

Jan. '92.
Vol. VI.
No. 5.

High School Register

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of the
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\$2.00 OMAHA, NEB., Jan. 20, 1892.
 Sixty days after date I promise to pay \$2.00 to the High School pupil who shall bring me before March 1st, 1892, the best account of the life of the person to whom is attributed the following sentence: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on." Said account must be written upon a sheet of foolscap (4 pages) and no more, and must be the original production of the pupil who personally brings it to my store. Said amount of \$2.00 payable in goods, if won by a young man; in cash, if won by a young lady. My stock of hats and furnishing goods is complete and my prices are right. 115 South 16th Street. Signed,
 G. E. THOMPSON.

The High School Register

DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO.

VOL. VI. OMAHA, NEB., JANUARY. NO. 5.

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.
 Students, friends of the school, and members of the Alumni, are respectfully requested to contribute.

It is to be noticed that quite a number of the boys hang their coats and hats in the hall in the basement. Any boy who is so careless as to do such a thing ought to suffer the consequences without complaint.

EXAMINATIONS have been abolished in the grades and now the scholars will pass from one grade to another on the strength of their recitation marks. Formerly there was an A and B class in the eighth grade, so that some of the scholars were compelled to spend a year and a half there while those who were able to get through, were allowed to remain there only one-half year. This has now been done away with and scholars will be admitted to the High School twice a year, in September and June. Those whose grades are very good will be allowed to graduate in three and one-half years, while the others will be compelled to stay a year longer. The court has decided that the Central grades have no right in the High School building, but refused to issue an order compelling them to find other quarters. The Board will find itself compelled to do something next month when the classes from the eighth grade enter the High School, as the building is now filled to overflowing. There is also some talk of abolishing examinations in the High School and there is no apparent reason why this should not be done here as well as in the grades. It is a needless strain on both teachers and scholars and both will probably hail with delight the good time when this shall have come to pass.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

- J. SCOTT BROWN, '92. } Managing Editors.
- LOUIS W. EDWARDS, '92. }
- ORA McCANDLISH, '92.
- VIVIAN ALVISON, '93.
- JESSIE THAIN, '93.
- WILL WELSHANS, '93.
- 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
- Jewin Leviston.....Ass't Principal
- M. W. Richardson.....Librarian
- Number of teachers.....23
- Number enrolled students.....703

CLASS OF NINETY-TWO.

- Louis W. Edwards.....President
- Harriet Osgood.....Vice-President
- Carrie Graf.....Secretary
- Henry T. Clarke.....Treasurer

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

- Will B. Welshans.....President
- Clara Rood.....Vice-President
- Georgia Lindsey.....Secretary

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- Scott Brown.....Manager
- Carl Hoffman.....B. B. Captain
- Frank Morrow.....F. B. Captain

HIGH SCHOOL LYCEUM.

- James D. Miller.....President
- Edith Waterman.....Vice-President
- Belle Morrow.....Sec'y and Treas

To the new members of the Board of Education we extend a hearty welcome and hope they will meet with as much success as their predecessors.

*It might not be amiss to remind those of the seniors who have any work to make up, that they had better look up their records soon and not put it off until the end of the year when everything will be crowding in upon them.

THE Gymnasium has been lately improved by the unfinished walls being plastered. It is now possible to heat it to the proper temperature instead of 30° or 40° as heretofore. With this improvement and also the tuning of the pianos, the singing classes ought to prosper.

SOME of the daily papers of the east have lately been discussing the question of changing the weekly holiday in the schools from Saturday to Monday. One of the principal arguments brought forth is thus to do away with the practice of some of the scholars of studying on Sunday. There are a good many points on both sides and is a good question for thought at any rate.

Free—One year's subscription to the **Youth's Companion Free** to the first student that will bring me \$10 worth of trade. Any amount at a time.

A. M. GIBSON, Shoes.

115 South 16th St.

Examine the line of winter underwear at Stephens & Smith's, 105 north Sixteenth St.

Drummond, Carriage Builder, shipped last week two of the finest fancy delivery wagons, ever built in Omaha, to Montana. What's the matter with Omaha?

*This editorial was written and in the hands of the printer before Miss Crowley made an announcement on this subject.

Notes.

Write us a story.

S! Yes! Sulphur!

"Little Episodes !!!"

"Green youthfulness."

Immigrants? Emigrants?

Cough! Cough! Cough!

Who is it they call "Sleepy?"

"Henry's going to be a minister sure."

"Why don't you speak for yourself, James?"

Who is going to win Thompson's prize offer?

See Stephens & Smith's winter neckwear.

Oral discourse; debates; toasts. What next?

"There aren't so awfully many stars in the sky."

"Shut the windows quick, I hear her coming!"

"Of course, I don't expect to get any honors!"

Some of the boys are nursing "frozen features."

"O! M——! doesn't your conscience prick you?"

What a fish story that was in Algebra examination!

