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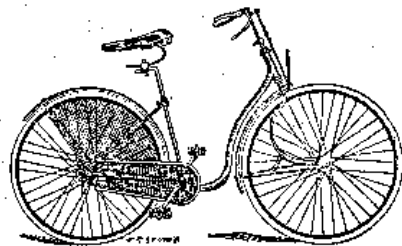
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June, '92.  
Vol. VI.  
No. 10.

High

School

Register

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of the  
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**115 SOUTH 16th STREET, JUST NORTH OF DOUGLAS ST.**

# The High School Register

DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO.

VOL. VI.

OMAHA, NEB., JUNE.

NO. 10

## 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.

### EDITORIAL STAFF.

J. SCOTT BROWN, '92, Managing Editors.  
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VIVIAN ADVISON, '92.  
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 JESSIE POTWIN, '94.  
 BELLA PHILIPS, '95.

HERBERT HAMBLER, '95.

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

### CALENDAR.

OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.  
 Homer P. Lewis.....Principal  
 Irwin Leviston.....Ass't Principal  
 M. W. Richardson.....Librarian  
 Number of teachers.....23  
 Number enrolled students.....742

CLASS OF NINETY-TWO.  
 Louis W. Edwards.....President  
 Grace Van Dervoort.....Vice-President  
 Carrie Graff.....Secretary  
 Henry T. Clarke.....Treasurer

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.  
 Bert Butler.....President  
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 Blanche Robinson.....Secretary  
 Harrison Oury.....Critic

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.  
 Harrison Oury.....Manager  
 Bert Morse.....B. B. Captain  
 Bert Morse.....F. B. Captain

HIGH SCHOOL LYCEUM.  
 James Miller.....President  
 Myra McClelland.....Vice-President  
 Nora Emerson.....Sec'y and Treas.

HIGH SCHOOL CADETS.  
 J. Wirt Thompson, '92.....Captain  
 August Peterson, '93.....1st Lieutenant  
 George Gilbert, '93.....2nd Lieutenant  
 Max Golden Ltd, '91.....1st Sergeant  
 Phillip Russell, '91.....2nd Sergeant

NOW THAT vacation is here the Board of Education should see to it that some badly needed repairs are made in the High School building. In numerous places nails, wires, gas pipes, etc., have been removed and the holes in the plastering have never been repaired. These, of course, are but slight affairs, but to a stranger they at once appear and give him a poor idea of our neatness. In some of the rooms also, the windows need some attention; they slide too loosely and as a consequence, whenever the wind blows, the windows rattle and bang in such a manner that it is impossible to hear a recitation. The expense of mending these little things would be very small and it would be amply justified by the improved appearance in the building.

With considerable satisfaction we may look back upon a year of unusual activity in the formation of societies. The interest taken in them has been large and it was exhibited quite early in the year. The last organization effected in our school was that of the O. H. S. Cadets. This society shows great energy in its career, which has been of but short duration, and the interest should not be permitted to decline. Its officers are earnest in their efforts and its entire membership should "fall in" to their support. This present time, naturally, is an enjoyable one for all who are interested in guns and soldier life (and few people are not) inasmuch

as our streets, for some time, have been crowded with some of the best drilled military companies in the United States. This doubtless will prove of much benefit to our Cadets, who are thus enabled to see how well drilled companies can drill. Next year more boys will come into the High School and they must be induced to join the O. H. S. C. so that a military company will be produced of which the school and its friends may well be proud.

### J. L. S.

For "intellectual improvement and for the advancement of kind fellowship," the Juniors, early in the year, formed themselves into a literary society. Our meetings have been held every other Friday at 2 P. M. By the kind permission of the principal, they have been held in our pleasant Junior room.

Our pins have been the three letters "J. L. S." in silver, set between two bars.

Messrs. Oury, Welshans and Butler have acted as presidents. Misses Gregg, Rood and DeGraff have been vice-presidents.

Misses Schwartz, Lindsey and Robinson have filled the office of secretary.

Our program has been filled with debates, recitations, book reviews, instrumental and vocal solos, essays, character sketches and the like. At one meeting half a dozen extemporaneous speeches were made. One pleasing number on the program once a month has been the "War-whoop" edited by the members of the society.

A class social has been held under the auspices of the J. L. S., at which every

one had a delightful time. We are looking forward to as pleasant a time at our picnic.

We will all remember with pleasure the delightful times we have enjoyed at our meetings. We do not feel that the ninety minutes, twice a month, have been wasted. We all feel better equipped for our Senior year.

Long live the memory of the J. L. S.  
Long live the class of '93.

"LAPIS."

### The Bright Young Graduate.

It is at this time of the year that the wise and all-important College and High School graduate is abroad in the land. And as he seems to be the center of attraction during the present month, a few words concerning him may not be out of place here.

