

Feb. '92.
Vol. VI.
No. 6.

High

School

Register

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of the
Omaha
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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., FEBRUARY.

NO. 6

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.

OWING to the dull times in athletic circles, the Athletic department of THE REGISTER has been omitted this month, but we hope to continue it hereafter.

**

ANY subscriber failing to receive any number of THE REGISTER will confer a favor on the managing editors by notifying either them or any associate editor.

**

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I. SCOTT BROWN, '02,
LOUIS W. EDWARDS, '02, } Managing Editors.

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VIVIAN ALVISON, '02.

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

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OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

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Irwin Leviston.....Ass't Principal
M. W. Richardson.....Librarian
Number of teachers.....23
Number enrolled students.....735

CLASS OF NINETY-TWO.

Louis W. Edwards.....President
Grace Van Dervoort.....Vice-President
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Henry T. Clarke.....Treasurer

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HIGH SCHOOL LYCEUM.

Ross B. Towle.....President
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Belle Morrow.....Sec'y and Treas

DURING the month of February quite a number of new scholars have entered the O. H. S. from the Eighth grades and also a few from Creighton College, which raises the number of enrolled students in the four grades of the High School to 735. This makes the building more crowded than ever, but no one is objecting, as the first thing the Board is going to do out of the bonds that were sold last fall for such purposes, is to build accommodations somewhere near for the Central School, plans for which are under way now. They hope to have the transfer made by next September, and then the High School building will be devoted entirely to the use of that department.

**

THE members of some of the societies were objecting recently to the way their meetings were reported. As we have said before, THE REGISTER will gladly print an account of these meetings if they will only give us an account of them; otherwise, we have no means of obtaining said account.

As an example of how some of the reports come in, you will see under the

heading of "Societies" an account of the meeting of the J. L. S., which was handed to us. It does not tell when the meeting was held, and only gives the name of one of the debaters and says "he went through with flying colors." Was he the only participant in the debate? If not, who were the others? Please be more explicit.

* **

CONTRIBUTORS to THE REGISTER or any other publication would do well to remember a few points in connection with their work.

Always write on one side of the paper only; the people who have charge of the manuscript after it leaves the contributor's hands are busy people and cannot afford to waste valuable time turning pages while examining an article.

Write plainly, with good ink, and avoid the use of interlineations.

Abbreviations should never be used; words underlined are printed in italics; those having two lines placed under them are printed in small capitals.

A little care on the part of a writer will be greatly appreciated by the editor and printer.

* **

THE Juniors not long since gave a social and now it is rumored that the Sophomores are talking of having one. Heretofore this has been one of the Senior privileges "but alas it is no more." Now look at this from a disinterested point of view and form an opinion accordingly. Until last year there were no societies in the lower classes to speak of. Last year the Juniors started a debating society and now the classes seem to have gotten out of the rut of doing what their predecessors did, and are each one trying to outdo the class before in this direction.

So this year the Juniors have a society, and in addition gave a social. The Sophomores also have a literary society and the Freshmen are talking of starting one. Do not think that THE REGISTER wishes to discourage the organization of such societies, far from it, which may be seen by the way we encouraged the Sophomores when they were talking of starting one, but we do think it is carrying it too far to have socials through all the classes. The Board will not give permission to have a social twice a month, which is about as often as they will eventually occur, and will have to draw the line somewhere. As has been said before it has been one of the Senior privileges and it is no more than right that they should have some privileges, over the other classes in their last year of school, but further than that the other classes should be content with their societies, and may they ever prosper.

* **

THE recent disastrous fire in a New York City hotel brings up the thought of a possible calamity of like nature in our schools.

It is the custom in the schools of all important cities to practice a system of fire drills, by means of which each scholar has a particular position in a particular line and the school buildings may be emptied in a few minutes, in case of fire, as quietly as if at the sound of the noon-bell. This drill is now in vogue at some of Omaha's public schools and *has* been used at the High School, but as far as THE REGISTER knows no drill has been executed for four years or more.

This, it may readily be seen, could be of no possible benefit to any of the present scholars, inasmuch as those who participated in this drill are now no longer pupils at the school.

A fire in the High School, in its present over-crowded condition, would result in a loss of life terrible to contemplate. The pupils, doubtless, would rush in frenzied terror to the fire-escapes; these would speedily be choked at landings and turns by the struggling mass; railings would give way like toothpicks, and fearful results would inevitably follow.

In case of an organized and systematic drill, at regular times, the scholars would be cool-headed and quiet, each knowing his proper place and realizing the value of the action, and the building could easily be cleared, by means of the stairways, of its 735 pupils, in one and a half or two minutes.

