes shone and, though his lips quivered a little, he walked straight up to her, grasped both hands in his and shook them well. Then he kissed her softly, though it was rather a bashful task, and said distinctly, "A very happy New Year, Mother." And his mother understood.

Our Girl as A Woman.

(Printed by request in Normal Offering.)

Every young girl is somebody's daughter, somebody's sister, somebody's friend and society is very much concerned that its girls should *be*, not simply *seem* but really *be* pure, sweet and above the suspicion of deceit and falseness.

A man's ideal of his own womankind is always high and it is safe to say that a girl cannot too highly value herself nor keep her spiritual ideal too lofty.

Do not cheapen yourself by feeling that you are to be pitied. You are, on the contrary to be envied, because you have a definite sphere and are able to fill it. If you do not pity yourself you will resent pity as an offence if it is tendered directly or indirectly.

As a rule conventionalities are hedges reared by the general good sense and good feeling of the community and the outside wilderness beyond their bounds is a land of traps and snares, hard by which, for all its enchantments, lies the valley of the shadow of death.

The young girl should hold herself above every concealment, a hidden thing, a thing that dreads the light is sin, apologize for it as one may.

MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Exchanges.

The Cue, Albany, N. Y., for December, is not up to its usual standard.

Howard Times, Howard, R. I., does not resemble a school paper very much.

The "Three Fates" in *The Argus*, Detroit, Michigan, is a pretty little story, well told.

The last two copies of the *Criterion Record*, Minneapolis, Minnesota, contain good articles in their literary columns.

The editor of *The Echo*, Camden, N. Y., complains of tardy essays but the number of contributions speaks well for his support.

We greet a new and, to us, novel exchange in *College Chips*, Decorah, Ia. The novelty lies in the department printed in a foreign language.

Since our last issue we have received two copies of the *H. S. Times*, Dayton, O. The paper is an excellent one in every respect. Success to editor Mathews.

The *H. S. Record*, Woonsocket, R. I., has a good article on "What shall the National Flower be?" We approve of the writer's choice and patriotic sentiments concerning the red, white and blue.

The articles in the *H. S. Orb*, Minneapolis, Minn., are interesting but somewhat long; the writer of "An open letter" evidently had his "mad up" but the letter is sensible and might apply to more than one Senior class. We have received two numbers of the *Orb*.

Since the issue of our last number we have received the following papers: *Midland College Monthly*, (2), Atchison, Kansas; *Hesperian*, (3), University of Nebraska; *The Breeze*, (2), Ashburnham, Mass.; *The Oracle*, (3), Malden, Mass.; *Beacon*, Chelsea, Mass.; *H. S. Bulletin*, Lawrence, Mass.; *Premier*,

Fall River, Mass.; *H. S. Advance*, Salem, Mass.; *The Record*, (2), Canandaigua, N. Y.; *Res Academics*, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; *Lever*, Colorado Springs, Colo.; *Academy Graduate*, Newburgh, N. Y.; *Wyman News*, Upper Alton, Ill.; *The Owl*, (2), Rockford, Ill.; *Institute Record*, Towanda, Pa.; *Sioux*, Redfield, S. D.; *Hesperus*, (2), Denver, Colo.; *Rutland H. S. Notes*, (2), Rutland, Vt.; *Round Table*, Cincinnati, Ohio; *Lynn H. S. Gazette*, Lynn, Mass.; *Prairie Breeze*, Grafton, N. D.; *Echo*, Fitchburg, Mass.; *H. S. World*, St. Paul, Minn.; *H. S. Aegis*, (2), Oakland, Cal.; *H. S. Herald*, Jersey City, N. J.; *E. H. S. Enterprise*, Lynn, Mass.; *The Acamedian*, Washington, Iowa; *The Cadet*, Denver, Colo.; *The Alphan*, (2), Owatonna, Minn.; *H. S. Life*, Orange, N. J.; *Lyceum Advocate*, Saginaw, Mich.; and *The Recorder*, Springfield, Mass.

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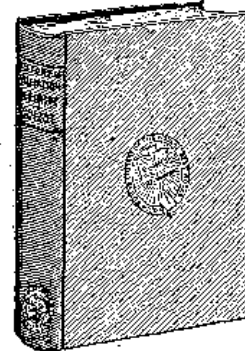
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