In most schools, about three-fourths of the male seniors are intending to make lawyers of themselves, and the other fourth will be "Journalists," with politics as a side issue.

The ordinary graduate is very much like all his fellows. Several years of hard study seem to have added as much to his estimation of himself as to his stock of knowledge. For months and years he has been looking forward to the time of his graduation, seeming to imagine that it will be the dawn of a new epoch in the history of nations. And as the glad day approaches, his high estimation of himself gradually rises. It is usually his intention to conquer the gay and somewhat unimportant world at a single stroke, and the only thing that he is waiting for is his diploma. How all men will bow down to him when he gets that!

In this way he becomes addicted to day dreams of greatness, and looking

into the future he sees glowing pictures. It is in the midst of a heated political campaign. The fate of the nation rests upon his election. The people have begun to realize this, and flock to his standard by the thousand. None but thugs and anarchist are opposing him now. He will be elected. He must save the nation, and, in so doing, immortalize his name. He is now recognized as the coming congressman or president, and the masses are already preparing to fall down and worship him.

Election day is at hand. A great demonstration is being made in his honor by his "friends," and thousands of excited people have come to the city to hear his fervid eloquence. Several bands are heard playing patriotic airs, a great procession is moving majestically down the street, and, at its head, in a magnificent carriage, drawn by almost any number of horses, *he* sits in haughty dignity, bowing gracefully to the cheering and almost frantic crowds of men and women who press upon each other in a desperate effort to get a glance at his importance. All heads are bared at his approach, bands are playing "Hail to the Chief," drums are enthusiastically beaten, and as cheer after cheer rends the summer air he realizes that the world is at his feet, and his only grief is, that there are no more worlds to conquer.

Poor fellow! How his feathers will droop and his wings drag in the dust, after he has gone out to do battle with the somewhat independent world for awhile, and has made one or two spasmodic attempts to crow. How his high ambition and great expectations will descend to the level of his fellow men after he has discovered that there were graduates and post-graduates ere he

entered school, and that there are some men who have, through thoughtful persistency and natural ability, won the highest things that are within the reach of man without ever having attended college at all. And in the years to come we find him, not a congressman nor a president, but an ordinary, industrious laborer, toiling the weary hours through, in the commendable effort to earn a livelihood for his patient wife and numerous progeny.

Were all the great expectations fulfilled that are being indulged in at about this time of the year, the entire world would be insufficient to hold the surplus greatness that would be lying around. Perhaps their high ambition is commendable, but *some one* is doomed to bitter disappointment.

JUNIE L. ORR.

### Among the Bricklayers.

As the time of Commencement rolls round, I look back and think of the time when I graduated not. But it does not seem to have made much difference. I left school to take a position in a broker's office, where I remained until the firm broke on May wheat. When on May 12 the boss laid me off for an indefinite period, I immediately sought out a civil engineer who was in need of a man.

I was set at work the same day, thereby putting in a day and a half in one day. I worked in the field as rodman, chainman, etc., until November, when I was put in charge of a brick culvert about to be built.

Anyone who is not in robust health should get some such position. Although not at all sickly or delicate, my weight increased fifteen pounds in less than a month.

Sewer bricklayers are a hale and hearty class of citizens, receiving from five to eight dollars a day, which is mostly spent in a neighboring saloon.

There existed between the foreman on our work and the bartender an intense jealousy in relation to a charming widow, who was the fair proprietor of the saloon.

The culmination was reached one night when at about one o'clock the bartender returned from town with a load or more of whiskey. Hostilities were opened by his smashing a window in the boarding house annex of the saloon, in order to gain entrance. When inside he drove out all the boarders by brandishing a huge knife and proclaiming that he had come to cut out the foreman's heart.

The boarders spent the rest of the night in a neighboring grave-yard. With returning day the courage of the refugees returned. Proceeding in a body to the dormitory where the belligerent forces slept, they entered without ceremony. Mr. Foreman awoke Mr. Bartender and artistically adorned his face with two black eyes, which were covered later with raw beef steak by the widow.

One day, towards Thanksgiving, one of the laborers, a German, came into the saloon and announced that another bricklayer had arrived from town, and was just then at a rival establishment farther up the road. When asked how he knew it was a bricklayer, he answered "I know becoz he haf von ret nose," at which a general laugh was raised and the bricklayers present had to treat the crowd.

BULL.

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

### Notes

June.  
Exams.  
Picnics.  
Last number.  
White dresses.  
Hot—hotter—hottest!  
"Goin' away fer the summer?"  
And the Cadets tramped in the wax!  
WANTED:—By zoology classes—BUGS.  
The largest chemistry bill was \$2.30.  
Heaps of socials these days, nicht wahr?  
Oh, for some more Senior boys for the socials!  
How do you like "General House-keeping?"  
Photographs and autographs are the order of the day.  
Who was it found Bismark and Cadmus in Chemistry?  
Ask Jessie Bridge her opinion of "stone piers for bridges."  
Miss Potwin, '94, one of THE REGISTER's editors has left school.  
Will Bartlett made a record of 26 broken test-tubes for this year.  
Have you patronized our advertisers?  
If not, do so, and if so, continue it.

