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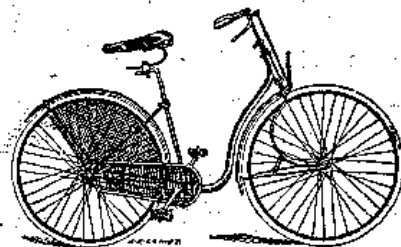
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May, '92.
Vol. VI.
No. 9.

High

School

Register

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The High School Register

DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO.
 VOL. VI. OMAHA, NEB., MAY. NO. 9

* 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 ad-
 vance; by mail sixty cents.
 Students, friends of the school, and members of the
 Alumni, are respectfully requested to contribute.

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

CALENDAR.

OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.
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 Irwin Leviston.....Ass't Principal
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 Number of teachers.....29
 Number enrolled students.....742

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AN UNACCOUNTABLE lack of interest
 has been manifested in the Senior Class
 relative to the Alumni Association. A
 communication was recently sent to the
 class by the executive committee of the
 A. A. stating the action which the asso-
 ciation desired should be taken by the
 class in regard to the annual social.

An assessment was to be levied on
 each person taking an active interest in
 the work of the Alumni, and this in
 connection with what financial assis-
 tance is expected from the graduates,
 was to be used to pay the expenses of
 the social.

And yet, notwithstanding the small-
 ness of the assessment and the fact that
 it is probably the last occasion in a life-
 time when we, who have been together
 for four years, will have a chance to
 enjoy each other's company, many are
 objecting to the request of the Alumni.

Considering, too, that the books,
 which formerly would have cost us at
 least \$50 for four years work, are now
 furnished by the Board of Education,
 is seems strange that anyone could ob-
 ject to a slight tax such as is proposed,
 it being the only fixed tax which will be
 levied.

Every arrangement is being made to
 suit the convenience of the class of '92
 —and how do they respond?

The expenses will be reduced, of
 course, to as low a point as possible
 and yet insure a good, enjoyable affair,
 and it is safe to say that the program
 as arranged by the officers of the

Alumni, if carried out, will give the class of '92 the nicest and most enjoyable social time ever given since the custom of socials was instituted.

Any excess of funds over expenses will be used to furnish medals and prizes and help worthy but indigent undergraduates, as the A. A. shall direct.

The object of the Alumni is to promote social interest among the High School graduates, who now number nearly 400, and to promote a feeling of interest in the schools of our city and the means which are being used to further the distribution of knowledge.

The Alumni could be made a power which might be used in all questions relative to the Omaha schools.

It is to be hoped that all will cooperate in the work.

* * *

Salute.

Here I am at the same old desk again grinding out copy for THE REGISTER, just as if two years had not passed away and Harris and Haynes were still presiding over the destiny of the sheet. Yes, I am at the same old desk, every ink spot that was there two years ago is there now and every spot has a history. The same pair of scissors and the same paste pot are still here. Yes, and the same boy, grown a little in stature perhaps, learned a little and forgotten a great deal, but still substantially the same young fellow that he was two years ago when he was actively engaged in keeping all signs of ennui from the faculty, and incidentally trying to pass examinations.

* * *

There are some people that laugh at the sentiment, "We pass our school days by with a frown and when they're

gone, long for them again." Well, I am divided upon the subject myself. It was trying at all times, when chum and I had spent three consecutive days attempting to entice the wily perch from his pool, to return to our studies and have just the right kind of a story prepared, and one too that would stand a microscopic examination. Then too, when hunting became more agreeable than trigonometry and Virgil, it was sometimes rather an irksome task to cudgel up a game that would set us free. Lessons unprepared did not rest very heavily of course, but when repeated flunking brought out a deep chocolate colored paste board for home inspection, it sometimes took four hours of good hard, honest work to get the hang of a paternal chirography. No, it was not all pleasure, it had its dark spots like the sun, but still it was a very fair kind of a place after all.

* * *

A person can hardly go through the O. H. S. and not come out without carrying with him a host of very pleasant recollections. There was the dark eyed girl that another fellow has carried off to his nest, and there was the smiling Phoebe who is preparing to follow her example, and allow herself to be carried away too. Then there was all the rest of the girls. All of them engaging, bewildering, bewitching. The faculty, well knowing the fatality of their presence always carefully seated the boys way over on the other side of the room where their glances would be compelled to play at long range. The faculty was ever careful of the boys that way, and it was a thankless task.

* * *

But speaking of girls and nests and so forth, isn't it bewildering. Here just

two years ago we were boys and girls in school and here are all the maidens upon whom we lavished our attentions and our father's salaries, suddenly grown to women, yes, and matrons too, and before long, time will fly so quickly, the old scarred walls that used to ring with the music of their voices will ring again, and if we could stand and look upon the makers of the harmony we would say that it was the old class come back, but look again, and closer, why it is Priscilla No 2.