Of course, the possibility of fire is small, as the numerous teachers and our vigilant janitor are always within the building during the day, the only time when a conflagration could prove disastrous, but such a thing *has* happened in other schools; it *might* happen in ours. In the event of this actually occurring, the necessary but small loss of time in the practice of the drills would never be regretted.

* **

THE REGISTER feels obliged to call the attention of some of the boys to their actions in the lower hall. In the first place it is not necessary to congregate here at any time of the day; the hall is not a place of amusement, it is simply a passageway and should be used as such. In the second place, as regards the leaving of overcoats, caps, and so forth, down there. There is no excuse for this since the new dressing rooms have been made on the third floor, as most of the boys are Ninth graders. It is impossible for us to see how a boy would wish to eat his lunch in a dark hall when he can just as well eat it in a pleasant study room; besides, the boys should be more careful as to what

they do with the scraps from their lunches. Above all things do not tussle there; if you must engage in athletic contests go out of doors, where you can do no harm and will annoy no one. And so, boys, have some consideration for other people, and do these things in their proper places.

Notes.

"Simon says, 'Thumbs up'."

Oh! that walk in elocution!

Quick-lime is said to be a sort of white-lye.

"They made their music with their feet."

The latest is a sideboard in the chemistry room.

"Bakspare-Shakin question," a Junior was heard to say.

H. C.—Say Det., let's you and I get an eye-glass.

A Senior girl's latest: "Well, I'm jiggered!"

WANTED.—Refreshments served to Senior committees.

Something new—volcanic mountains send forth *saliva*.

S. B.—Any one who doesn't wear glasses ain't in it.

Translating 4th year German, Count Leicester, "Are you it?"

See Stephens & Smith's spring neckwear, in stock after March 1st.

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

Howard Parmelee, '91, is now employed at the Richardson Drug Company.

We always appreciate holidays, whether on Washington's birthday or not.

Djou-gettan-invitasun?
 Can you pronounce g-i-r-l?
 "What did that girl say?"
 "With the accent on the —!"
 We're ashamed of you Archie.
 Only four months till vacation.
 Send in a contribution next month.
 What do those blue ribbons mean?
 Are you sure *your* subscription is paid?
 Miss L— may explain syncopation.
 Where was the quartette? Not in it, evidently.
 Two or three editorials this month. Eh?
 Lively times in the old school, recently, eh?
 Miss G—, do people usually sing with their feet?
 Helgren '91 was at both the Senior and Junior socials.
 Our advertisers are all reliable men. Patronize them.
 Blackboard notice: "Lost—my mind. Return to M. E."
 Edith is fond of small circles, about a "yard in diameter."
 Brower McCague, '91, was a caller at school one day recently.
 The Junior boys paid a visit to the Senior social in a body.
 Brower, the next time you are coming up to see Barillett (?) let us know.
 We didn't know before that Smithsonianite was one of the ores of zinc.
 He must be forgetful who goes to see the moon when clouds fill the sky.
 We admit that we *were* a little late last month, but it was the fault of the printer.

Morse's latest: "Are you in favor of Bacon?" "Yes." "Well, I 'ham' too."

"Is that the best you can do for a beau?" said a gentleman looking at the class pin.

Miss Mc— . Girls, are you going down town? Mr. B. (answering quickly): Yes, I am.

"Instantaneously at once" is the latest expression, to be used when emphasis is desired.

A civil government book falls on the floor. "Down falls the government," says Henry.

To all appearances the Junior class is going to turn out a lot of full-fledged telegraphers.

Mr. Weymueller '86 was at the Senior social as was also Cooley '91, and Baumann '90.

How many of the scholars knew that the flag was raised over the school on Washington's birthday?

It's a wonder a certain class in the O. H. S. wouldn't hang a few more colored ribbons on themselves.

For perfect fitting shirts and collars and cuffs, go to Stephens & Smith's, 105 north Sixteenth St.

"No, we are not going to have a Long-fellow social, we are short fellows at school," said the Senior girl.

At Rhetoricals the Seniors greatly appreciated the enlargement of the Junior rostrum. Do it some more, please.

By the way Miss M. marched the little dog out of Virgil we thought perhaps she had been trained in that direction.

"Teacher in history: "Who was Earl Warwick?" "Why, you know, he was Lord Fauntleroy's grandfather."

They say that the G. C. of M. were locked in the Physics room. How is that boys?

Music Teacher—Now, young ladies, I want you to pronounce "night," *noight*. Jessie B.—Yes, we noight, (know it.)