Who stamped on the floor and just raised a noise?

WANTED—Some one to escort B-t-t to the next social.

They say that B. M. is engaged. Pretty young, my boy.

Oh, the look on his face when he opened that closet-door!!!

"What's the matter B——?" "The wax; the wax; I slipped!"

Pay up your subscription. This means you, if you haven't yet paid up.

Miss C— wanted a pug dog for Christmas. A biped or a quadruped?

How often does the "Sexumvirate," with its chaperone, meet? Catch?

The class of '92 intends to make its record for tardy marks if nothing else.

On Junior blackboard; Lost: A small red pocket-book with a big 50c. piece.

Young ladies in back seats, third hour, please restrain all unnecessary mirth.

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

In Rhetoric—"John gazed at Matilda with a look of heaven-born rapture."

Before the love scene in Henry V. "Now here comes the best part of the play!"

A girl who carries her muff into the room is certainly absent-minded, Miss H.!

According to Miss S—, cats have two eyes, two ears, and a mouth covered with hair.

Gilbert! where were you when the door opened on the darkened Physics-room?

Ask certain young ladies what the leaves say and they will answer, Russell, Russell.

Say, Lonnie, it doesn't look well for a minister's son to have playing cards in his pocket.

There was a suspicious moving of chairs when the doors of the darkened Physics' room was opened.

Miss G. excitedly—"Oh, I told him it didn't make any difference to me, I had someone to go with anyway."

Teacher—"Now, if a man succeeds in business, what generally happens?"

Chorus—"He's successful."

"We all have a very bad cold"

Before Junior Theatricals: Primus—"Why don't you have Frank McCune in it?" Secundus—"Oh, he'd go to sleep!"

Teacher in cold room—Shall we remain or be dismissed? A voice—We might as well freeze here as any place.

On 11th Grade Board. WANTED—A partner for the social. Apply to seat 86. None but experienced parties need apply.

In Latin—"To what conjugation does this verb belong?"

Mr. Naugle, abstractedly—"First Congregational."

Sam B. the next time you go out sleigh-riding and want to punch a boy in the back, see that there is no one between you and said boy.

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

Depo-it with the Globe Loan and Trust Company Savings Bank, corner 16th and Dodge. 5 per cent. interest paid. Open after school hours, until 6 p. m.

The musical instructress, lately, while teaching the young ladies chorus in the Gymnasium, told them to modulate snoring. That looks bad, to say the least.

"Say old fellow, are you coming to the social?" "Well-er-no, the fact is, I got the mitten without any hand in it, and I am going to stay home and read 'Lucille.'"

Mr. Blake to 9th Grader—"Well, Steele, I guess you had better turn over about five new leaves this year."

A look of despair settled on Steele's face.

We heard a certain young lady, one of the new pupils here, asking what those little brass bows were, that so many of the scholars wore. Hard on the Seniors, wasn't it?

Hobbie says, "If a man is up in a balloon and has no ballast and wants to come down, he goes down and gets some ballast and then goes up and then comes down."

Teacher in Latin class—Give the derivation of "angustus." Pupil—Anxious. P. No. 2—I thought "angustus" meant to squeeze and I don't see how anxious and squeeze mean the same.

Mr. Leviston thinks that the girls really, are the ones who break things in the Physics room: not that they jump around very much, but because they excite the boys so that they jump about.

Boys if you want to be aggravating, just sit smiling and nodding, and provokingly cool, in the Rhetoric debate, when a girl is doing her best to prove "that women should be granted all privileges accorded to men."

The teacher asked one of the class in English History to give the story connected with Dunstan, and this was the answer: "Dunstan is said to have engaged in a quarrel with Beelzebub, a great philosopher of that time, and"—[Laughter].

Carter (at class meeting)—"Mr. Chairman, I nominate Mr. Bartlett, Miss—and Mr.— on that committee."

Bartlett (jumping to his feet)—"I can't serve on that committee if there is any work to be done." Laughter.

Teacher; "Some people aren't satisfied with doing small deeds of charity; they want to do things that will distinguish them, such as nursing the people suffering from that terrible disease, the—the—what is it now, you call it? thinking of leprosy). Voice from somewhere: "Influenza!"

Chemistry Room; Teacher—"The first thing you do to-day is to make starch; put a little starch in your e. d., put some cold water on and then"—chorus from

the girls, "Oh, we know how to make starch." Few minutes later; "Why Miss—what's the matter with your starch, you haven't boiled it." And sure enough, not a girl in the class had boiled her starch.

Societies.

The class of '92 held a regular meeting on Friday, Jan. 8th. Owing to the enforced absence of the President and Vice-President, Mr. Luther Leisenring presided.

After roll-call the Treasurer submitted his report for the first term. The chairman of the Committee on Mottoes then made his report, producing nine mottoes from which a choice of one was to be made.

As a result of the ballot the Latin motto, *Esse quam videri*, "to be, rather than to seem," was chosen.