* * *

But such is life. We are children today, tomorrow grandfathers or—or—well perhaps she went back on us and we are nothing at all.

F. B. HARRIS, (BEN BURKE.)

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A handsome line of *Christian Endeavor* pins and pendants.

See our silk waists from \$2.75 upwards.

New Biarritz gloves in all shades, dressed and undressed.

An elegant line of fans for graduating exercises.

MRS. J. BENSON,

15th near Douglas.

Class of '92.

A special meeting of '92 was held Friday, May 13.

A committee was elected to arrange for engraving of programs for Commencement, consisting of Miss McKell, chairman; Mr. Bartlett and Miss Bullheimer. The date of the Baccalaureate sermon was fixed as June 19.

The report of the committee on class song was then heard and accepted. Two songs were chosen from among those submitted by the committee.

After minor business the society adjourned.

A Spring Splurge.

The streams have broken forth from their fetters of ice,
And up from their shelters the wild flowers entice.

The robins sweet chirp through the far meadows ring

And up in the tree tops yellow orioles sing.

The brook in its course new melody sounds;
For spring, the young cherub, has broken all bounds,

And with tyrannous hand due homage requires,

And has ordered old winter laid away with his sires.

His advent brings welcome from the young and the old.

Even the miser for a moment leaves silver and gold,

And basks his shrunk limbs in the sun's warming rays,

And for a time forgets usury, profits and days.

The poet comes out without his roll in his hand.

And the tennis ball stalks about in the land.

The open front dress and the weiner wurst man,

Follow along in the procession as fast as they can,

The mellow ham sandwich; the picnic down-pour,

Are with us again the same as of yore.

The hammock is hoisted again on the porch,
And papa and mama are left in the lurch.

For Margie and Chawley have pre-empted the claim,

And Cupid's fast getting his work in again.

And now through the air, as a voice from above,
Come the sounds of deuce, game, play,
ready and love.

All nature smiles sweetly, and with a grin on his face,

The school boy lights out for his old swimming place.

And the teacher way up at her guardian desk,

Wishes she could play hookey along with the rest.

BEN BURKE.

Charmed.

There was a group of us that afternoon sitting upon the veranda of a Long Branch hotel, quietly smoking our after-dinner cigars, and waiting for the daily bathing hours to arrive. It was extremely hot and the ocean breeze, usually so cooling in its influence, was that day heated almost to suffocation. Conversation was sadly lagging, so we quietly sat and sent wreathing rings of smoke upward and lazily watched them as they were slowly dissipated.

Our occupation was soon interrupted by the appearance of a late arrival, calmly sauntering up the broad walk leading to the hotel. None of us had met him personally as yet, but from the hotel register we had learned that his name was Tierney, and from his commanding appearance and military carriage, we had dubbed him, by common consent, "Major." The perfection of his form was only marred by one thing. His right hand was gone at the wrist. He scorned to conceal the loss by wearing a false figure and now as he appeared, approaching us, the scarred stump was swinging as carelessly at his side as though the thumb and five fingers were all present for duty.

One of our number, as he caught sight of the commanding form of the Major approaching, anticipating a cure for the ennui that was oppressing us, suggested that we ask of him the story of the loss of his hand, and agreed to take upon himself the task of drawing the Major out. So, as our victim mounted the steps and with a cheery "Good day!" seated himself on one of the broad settees, he was led into a general conversation and our friend soon mustered courage enough to ask of him the tale of his misfortune.

So far from appearing angry or stung by the request, the Major heaved a deep sigh and remarked: "Gentlemen, I have told that story six hundred times, but I guess that I can stand it once more. The story is somewhat of a strange one, and one, too, that every philosopher may not credit."

Being assured that there were no philosophers among that crowd, the Major doffed his spreading Panama and related the following:

"By birth, I am an Englishman. As to age, I am over sixty-five years, though my looks may belie me. At an early age my father purchased for me a lieutenant's commission in Her Majesty's 47th regiment, foot. Not long after receiving my commission the Penjaub war broke out in India, and my regiment was ordered thither to support Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General.

Upon our arrival we were at once pushed to the front, and it was not long before the puny strength of the India rajah was bowed before the prowess of the English lion. After the disconcerted tribes were thoroughly subdued, my regiment was pushed further and further toward the northern country, in order to occupy as much of the territory as possible. For nearly two months we were encamped upon the borders of an immense jungle. I have no authoritative idea of its size, for, as it was infested by all manner of beast and reptile, and was all but impassable with its masses of shrubs and creepers, it was but a small portion of it that we ever attempted to traverse.