In translating German, some one read the Hare and Hedgehog, the Hare and Hogshead. Only a slight difference.

A small boy with a uniform seems to have created quite a commotion in certain directions. Is it the boy or the uniform?

The Seniors were pleased to see Mr. C. S. Elgutter, '76, President of the Alumni, at their social on the 19th of the month.

Senior girls eating lunch on the boys side of the room, not seeing what they want, will confer a favor by asking for it.

Fred Schneider, '91, was at school one day recently and requested us not to mention his visit in THE REGISTER, so we won't.

Many of the girls have had their pictures taken; the originals are all right, but the pictures are mostly smile and blur.

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

Teacher: "What is meteorology?" Prompt answer: "Science of meteors." T.: "Well, I guess not; it is the science of the weather."

A certain committee has been burning a good bit of phosphorus lately, but when they called for more only H₂O. was forthcoming.

Deposit your savings with the Globe Loan and Trust Co. Savings Bank. Five per cent. interest paid. Corner of Sixteenth and Dodge streets.

"Have you seen the new coins? Three pieces make a dollar." "No, what are they?" "A half dollar and two quarters." Curtain.

He didn't intend to dance, he came late to the social to avoid it. But when she found him partners for all the dances and fifteen extras what else could he do?

Omaha is well represented in the gymnasium. Three of the classes are led by Breckenridge, Putnam, and Sumner, who are from Nebraska's metropolis. *Hesperian*, Lincoln, Nebraska.

"Say, Fred, when was the first 4th of July, 1775 or 1776?" "1776 of course." "No it wasn't. There has been one every year for over a thousand years." Fred reaches for an apple core.

A smile went round the room in political economy when it was said "that lack of food or good food stunted the growth," and involuntarily every one looked at Georgie B., Blanche H. and Hattie O.

James in eager conversation: "Say, fellows, I'm getting thin. I've lost ten pounds this month." Voice from somewhere. "I didn't know that your heart was that heavy." James goes and gets a drink.

The following request was handed to one of the Senior young ladies recently: "Keep an eye on Naugle, this hour, for me!—R. B. T." Anyone capable of throwing any light on the meaning of the above, will confer a favor by notifying THE REGISTER.

Societies.

At the J. L. S. meeting the question, "Resolved that the World's Fair should be opened on Sunday," was debated. Mr. Whipple, on the affirmative, did especially well, and came through with flying colors.

Socials.

The Seniors held their second social Friday evening, February 19th, and if the remarks of those present are to be relied upon, a pleasanter time could not have been asked for. The guests began to arrive at about half past seven and continued to come till the dancing began. There was a brilliancy of dresses and flowers, and everybody seemed to be perfectly happy. The program of the evening was opened by five musical numbers, after which the dancing began, to the music of a violin and harp. In the interval between the first and last part of the dance program, dainty refreshments were served in the hall on the third floor, in which chairs had been very neatly arranged. Quite a number of the teachers and members of the alumni were present, and seemed to take as much interest in everything as the younger ones. 'Twas midnight, when the last dance, a Virginia Reel, in which all took part was finished, after which the guests departed, each one with some word of praise for the Social committee and its energetic chairman for the nice way in which they arranged the second social of the Class of '92, and each one expressing a desire to be present at the next one.

Friday, February 12th, was a red-letter day in the history of the O. H. S. It has always been an open secret that the class of '93 are unusually bright and enterprising, but in this instance they have made a great stride in an entirely new direction.

Never before has a Junior class given a social and it seems to have been reserved for these Juniors to demonstrate the fact that the world do move.

Well, the social has come and gone and it was a success.

There were pretty dresses and smart suits, and dancing and roses and a play, and smiles and games and good things to eat, and jokes and music and valentines and a yellow cat.

The teachers were there and enjoyed the fun as much as any one. Some of the Seniors and Sophomores were fortunate enough to receive invitations also. Of which, the less said the better, as far as some of the Junior boys are concerned.

Following is the programme of the play:

THE GARROTTERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONA.

Mr. Edward Roberts.....Russell Wilbur
Mr. Bemis, senior.....Harrison Outry
Mr. Bemis, junior.....Frank Riley
Dr. Lawton.....Lynn Chaffee
Mr. Willis Campbell.....Bert Butler
Mrs. Roberts.....Miss Mabel Hellman
Mrs. Crashaw.....Miss Ada Stone
Mrs. Bemis.....Miss May Wyman
Bella, the maid.....Miss Jennie Gregg

The acting was excellent and the stage looked extremely pretty. Speaking of pretty things, the actresses certainly outshone the stage in all its glory.