Mr. Clarke, chairman of Committee on Socials, tendered his resignation to that position, which was accepted by the society after a short debate.

The President appointed Mr. Arthur T. Carter as Mr. Clarke's successor.

A motion was carried that the second Senior social be held on Friday, Feb. 26.

A special meeting was called by the President at the request of the requisite number of members, on Friday, Jan. 15th, but no quorum was obtained.

Another special meeting was called on Tuesday, Jan. 19th, at which it was decided that the second Senior social *should* be a Leap Year social.

At a special meeting on Friday, Jan. 22d, the committee to arrange class song, was elected; Messrs. Brown, chairman, Clarke and Detwiler, and Misses Spetmann, Alvison, Axford, Lawrence, Harpster, McCandlish, Brunner and Mary Swanson.

Athletics.

The High School Lyceum shows its enterprise by the fact that it has already produced a badge.

The badge of the Lyceum is a small inclined silver wish-bone with the initial letters H. S. L. between the prongs of the bone; it is neatly designed and the Sophomores may well be proud of the pin and the society which it represents.

Personal.

Sargent, '91, was a visitor this month.

Will Parker, '91, is now a "cadet" at Normal.

Miss Mae Sargent, '91, called at school one day recently.

Miss Mary Walker, '91, visited the school this month.

C. M. Helgren, '91, was up at school on Monday recently, looking for "the Bank."

Mr. Joseph Weinberger, '93, takes our best wishes with him to his new home in Texas.

Miss Stella Cain, formerly of '92, is now expecting to go to Iowa instead of Montana to teach.

Miss Josie Beverly, who has been absent from school for several months, has returned to '92's class.

We are sorry to learn that Norwood Ayers, one of the editors of THE REGISTER, is seriously ill of typhoid fever.

The cheerful faces of Will Shaanon and Oscar Engler, formerly of '92 were seen in the halls one noon recently.

'93 has occasion to deplore the absence of an energetic member in Frank Morrow, who has recently left the class.

The daily papers of recent date inform us that Hugh Thomas, formerly of '92 held an "exhibition of fine chickens" this month.

As the saying goes, "Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown," and as in contributing, the editor of this department is crowned with everything but success this month, he is necessarily restless.

In winter we build air castles of what we are going to do the next summer on the field, but when summer comes we find our "multitudinous responsibilities" (borrowed intact) hinder us somewhat and we put it off a year. Now this is caused by the boys putting off their studying till the end of the year and crowding everything together. Remember, boys, that this is the best time of the year to study, so work while you can and when warm weather comes and you get the spring fever and it is hard work to study, you may conscientiously spend some of your time in field sports.

Every boy should have his "fun," and in order to bring this about it might be well to prepare for the "good time coming" by work now.

Mr. Frank Morrow, our recently elected football captain, has left us and we are again left without a head in that department. But it will hardly be necessary to again fill the vacancy until the regular meeting next month.

The regular annual meeting of the O. H. S. A. A. for the election of officers will be held the last Friday of next month, February 26th, at which every member of the association should consider it his duty to be present, at least if he has the interests of athletics in the school at heart. So be present, one and all, and see that good "rustlers" are elected to the offices of the association.

The great Lick telescope reveals about 100,000,000 of stars, and every one of them is a sun.

Scientific.

Under this head THE REGISTER will continue to print essays and items of interest to scientists.

THERE are certain plants which seize and prey upon insects. The fact of the capture, says the *Popular Science News*, is beyond doubt, and the plants which are capable of this feat are known generally by the name of fly-catchers. But while many fly-catchers can make no claim to being fly-digesters, there is among them a class of plants which, to all appearances, possess the power of assimilating animal food and being nourished by it. One of the most conspicuous of this group is *Dionaea muscipula*, the Carolina catch-fly, or Venus fly-trap. It is a native of the Southern states, North Carolina being the northern limit of its growth, and, like so many of its species, it always finds its home in some bit of marshy land. To attain true success in its artificial cultivation a pot of bog earth is required, which should be kept constantly standing in a deep saucer of water. The appearance of this plant is so peculiar that when once seen it is not readily forgotten. A leafless scape, six inches in height, rises from the root, and terminates in an umbel of white flowers; these are, however, of distinctly subordinate interest. Its winged leaf-stalks spread themselves out like a kind of rosette about the root, each bearing a broad leaf, so curious in the strange powers which it displays as almost to convince one that the plant can lay claim to a sentient life. The leaf proper is obicular in shape, and has a hinge-like mid-vein, upon which the halves swing smoothly, opening and shutting with great speed and ease. Each half is somewhat concave upon the upper surface, and is bordered by a row of spines thickly placed around its outer edge, and set at

such an angle as to cross when the blades are closed. They have, also, a power of separate movement, and interlock like the fingers of two hands. They remind one irresistibly of the teeth of a steel trap, which, in fact, they also resemble in the use for which they are designed. On the central part of each blade we find three conspicuous hairs. These are of the greatest sensitiveness, delicate, irritable, and so placed that even a small insect can hardly alight or move about upon the leaf without touching one or more of them. Over the surface of the blades are also strewn many small red globules, or glands, which are most numerous in the vicinity of the hairs. Provided the leaf upon which it grows be vigorous, no sooner is one of these irritable hairs touched, be it ever so lightly, then the blades spring together, the spines cross at right angles, and presently a slightly glutinous secretion begins to flow from the red globules, which is supposed to be the active agent in the process of digestion.