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every open flower?  
'Tis largely done by industry,  
By hustling 'round the earth,  
And working everything that's green  
For all the thing is worth.

A visit to the tower is a very enjoyable affair, except in the very dark places.

Rather neat programs that the Seniors have for Commencement, don't you think so?

The Seniors had Geology and Literature examinations on June 13th.

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

Join the Y. M. C. A. and benefit yourself and a good institution at the same time.

One of the Seniors spoke of a "Miss-guided" man the other day. We wonder what she meant.

To all appearances, a Senior life is not a happy one when he is on the Commencement program.

In chemistry the most mistakes for one person was thirty-nine and the smallest number seven, for the year.

We don't talk much about ourselves, but do you notice how prominent the word REGISTER has been on the streets lately?

The Sophomores should continue their society next year and spare no exertion in making it as good as possible.

Everybody turn in next year and help the new editors make volume VII of THE REGISTER twice as good as volume VI has been.

All unpaid subscriptions should be given to the editors as soon as possible—fifty cents received as cheerfully as a half-dollar.

Now everybody enjoy vacation just as much as possible and come back refreshed for next year's work, is the wish of THE REGISTER.

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

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

Owing to a quite recent misunderstanding in regard to the studies required for graduation, Wirt Thompson of the class of '92 will not receive his diploma until Christmas. After studying a year in a local architect's office, he will take a special course at the Troy Institute of Architecture.

### Among the Colleges.

*The Princetonian*, formerly a tri-weekly, has been changed to a daily paper, making the sixth college daily.

Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, Wesleyan, and the University of Pennsylvania all have successful dramatic societies.

The oldest and largest medical school in America is that of the University of Pennsylvania. It was founded in 1765, and has graduated 10,458 men.

Bayne, '95, the pitcher of the University of Pennsylvania's base ball nine, is the first freshman ever elected captain of an important college team.

By the will of the late Dr. D. Hayes Agnew his Alma Mater, the University of Pennsylvania, gets \$55,000 and the proceeds of his well-known book on the practice of surgery.

A recent calculation shows over three million volumes in American college libraries to-day. Those with over 100,000 are Yale, the University of Pennsylvania, Harvard, Columbia and Cornell.

Professor E. J. James, of the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania, has refused the directorship of a similar school at the Chicago University, at a salary of \$7,000 a year.

Harvard's living alumni number about 5,860.

The New York *Tribune*, *Sun* and *Times* have 111 college men on their staffs.

Students of Oberlin are to run a hotel at the World's Fair, to get money for a gymnasium.

An instructor at Lehigh University, who was burlesqued by the students at their minstrel performance, has become insane.

Seven professors of the University of Pennsylvania have been asked to resign, being charged with teaching partisan politics.

John D. Rockefeller has given \$35,000 to Vassar college for the completion of the new dormitory, which is in process of erection.

University of Pennsylvania has students enrolled from every state and territory in the Union, and from twenty-eight foreign countries.

The new site for Columbia college, near the Riverside park, has been settled, and the first payment of \$200,000 has been made.

The youngest college president in the country is T. A. Turner, of Lincoln University. He is 29 years old, and is filling this position for the third year.

The University of Chicago recently purchased by cablegram from Berlin a library of 280,000 volumes, including 200 manuscripts, dating from the eighth to the nineteenth century.

Beginning with next fall the University of Nebraska is to use the so-called Michigan plan. A student will be allowed as many years as he pleases, but must complete twenty-five full courses to get his degree.

## Scientific.

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

CURIOUS evidence shows that a cubic inch of air at sea level contains about 350,000,000 molecules. If the law of regularly diminishing density holds good, a cubic inch of air at the height of 100 miles will contain about 350,000 molecules, and at less than 222 miles only one molecule. Opinions differ, however, as to the actual height of the atmosphere's upper surface. Prof. Forster, of Berlin, contends that a thin air, connected with that of the earth, pervades the whole solar system.

ELECTRICITY in its various forms of application, is said to give employment to 5,000,000 persons.

It is seriously proposed to purify the Thames by importing a school of crocodiles to act as river scavengers.

OVER 50,000 tons of cottonseed oil are consumed annually. Not many years ago cottonseed was thrown away.

THE longest span of telephone wire in the world is said to be across the Ohio river, between Portsmouth, O., and South Portsmouth, Ky. The wires at this point span the river from a pole on the Ohio side, measuring 102 feet above ground, to the Kentucky hills on the opposite side, the distance being 3,773 feet between poles. The wire is made of steel and its size is No. 12 gauge.