The party broke up at midnight and there was a lovely moon-light night to go home in, wasn't there now?

The Juniors have only to wish that all their attempts in the future may prove as successful as this one.

Just one year more and then, ah me,

How very dignified we'll be
Grave Seniors then as e'er you'll see,
Long live the class of '93!!!
But while we're young and giddy too
And laughing's easy and no one's blue
We'll enjoy ourselves what e'er we do
So long as we're Juniors of '92,
Now wouldn't you?

V. Z. '93.

The members of the Athletic Association will bear in mind the meeting to be held Friday, February 26th, for the election of officers for the ensuing year.

Scientific.

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

A FIRM of manufacturers at Worcester, Mass., are making copper wire as fine as two one-thousandths of an inch.

A MASTODON'S tusk was lately unearthed by workmen while engaged in digging a canal in the northern part of the city of New York. It was found in a bog; sixteen feet below the surface.

IDAHO has a river whose source is a mystery. It flows out of a lake in an immense volume and at one point is 369 feet deep. Where all the water comes from is something no one can tell.

WHEN a gun is fired absolutely in the vertical the ball will fall a few inches south and west from the gun in the northern latitude, due west at the equator and northwest in the southern latitude.

PROFESSOR BLATTNER, a German authority on entomology, says that some species of insects are so small that a number greater than the total human population of the globe could be safely stowed away in an ounce vial. Next!

IT HAS been reckoned that if the whole ocean were dried up, all the water passing away as vapor, the amount of salt remaining would be enough to cover 5,000,000 square miles with a layer one mile thick. N.B. Readers are advised to take this statement with a grain of salt.

VERY few people know that the ink rollers which are used for printing books and newspapers are nearly always made of glue, glycerine and sugar, in some particular proportion. Sometimes glue and molasses is made use of in the manufacture of these articles.

NINE hundred and fifty submarine telegraph cables are now in operation, most of them in Europe; their total length is over 89,000 miles.

AMONG the recent applications of electricity is one in which an electric device gives warning of a hot bearing on shafting. When the bearing reaches a certain temperature, a mercury contact automatically closes the circuit, and rings a bell.

IN a photograph of the heavens now in course of preparation at the Paris observatory, it is calculated that 60,000,000 stars will be represented. In the nebulae of the Lyre, M. Bailland took a photograph 4 by 5½ inches which reveals 4,800 stars to the naked eye!

THE lighting of the tallest peak of Mount Washington by electricity will make an interesting spectacle, since it will be the highest point on the surface of the globe thus set aglow. If there is ever to be communication with other worlds it may be the language of electricity speaking from the mountain peak.

AN interesting scrap of news comes just at this time from the other side of the water; this is a reduction in the price of aluminum of ordinary grade to so low a figure as fifty-seven cents per pound. This reduction, made by the company at Neuhausen, the largest manufacturers on the continent, is said to have resulted in an immense increase in the demand.

THE Los Angeles Times says that within 175 miles of Los Angeles there is the finest body of Bessemer iron ore, both in extent and quality, in the United States. The ore body is a solid mass of Bessemer, without a rock or break, 400 feet in width, of more than 3,000 feet in length, and of apparent great depth—300 feet of which is already exposed.

SIR WILLIAM THOMPSON, the English lecturer, gives us this very interesting fact: "We have proof that the sun has not existed for more than 20,000,000 years—no matter what might have been its origin—whether it came into existence from the crash of worlds which had pre-existed or from diffused nebulous matter." Just exactly what the proof is, we are unable to state.

PART of the mineral production of the United States was as follows, for 1891:

Gold, ounces.....	1,620,000
Silver, ounces.....	58,000,000
Copper, pounds.....	292,620,000
Lead, tons of 2,000 pounds.....	205,488
Zinc, tons of 2,000 pounds.....	76,500
Quick silver, flasks.....	21,022
Aluminum, pounds.....	163,820
Sulphur, tons of 2000 pounds.....	1,200
Bromine, pounds.....	415,000

AN Englishman has invented a new aerial machine. The machine is divided and constructed in imitation of the arrangement of every feather in the wing of a crow, the bird selected as a model. The dimensions are thirty feet from tip to tip of the large wings. The whole weight is about 650 pounds. The machine is to be operated by a light engine. *English Mechanic.*

THE Chinese cultivated wheat 2,700 years before the beginning of the Christian era, always considering it as a gift direct from heaven. Scientific agriculturists are of the opinion that it was widely known and cultivated by prehistoric man. At the present time it is the principal-bread corn of the leading European nations, and is fast supplanting the use of maize, or Indian corn, in the American states. The Egyptians attributed its origin to Isis and the Greeks to Ceres.

