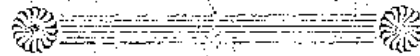
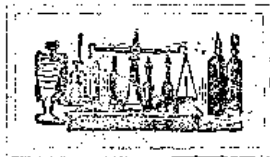
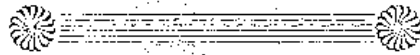


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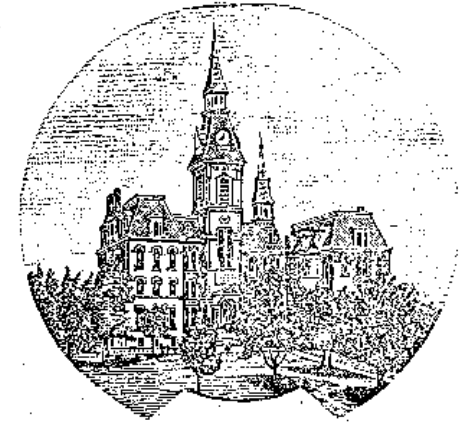
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VOL. IX.

NO. 1.

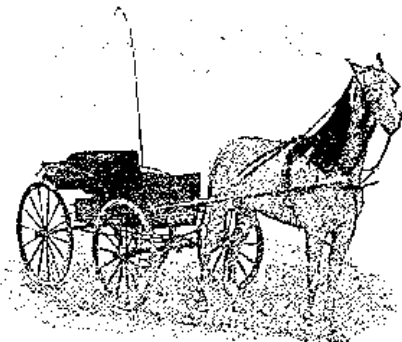


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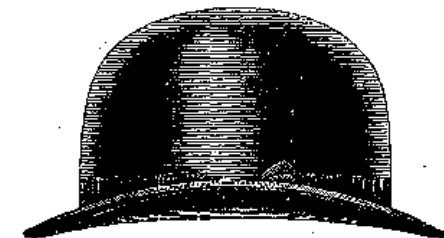
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# The High School Register

VOL. IX.

OMAHA, NEB., SEPTEMBER, 1894.

No. 1.

## • THE REGISTER •

## Editorial.

THE REGISTER is a monthly journal published on the last Thursday of each month from September to June, in the interest of the Omaha High School.

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

SUBSCRIPTION: Fifty cents, in advance, per school year; by mail, sixty cents.

### STAFF.

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JOHN W. SHANK, JR..... Associate

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DOROTHY HOLLAND, '95,  
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Entered as second class matter in the Omaha Postoffice.

### CALENDAR.

#### OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

Homer P. Lewis..... Principal  
Irwin Leviston..... Assistant Principal  
S. D. Beals..... Librarian  
Lieut. J. A. Penn..... Military Instructor  
Number of Teachers..... 25  
Number of Scholars..... 925

#### CLASS OF NINETY-FIVE.

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Louise Smith..... Vice President  
Nelle Gambol..... Secretary  
Walden Branch..... Treasurer

#### CLASS OF NINETY-SIX.

A. Gsantner..... President  
Kenith Evans..... Vice President  
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#### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

George Purvis..... Manager  
Harry Tukey..... Secretary  
Gordon Clarke..... Football Captain

WITH pleasure THE REGISTER greets its many friends. We are glad to greet you under such favorable circumstances. Some changes have been made and many improvements added. We are especially proud of our staff, believing that each class is represented in an able manner. Let us here warmly thank the classes for their good judgment and hearty assistance.

THE present volume of the REGISTER comes before the school with a radical change in its management. We fully appreciate the high standard of school journalism the previous volumes have maintained, but are confident that the standard of the present volume will be still higher. Our conscience does not trouble us when we say we are now a school paper! Each class now has a voice in its control. In the past the REGISTER has been a class paper, edited and managed wholly by the Senior class, some classes even printing the cover in their class colors. We now stand in a new relation toward the school and wish to become more in harmony with it. The old feeling that the REGISTER cares nothing for us, should be replaced by the feeling it is our duty to care for the REGISTER. Besides whatever there may have been of partiality will be done away with now.