GERMANY stands at the front in electrical science, although the United States is far ahead of any other country in the practical use of electricity.

It is computed, in recently made statistics, that the glass bottle production of the world amounts to a daily output of a little over eleven million bottles. Of these, Germany, Belgium and Austria-Hungary make more than three fourths, England and Sweden coming next, while the production of France and the United States combined is said to be quite inconsiderable in comparison.

LEAD pencils may be softened by placing them in a vessel of linseed oil until the oil soaks through the lead. The lead is softened and at the same time made tough and more durable. This is a recent discovery made by some railroad clerks at Pittsburg.

IN the years 1877 and 1878 Charles F. Brush designed and exhibited a lamp, upon which all existing arc lights are based. Besides this we owe to him the copper plating of carbon points and many other important improvements. The incandescent light was brought before the public in America by Edison, and in England, almost simultaneously, by Swan, and while minor improvements have been added from time to time, it is virtually the same now as when first introduced.

THE first mention of chemistry is found in the dictionary of Suidas, who flourished in the eleventh century; he defines it as "the preparation of silver and gold," and relates that Diocletian, lest the Egyptians should become rich and capable of resisting the Roman power, caused their books on chemistry to be burnt. He further asserts that the art was known as early as the period of the Argonautic expedition, the golden fleece being a treatise written on skins concerning the making of gold.

A View of Toronto.

At Detroit we crossed the Canadian border and I stood for the first time on the soil of Her Royal Majesty.

Just as we crossed the Detroit river we encountered a keen-eyed custom official who proceeded to overhaul our baggage. He toiled long and earnestly opening and repacking over-crowded trunks, and when he came to mine, which I had securely tied with strong clothes line with hard double knots at every corner, he shook his head and asked whether I had any dutiable books within. When I assured him that I had nothing but an old Cicero, which I had solemnly resolved to apply myself to during vacation, he passed it by unopened.

We enjoyed a day's travel in the superbly furnished cars of the Canadian

Pacific, through a beautiful timber country, abounding in clear streams and pretty water falls, with here and there a little town, nestling among the hills and made up entirely, as it seemed, of tasty white houses with green blinds. The fields were generally enclosed by stump fences, formed of great roots, which rear their great arms into the air in all manner of fantastic shapes and in many cases had done service for a hundred years without repair. Sometimes, too, the land is fenced in with large stones which have been gathered from the fields, for the soil is very rocky, and some even say that the Canadian farmer is often obliged to file a sheep's nose to enable him to reach the blades of grass that grow between the stones in the meadows.

We reached Toronto just at evening and although it presented rather a rolled out appearance to one who had been used to the Dodge street hill, as its highest point is scarcely a hundred feet above the lake level, yet it commanded a magnificent view across blue Ontario to the sunlit cliffs and the old fort of Niagara opposite.

I was prepared to be greatly pleased with Toronto, for I had often heard it called the most beautiful city in Canada, and was rather disappointed to find the streets narrow and lined almost entirely with plank walks and the buildings low and discolored with age and smoke. And most surprising of all, the horse-car still holds its sway, unmolested, and the people of this great city, with a population of a hundred and sixty thousand, still submit to being conveyed back and forth by this unprogressive relic of a former age.

Toronto has some of the most beautiful residences that I have ever seen and especially those near the Queen's Park are models of elegance and architectural perfection, but many of them follow the reclusive and, as it seemed to me,

supremely selfish English custom of fencing themselves in with high walls which effectually spoil the appearance of the street and shut out all view of the lawn and house.

The people of Toronto are a remarkably happy and confident class, and are proud of the fact that their city is the most enterprising and progressive city in all Canada, and one of them, with the universal twist and gurgle in his voice, took pleasure in informing me that Toronto had doubtless its population within ten years, and insinuated that nothing could compare with it on either side of the boundary line. However, I clearly demonstrated to him, or at least zealously endeavored to, that there was a great metropolis out in Nebraska, one throbbing of whose pulse counted for more in the way of vitality and energy than did a whole age of Canadian history, and that as regards a new postoffice and union depot, it was simply complete.

The laboring classes are of a higher grade than with us and are universally intelligent and well informed. I even spoke with one street car driver who seriously undermined a position I had endeavored to maintain against free trade and reciprocity and, indeed, the custom annoyances, to which we were also obliged to submit when returning, caused me to look with much greater favor on these Democratic planks than I had done before, though some of our party claimed that my conversion was due to the eloquence of the car driver who, they claimed, had outargued me.