Class of '92.

A regular meeting of the Class of '92 was held on Friday, February 5th. After some routine business was gone through with, a motion was made and carried that the second Senior social be held on February 19th instead of 26th as first proposed.

On motion the office of vice-president was declared vacant, according to Article VI of the Constitution. Nominations were then made to fill the vacant office.

Of the six nominees, Miss Grace Van Dervoort was elected vice-president.

The meeting then adjourned.

On Tuesday, February 16th, the society held a special meeting at which certain provisions were made for the coming social. Various other business matters were disposed of and the society adjourned.

Name.

"Good name in man and woman dear, my lord'
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis some-
thing, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;
But he that filches me from my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

Name is that given to a person to distinguish him from other persons of the world.

The names given to the early Jewish children were derived from circumstances of their birth, or an expression of religious sentiment. Thus a child having great beauty received the name Ruth, which means "beauty." A strong, resolute child with a spirit of defense would, perhaps, receive the name of William, or a child resembling its father would be called William's son, which, contracted later, is now Williamson. If a child was considered as "the gracious gift of God,"

he received the name of John; his son, if resembling him was given the name of John's son; hence we perceive how there are so many Johnsons now, because these early people believed their children to be the gifts of God, as indeed they were.

As far back as the tenth century we can trace the use of fixed family names, thus we find the name of the father descending to many succeeding generations.

A name given to a person is almost a sacred thing; by it he is known to the world; he can either ruin or win his way through the world by it. If a tarnish appears on his name he is pointed out by the world, which many have found to be a severe critic. Try hard as he may, the tarnished name follows him like a phantom, everywhere, tho' he try to rid himself of it, it mysteriously follows him; the ocean cannot separate it from him, it travels fast as the wind.

But if he has performed many good undertakings, his name is brightened and and he is spoken of as "that trusty clerk," "that honest boy," or "that industrious young man." These expressions are heard often, yet each person cannot apply them to himself.

Young Americans are usually glad to leave their names in the world if it is only to carve them on trunks of trees or write them upon the sand; some take the trouble to climb to the top of old towers to see a muddy river flowing away in the distance, or the numerous tall chimneys emitting smoke, but really they go to carve their names in the decaying walls of the belfry tower. Some, also, place their names in the high clay banks which we sometimes see in a fast-developing city, where a better appearance would be made if the names were not there.

There is a wonderful natural bridge in Virginia on which many persons have carved their names. There is a story we

have all read, telling how a certain youth seeing Washington's name carved on the rock about a foot above all others, determined to place his name in as much prominence as that of this great hero, and so carved his name far above Washington's. But we know we cannot have our names renowned like that of Washington by simply placing it higher on some stone wall, for stone in time will crumble away, or by engraving it on the sea shore, for the next tide washes it smooth again, or yet by chiseling it on a strong oak, for the woodman's ax will level the oak to the ground.

But we *can* have them placed on the temple of fame, though perhaps not as high as Washington's or some other great man's; so it is but right to aim high and a crime to aim low, and by doing the best we are able, having no dark spots on our names, and by being upright, honest and persevering in all we undertake, we can live in the hearts of people long after our sands of life are run.

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

Adapted from an old English Legend
by Charles M. Helgren.

(Concluded.)

The English court, at this time, was at Carlisle, near the Scottish border. The jolly harper man lived in the old town of Striveling, since called Stirling, at some distance from the border.

This jolly musician, like most people of genius, was very poor. He often furnished the music on festive occasions in the parlors of the nobles and as he looked at the fat lords, the gorgeously attired ladies, and at the bountiful supply of provisions on the tables, and contrasted all this with his own poverty, he became

suddenly seized with a desire for wealth, and he remembered the proverb, which was a chestnut even then, that "Where there's a will there's a way."

One autumn day as he was bumming along the borders of Loch Lomond, the famous lake in the middle of Scotland, he remembered that there was a cave overlooking the lake from a thickly wooded hill, in which roomed a hermit, who acted as clairvoyant in those regions and who bore the name of "The Man of Wisdom."

He was not a wicked magician, nor did he pretend to be a doctor. He was gifted only with what was called clearness of vision; he could see into things, just as the little boy sees into the mysterious jars on the pantry shelves. Things that were darkness to others were as clear as sunlight to him. He lived on roots* and herbs and flourished so wonderfully on the diet, that what he didn't know wouldn't even be enough for an alderman.