THE forms of sea life in the upper portion of the ocean waters may descend to a depth of 1,200 feet or so from the surface, but there then succeeds a barren zone, which continues to within 350 to 300 feet from the bottom, where the deep sea animals begin to appear.

IT is said that the globe has had 66,627,842,237,075,266 human inhabitants since the beginning of time.

JAPAN has 700 earthquake observing stations, and the records of the 500 shocks that visit that country annually are accurately noted.

FROM a mine in Kansas almost absolutely pure salt is mined and it is claimed that this one mine could supply the whole land for centuries.

IT is said that so great has been the development of certain petroleum fields in Peru that pipe lines have been run from the main wells to the coast. The opinion is expressed that the Peruvian field will soon be able to supply the demand of all the west coast of South America.

FIVE thousand arc and 93,000 incandescent electric lights will be used at the World's fair. Decorative effects with electric lamps are to be made a feature throughout the grounds. Colored lamps will be concealed inside the water fountains and behind the artificial falls, and a mammoth searchlight will be operated from a tower 300 feet high. This light will be of 25,000 candle power and is expected to be visible at least sixty miles away.

ARIZONA onyx is fast gaining a reputation. The Yavapai beds are probably the most extensive mines of the kind known, being almost a solid body one mile by one mile and a half in extent. The largest slab of onyx ever taken out was removed from this ledge and it was 23 by 10 feet and 26 inches thick. The stone from this claim is of very fine grain and takes a higher polish than the celebrated onyx of Mexico, which is poor in comparison.

WHAT is believed to be the largest acrolite ever known to have fallen is lying in the Caspian sea, a short distance from the peninsula of Apsheron. In falling it made a terrific noise and the white, hot mass made a light that illuminated the country and sea round about for a great distance. Immense clouds of steam arose when it struck the water. Scientists are greatly interested, but further information is needed before full credence can be given to the report.

### For Sweet Charity.

On Thursday evening, June 16th, a German entertainment was given for the benefit of the Creche by the Senior German class at Germania hall.

The entire cast of characters was excellently arranged and the players took their parts admirably. Two plays were produced, "Er soll dein Herr sein," and "Die Phronologen."

The entertainment was an immense success and netted a neat sum for the Creche.

### '92's Class Day.

On Tuesday, June 21st, at 2:30 P. M., the Class Day exercises of the class '92 took place. On the south side of the building under the shade of some of the larger trees, a platform had been erected for the convenience of the speakers. Seats were arranged below the platform to accommodate the class and its numerous friends, and no labor was spared to make the program a success in every way.

A short address by the president of the class was followed by a very interesting history of the class, by Misses Edna Robertson and Margaret McKell, who divided the four years of the course

equally and gave an excellent description of the passage of the class through the school.

This was followed by a song:

CENTENIAL SONG.

HELEN SMITH, '92; MARY SWANSON, '93.

I

Father Time goes fleeting on,  
We cannot stop his pace,  
But in a merry tuneful song  
We may join him in his race.  
We may sing of comrades dear,  
And of teachers kind and true,  
We may laugh or check a tear  
For class of Ninety-two.

II

Four hundred years ago, mates,  
Columbus crossed the seas,  
And now our nation celebrates  
Such trivial acts as these.  
Though we have found no countries,  
Beyond the waters blue,  
Yet we will demand the praises  
Of our class of Ninety-two.

Miss Ida Meyer then delivered the following poem which speaks for itself:

CLASS POEM.

I

Up in the O. H. S. there is one chamber  
Through which the soul of bards and minstrels lit;  
Its walls have echoed old-time song and story,  
And there we learned what we called English Lit.  
There have we wandered oft with subtly Una,  
Or trudged along with Chaucer's pilgrim band;  
There have we met with Shakespeare, Shelly, Milton  
And all the rest, and took each by the hand.

II

And when I saw how mankind did them honor,  
I often thought that of all things below  
Had I my choice, I'd rather be a poet—  
I've changed my mind, I've tried it, and I know.  
For they were born not made, the critics tell us,  
And we should always heed what critics say,  
For of all creatures that the world possesses  
They are most blessed in having their sweet way.

III

But there's another class the critics know not,  
Or if they know us we have been neglected—  
I mean the poets neither born nor made,  
The poor unhappy bards who were elected.  
The ghosts of tennis rackets long unwielded,  
Nights sleepless, meals untouched, grim ghastly times,  
These mark the progress of the mournful story  
Of how elected poets make their rhymes.

IV

But, there, I'm getting autobiographic,  
Still harping on myself—Byronic, quite;  
If I keep on I'll doubtless be reminded  
'Twas of the class that I was asked to write.  
Oh, Ninety-two, what memories 'round you linger!  
Fear not my friends! Columbus rest you well!  
Sleep, Isabella, be your dreams unbroken,  
'Tis of *eighteen* not *fourteen* I would tell.