It is a bad state of affairs where the editor keeps grumbling, the paper is not supported. The subscription list has been a disgrace to the school, not to the paper, for it has merited a larger one. There is no use for the staff to strive to issue a fine paper if no one reads it.

While we are always thankful for outside contributions we wish to publish as much as possible of our school composition, thereby affording a rare means of development. What is one good for if he cannot express his ideas? An honor is conferred upon the person whose production is published. Please help us make this a sound, spicy, interesting volume.

THE REGISTER welcomes '98. We are very favorably impressed with your appearance and congratulate you on the size of your class. You have started out in the right way and we are confident that you will be an honor to our institution.

THE boys are very jubilant over the coach fund. This is something new for us, but such action should have been taken long ago. Nearly every school of our size in the country has a coach fund. The handicap is now virtually removed from our progress and we should make things move with a vim this fall.

AMONG the improvements recently completed we notice especially the High School campus. The plat has been greatly remodeled, many of the old walks being torn up and new ones laid out. The pipes are also laid for a system of fountains. The lawn, that used to be hard to distinguish

from a weed patch, is now kept in elegant shape and the trees are beautifully trimmed. The athletic corner is much enlarged and is level and clean.

WE wish to thank the teachers for the kindly interest they are showing toward us and for many valuable suggestions. People outside judge a school, in a great degree, by its periodical. The work of the teachers is also measured by the literary merits of its columns. We wish to issue a paper worthy of our school, one that a teacher would feel proud of sending to a friend as a sample of our school. If any one has ever felt that he has no special interest in the paper we wish him to put it all aside. We may not be able to speak to every teacher individually, but we wait the hearty co-operation of each teacher, and especially those of the English departments.

WITH much regret we note the resignation of Superintendent Fitzpatrick. He has filled the position very efficiently and has raised the standard of the Omaha Public Schools so that they now rank among the first of our country. But we are gratified that the place is filled with such a competent man. Professor Marble comes to us from Worcester, Mass. He is a fine educator, having an experience of twenty-five years, is among the foremost teachers of America and is president of the National Teachers' Association. He is also a man of fine character and sterling qualities. While the schools are in a prosperous condition there are many things that need improving and we trust that especial attention will be given to the High School.

THE school is highly gratified with the advancement the battalion is making. Lieutenant Penn has shown himself a thoroughly competent instructor. He is a fine disciplinarian and has the confidence of the boys. Most of the work thus far has been that of the companies but battalion movements will soon be taken up. The ranks have received quite an enlargement from the new scholars of the Ninth Grade. Bids are being placed for the new uniforms. They are to be cadet gray, in style similar to the West Point uniform. The material is high grade. The cap will be a model of neatness. We are all very anxious that they may be obtained as soon as possible, but we must remember that it takes time to accomplish a thing like this. Congressman Mercer is looking after the guns and we hope that his bill may pass. In case it should not other steps will be soon taken for their purchase.

THE Alumni is possibly one of the hardest departments to maintain in a school magazine. Not because no one enjoys it, but because so few help to support it. Many are the fond associations recalled here, many the thoughts awakened that have long slumbered. A fine Alumni department binds the graduates to the Alma Mater as nothing else can. It is pleasant to know that one is remembered, to know those at home are wishing for our welfare. But that is not all, we here are always proud to hear of your success and are often inspired to do more valiant work by seeing those honored in whose footsteps we are treading. But as we pass into

higher fields of knowledge and broader plains of development, it is very easy to forget those that helped us to rise. No, the old High must hold a warm place in each heart. A good Alumni department is as good as a chat with an old classmate. If you know anything of any old friend or class-mate please inform your friends through this means.

#### MY TRIP ABROAD.

MISS M. E. QUACKENBUSH.

For many years the great desire of my heart has been to see our neighbors across the water, and when I met my German friend from Hamburg last summer at the World's Fair, in Chicago, I promised to visit Europe during the summer of '94.

Once during the year it seemed as if my plans were going to be frustrated, but finally things shaped themselves in such a way that it seemed best to go. So Miss Morton and I concluded to make the trip together, she going to Berlin to study music and German, and I to visit my friends in Hamburg.