I spent a large share of my time while off duty, in company with my native servant, Mohab Sivaji, in tramping along the borders of this jungle in search of small game, with which it

abounded. One afternoon, being seized with a sudden fever for exploration, I penetrated somewhat deeper into the jungle than was my usual custom. I was apprehensive of no particular danger, for I was armed with a heavy express rifle and my faithful Mohab, similarly equipped, was never but a few steps behind me. Thus armed I feared nothing of animal flesh, and as the natives were thoroughly subdued there was no danger to apprehend from that quarter. So, keeping a careful watch on all sides to guard against any sudden surprise, I had laboriously made my way through the tangled underbrush and creepers for fully a mile, when, glancing backward over my shoulder I saw that Mohab was lingering somewhat in the rear and I sat down upon an immense creeper to allow him to come up.

After sitting there about three minutes I saw him, still some distance behind, coming along as rapidly as possible and I arose to continue my tramp. I had just risen to an upright position and turned to proceed when suddenly, not fifteen feet before me, there appeared above a mass of tangled underbrush the angry head of a dreaded cobra.

Its spectacled hood was distended to the utmost, and its poison-dripping tongue flashed ominously backward and forward like forked lightning. So unexpectedly did the serpent appear that I was taken totally by surprise. The head rose higher and higher, swaying slowly backward and forward like an inverted pendulum, and with it slowly came the long, scaly brown body. I watched it curiously and calmly for a moment and was just about to raise my gun to dispatch it when a cold prismatic glitter came into the eyes of the snake and in another instant I realized with horror that I

could not move. Slowly those glittering eyes and that darting tongue drew nearer. I was in agony, for while my muscles refused their functions my brain was fearfully, awfully active. I tried to shout. My lips would not move. I tried to turn, my limbs were stone. Those glittering eyes flashed back a thousand colors and held me fast, while that awful brown body crawled nearer and nearer. They never rose higher nor sank lower but still gazed into mine with a steadfastness that transfixed me. The snake was not five feet away and now at my feet. All the terrors of a man passing through the horrors of a nightmare, thrice redoubled were mine. The cobra threw itself rapidly into a coil and drew back its head for the fatal thrust, which in another second would send its deadly venom coursing like fire through my veins. The fear that had possessed me suddenly died out and I quietly watched the head draw back and with a grim curiosity reckoned how long it would take the poison to overcome me. The head stopped a second before it hurled itself forward, as though to gloat over its conquest. Then suddenly I saw come hurled over my shoulder, butt foremost, the heavy weapon of my servant Mohab. Discovering the danger that assailed me and without time to fire at the monster he had simply hurled the gun forward from his shoulder. The weapon lit just beyond the snake. There was a fearful explosion. I heard a terrible thrashing and pounding before me and as the smoke cleared away I saw at my feet writhing in the throes of death the mangled body of the serpent that had so nearly claimed my life. Though the charm was partially broken still some strange fascination

held me gazing upon the writhing mass until the last quiver came and the snake cobra dead. I was then awakened by a word from Mohab behind me and turning I stretched out my right hand to pledge him my gratitude, but there was no hand there, nothing but the torn and bleeding stump. The same missile that had saved my life, continuing in its course had changed from a minister of mercy to a messenger of destruction and had severed my hand at the wrist as completely as could a sword cut.

That is all I remember for two weeks. The shock of the wound and the breaking of the charm had been too much for my nervous system and I fainted. When I came to myself again I was in my own quarters and bending over me was the beaming face of Mohab. Of course this accident unfitted me for military service and one of my superior officers suddenly leaving the army about that time I was retired with the rank of captain. I immediately purchased a plantation and today I suppose Mohab is out under the shade of one of my spreading palms sleeping the sleep that only a Hindoo can sleep."

BEN BURKE.

The Contest.

On Friday, May 13, the contest for the honor of delivering the declamation on Commencement eve, took place.

Eight contestants were on the program which was preceded by a piano solo by Miss Towne. The program occupied an hour and a quarter and the vote made by the teachers, who acted as judges, resulted in the choice of Miss Sophia Bullbeimer, who spoke *The Swan's Song*, by Brooks, lasting fourteen minutes, and Mr. Luther Leisenring, who gave *Bill Sykes, (a) escape, (b) pursuit and death*, by Dickens, which occupied sixteen minutes.

Notes.

Oh, beautiful we!

Is *your* subscription paid up?

WANTED—Some dramatic talent.

One cent for the Columbian Exposition!

A non-productive occupation—raising umbrellas.

Only one more number of THE REGISTER this year.

Go look at the horned toad in the zoology room.

"He drew back his foot with his voice."

THE REGISTER prints only reliable advertisements for reliable men.

Rush the Cadet Company right along now, boys. Cheer 'em on girls!