After a few days delightfully spent at Toronto, rambling through the parks and buying pocket knives and other articles for one-half their value in the States, we crossed Lake Ontario and landed near Niagara Falls and were once more in free America.

As I walked down to the railing at the great Falls, I felt glad to be home once more, and although I was greatly pleased with Canada still I agreed heartily with the old lines:

Goodness, gracious, what a nation!
Is America, the grand;
Surely she beats all creation.
Hail, Columbia! happy land.

Leaves from the Journal of the Old Year.

JANUARY.

I have come, at last! I—"The Little New Year" they call me—have been ushered in by the ringing of bells, and the booming of cannon, and cheers and good wishes! All men are joyful. When they meet in the street, they shake hands and smile and say: "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" Aye, and I shall be happy! I feel the strength in my young limbs. I will do my best! Though the Fates do control me, yet will I do what I can for all mankind; and if the Fates be not too hard, my reign shall be a blessing. When I pass away and another Year comes in my stead, people shall not say: "May the New Year be better than the Old", but, "May the New Year be *as good as* the Old."

Poor Old Year! It must be hard to grow old and fade away. But I, I am young and full, brim-full of life! Ah, 'tis a joy to be young! The church bells are chiming! My reign has begun!

In a little country town in Massachusetts, there stands an old red brick cottage. The street is old as the cottage; and great elm trees line the road, and heighten the quaint beauty of the old-fashioned street. There is a grocery on the corner, but the other buildings are dwelling houses, like the little red cottage. The latter is surrounded by a little garden, a very little garden, with morning glories, geraniums, hollyhocks, mignonettes and other old-fashioned

flowers; and there are little beds of vegetables, and a few old, gnarled fruit trees that bear hardly any fruit. There is a small porch in front, with shaky old pillars around which morning-glories twine.

Inside by the little window in front, behind the red and yellow curtain, sat, on a waning afternoon, an old woman. The white hair formed a halo of peace around the serene, old face. The thin, wrinkled hands were knitting busily. By the table sat another woman, who might be about forty years of age; her face, though by no means handsome, wore that sweet, patient expression which those only attain who, though not yet old, have known life's adversities, and have learned to look calmly from their own little corner on the world's pleasures; and who are always ready to sympathize with all who come to them.

This younger woman arose, put away the white flimsy stuff on which she had been sewing, and went to the window.

"Mother," she said, "it is too dark now to work longer. It is about time for supper."

"Yes Milly," answered the mother. "It is best for you not to sew too late. It is indeed quite dark. Why, you can hardly see the flowers in the garden. How those mignonettes are thriving, to be sure."

"Yes, but somehow they always make me think of George. He loved the little mignonettes."

"I wish," said the old woman, "I wish very much that he was with us. This summer it will be twenty-two years since he left us. What a fine handsome lad he was, fit for everything but a miner's life. But then, he chose it, and he was so happy in the thought that he might make us rich."

The daughter was setting the table;

and the mother went on, musingly speaking rather to herself than to Milly:

"Yes, he caught the gold fever; he couldn't help it. I had hoped so much that this year would bring him back to me. But have I not hoped that same for nigh onto twenty long years! And I have always been disappointed! I am old now and my boy, ah, no one was ever so good a son as he! My poor, dear George! Where is he now, I wonder! It is many, many years since I heard of him! Perhaps he lives no longer! Perhaps he lies ill without any one's care! O, God, I would that I had knowledge of my son! Anything were better than this dreadful, doubting uncertainty! Does he ever, if he still lives, think of his old mother and his sister, or has he forgotten us? No, no, he would not, he could not forget us! But, O God, bring certainty and rest to this poor old heart! I am old and near the grave. I fear not death, O Lord, but let me not die in this uncertainty!"

"Mother," said the daughter, "let me lead you to the table; supper is ready."

"Thank you, Milly, thank you. I was forgetting my present child for the absent one."

The mother and daughter ate their simple meal in silence, each occupied with her own thoughts. The fire in the little old fire place glimmered and shone on the two silent figures, on the blue and white china ware, on the white flimsy stuff on which Milly had been sewing, and which earned something for the two women. It shone on the white hair and on the brown.

Out in the little garden, the dew fell on the mignonettes, and darkness hovered over all; but cheerily the little fire shone on, out into the night.

* * *

Out in the mountains stood a miner's shanty. Near it, a mountain stream skipped merrily along to its goal. Great

trees surrounded it on all sides. The shanty was built of logs, with a great chimney of rough stone at one end. There were two small windows, but the door was very large. On entering, one saw first the great open fire place opposite. Like the chimney it was built of rough stones, and in it burned logs. The iron kettle hung over the flames from a stout chain. A rude "home made" table stood near it, with two or three chairs, made of logs and rough boards. In one corner stood a bed, or rather, some boards put together so as to serve as one; this was covered with furs. In another corner stood axe, spade, shovel, pickaxe and other such tools. In still another corner stood the flour barrel. Over the fire-place and around the walls were shelves where the kitchen utensils and food supplies had their place, (and hooks for the guns, etc.)