School closing the 22nd of June, I started for Chicago the evening of the 23rd, to meet Miss Morton who went the day before.

Mr. and Mrs. Kilpatrick were on the same train, and were going to Glasgow in the City of Rome which sailed June 30. We should have been delighted to travel with them, but we did not have any tickets, and were obliged to wait until we reached New York before we could know when we could sail.

I reached Chicago 11 o'clock Sunday a. m. and transferred to the Lake

Shore depot, and then discovered that my trunk was missing. At first I did not know what to do, but concluded to go onto New York, as those in charge of baggage said my trunk should be sent out by the next train.

Reaching Syracuse, N. Y., Miss Morton's friend, Mr. Hutchinson, came on board, saying he would accompany us to New York, and now the romantic part of the trip commenced. It seems there had been some misunderstanding between them which was all explained, so a wedding was the next thing in order, I assisted to the best of my ability, and instead of one traveling companion, I had two.

The only drawback to our happiness was my missing trunk, which did not arrive. However, we secured passage on the Augusta Victoria, one of the best ships on the Hamburg line, trusting that the trunk would come before the boat sailed, which it did, and on the afternoon of June 28th, we started, all our troubles being at an end. I expected to feel a little homesick as the boat left the wharf, and to have a dread of the great ocean before me, but instead, when the band played, I felt like dancing, and was so happy to think that at last, after all my longing and planning, I was really going to Europe.

Once before I had the same feelings; it was in San Francisco when starting for the Yosemite Valley.

A number of my friends predicted that I would be sea-sick, but I was not. The sea was as quiet as a lake in calm weather, and I spent all of the time on deck. One day the ship rocked so that racks had to be placed on the tables in order to keep the

dishes from rolling away, and I expressed a wish to see some "white caps," much to the disgust of some of the sea-sick people.

One day I went down to the lower deck to visit the steerage quarters, and found the passengers crowded together like cattle. One fine looking well dressed man sat at a table, with his head resting on his hands, either too sick or disheartened to look up.

The Fourth of July was a glorious day, and immediately after breakfast the band played "The Star Spangled Banner." While I was glad to be going away from home, a feeling of patriotism came over me, and a quiet tear showed me how dear my country is to me.

Flags of the different nations were hoisted but in honor of the American passengers the Stars and Stripes were above all the others. During the day the sailors had running and jumping races, sack races and various other amusements, interspersed with the national airs of the different nations. In the evening there was a grand musicale, with speeches, and the entertainment of the day closed with fireworks. Altogether it was a most unique and interesting Fourth of July at sea.

About midnight, July 6th, we reached Southampton, and having concluded to give up our ticket to Hamburg, we were soon on the train bound for London.

While on shipboard we met a Mr. Rounds, a young lawyer from Brooklyn, N. Y., who had been abroad before, and who helped us to secure lodgings at No. 10 Craven Street, just off the strand and three doors

from where Franklin lived when he was in London. We rested during the day and in the evening we took a ride on the top of an omnibus and saw London Bridge.

The next morning, July 7, we took a plain breakfast where we lodged, and it *was* plain—bread, butter and tea. We decided then and there not to have any more "plain" breakfasts while we were in London. During the morning Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Rounds went to see their tailor and Mrs. Hutchinson and I went to secure tickets for the theater. I had always wanted to see Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, and just then they were playing "Becket".

We had a fine lunch just around the corner on the strand, and then started out to visit the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. There being services at Westminster Abbey we decided to go again, so spent the afternoon where the English laws are made.

The Parliament covers eight acres and has 1,100 apartments. The large clock on the tower has four dials, each 23 feet in diameter, and it takes five hours to wind up the striking parts. We were just in time to hear "Big Ben" ring out the hour. This bell is one of the largest in the world and weighs 13 tons. It is heard in calm weather over the greater part of London.

We stood where the Queen sits when she opens Parliament, saw the celebrated woosack of the Lord Chancellor, a kind of cushioned ottoman which stands in front of the throne, and passed the "bar" where law suits on final appeal are pleaded.