It was near nightfall when the jolly harper man came to the famous hill. The sun was sliding down the celestial toboggan-slide in splendor, the moon was coming up intoxicated. Showers of silver began to fall on Loch Lomond, and to quiver over the valleys. It was an hour to fill a minstrel's heart with romantic feeling, and it lent its witchery to the heart of the jolly harper man.

He wandered up the hill overlooking the lake, where dwelt the Man of Wisdom, to whose mind all things were clear. He sat down near the mouth of the cave, partook of his evening meal (he left the

*NOTE—The best authorities on this subject claim that these roots and herbs were nothing more nor less than potatoes and tobacco. But although these might be sufficiently nourishing to sustain life, yet a deep study into the matter has made it clear to me that this theory is not trustworthy. As has been discovered by the latest scientific researches, potatoes are not roots but tubers. But as the Hermit knew nothing of these things, he might, of course have eaten potatoes in the supposition that they were roots and as far as I know the old son-of-a-gun—I mean seventh son of a seventh son—would have found them as palatable. I don't care much anyhow.

other part for breakfast), then, seizing his harp, he began to play. (If, after an hour's close study, any one of my intelligent readers fail to catch the deep wit in the above parenthesis, he better drop it until a vacation gives him more time for studious deliberation.)

He played a tune of wonderful sweetness and sadness, so soft and airy that the notes seemed to slide down the moonbeams like the tinkling of fairy chestnut bells. He played "Comrades." The little animals came out of the bushes, formed a mass meeting, and resolved to lynch the jolly harper man. The birds in the trees around him woke up, packed their things together, collected their bills, and left.

The old hermit heard the strain, and came out with a shot gun to see who it was; but because he had clearness of vision, he knew that such an air would only be played by one whom some secret longing had crazed, or some great sorrow had made reckless.

So he approached the jolly harper man, with his fingers in his ears, his grey whiskers blowing in the wind, and his long white hair silvered in the moonlight.

The jolly harper man secretly expected him, or at least he hoped that he would come out. He wanted to inquire if there were no way of turning his wonderful musical genius into bags of gold.

"Why do you wander here, my good harper?" asked the hermit, when the last strain melted away in low, airy echoes over the lake. "There are neither lads to dance nor lasses to sing. This hill is my dominion, and the dominion of an hermit is solitude."

"See you not Loch Lomond silvered in the moonlight?" said the jolly harper man. "I love to play when the inspiration of Nature comes upon me."

This bluff didn't work on the old man.

"But why is your music so sad, my good harper man? Why do you thus tempt death?"

"Alas!" said the jolly harper man, "I am very poor. My harpings all die in the air, and I have to pay their funeral expenses, leaving me but a scanty purse, poor clothing, and no roof over my head. You are a man of wisdom, to whom all things are clear. Point out to me the way to fortune, my wise hermit."

The old hermit sat down on a stone (hermits always do; he had nothing else handy to sit down on, anyhow). He seemed lost in profound thought. At last he found himself again, looked up and said slowly, pausing between each sentence,—

"Beyond the border there is a famous country; in that country there is a palace; near the palace there is a stable, and in that stable there is a stately horse. That horse is the pride of the kingdom; the man who would get possession of that horse, without the king's knowledge, might exchange him for the most lucrative office in the kingdom."

"Well, my dear man, I totally fail to comprehend the connection which this information has to——"

"Near Striveling town there is a hill; on the hillside is a lot; in the lot is a fine gray mare, and beside the mare is a foal."

"Well, there's no law extant to prevent a foal from being——"

"I must now reveal to you one of the secrets of nature. Separate that mare from the foal, though it be for hundreds of miles, and, as soon as she is free, she will return to her foal again. Nature has taught her how, just as she teaches the birds of passage the way to sunny islands; or the dog to find the lost hunter; or——"

"Yes, yes; all very wonderful, but——"

"In your hand you carry a harp; in the harp lies the power to make merry; a

merry king makes a festive board, and festivity produces deep sleep in the morning hours."

The jolly harper man saw it all in a twinkling; the way to fortune lay before him clear as sunlight. Perhaps you, dear reader, do not get the idea so suddenly. Don't blame me for that; put the blame where it belongs.

The jolly harper man returned to Striveling the next day. The following night he was summoned to play before the famous Scottish knights, Sir Bill and Sir Charley. They were very valiant, very rich, and, when put into good humor, were very liberal.

The jolly harper man played merrily. The great hall of the castle seemed full of larks, nightingales, elves and fairies.