V

Once more then Ninety-two, what memories linger,  
What tender, touching thoughts, these words recall  
Of hours long gone, and *some* hours long in going,  
The seventh hour, for instance, dear to all.  
And, then, the bell, the dear old bell, whose ringing  
Woke echoes in our hearts so sadly sweet,  
Especially at nine o'clock, on mornings  
When we were running some blocks down the street.

VI

And, then room 54; Oh how we loved it!  
Dear, happy tower of peacefulness and rest  
That he turned into a vale of weeping  
And He 2 Sto Araby the blest.  
How oft shall we recall, the full-length mirror  
In gilded frame, that graced the cloak-room wall,  
Or tell again of great jokes perpetrated  
Within the broad and spacious "Senior Hall."

VII

And then in all the years, that lie before us,  
How *amely* Friday afternoons will be  
With no rhetorical to entertain us,  
Or essays to be "handed in at three."  
Think, how, when hours hang heavy in the future,  
How many and many a time, our hearts will yearn,  
For days when we were "hunting up a subject,"  
And almost always had "a piece to learn."

VIII

Yearn for the Latin verbs, and German tenses,  
The Greek translations, that we could not do,  
And, lookit g back, will say as others have said,  
"The skies of youth are always, always *blue*."  
And after years and years have passed, don't  
doubt it,  
We may in very truth be brought to say,  
"Our school-days were the happiest of our life-time,  
Oh, give me back *Examination Day!*"

IX

As for myself, the world has now no terrors,  
No griefs so dreadful that I fear to know 'em,  
I've drained its bitterest cup unto the lees,  
I know the worst—I had to write a poem.  
But you, my friends, have sorrow still before you,  
And may she stay there all your future through,  
And never wait to greet you on your journey,  
So prays your poet. Farewell, Ninety-two.

—IDA MEYER.

A very enjoyable feature of the program came next; the Class Prophecy, delivered by Miss Annette Smiley. It

was most excellently written and as it prophesied possibilities, probabilities and utter impossibilities and improbabilities, it was immensely enjoyed by the entire audience.

No words may be said to those who heard Miss Cora McCandlish speak her address to the Undergraduates, in praise of her work. Suffice it to say, that if you didn't hear it you missed something well worth the hearing.

Mr. Ben Ginsburg then proceeded to cover himself with glory and perspiration and gave the audience a splendidly prepared speech under the name of the "Tree Oration."

The exercises closed with the following song, given by the class with considerable spirit:

CLASS OF '92.

HELEN SMITH '92, PROF. KRATZ.

I

Many years of study are o'er,  
And now come the trials of life,  
The way stretches darkly before  
That leads on to fortune and strife.  
We know not what fate may be ours,  
We know not just what to do,  
But rely on the strength and the power  
Of the teaching of class Ninety-two.  
CHORUS—Then hurrah for the class Ninety-two!  
Then hurrah for the class Ninety-two!  
Shout for the colors of our standard,  
Which are the maize and the blue.

II

Some day again we'll stand here  
And take each other by the hand,  
Having passed all doubt and all fear,  
On the rock of experience stand.  
We forgot not the teaching of our school,  
We forgot not our classmates true,  
So again together we will call,  
Oh! Hurrah for the class Ninety-two!

CHORUS—

Following the announcement of the winners of the Tennis Tournament the audience dispersed well satisfied with their afternoon's entertainment.

## Athletics.

Well, we didn't have any Field Day. Why not? Simply because of the lack of interest displayed in it by the boys of the school and the school in general. The committee which had charge of this, have received a great many thrusts regarding their action in not holding it, but would those who have been complaining please take these few things into account. First, the committee has to make all the poles, places for jumping, etc., next, secure all the medals and prizes and see that everything goes off in the best of shape and in addition to this are supposed to induce the boys by whatever means they can, to enter one or two of the contests. Should not the boys enter and not be urged to do it? And even if they should have used personal influence, you cannot find one of THE REGISTERS since September, in which Field Day has not been spoken of and the boys cautioned not to put off practicing too long, and many other things in the same strain. It will readily be acknowledged that the dishonor incurred by not having a Field Day this year must fall on the boys of the school and not on the committee, who could not be supposed to make everything ready and also be almost the only ones to enter. It has been proposed, and wisely so, that the Field Day next year be held about the first of May at which time it will not be so hot and every one will not be as busy as they are at commencement time. Prof. Lewis has said that he would give them a half holliday at any time and so it would be better to hold it then, since it is the time when most of the High Schools and Colleges hold their Field

Days. Hope the committee will have better support next year.

The much talked of tennis tournament has come and gone and the prizes have been awarded.