Sunday, July 8, we attended church at Westminster Abbey in the morning and after lunch drove through Hyde Park.

We next went to Smithfield where the martyrs were burned, to the great cattle market of London, and then to Christ's Hospital. This is not a hospital but a school for 1,200 boys and 100 girls. The boys wear long blue gowns, yellow stockings and knee breeches. The hat is said to be so peculiar that no boy will wear it, so they all go bareheaded, summer and winter. Walking through Pater Nostre Row we attended church at St. Paul's Cathedral. Taking it altogether it was a most delightful Sunday; the weather was cool and slightly cloudy.

The next day, July 10, we visited Westminster Abbey again, and this will be described in the next article.

#### HAS AMERICA A NATIONAL LITERATURE?

MISS RUTH FULLERTON, '94.

A short time after the first colonization of America these taunting questions came from across the ocean: "Where is your national literature?" and "What can you do in the way of originality with a language that has been the leading language for centuries?"

Perhaps, as our nationality has become more decided and our unity closer, they have perceived with jealousy our steady increase in all branches—literature as well as any other.

Literature, how varied its meaning! In the past it was essential that the subjects should be lofty and beautiful and the manner of treatment brilliant;

but in the latter half of our own century the everyday incidents of life, treated from the standpoint of significance, are the subjects of literary productions. With this significance of everyday affairs go the reflective and imaginative activities of the mind, and these together with a choice of subject will give pleasure to the greatest number while dealing with general instead of specialized knowledge. Now, is there a national literature and if so, what are its characteristics? To answer this it is necessary to first find what the characteristics of a nation are. As a matter of fact, in the beginning of this nation there were no national characteristics; but as time goes on we see men beginning to think about particular things in a particular way, and out of this fact will come our national traits. But there are some who rise above the surrounding men and find out the full meaning of existing conditions, and thus the nation recognizes a genius, even as Dante rose in the midst of a misunderstood age, when there was no one around him worthy to be his associate, and brought out the superior qualities of his fellow-men, thus giving them insight into a higher standard of life.

Since the conditions under which an author is placed have so much to do with the character of his works, we can look for the chief influence on his writings in the form of government in his country. In an aristocracy, the distinctions of rank lead the writers to give the character of the nobility all the virtuous qualities and to the common people all the bad ones, and these characters are also made to

express an unnatural sentiment of condescension, if of the nobility; or a servile one, if of the poorer classes.

In this same aristocracy precedent is the watchword, hence the literature becomes something that must fit into a mould, inevitably making thought subordinate to form and expression.

In a republic, would we expect to find any condescension in literature, any undue attention paid to a set form, or an exclusive study of the past? On the one hand, could our literary geniuses be condescending in their point of view when they realize that they are in every important sense like the people around them; and, on the other hand, could they find anything like superiority in a republic? This is not only the spirit of our constitution, but all citizens actually live this spirit every day. The literature of a republic is no more taken up with the conduct of one class of people than with another, for the only distinctions here can be seen in the fact that the men who have made the most of their powers are given the preference. These *litterati* cannot be restrained to a set form, but rather yield to an artistic instinct which comes in different forms, according to their individual natures. They do not disregard the inspiration which comes from the past, but the energy of literary men in a republic must be spent in a discussion of the present and its needs.

Irving, one of our earliest writers, has immortalized the region of Sleepy Hollow with his legends that are so beautiful and interesting, yet so simple. With these Irving gained the admiration of the English world of letters and formed the link that

bound the old world to the new. Bryant and Whittier probably excel among our poets for the national influences exerted on their writings; the one carries out in his poetry, as well as in his life, his chief sentiments—liberty and patriotism—and the other breathes the very atmosphere of his country and exhibits in his works by his high ideas of the dignity of name and the nobility of work. Hawthorne, who stands at the head of all writers of romance, has idealized the Puritan sentiment and brought its stern gloom into harmony with the universal elements of human nature. We delight to think that we can claim Emerson as truly American, for he was one of the world's loftiest thinkers and has brought the republican ideas of the sacredness of man, the true aim in life and the perfect equality of all men. All who read him come to appreciate the idealistic conception of life and thought.