See Stephens & Smith's fine spring neckwear, 105 North Sixteenth St.

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

Q.—"What kind of mammals?"

A.—"Sort of beast-like." Laughter.

The High School boys ought all be members of the Y. M. C. A. Are you one?

Will Bartlett claims he has made the discovery that *curls* are soluble in water.

How pleased Tennyson would be to hear the criticisms of the literature class on "The Foresters."

"The first time he hit it, he missed it. The second time he hit it in the same place he missed it."

Who said it was strange that a person sometimes has to cross a Bridge in order to get to a Towne?

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

Miss P. in introducing Mr. Abel—"Mr. Cain allow me to introduce you to Miss———! ! !

The girls were talking about old coins when Amy said "why papa has a cent that is worth ten dollars."

The Juniors miss Mr. Will Welshans from the class. He is now at Hot Springs for his health.

Mr. Bert Butler has invested in a new horse and wagon this spring. Now, girls, put on your brightest smiles.

Miss Phillips confesses that "Love Comes Like a Summer Sigh," has been running through her mind a good deal lately.

You haven't written anything for THE REGISTER yet; write a good short article or story for the June number.

THE REGISTER is obliged to leave out a fuller report of the Cadet's meeting, than given, which was kindly written by Mr. Peterson.

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

Large grins break over a Junior's face,
(For the Seniors have nearly run their race),
As he thinks of the time when he shall wear
A gold class pin and a dignified (?) air.
Boom ta-ra, boom ta-ra, boom ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-ra
(repeated eight times).

The study room is a very interesting place the first hour. At least it is to the occupants of two or three front seats and they make it so for the neighbors.

Mr. B. In General Hist.—"Who was Cæsar?"

Mr. D.—"He was a great sport."

One of the Chemistry classes has become so hilarious that the teacher has forbidden all communication. Any peddler of court plaster or sealing wax will be welcomed in that class.

Question—Give some characteristics of the first birds?

Answer—They had four legs.

Mr. B.—What great accident happened while Cæsar was in Egypt?"

H.—"He fell in love with Cleopatra."

Thursday evening, April 28th, was a clear evening. The Astronomy class took advantage of this and viewed the new moon and the planets Venus and Saturn through the High School telescopes.

It is generally known that cars run both sides of Hanscom Park, and that the car for the west side carries a distinct sign. What made two Juniors take the car for the east side the evening of May 16th, especially as it was threatening rain?

The Juniors are displaying very fertile minds, which recently yielded quite an abundant crop of metaphors. They are now trying their skill at two minute speeches. No doubt, they will soon be delivering lectures to applauding audiences.

On Monday evening, May 16th, Miss Ada Stone entertained a large number of young people at her home. Many were Seniors and Juniors and during the evening, to the accompaniment of the thunder and lightning, they gave their respective class yells which were highly appreciated. Pleasant games and refreshments caused the evening to pass quickly and delightfully to all.

The elephant is not "in it" when put along side a mammoth.

Teacher—"If you should have been placed in the Palæozoic Age, what would you have missed?" No answer.

T—"Company." It took the scholar some time to see the point.

Chasing a Job.

Every boy has an ambition. A large per-cent, of the American youth has a wild, uncontrollable desire to be a Buffalo Bill and chase the festive redskin on his native heath and shoot down the roaring panther in his lair, but I was different. While I sometimes thought that the life of a pirate king might do for the summer months, and smuggling might serve for vacation, my great ambition was to be a newspaper reporter. I looked upon a reporter as a hero among heroes. He was my Crusoe and my Gulliver. My hours in school were devoted to building beautiful castles in Spain to be occupied when my reputation should be made and I went to bed at night only to dream that I had attained my ambition. When I was allowed to attend learned lectures upon the "Vital Theories of Theosophy" and kindred subjects I was oblivious to the words of the speaker and had eyes only for the self-possessed young man on the platform who with flying pencil was busily recording what the speaker did not say, and as the monotonous dronings of the lecturer lulled me to slumber it was only to see myself gradually, absorbed into that young fellow at the reporter's table, and I was happy.

When I had finished school, unlike so many boyish fancies that take wings and fly away, my determination to be a newspaper man increased and I took a solemn oath to get there or bust. So in company with my ever present chum I launched upon the sea of journalism a new bark. It was not a very big paper and was not an uproaring success. However it served its purpose and paid enormous dividends in experience.

However there came a time when it was impossible to live longer on ex-

perience. Our trowsers were beginning to show fatigue and we were wearing our mothers collars. Enough. I will not harrow up your feelings with the tale. The story is a simple one. We busted. The Union Pacific railway was in a bad way and called upon my chum for assistance, and the noble boy went gallantly to the rescue. The boy that sorted the mail was taken sick with the mumps and my chum was taken as a substitute, but I was left in the cold, and it was awful cold. There wasn't a job in town and there were twenty-seven after it. I didn't know what to do. I was getting a dark green. It started out blue all right but the color ran.