Before the fire, one evening, sat a man gazing into the flames. At his feet lay a large setter dog, looking ever and anon up into his master's face. The face of this man wore a grim, half sad expression; his hair was shaggy, and the beard that covered the lower part of his face was unkempt and grizzled. His clothes were rough, like any other miner's, and he wore high cow-hide boots. He was talking, half to himself, half to his dog.

"Ah, Jack," he said, "it's now near twenty-two years since I left my mother in Massachusetts. I wonder if she is living yet! And then there's Milly. Yes, she was a sister worth having! Not much more than twenty then, and now she's about forty. Yes, 'twasn't quite right to leave them, but I thought then that I'd get rich and help them. Poor old mother! She thought a good deal of me. And twenty years away! Twenty years is a good while, and long, long years they've been, God knows! And then I've not sent a word home all this time, to let 'em

know whether I was alive. But with such luck as I've had, I somehow couldn't bear to write. They'd better not know of it! And then somehow I've always been intending to go home, but something's always been the matter. I've always been saying: 'This year shall bring me home.' But somehow it never has. What a young chap I was when I came out here, and now, well. Time has left his marks on me. I wonder if Mother and Milly ever think of me now! Perhaps Mother is dead, and the old home gone! Ah, how well I remember the mignonettes, those pretty little mignonettes! Milly used to call them my flowers and pin them in my button hole. She pinned one on my coat the day I went away. I haven't earned much in all these years, anyway. But then I thought I should find gold enough! Gold was my object, and I thought I'd soon be rich. Rich indeed! I'd have been richer if I'd staid right there. Somehow I can't help thinking of poor old Mother! Her hair was turning gray then; it must be white now. No, Jack, I'll tell you men don't appreciate anything until they've just gone and lost it."

Jack looked up with mild concern in his face. George continued.

"That old, red house! I never knew before how dear it was! And that little old front porch! I remember how I used to shin up the pillars when I was a little lad. Mother used to say I'd break up the whole house some time with all my climbing and racketing. Seems queer, now how I've been able to live here, all alone for so many years. I'll tell you, Jack, if ever you're a goin' to do a thing, do it right away. What is it that old verse says? 'Lingering labors come to naught!' Well, I, for one, shan't linger any longer. And I'm just goin' right home. Jack do you hear? We're goin' home! You never knew that home, but

you shall know it. To-morrow we'll move."

Here George arose, with a new look of determination in his face. He shook his shaggy head, and began to get supper ready. That took but a short time. And then he sat down to his salt pork and beans, with Jack on the opposite side of the table. The fire flickered on the odd collection in the corners and on the shelves; on the tall, giant figure of the miner, and on the dog. Merrily crackled the logs on the hearth, and threw gleams of light out among the trees, and the rippling and the rushing of the little stream sounded cheerily in reply.

The little red-brick cottage in Massachusetts lay in its wonted state of peace and repose. The morning-glories hung out their brilliantly hued bells over the porch. The mignonettes were all in bloom, the grass between the bricks of the garden walk was just as verdant as usual. The old lady had moved out onto the porch and was knitting busily. Milly was sewing. The face of the mother looked serenely beautiful as the slanting rays of the sun fell through the network of the morning-glory vines. Milly seemed almost young in the radiance of that soft light as she sat there humming a little snatch of a song.

But hark, the gate creaked. They both looked up. A tall, gaunt man was coming toward them.

"Mother" he said, "I have come back."

And the setting sun's last rays fell on that happy, happy group on the porch.

* * *

I, I am happy, for I have brought a loved one home. And three people at least will bless this year.

* * *

DECEMBER.

I am old, I am passing away. I have done my best in my reign, and have made some people very, very happy.

But I have not done all I could wish. Men still say: "May the New Year be better than the old." I see it now, it cannot be otherwise. But still I can know that I have done my best. It is near the hour when I shall pass away. The little New Year will again be ushered in with the ringing of bells, and cheers. And I, I that was once the little New Year, I am now the Old Year, and am about to lay me down to rest.

Again all men are happy, but some are saying farewell to me, are thanking me for what I have done, and some feel sad that I, who once was so young and so gay, am now sinking into my grave. But, O, it is good to rest, and my life has not been entirely in vain. But 'tis almost the hour. I lie down to my rest, and the bells, the bells, they are chiming over me!

E. I. A. '94.

Greetings.

It is Shakespeare who has said:
"Welcome ever smiles, and farewell goes out sighing."

We find that a greeting is among cultured nations, an expression of peace and goodwill. In the earliest times, the word of welcome was expressed by some clause such as "Peace be to thee and to thine house," meaning the peace of God. Thus a greeting may become a password among fellow believers.