No one on either side of the Atlantic doubts the nationality of Howells. Howells hates the European merely because he is not American—in other words he loves all American institutions and American life—his American way of looking at things has permeated every book that he has written; and Walt Whitman, the poet of democracy, defies all criticism based on cut and dried rules—not only his style is wholly original, but also his subject matter is entirely unique, his hero is the nation—democracy pure and simple.

These literary geniuses then stand for the national character of our literature. But it is only by the close study of the development of our liter-

ature that we get a full appreciation of its value as American. Judging from past developments, our future will become much richer and stronger and the varied elements of our political life become more and more unified, our literature will grow in national character and unity.

#### THE BETTER OF THE TWO.

By FINDUSOUT.

School life was over. Roger Day was walking along a wild stretch of the Maine coast with his eyes fixed intently upon the sounds. In his distracted mood he took no note of the retreating tide. The screaming seagulls were rapidly winging their way to and from their nests upon the adjacent cliffs. The sun, ever and anon peeping through a rift between the clouds, caught the restless waves and transformed their foaming crests into a shifting profusion of liquid diamonds. The rising wind whistled and howled among the rocks, but Roger buttoned his coat the closer and walked on heeding nothing about him.

After a time he reached a bend in the shore where the beach narrowed and the overhanging walls of a lofty cliff reared their frowning front above him. A large-mouthed, shallow cave had been hollowed out by the action of the tide; and to this spot, upon a ledge of rock overlooking the sea, the troubled youth repaired. His strong, manly face bore evidence of pain, that kind which comes when the soul is in distress.

At last a gleam of recognition kindled a new light within his eyes, but it was one of deepened sorrow.

Perhaps it was habit that brought him here, he knew not why, but the old familiar cave only seemed to intensify the grief under which he was laboring. The smooth, sand bottom and the rocky pillars reaching from floor to ceiling were old friends to him. They were woven inseparably into the joys of his childhood. Here, he and Harold Gordau used to spend many a happy day making sand forts or sand harbors and they would climb about the ledges, gather new and curious shell brought in by the waves, and clamber above the sea-gulls' nests for eggs. Harold had been his inseparable companion through childhood. Both had been reared in the adjacent village of Glencove. They had shared each other's joys and sorrows and confided in each other's friendship. Though Harold's parents were wealthy Roger's parents were very poor, but neither wealth nor poverty had marred the intimacy of their childhood.

Four years before the boys had gone off to college together. That was a fatal hour to the cherished bond. The morning of departure was one of bright promise to Roger. He seemed already to have moved into a new world, already difficult enterprises seemed to challenge his efforts. Ambition opened up to him its new life, filled with all the attendant successes of an influential man. The grass seemed greener. The flowers smiled more sweetly. The birds sang more enchantingly. The sun shone more brightly, and father and mother, now standing upon the threshold of the dear old home, were dearer to him than ever before.

College life proved to be a new

world, indeed, to Roger. Harold, by the aid of his father's wealth, was received with open arms by the students of Cambridge. For the first time Roger felt his poverty keenly. Harold was always the invited guest of every social or banquet. Being handsome, well formed and vivacious, he was toasted, flattered and spoiled. Roger was compelled to partially work his way through college. He had no fine clothes like Harold, but a few plain suits, which after a while, illy concealed the neatly sewed patches, though the clothes were always scrupulously brushed and clean. Roger instinctively realized his disadvantage, but so closely knit had been his friendship with Harold during childhood that he hoped to retain the old companionship. In this expectation he was doomed to bitter disappointment. Harold had become carried away with the glamour which surrounded him, and even occasionally joined his companions in a jest at Roger's expense. But though this traitorship cut Roger to the heart, it seemed the more to nerve him on to duty, and in due time he exhibited those sterling qualities of character which won for him the respect and admiration of students and teachers alike.

Harold was brilliant, but he lacked the persistent, thorough habits of Roger. During their junior year both were contestants for the prize given for the best thesis on "English Literature" at commencement. Roger won the prize. Humiliated and maddened, Harold determined to humble his rival, and the opportunity came.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### THE DOCTOR ADDRESSES THE SENIORS.