The mixed doubles were played on Monday morning, June 20th, at Y. M. C. A. grounds on Harney street, and Bert Butler, '93, and Edith Schwartz came off the winners, with Henry Osgood, '94, and Emma Osgood, '92, second. The winners received as prizes, a racquet given by the Collins Gun Co. for the lady, and a racquet case, given by Prof. Lewis, for the gentleman. The second prizes were a pair of tennis shoes given by Cook & Son to the lady, and a pair of tennis shoes given by Drexel & Rosenzweig for the gentleman.

The boys' doubles took place at the same place on Tuesday morning, the 21st; and Henry Osgood, '94, and Bert Butler, '93, came off the winners, taking as prizes two "Chase" racquets, one given by Prof. Lewis, and the other by the Frank Cross Gun Co. Frank McCune, '93, and Scott Brown, '92, took second prize, which was a belt for each, one given by the Frank Cross Gun Co., and the other by the O. H. S. Athletic association.

THE REGISTER would suggest that in future the tennis tournament be held in the fall, when every one will be in better practice and the weather will not be so intensely warm.

#### An Explanation.

In the September number of THE REGISTER the editors announced their intention of making the paper the best volume ever published. They made mention of the splendid record of the previous year and expressed a wish that the school might come to their support

and aid in making a volume of which they all might be proud. But alas for human expectations! The support has been very, very poor. The assistant editors did their work nobly and responded well to the frequent calls upon them, and the managing editors? Well *they* think that they have done *their* share.

The aid from the Senior class has been almost wholly lacking and yet when from various causes the editors reduced the paper to twelve pages, the complaints came in thick and fast, and the management was soundly rated for indifference, carelessness, and so forth.

*Some* members of the Alumni have helped THE REGISTER materially, and their contributions have been appreciated.

The lower grades have done well, particularly the Sophomores, in their support of the paper which represents the school.

Such indifference as has been exhibited by others is the direct cause of this late and somewhat uninteresting issue.

Some astonishment has been shown that the June issue has not been made a sixty or seventy page paper; well if any one in the O. H. S. could print such a paper with the support given at present, they had better start in a journalistic career at once.

The editors do not find fault with people for not working more for the school paper, but they object to having people *who never offer to help by any means within their power continually find fault with the best work that can be done under the circumstances.* This explanation will suffice.

#### Evidences of Our First Condition.

We of to-day, who are just about to see the dawn of the twentieth century, ordinarily consider ourselves free from all traces of savagery, the grip of ignorant and superstitious barbarism has been steadily relaxing through all the gloomy centuries of the past, and the light of a higher and better condition has been diffusing imperceptibly, but surely, until the nations of the earth have shaken off the last lingering evidence of the savage and stepped forth—finished.

So we are accustomed to think, but did you ever consider how many marks of barbarism we still retain?

Every person who is very observant of dogs have noticed that each one, from the huge, tawny Saint Bernard to the tiny black terrier, always turns about a few times on the spot on which he is preparing to lie down, and this is said to be a trait as old as the canine race itself. Thousands of years ago, perhaps before man's advent into the world, the dog—roaming over the grassy plains—was obliged, upon resting after the chase, to tramp down the long, rank grass in order to prepare his couch; so, the dog of to-day, even though his bed be as smooth as a floor, imitates the action of his early ancestor.

Plainly we perceive the existence of savage passion in the desire which most of us have for the ornamentation of our persons.

The savage of the interior of Africa, even now, delights in beads, bright pieces of metal and glittering of all sorts. He binds his arms and ankles with coil on coil of burnished copper wire; puts rings of the metal in his ears

and even in his nostrils, and frequently wears, suspended on his breast, his most precious and best-guarded possession, a small mirror or piece of polished metal. The civilized white man, all over the world, is just as desirous of making a glittering display as his dusky brother, but he prefers jewelry, precious gems and fine garments to a few coils of lustrous metal.

Out on our Western plains the untamed American Indian wears, dangling from his belt, human scalps in token of his prowess and success; here, in our civilized city, we see a similar custom. Look at any young lady you may chance to meet, and you will observe, dangling from *her* belt, bangles and coins curiously carved, and are they not placed there as mementos of *her* victories? No disagreeable massacre took place; no sound of strife was heard, but, truly, *her* conquests may be numbered on those quaintly graven discs of shining metal; conquests made at the ball, at the theater; conquests made with *her* eyes, *her* words; by means of *her* dainty dress or the management of *her* feathery fan. Some poet very aptly expresses my idea in the lines:

"She wears upon her chatelaine,  
Like scalps and trophies of the slain,  
Full five and twenty coins of old,  
Of jeweled silver and of gold;  
With pencil case and gay tablet  
And dainty, dangling vinaigrette,  
Each shining on its slender chain,  
She wears them on her chatelaine."

Another indication of our former barbarism now presents itself. Up to within recent years it has been the custom, in many of our graveyards, to inter the dead with their feet toward the east; this, at first thought, seems strange, and doubtless not a few people have wondered how the custom originated, but I



think that a little investigation will prove it a relic of savagery.