One day a friend of mine, some years older than myself, old enough to have known better, took me by the arm and in a fatherly way advised me to go to the editor of the great religious daily and strike him for a job.

Said he, "You go down there and strike him for a place real hard and you will get it." And turning his face he gave the assembled crowd an expressive wink. "The editor," he continued, "likes young men and will do anything in his power to help them along." Another wink.

N. B. I did not see said winks.

The designing wretch so worked upon my vanity that finally I gathered up my stock of second hand courage and went.

As I ascended the winding stairs leading to the editorial rooms I fervently prayed that the object of my search might be in. But he was, and he looked mad. I timidly entered the door and stood waiting. He did not look up. I waited some more and finally dared to cough. It was not a very enterprising cough, but just a little two-year old and

new on the turf. But it did the business and the editor glanced my way.

I didn't know what to say. The nice little speech about early ambitions and youthful talents that I had prepared went slipping from me. I made a frantic attempt to grab it before it was everlastingly too late, but it escaped. I even forgot to hand him the recommendation I had secured from my Sunday school teacher and did not even remember the little poem that I had prepared for his inspection. Now when I think of that poem, a little Bible verse that I learned before becoming hardened in vice, forces itself upon me. It was some thing about, "All things work together for good." But I saw that he wanted me to say something. I thought that the best thing that I could do was to make a clean breast of it, so after making more attempts to remember the opening paragraph of my address I choked out, "Give me a job." He scowled. "Well," said he, "that's definite, what kind of a job?" To tell the truth, at that time I didn't care. So I told him so, and added that I hadn't cleaned spittoons for some time, but believed that I could get my hand in before long. He smiled. That was encouraging. Continuing I assured him that anything from office boy up to managing editor would do. Then a great light broke over his face. "Oh," said he, "you want to work on the reportorial force, do you?" "That's it," said I. "How did you happen to guess it?" "How long have you been at the business," said he. "Not at all," said I. "Know anything about it?" "Nope." "Ever worked in an office?" "Nope." "Ever do any writing?" I thought of the poem in my pocket, blushed and lied: "Nope." Then the cruel man began to laugh. "Ah ha, I see," quoth he. "We have here a born newspaper man, have

we?" "Was you speaking of me?" said I. "No, sir, I was only born a kid." Then he made a few observations that kind of hurt my feelings. Then thinking that he was being a little stingy with the sport, he called the managing editor, and some more things were said to hurt my infantile feelings. "I wanted to be a journalist, did I?" Oh, it was funny, and they both winked at each other and laughed. "No sir," said I, now a little mad, "I don't know nothing about a journalist. I want to be a newspaper man and I am going to be one, too." Then they laughed some more. They said that they had had 25 young geniuses go to work on that sheet and the best one only lasted three weeks. They had had twenty-five and they didn't believe that they wanted twenty-six. Here was where I tried argument. I tried to explain that I wasn't a young genius, whatever that was, I was only a kid. Then they laughed some more. After amusing themselves some more I was told that there was no vacancy and that if there was I wouldn't stand any show for it, but out of habit the editor said I might call around later. This was in the morning. That afternoon at three o'clock saw me again ascending the winding stairs leading to the sanctum. As I entered the man smilingly asked what I had left behind. "Nothing," said I, "but you told me to come around later, and I was afraid that if I waited any later than this you might be gone home, and I should like to have that job to-night." That kind of stunned him. He said, "I didn't tell you to come back here again today. I said to come around later. I meant along when you are old enough to pay a subscription."

"Well," said I, "you told me to come around later and here I am. Shall I go to work now or wait until morning."

The editor looked queer and informed me that perhaps it would be just as well to wait until morning.

Next day myself and my innocent countenance were on deck and when the editor came down he found me waiting for him. He wanted to know why I had not died during the night and seemed to feel hurt because I had neglected to do so.

I did not go to work that morning, nor the next, nor the one after that or the succeeding one. In fact he kept me trotting up and down those winding stairs until I became dizzy, but I finally got there. One week from the day that the first gun was fired the enemy capitulated and the job was mine, and I immediately blossomed out a full fledged newspaper reporter without wings.

I have now been trotting in my vocation for a year but Oh! what a difference in the morning. I have found that in the minds of the average man a newspaper reporter is nearly as good as a horse thief—if he behaves himself.

BEN BURKE.

Be Sure to See it.