On the morning of September 4th, after the Seniors had all been collected together in their *future den*, Dr. Duryea came in and made us a very fine speech, which all appreciated.

He said that in his opinion the High School had been considerably slighted by the Board of Education, and by those who should take an interest in the school work. Then he spoke of the real object of the High School work. He said that the High School was really the poor man's college, and that we should all strive to raise the standard of the school until it would be equal to, or itself *be* a college of its own. He then went on and spoke of the merits of some of the eastern colleges and schools.

Then the doctor proceeded to give the girls some very able advice concerning their conduct toward the boys, and he especially instructed them on the treatment of "dudes," (boys beware of being classed with that kind of beings). Then he gave some advice to those of the class who were considering seriously the subject of matrimony, and ended up his speech with a final plea for the Seniors *to be "kind to the Juniors."*

#### A GRAND WIND UP FOR THE JUNIORS.

As a final farewell to their Junior year, the Class of '95, had a picnic at Fairmount Park, June 26. Oh, such a time as they did have. They had a train all by their lonesome, and although there were only about 75 of 'em, and not enough to fill both cars, yet they filled up the rest of the room with sandwiches, cakes, pickles, fruit, and

everything else good to eat on such occasions.

Misses Crowley and Street acted as chaperons, and they proved to be just as spry as any of them in climbing those great hills and planning fun for the crowd. With the exception of a few torn garments everything went off smoothly, and the crowd parted that evening with three cheers for the Class of '95.

#### Society.

Another term entered upon and '96 wasted no time in getting to work. A business meeting held on the customary second Friday of the month was well attended. Aiming always at perfection, '96 has this year instituted a new office—that of "critic". This plan being adopted with a view to the benefit which the Literary and Debating Society may derive from it. Miss Lloyd—as our teacher of English—was unanimously chosen, and has since kindly consented to thus assist us.

Although there are many faces missing, '96 is still a good sized class. To those who have left us we extend warm wishes for a successful future; to those who remain we ask a hearty co-operation in all class and High School work. It should be remembered that officers alone cannot make a class successful. Each member must hold himself or herself individually responsible for the furtherance of every worthy project, and at all times loyally support the class officials.

Finally—"In union there is strength", and, while class pride should be cultivated and class union be enthusiastically supported, let none forget that our High School deserves

and must receive first, last and all the time, the zealous devotion of *all* her children.

On Friday, September 14, the class of '96 held a business meeting for the purpose of electing class officers. The following staff were chosen and have our best wishes for a successful term of office: president, Anthony Gsantner; vice-president, Kenneth Evans; secretary, Marion Day; treasurer, Flora Patten. For the Literary and Debating Society: president, Wm. Godso; vice-president, Marie Kennedy; secretary, Fredricka Wessels; treasurer, Bessie DuMont; and as class editors, Wm. Godso, Daisy M. Bryant.

The Ninth Grade held their first meeting Friday, September 21. The most notable feature being the large attendance and the earnestness displayed by all present. Plans for organization were so well discussed that we think it little enough to say, the freshman head is *level*. To all appearances the class of '98 will come out this year with an organization entirely new to the school, known as the Agasiz Association. This however will not be decided until next Friday, at their second meeting. We wish to encourage the idea and feel sure that a collection of specimens at the end of the year will not be despised by the teachers and scholars of the Omaha High School. Guy Munseil was elected class editor by a large majority, and Miss Claffin was appointed by the editor-in-chief.

Monday, September 17, a meeting of the Tenth Grade was held in 18 for the purpose of organizing the

class. Mr. Tukey acted as chairman and the following officers were elected: president, Mr. Morsman; vice-president, Miss Shields; secretary and treasurer, Mr. Sumner; editors, Mr. Metcalf and Miss Waterman.

A second meeting was called Friday, the 21st. It was then decided that the class organization and literary society be combined. Committees on programmes and yell were appointed by the president and the meeting was adjourned.