A greeting is given many times by wishing health. We observe this in the modern phrase, "Long live the king," or our own common salutation, "How do you do?" spoken many times, by both parties, neither expecting an answer. The ancient Greeks said, "Be joyful," while the Romans said, "Be in health."

In Rome the sign of fellowship was the kiss, as we see in the command given by Paul, "Greet thy brother with an holy kiss." This custom has diminished so that the kiss is now used only between relatives and near friends. Also, court ceremonial keeps up the kiss on the cheek

between sovereigns and the kissing of the hand by subjects. The pope receives the kiss on the foot. In some nations kissing has ceased to be performed, but it is still talked of as the Austrians say, "I kiss your hands."

Strokings, patings and other caressing, though formerly used, are not important now.

Even in our own times, in Siam, subjects crawl before the king and Siberians grovel and kiss the dust before a noble.

The habit of affectionate clasping, or embracing, is seen at the meeting of Australians. When Ulysses made himself known, it is said that they met him, cast their arms about him, with kisses on the head, hands and shoulders. The embrace continues habitual, though restricted, while the kiss is not so universal, being known through only about half the world.

Bowing as a salute of reverence, appears in its extreme in Oriental custom. It is interesting from being given mutually, the two saluters each making the sign of submission to the other.

Eastern nations see disrespect in baring the head, but insist on the foot being uncovered.

Shaking hands seems to have become usual in the Middle Ages as a legal act, that of joining in compact, peace or friendship and so we find it down to the present time. In Moslem the usual form of shaking hands is pressing the thumbs together.

Longfellow tells us in his poem of Miles Standish, that as John Alden was carrying the message to Priscilla, he plucked a bouquet and when she met him he greeted her simply by handing her the flowers he had gathered. Thus it is we see that oftentimes a flower or some act of kindness or remembrance expresses a more kindly greeting than any formal word. T. P., '94.

Applied Quotations.

TO THE SENIOR BOYS.

B-n G-g—"His voys was a trompe thundering."

L-r L-g—"Certainly he was a good felawe."

A-r C-r—"For Frensh of Paris was to him unknowe."

L-s E-s—"Of twenty yeer of age he was, I guesse."

H-y C-e—"A knight he was; a worthy man, who loved chivalrye."

F-e D-r—"Wel coude he sing, and pleyen."

C-s M-n—"Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie."

S-t B-n—"Ful big he was of braun, and eke of bones."

W-t T-n—"His beard was well begonne for to spring."

A-d P-n—"Nowher so busy a man as he there was."

W-m B-t—"Full longe were his legges, and ful lene; y-lyk a staf, there was no calf y-seue."

The Story of the Jolly Harper Man and his Good Fortune.

As adapted from an old English Legend by Charles M. Helgren.

Once upon a time, or, in other words, many, many years ago,—I don't know precisely how many years—when the little boys couldn't break windows, on account of the aforesaid windows absence; and there were no brick chimneys to be connected with stories of the midnight wanderings of a certain indefinite individual, commonly known as Saint Nicholas, *alias* Santa Claus, *alias* Good Saint Nick, etc., etc.,—that is to say, in "the good old times," there lived, resided,

boarded, or otherwise had his existence, in Scotland, a jolly harper man, who was accounted the most enduring of all the organ grinders of the day. He didn't have the regulation monkey with him but the children followed him in crowds through the streets, nor could they be stopped while he continued playing; even the mule in the back yard pricked up his ears and listened with awe and jealousy when he passed by; and the fair stenographers of the nobles left their work and threw kisses at him through the windows. The old tailor-made aristocrats themselves didn't throw kisses however, they hove their letter-presses at him that left holes in the glass, which the kisses did not. I think I mentioned some where before that there were no windows, but I had to insert some right here for obvious reasons. The reader can now remove them again, as I have no further use for them anyhow.

King Henry Plantagenet had a very wonderful horse—a *very* wonderful equine—named Brownie. He hadn't been baptised, but they named him Brownie all the same. Not that his name was Brown and they named him Brownie for short, for he wasn't short—lots of Browns are however, and in more than one respect—but they just called him Brownie. He did not quite equal in dexterity and intelligence the high-flying animal of whom you have read in the "Arabian Nights," but he knew a great deal and was a sort of philosopher among horses—had a good deal of horse sense you know. King Henry said he wouldn't part with him for a corner lot—that he would rather lose his crown than Brownie. He was pretty smart, was Harry, for he knew he could buy another crown of the best quality, "all wool and a yard wide" at any second hand hardware store; but all the world, it may be, could not produce such another "hoss."

King Henry had fine summer resorts built for the animal. They were very strong and were fastened with locks and bolts and bars. I don't quite understand what they wanted the bars for, unless it was because the grooms needed something stronger than water to keep them awake while guarding Brownie.

So carefully was the animal watched, that it came to be a proverb among the English yeomanry that a person could no more do this or that hard thing than "he could steal Brownie from the stable of the king."