"Why, man," said Sir Bill to Sir Charley, in a mellow mood, "you and I could no more harp like that than we could gallop out of Carlisle on the horse of the king."

"Let me make a prophecy," said the jolly harper man at this. "I will one day ride into Carlisle on the horse of the king, and will exchange the horse for an office."

"And I will, in addition to that office, give you my castle of Doune," said Sir Bill.

"And I will add to that castle 5000 pounds," said Sir Charley, "so that you never shall lack for good cheer."

The next morning the jolly harper man was seen riding out of Striveling town on a fine gray mare; but a little colt was heard whinnying alone in the high fenced lot on the side of the hill.

It had been a day of high festival at Carlisle; it was now the cool of the summer eve; the horn of the returning hunter was heard in the forest, and gaily plumed knights and iron dudes were seen approaching the illuminated palace, urging

their steeds along the banks of the river, that wound through the moonlit landscape like a delirium tremens snake.

The feast was at its height. The king was full and his heart was merry. There was only needed some novelty, now that they were tired of high-five and tiddledywinks, to complete the delights of the festive board.

Suddenly sweet sounds, as of a tuning harp, was heard without the palace. Then music of marvellous sweetness seemed to fill the air. The knights and ladies flocked to the doors. The king himself left the table (with some assistance) and stood listening on the balcony.

A merry tune followed the airy prelude; it made the nerves of the old nobles tingle as though they were young again; and, as for the king, his heart began to dance within him.

"Come in! come [hic] in, my harper man!" shouted the king, shaking his sides with laughter, and slapping a fat noble on the shoulder with delight and with his hand. "Come [hic] in, an' lesshus hear some more of your [hic] harping."

The jolly harper man bowed very low. "I shall be glad to serve your grace; but first, give me stabling for my good gray mare."

"Take se animal to my bes' shtables." said the king. "There I keep my Brownie, the fines' [hic] horsh in all se lan'."

The jolly harper man, accompanied by a gay groom, then took his horse to the stables; and, as soon as he came out of the stable door, struck up his most lively and bewitching tune.

The grooms all followed him, and the guards followed the grooms. The servants all came flocking into the hall as the jolly harper man entered, and the king's heart grew so merry, that all who came were made welcome, and given good cheer.

The small hours of night came at last, and many of the grand people in the hall were dead drunk on the floor. The jolly harper man now played a very soothing melody. The king began to yawn, opening his mouth each time a little wider than before, and finally he dozed off in his chair, his head tilted back, and his mouth stretched from ear to ear. The fat nobles too, began to snore. First the king snored, and then the nobles, which was a very proper way of doing the thing, the snore passing from nose to nose, and making the circuit of the table.

The guards, grooms, and Bridgets began to feel comfortable, indeed; their eyelids grew very heavy, and they began to reason that it would be perfectly safe to doze while their masters were sleeping. Who ever knew any mischief to happen when everybody was asleep?

The jolly harper man now played his dreamiest music, and just as the cock crew for the first time in the morning he had the satisfaction of seeing the last lackey fall asleep. He then blew out the gas, and crept nimbly forth to the stables. He found the stable door unlocked, and the gray mare kicking impatiently about, and whinnying for her foal.

Now the jolly harper man took from his pocket a stout string that he had borrowed in the corner grocery, and tied the halter of the king's horse, the finest in all the land, to the halter of his own animal, and patting the fine gray mare on her side said: "And now go home to your foal."

The next morning all was consternation in the palace. The king's horse was gone. The king sent for the jolly harper man, and, as he renewed the ice on his head, he said:

"My horse has escaped out of the stables, the finest animal in all the land!"

"And where is my fine gray mare?" asked the jolly harper man.

"Gone, too," said the king.

"I will tell you what I think," said the jolly harper man, with wonderful confidence. "I think there has been a rogue in town."

The king with equal wisdom, favored the idea, and the jolly harper made an early escape that morning from the palace.

Then he went as fast as he could to Striveling. Of course he found his fine mare in the lot with her foal, and the king's horse tied to the halter; and, of course, he rode the noble animal into Carlisle; and presenting himself before the two knights, Sir Bill and Sir Charley, claimed his castle and his money.

"Go to! go to!" said Sir Bill, pointing at him in derision.

"Go to where?" innocently asked the jolly harper man.

"Sir Charles laughed a mighty laugh of scorn. "The man does not live who could ride away the king's Brownie. Go soak thy head!"

"The king's Brownie stands in your own court!" cried the jolly harper man I and Sir Bill and Sir Charley paid their forfeits without another word.