On Wednesday, September 12, the Seniors held a meeting for the election of officers for the ensuing year. Mr. Parsons was elected temporary chairman. The following officers were elected: president, Ernest A. Sheldon; vice-president, Louise Smith; secretary, Nellie Gambol; treasurer, Waldon W. Branch. A committee on pins, consisting of the following persons, was appointed: Fred Parsons, Hal T. Beans and Myrtie Robison. Great interest was taken by the class in the re-election of its officers, and we hope all will work to help them to make *our class* the finest senior class that has ever been in the Omaha High School.

### Personal.

Miss Condon is a member of '95.

Miss Myers is now a member of '95.

Miss Landis took quite a trip in the east.

Miss Shippey summered in New York.

Miss Snyder enjoyed her vacation at her home in the western part of the state.

Miss Wood is welcome among the Seniors.

Karl Connell enjoyed a month in the mountains.

Miss Lloyd was in the city most of the summer.

Miss Adler is taking a post-graduate course.

Miss Copeland remained in the city with friends.

Miss Oakey enjoyed the summer with friends.

Miss Cole spent part of her summer in Des Moines.

Herbert Whipple is taking post-graduate work.

Sam Burns is one of the attractions (?) of '95.

Miss Walker was at her home in Massachusetts.

Miss McHugh was at her home at Galena, Illinois.

Miss Kuhne passed the summer with her parents.

Mr. Kenniston, formerly '96, has joined the Seniors.

Miss McGee is teaching at the Normal in Peoria, Ill.

Miss Myra McClelland is attending Tabor College, Iowa.

Miss Lewis took a trip to Salt Lake City and Stockton, Cal.

Mr. Turner made quite an extensive visit with friends.

Frank Woodland visited some time with friends in Lincoln.

Mr. Lewiston visited at his old home in New Hampshire.

Mr. Sheldon spent a very enjoyable vacation with his parents in Northern Iowa.

George Martin is now at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

Prof. Marble paid the High School a very pleasant call recently.

Miss Ruth Phillippi is taking post-graduate work in language.

Miss Crowley is soon going to teach in the Chicago High Schools.

Miss Sanford attended the summer session of the Chicago University.

Miss Arnold was at Asbury Park, N. J., during the summer months.

Hamilton Gillespie spent a couple of weeks with his cousin at College Springs, Iowa.

John Sumner spent his vacation camping at Minnehaha near the foot of Pike's Peak.

Frank Morsman and Henry Yates spent an enjoyable two weeks at Hot Springs, S. D.

Jean Whinnery divided his vacation between Spirit Lake, Ia., and the Y. M. C. A. camp.

Chester Sumner and Storz Bowen camped on the Pike's Peak slope during the summer months.

Miss Cotter is a strong addition to '96. She is a skillful performer on the piano, mandolin and guitar.

"Buzz" Colpetzer was at Spirit Lake summer resort. He says he has at last found the darling of his heart.

Clarence Williamson has enlisted among the men of cor-opulence. He was with the Omaha Bank this summer.

Messrs. Mark and George Morton camped for a couple of weeks at Decatur Lake, Neb. If their stories are true there can be but few fish left in the lake.



Will Myers, John Holmes, Alex. Young are among those who stayed at home and patronized the ice cream man.

Miss DeVoll had a very pleasant trip to Asbury Park, then up the Hudson to Glen Falls and Lake George.

We are glad to welcome to our school and to the Senior class, Miss Comstock, of Hyde Park High School, Chicago.

Hal Beans was in the mountains. He says the Rockies were not half as hard on his camera as the physiognomies of '95.

'95 welcomes George Heimrod into its fold. He comes from Hanover, Germany, and is a graduate of Realg gymnasium.

Walden Branch and Frank Engler enjoyed a ten days' outing at Horse Shoe Lake with the Y. M. C. A. camping party.

'96 greets the following new companions: Miss Clara Thomas, Miss Mable Cotter, Mr. Jacob Gish, Mr. Archie Acheson.

Bert Christie and Edwin Chapin took a drive over to Spirit Lake, Ia., this vacation. They reported a fine time fishing and boating.

Gordon Clark has been "training" on bucking bronchos a part of his vacation. He thinks he can hold any rush line in the country.