The king liked the proverb; it was a compliment to his wisdom and sagacity. It made him feel "just bully" (John Bully), as the boys of the time expressed it, and one day after a good dinner, he said, "If any one were smart enough to get Brownie out of his stables without my knowledge, I would, for his cleverness, forgive him and appoint him alderman in the council of the capitol;" then he looked very wise and felt very comfortable and secure. "But," he added, "evil overtake the man who gets caught in an attempt to steal my horse. I will appoint him census enumerator for our next census, or compel him to wear a tile hat and sack coat, or both."

Then the report went abroad that the man who would be so shrewd as to get possession of the king's horse should be appointed to a most lucrative office, but that he who failed in the attempt would receive a punishment worse than death.

(Continued in our next.)

High School Savings Bank.

If your name does not appear as a depositor in the High School Savings Bank, turn over a new leaf next Monday. 5 per cent interest paid. Practical experience in banking.

The Juniors hold a social on February 12, at which they produce one of W. D. Howell's plays, "The Garrothers."

Exchanges.

All school papers receiving a copy of THE REGISTER please exchange.

The editors of the *Criterion Record*, Minneapolis, Minn., spoil their pretty cover by sticking an advertisement on it. It looks as if they were grasping pretty hard for the nimble dollar.

The editor of the *Acamedian*, Washington, Iowa, who wrote the editorial on "Seeing a lady home," wrote a good, sound, sensible article, the best thing in the paper and of sufficient sense to almost redeem the faults of the magazine. The editors would do well to leave out the department entitled "Acamedian Retreat." They show a huge conceitedness in the paragraph in which they speak of the "good feeling" they experience when their exchanges compliment the *Acamedian*. They essay to be funny in answering a criticism made by the *Oak, Lily and Ivy* about the *Acamedian's* cuts (which are certainly a disgrace) at the heads of the editorial and exchange columns. The editors criticise their exchanges, saying, "We came to the conclusion that every one (every exchange) had the driest local column in the whole outfit," and they give a "few samples" of the dry (?) items. We examined the local column of the *Acamedian* and found *twenty-four* locals devoted entirely to only *nine* persons or subjects, one young lady receiving the benefit of *four* notices, simply because she had had an attack of chicken-pox! The main idea conveyed by the majority of these notes is that Mr. So-and-So is, or has been, or will be, in love with Miss Such-and-Such. Such notes as these are enough to cause a reader to buy a club and start on a still hunt after the editor. If the *Acamedian* would scatter its notes through a wider field of subjects and not mention the same

people all the time it would improve its contents greatly. Its appearance could be greatly enhanced by inducing the printer to cut the papers so that the margins of the pages would be of the same width.

This month we greet the following publications, among which are numerous new ones, for which we express our sincere thanks: *Cadet*, Denver, Colo.; *Cue*, Albany, N. Y.; *Giant*, Haverhill, Mass.; *Normal Offering* (2), Bridgewater, Mass.; *Brimfield Bugle*, (2), Brimfield, Mass.; *Lyceum Advocate*, Saginaw, Mich.; *Sioux*, Redfield, S. D.; *Lever*, Colorado Springs, Colo.; *Institute Bell*, New South Lyme, O.; *Critic*, (2), New Haven, Conn.; *Res Academicae*, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; *Academy*, Worcester, Mass.; *Argus*, Detroit, Mich.; *E. H. S. Enterprise*, Lynn, Mass.; *Academy Graduate*, Newburgh, N. Y.; *Oracle*, Malden, Mass.; *Howard Times*, Howard, R. I.; *H. S. Record*, Woonsocket, R. I.; *Chronicle*, Hartford, Conn.; *Academic*, St. Albans, Vt.; *Hesperus*, Denver, Colo.; *Premier*, Fall River, Mass.; *Owl*, Rockford, Ill.; *Recorder*, Springfield, Mass.; *Cony Student*, Augusta, Maine, and *Hesperian*, Lincoln, Nebraska.

The *Normal Register*, Salina, Kansas, "devoted to practical education," is a good interesting publication, well deserving the name of a "journal." May its success continue.

The *Volcano*, Ventura, Cal., is a splendid paper and is well supported, as it deserves to be.

The *Record*, Canandaigua, N. Y., is to be congratulated on the appearance of the cover for the December number.

The editorials in the *Mount Union Dynamo*, Alliance, O., are of a superior class.

The *H. S. World*, St. Paul, Minn., is a very bright, newsy paper.

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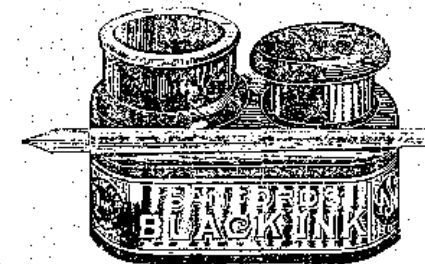
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