Over 125 manufacturers, located in all parts of Nebraska, have united their forces and will make an exhibit of their manufactured goods at Omaha from June 11th to 22nd. In addition to showing their goods they will carry on in many cases the actual work of manufacturing, and visitors will be enabled to see made, barbed wire, soap, pearl buttons, brooms, tin cans, overalls, shirts and other articles of clothing.

Several hundred men and girls will be employed in carrying on the work of manufacture and operating the various machines.

Personals.

Brower McCague, '91, now works for the Kilpatrick-Koch Company.

William R. Shannon, ex-'92, recently took a flying trip to Denver, staying at that city about two hours.

C. R. Dorn, ex-'92, is now studying law at the University of Iowa at Iowa City.

H. S. Robinson, ex-'92, was clerking at the Omaha Rubber Company when seen recently.

H. S. Thomas, ex-'92, is now in the employ of the Nebraska Savings Bank.

Mrs. Lewis was a visitor this month, on one or two occasions.

Arthur Cooley, Fred Schneider, Robert Alice, and Charles Sumner all of '91 were visitors at the school this month, the two latter coming from the University of Nebraska.

Jesse Yont, ex-'92, called on the Seniors recently. He is now a student at the University at Lincoln.

Win Sargent, '91, has lately left the employ of the Paxton, Gallagher Company.

E. T. Grossman, '91, has visited the school several times recently.

Charles Helgren, '91, comes up on a visit "semi-sometimes."

Miss Maud Church of '90 was married to Mr. Sherman of Sherman & McConnell on Wednesday, May 4, 1892.

Miss Mary Duryea formerly of '92 has been at school once or twice in the afternoon.

Miss Alice Fawcett of '91 is teaching at the Park school.

Miss Blanche Van Kuran of '89 was at school the other day for a few minutes. She teaches at Walnut Hill.

Athletics.

We are glad to see that athletics have been booming lately in the school and hope they will continue to do so. The base ball nine has been practicing diligently of late and is going to try and make a good record before the close of school. Through the aid of subscriptions of the teachers and scholars and the money to be made by the production of a play by the Juniors, the ball nine has been able to obtain suits which they have already ordered. They are to consist of black trousers and stockings and white belts, shirts and caps, with the black letters O. H. S. across the front of the shirt. With such an inducement to play ball the boys ought not to lose a game and we can assure you that they will not if they can help it. The suits will probably be here by the time you read this and they will play their first game clothed in uniform at Springfield, Neb., Saturday, May 28th, and we wish them all the success possible for a good nine with new suits to have. If they beat Springfield they will have made a reputation for themselves and if they do not it is because Springfield has a very strong nine. Now the boys of the school want to get up a school yell and attend as many of the games as possible and yell for the O. H. S., as there is nothing that encourages a nine to work hard to win more than to know that they have an audience which is in sympathy with them and expect nothing but their best efforts from them.

While speaking of the nine we do not want to pass over their first attempt, which occurred Saturday, May 7th, on which day they went down to Bellvue

and played the college nine two games, winning both by the scores of 25 to 5 and 13 to 6. The batteries for the first game were Brown and Ginsburg and for the second Clarke and Ginsburg. All the boys played very well considering it was their first game and the Bellvue's were not in it at any stage of the game, even though they wore suits(?) and their girls roasted our boys unmercifully.

Speaking of girls, two whole Botany classes went down from the school under the supervision of Miss Ray ostensibly to gather specimens, but in reality to see the ball games. No wonder the boys played well, who wouldn't when they had such an audience? The boys are now arranging to have a game with them in this vicinity before long, and also several other teams.

The committee on backstops should see that the painting of the backstop is finished as it is not very beautiful in its present condition.

The boys had better not put off practicing for Field Day too long as they have no time to spare. We are glad to note that quite a number are practicing for the Tennis Tournament and hope there will be more soon. Entries for either the Field Day contests or the Tennis Tournament can be made now and we hope many will do so, and that early.

A few medals have already been offered and the committee hopes to be able to add more soon.

The ball nine as it is made up at present consists of the following:

Ginsburg, Catcher; Clark, Pitch and Shortstop; Street, First; Goodrich, Second; Brown, Pitch and Shortstop; Keen, Third; Thompson, Left; Whipple, Middle; Butler, Right.

Scientific.

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

"It is well known" says John Trowbridge in *The Chautauquan*, "that water conducts sound four times better than air. The sound of two stones hitting together under water can be heard much farther than the same collision in air. I therefore experimented with the following apparatus.

"Two carbon points, or one carbon point and one platinum point, between which an electrical current could pass, were enclosed in a water-tight box, one side of which consisted of a flexible membrane. This membrane or diaphragm was so arranged that its vibrations altered the electrical contact of the carbon points, the apparatus constituting the ordinary transmitter employed in telephony. Wires were led from the carbon points to a boat which contained a telephone. The box was lowered ten or twelve feet in the water, and a large bell lowered from another boat at a distance of eight hundred to a thousand feet away was struck with a gong.