Among all nations the east seems always to have had more importance given to it than any of the other cardinal points; we find that the Mound Builders of the Mississippi valley nearly always constructed their temples, dwellings, or whatever the massive ruins left by them may have been, in such a manner that the door or entrance was almost directly toward the east. Then, too, remember the second verse of the second chapter of Matthew, in which the three wise men are mentioned as coming to Jerusalem, saying: "Where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him?"

One can easily see how a sort of respect or awe for the east came to have a hold on the mind of the savage, when, during the rainy seasons of the year, after many days of dreary rain or long continued storm, the poor creature, houseless, nearly naked, and without suitable means for making fire, looked longingly toward the east, waiting for the rising of the sun which he knew would bring to him warmth and cheer! Was it not natural that he came to revere the very wind of the east? In Longfellow's "Hiawatha" we find considerable prominence given to Wabun unto whom the east wind is given by Mudjekeewis the "Father of the Winds of Heaven:"—

"Young and beautiful was Wabun;  
He it was who brought the morning,  
He it was whose silver arrow  
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;  
He it was whose cheeks were painted  
With the brightest streaks of crimson,  
And whose voice awoke the village,  
Called the deer, and called the hunter."

Now, perhaps all this looks as if I were wandering from my subject, but think a moment:—When a body is interred it is invariably placed on its back, and when lowered into the grave, with the feet toward the east, do not the eyes rest in such a position, that, were they open, they would catch the first rays of the rising sun? May not this custom be a trace of the old savage state?

In connection with this we might consider another of our most sacred and cherished customs; that of closing the eyes in prayer. Did you ever think how it probably originated? Some one, I know, will feel like speaking up quickly and saying, "why, it is commanded in the Bible," but if he will investigate, he will find that such was not the custom in the days of which the Bible speaks, and that our Savior did not even set us the example.

I think it is probable that the first religious ceremonies, of a majority of the peoples of the globe, were executed in honor of images or idols, of stone or wood, decorated with glittering objects such as precious gems and metals and polished stones, as the Chinese and Hindoos even now bow before their pagan gods. The people, either pretending that the magnificence and splendor of their gods dazzled them, or in their pagan reverence, closed their eyes when engaged in worship. And, even now, after the true religion has appeared and claimed its millions of followers, we close our eyes when offering up our prayers and worshiping Him whom we all know "lifted up his eyes to heaven." X. L.

Never tell an editor how to run his paper. Let the poor devil find it out himself.

### Some Selected Smiles.

Sunday-school superintendent—"Who led the Children of Israel into Canaan?" [No reply.] Superintendent (somewhat sternly)—"Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the Children of Israel into Canaan?"

Little boy (badly frightened)—"it wasn't me, I—I jist moved here last week from Mizzoury."

The two longest words in Worcester, Webster or the Century dictionaries are said to be palatopharyngeolaryngeal and transubstantiationist.

The grain elevator is a sort of magazine of cereal stories.

A Useful Agent.—Stranger: I would like to see your bill collector a moment.

Editor—Certainly. John, reach the gentleman that shotgun.

The Way Drugs are Sold.—Twynn: I hear that Sunway's book is a drug on the market.

Triplett—He gets ten times its value for it, does he?

Economy.—Parke Rowe: I don't see why you editorial writers don't come right out and sign your articles.

Fullerton—My dear fellow, space on that page is worth two dollars a line.

The Helpful Marginal Note.—Reader: "Why do you mark your books and magazines so copiously?"

Bookworm—"They are such a help to a student. I can always tell which ones I have read."

A Careful Company. "We never lost a life on our line."

"Really?"

"Nope. One of our passengers lost his though."

A Brave Parisian (in Paris).—Office Boy: That mad member of the chamber of deputies is coming up the stairs armed with a sword.

Editor—Let him come. I have my pen handy.

A minister, dining with an editor and observing the scant table, asked a blessing as follows: "Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive and strengthen us to journey homeward after we have received it."

Cause for Condolence.—Mrs. Plainfield (proudly): And who would have thought that I should ever be the mother of a poet?

Her Neighbor (misunderstanding)—Oh, well, I wouldn't worry about that! He'll have better sense when he grows a little older.

Cumso: I'm sending out a messenger boy for some good old wine.

Banks: Don't go to that expense, Tell him to buy new wine. It will be cheaper and it will be old enough when he gets here with it.

Young Jack Corncob: And do you know, Pop, the last day we were in New York, we went and saw an ocean grey-hound sail.

Farmer Corncob: Wall, I've heered tell of them old sea-dogs, but I'll be dog-goned if I ever knowed they were bought and sold.

Andrews (retired lawyer): Why, Dawson—glad to see you after all these years—haven't seen you for eighteen years—is it?—when you were defending that fellow Scott—brilliant defense, too, I remember—by the way, your client came out all right, I believe?