Then the jolly harper man returned the king's horse to the royal owner; and who ever heard of such a thing as a king breaking his promise? Not the jolly harper man, you may be sure.

Exchanges.

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

A good deal of discussion has been going the rounds of the college and high school papers recently concerning the Modern Girl. Go in, ye youthful editors! It is pleasant to read your ideas of what she is, what she *should* be, and what she *will* be.

Up to the present time we have been unable to determine just what you are trying to prove (or disprove), and, as far as we are concerned, we don't care.

Certain it is that the Modern Girl is much better than any girl that has as yet appeared; she has better advantages, and a vastly better chance in life than the girl of a hundred, fifty, or even twenty-five years ago.

Equally certain is it that the Modern Girl will remain just as she is, notwithstanding all her more intelligent and enlightened (?) brother may say about her. If she pleases him, well and good—and if she doesn't—well, she won't mourn over it. So be careful, boys, what you say, or you'll rue it!

Heretofore it has been the custom of THE REGISTER to print, each month, a list of the exchanges which it has received since the issue of the previous number. This will not be practiced hereafter, as the lists cannot be any great source of interest to anyone; the editors think that if the space which has been devoted to this plan is used for the expression of criticism on particular papers it will be a much more satisfactory scheme.

The editors consider the exchange column an indispensable part of the paper, as it gives us a chance to "see oursels as ithers see us," and they would urge those papers that have no ex. column to add one speedily.

One of our newest and best exchanges is *The Epsilon*, Bridgeport, Conn.

It seems to us that *The Cadet*, Denver, Colo., has too little space devoted to local news.

The letters "O. H. S." in the Oakland High School *Aegis* look very familiar to us. We call it Omaha High School. You say Oakland H. S.

The Beacon, Chelsea, Mass., would do well to leave out the list of exchanges, as THE REGISTER has done in this issue.

The Owl, Rockford, Ill., is a very regular arrival.

Our mail recently brought us a new and particularly dainty magazine in *College Graphic*, Olympia, Wash.

An *Echo*, small and neat, comes from Fitchburg, Mass.

The Sioux, Redfield, S. D., devotes considerable space to instruction in Volapuk, the universal language (to be.)

Pleasant *Breezes* come from Ashburnham, Mass., "compliments of the editors."

J. P. Knott, of the *Hesperian*, Lincoln, Nebraska, is to be congratulated on his success in obtaining advertisements.

We are always pleased to see the *Lynn High School Gazette*, but think that it has too many different kinds of editors.

The *Institute Record*, Towanda, Pa., might better substitute school news for the old and stale "Review of the Month" which it generally prints.

"Triangles," in the *Argus*, are a source of joy, and a good thing for the blues.

The *Alphian*, Owatonna, Minn., is one of our neatest exchanges.

We find the *H. S. Record*, Woonsocket, R. I., a first-class paper, but it has too many clippings.

With so much space devoted to advertisements, the *Academy*, Worcester, Mass., should have more reading matter. How about that church notice; is it inserted gratis?

The Oracle, Malden, Mass., still appears occasionally. We can see no great improvement in it since it has been numbered among our exchanges.

We believe the *Academy Monthly* is a new exchange. It comes from Germantown, Pa., and is quite interesting.

Items.

Mezerai, the historian, studied only by candle-light, and often had a candle burning in his library at noonday.

Aristotle could readily accommodate himself either to day or night; he often, however, gave preference to the latter.

A dark cave was the chosen retreat for Euripides, the Greek dramatist, when he wished to be alone and give himself to thought and study.

Caves have been discovered in Tasmania which are perfectly lighted by myriads of glow worms. One of the caves is about four miles long.

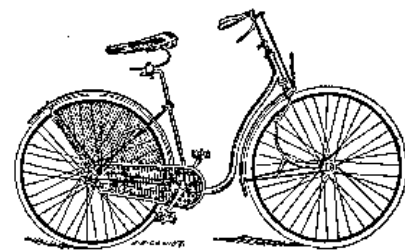
Telescopic steel masts or rods are to be used in lighting the public squares in Brussels. The object of this system is to preserve the beauties of the parks in the daytime.

The *Phi Beta Kappa* is the oldest Greek Letter Fraternity in the United States. It was founded in 1776 by Thomas Jefferson at the College of William and Mary.

The number of emigrants from the United Kingdom to America during eight months of last year was 109,051, an increase of 3,000 over the same period of 1890. Of these 51,578 were from Ireland, an increase of 1,437.

M. O. DAXON

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