"The sound of the gong could be heard through the water, but it could also be heard at this distance and much greater distance when struck above water, with no apparatus but the human ear. A feebler source of sound was then substituted for the gong, until finally a noise could be heard through the water which could not be heard above the water by the unaided ear.

"The electrical attachment is not essential, for an ear trumpet connected with a suitable box provided with a membrane and lowered over the side of a

vessel should convey the sound of signals to the ear.

"The electrical attachment merely allows one to sit in the cabin with the telephone at the ear and therefore is a more convenient method of detecting these signals. Then there is the method of sending more signals through the air by means of fog horns. A code of signals could be arranged consisting of short and long sounds analogous to the short and long dashes in the Morse recording instrument, which might be useful in communicating between ships in a fog."

An interesting discovery has recently been made by Professor Bruylants, University of Louvain, by means of so simple a thing as the iodine test of starch. He lays one upon another several sheets of note-paper and writes upon the upper one with a pencil. He then exposes one of the lower sheets of paper to iodine vapor, when it turns yellowish and the writing appears violet-brown, and by a further moistening of the paper it becomes blue with violet letters. This is due to the starch in the paper which under pressure assumes the proper conditions to write with the iodine.—Ex.

A Good Thing.

Splendid offers are at present being made to young men by the Young Men's Christian Association. Now, that summer has come every boy is "getting up his muscle" and there are few places where this can be done more effectively than at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. An instructor who knows just what each boy needs and who is always willing to help is to be found there at all times.

Then there are the tennis courts, bicycle clubs and camera club, etc.

Bible classes are always open to new members and Sunday afternoon services are always attractive. In short, the place can not be found where more good, sound, valuable work can be had for a small cash outlay than the Omaha Y. M. C. A. If you are not a member *join*, and if you are a member get some one else to join.

Obituary.

It is with a feeling of great sorrow that we announce the death of one of our Alumnae, Mr. Frank Leisenring, president of the class of '89, which occurred Sunday morning, May 22nd, after a short illness of brain fever. He was attending Midland College near Atchison, Kansas, this being his last year, having made the four years course in three. He was also very prominent in the athletics of the school. As a member of the class about to graduate next June he had secured one of the Commencement honors. His death was extremely sad as he was just entering into manhood, but the One under whose care we all are, knoweth best, although we cannot always understand His ways.

O. H. S. Cadets.

A few words spoken at the proper place and time often bring large results. Last month THE REGISTER advised the formation of a Cadet Company in our High School; the paper appeared on May 2nd and on May 4th a meeting was held in the Junior room for the organization of such a company.

After some discussion, Mr. J. Wirt Thompson '92 was elected temporary chairman. On motion, a committee of three consisting of Messrs. Thompson '92, chairman; August Peterson '93 and

Max Goldsmith '94 was appointed to form and submit a constitution. The meeting then adjourned until May 13th when the constitution was presented and adopted. Officers were also elected for the Company, consisting of J. Wirt Thompson, '92, captain, James D. Miller, '94, 1st Lieut., August Peterson, '93, 2nd Lieut. and George Gilbert, '93, 1st Sergeant.

A Day at the Library.

A day spent at the public library is one of interesting study of human character, which is represented there in many forms.

There is the old lady with gray curls and a big bonnet who looks at you calmly over her spectacles, surveys the books you bring her to be sure there are no leaves out, "for Mr. R— won't begin a book unless it is all there." It must be a big book "for Mr. R— don't like little books, he says they ain't worth spending his time on."

Then the little fussy, nervous woman claims your attention. She wants something new, and she wants something good, and she talks in a high, shrill voice which sends the shivers over you. But at last she is suited at the expense of time and patience.

Some children come in with noisy clatter and laughter but are peremptorily "flushed" by the librarian.

A benign-looking old gentleman (?) who smells strongly of whiskey, smiles sweetly at you and gives you a red lead pencil because the point of yours is broken.

And there comes the High School teacher, who, though she has led many classes through the intricacies of science, yet can not keep her cards straight,

or bring them in on time. And she pays her fine with a sigh, declaring that the next time she will bring them early enough. But she doesn't.

A young lady comes next on her way to the matinee. She "wants a novel, a light one, will you please select it for her? she hasn't time to make a list." "Howells," you suggest, "or Stockton." "Oh! dear no, they are entirely too dull and heavy, something exciting," she wants.

Two men are working in the hall; one of them is whistling a popular air. "Shet up," says his companion, and he "shets."