Dawson (retired lawyer) Oh, yes; fully two years ago.



"Curious thing. I'm not superstitious at all, but it looks as if that old crone's prophecy about the Prince of Wales would come true,"

"What was that?"

"She prophesied that he would never be Queen of England."

Modern Journalism.—Managing Editor (to reporter): "Are you engaged to be married, Mr. Scarehead?"

Mr. Scarehead—"Er—yes, sir; I—"

Managing Editor—"Kindly draw on the office for ten dollars, get married immediately, and let me have two columns on "Married Life in a Great City" by twelve o'clock. And—er—congratulations!"

In School: "How many mills make a cent, Johnny?"

"None of 'em," returned Johnny. "Pa says they're all losin' money."

For the collection: "The government ought to coin half cents," growled Mr. Myser.

"Would you go to church then?" asked his wife.

"You can play dominoes for ten hours a day for 118,000 years without exhausting the combinations."

"I don't believe it."

"Just you try it and see."

Brown: Yes, poor Jones got drowned when the vessel was wrecked.

Smith: "But he was a good swimmer!"

Brown: "Yes, but everybody got catching hold of planks and spars and jumping overboard with them. In the excitement Jones jumped overboard with the anchor and it pulled him under."

Customer: "These trousers are awful short."

Tailor: "Well, you told my collector the other day that you were awful short yourself."

## Exchanges.

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

The *Magnet*, a new acquaintance, coming from Butler, Penn., contained some extracts from Commencement essays which are excellent.

*Cushing Academy Breeze*, Ashburnham, Mass., is a very pleasant paper.

Among our exchanges, we recognize *The Lever*, from Colorado Springs High School, Colo. It is a good paper, and speaks well for the school.

Our best wishes we send to *Lynn High School Gazette*. It is one of our best exchanges.

The *Echo*, Camden, N. Y., contains an interesting article entitled "The Successful Business Man."

The *Record*, Canandaigua, N. Y., needs a cover. All school papers should have one.

The "Speech" in *College Chips*, Decorah, Iowa, shows much thought and study and is an excellent article.

Success to the new editors of the *Acamedian*, and THE REGISTER respectfully suggests that the locals be put together instead of being separated by a page of advertisements.

Among our new exchanges we find the *Academy Review*, from Augusta, Ga., coming to us with a blank page or two, which, to our minds, always looks bad in a school paper.

Numbers 1 and 2 of volume I of the *University Star*, University of Omaha, has arrived. It is a very good paper and THE REGISTER wishes it unbounded success.

The *Institute Bell*, South New Lyme, Ohio, needs an exchange column badly.

The *Hesperian*, University of Nebraska, is doubtless of much more interest to the Lincolnites than to us, as indeed it should be.

The *High School Advance*, Salem, Mass., in its May issue prints a list of sixty-five exchanges, consuming over a half page of space, but does not give any comment on any paper. In the same paper one entire page is blank. Now, some one went to a good deal of trouble to arrange those papers in alphabetical order; would it not be more satisfactory to spend the time in criticism on individual papers and fill up that page and one-half with comments on them?

The proposed enlargement of the *R. H. S. Notes*, Rutland, Vt., will be an excellent change. Keep your paper as interesting as it is at present.

The *Criterion Record*, Minneapolis, Minn., comes quite regularly.

The *Owl*, Rockford, Ill., looks nice in its new cover.

The *Lyceum Advocate*, Saginaw, E. S., Mich., takes a severe method of treating "dead-head" subscribers. It threatens to publish a "black-list" of them in the June issue.

## Hurrah for '92!

WORDS BY O. H. S. QUERRICHTER.

[SINGLED WITH THIRD RING.]

The sky is blue above our heads:  
Once more we've gathered here,  
Who've journeyed on together now  
For many a changing year,  
Then raise your voices, one and all,  
Who wear the maize and blue,  
And let us sing another song  
For dear old '92.

CHORUS—Hurrah for '92! Hurrah for '92!  
Clasp hands today and proudly say  
Hurrah for '92!

II

We've dared the dread rhetoricals,  
And shared the mutineer;  
We've danced together in the Gym,  
On many a happy day,  
We've found foes worthy of our steel,  
And friends both staunch and true,  
And lots of "reconsiderers" in  
The class of '92.

CHORUS—

III

We've lots of pluck and energy,  
Our class is bright as noon,  
Columbus isn't to it,  
He was born some years too soon,  
And though we may not find, as he,  
New worlds beyond the blue,  
We'll make the old one over  
For the class of '92.

CHORUS—

The *Academy Monthly*, Germantown, Pa., would do well to cut out the "with-thanks-we-acknowledge-the-receipt-of-the-following" exchanges.

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Brown: "Yes, but everybody  
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ment Jones jumped overboard with  
anchor and it pulled him under."

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