A school girl comes next, she has an essay to write on "such and such" a subject, would you please find her something about it? You please. Now, won't you help her a little? She "don't know what to say, nor how to say it."

And then the boy who has read everything, and wants something new and considers himself abused because the library doesn't provide new books expressly for him.

There are the daily patrons of the library and reading room who take unto themselves airs because of this daily acquaintance, and survey you with calm superiority when you suggest that they give their name and address when taking books into the room or make a list of those they want.

Next comes the man who persists in reading Spanish books with unpronounceable names, and who smiles at your confusion in the effort to find them.

And so they come and go all day long, the short and tall, the white and black, the rich and poor alike. And the thought comes as you see the almost countless number of books taken each

day, what of good or what of evil is imbibed from these books by those who read them.

Perhaps some people would take different books if they realized how plainly their character could be read from the books they read.

J. L. S.

A meeting of the J. L. S. was held Friday, May 6th. After the roll-call and the reading of the minutes, Russell Wilbur rendered an instrumental solo very well. The society then listened to a select reading, "In the year 2000," by Rosina Lehning. Next came the debate: *Resolved*, That private ownership of lands is preferable to government ownership. Messrs. Oury and Chaffee stood up for the individual, while Messrs. Whipple and Peterson supported the government. Each did very well, the leader on the affirmative especially so. The decision was unanimous in favor of the affirmative. As Mr. Oury could not act as critic, Miss Snyder kindly consented to take his place. The report of the committee on the public debate was heard and accepted.

A Meeting of the J. L. S. was held May 20th, 1892.

The program was as follows:

Instrumental duct: Carrie Althous, Blanche Van Court.

Recitation—An Inventor's Wife, Miss Humphrey.

Recitation—Putting up O' the Stove, Georgia Park.

Reading of Warhoop—James Houston,

As the debaters were not prepared, the president appointed Mr. Oury on the affirmative and Mr. Whipple on the negative.

The question was, *Resolved*, That the U. S. has reached the zenith of its power.

Exchanges.

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

Institute Record, Towanda, Pa., has a good exchange column.

Everything about *C. A. Breeze*, Ashburnham, Mass., is very neat.

The exchange column was crowded out of THE REGISTER last month.

The Sioux, Redfield, S. D., looks more like a daily city paper than a school paper.

The description of the "Class Social" in *R. H. S. Notes*, Rutland, Vt., is excellent.

Volume 1, Number 1, of *The Normalia*, St. Cloud, Minn., has arrived. The editors have made a splendid start. Keep it up.

The Cadet, Denver, Colo., still prints a list of "since our last issue we have received the following," exchanges. Why not devote the space to criticisms on the separate papers?

We were rather surprised to get a copy of the *Association Herald*, Madison Ave. Baptist Church, New York. It is no doubt very interesting in the place where it is published.

We regularly receive *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass., a good paper published for a good purpose. It is edited by the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

THE REGISTER thanks the *High School Orb*, Minneapolis, Minn., for the kindly exchange comment in the April number and respectfully suggest that the mailer who does work on the *Orb* take a few lessons in wrapping and mailing papers.

Miss Myrtle Coon favored the society with a vocal solo.

After the program, a very spirited business session was held. As two of the members, opposed to the questions presented, found that a quorum was not present, the society adjourned.

A called meeting was held after the other, at which it was agreed to have a picnic.

The committee appointed to have control of the picnic were:

Messrs. Whipple, Houston, Hobbie, Riley, Misses Rood, Gregg, Philipps, Stone.

For Commencement.

Now that the program for Commencement has been fully decided upon, THE REGISTER prints the names of the winners and the honors won by them. This is a mere statement and is not arranged as the program will be delivered:

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| Henry T. Clark | Essay |
| Harriette Osgood | Essay |
| Helen M. Smith | Essay |
| Fopnia Bullheimer | Declamation |
| J. S. Brown | Essay |
| Jessie Hridge | Essay |
| Luther Leisenring | Declamation |
| Grace Hughes | Essay |

The music will be as follows:

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Piano duet | Misses Towne and Strang |
| Mandolin and piano | |
| | Mr. Carter and Miss Brunner |
| Piano duet | Misses Spetmann and Anford |
| Vocal selection | Centennial Chorus |

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| Tennis Club—5 Courts | Attractive Sunday Afternoon Services | Employment Bureau |
| Camera Club—(to be organized) | Boys' Entertainments | Boarding House Directory |
| Chess Club | Boys' Knockabout Club | Visitation in Sickness |
| Current Topic Club—Dr. Duryea, | Bicycle Clubs | Information and Advice |
| Leader | Bible Classes | Social Companionship |
| Lycium | Receptions | Introductions to Associations Any |
| American History Club—S. B. Rush, | Social Gatherings | where |
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