Ralph Connell made an extensive trip through the Black Hills and the Rockies. He reports an excellent time hunting and fishing.

Miss Quackenbush made a very extended trip abroad this summer,

visiting most of the important countries of Europe. She reports an excellent time.

Harry Tukey spent his summer vacation, in company with a shotgun and fishing outfit, among the lakes of Minnesota. It is reported that he has added some valuable specimens to his collection.

### Local.

"Hello."

"Baby row."

Welcome '98.

Parapallopipeds.

We're Seniors now!

Who sets the clocks?

A — A — A — !

Who took those lunches?

He still has those—trousers.

No blowing in ranks.—Franklin.

Oh, no! they didn't need a teacher.

Fifth hour in Junior study (?) room.

Where, O where, is that looking-glass?

Oh, that first drill! How the boys did act.

The latest—from Egypt—a live mummy.

In Senior Greek, "He threatened an utter."

Ask Franklin to name the parents of Pericles.

Don't Jerry look cute in that football costume.

What was the matter with the window, Burns?

Mr. Y., in Virgil.—"He caught the winds with his ears."

Ten paces to the front—but they were not regulation steps.

He who expects to rate as a gentleman must not expect to rate at all.

One of the Seniors was heard to remark that he had lost his identity.

Town (trembling):—"How long before the seventh hour will "start up?"

We hear that Mr. Andreen, '94, made a long search for white lamp-black.

Did you see the fellow who has come back to take a post-er-mortem course?

Mr. P. (in chemistry).—"Are mer-schaum pipes made out of petrified sea foam?"

Prof. Shank (in Homer).—"You had better look that up."

Miss I.—"All men are liars."

Somebody wanted to know at the picnic what the difference was between "possessed eggs" and "satanized hen fruit."

The Senior class is very large. They are sitting two deep all over the room—but the boys sit with each other.

'96 still boasts of a very musical class. Besides the Banjo-Guitar Club, which is still flourishing, they have a Mandolin Club.

Teacher.—"Now give me the names of the girls beginning with A, B, C."

"Connell."

"Only girls, now, please."

"D, Dolan."

Chas.—"Old boy, where have you been for a week back."

Dick.—"In bed."

Chas.—"What for?"

Dick.—"A weak back."

"Say, Mister, I wish I was you," said Harry to the visitor, at the breakfast table.

"Why?" asked the visitor.

"Cause you don't get your ears cuffed when you eat with your knife."

We hear that Burns quite materially increased the plumber's bill, recently, by acquainting the water faucet with his understanding.

We are glad to notice so many familiar faces, but, alas, *some* are missing, we are sorry to say. Who said Clarke wasn't coming back?

Mother.—"Robbie, do you love your teacher?"

Rob.—"Yes ma'am."

Mother.—"And why do you love her?"

Rob.—"Cause 'the bible says we must love our enemies."

"Why don't you work? You are an able-bodied man," she asked the tramp.

"I am that! I know it well; but I've only myself to look after, and if I got work I might be deprivin' a man with a wife and children of a job ma'am," the kind-hearted wanderer replied.

### De Alumnis.

Miss Kelly, '94, made us a pleasant call recently.

Miss Nellie O'Neill, '94, is teaching at Greeley, Neb.

Anna Fittle, '94, is at the State University of Nebraska.

Miss Marion Schibbsby, '93, is winning golden opinions at Vassar.

Mr. Huston, '93, is taking quite an extensive tour through the east.

Miss Alice Heller, '94, is attending the State Normal at Milwaukee.

Miss Ingeborg Andreason, '94, will make an extended visit in Norway.

Misses Abba Bowen and Clara Edholm, '91, are teaching in the city schools.

Miss Jessie Bridge, '91, is reported as doing excellent work at Grinnell College.

Mr. Nathan Bernstein, '89, is principal of the High School at Trinidad, Colorado.

Ross Towle, '94, writes us from Andover. He is much pleased with the school.

Miss Sadie Lyman, '89, is assistant principal of the High School, Norfolk, Virginia.

Fred Van Horn, one of '93's bright lights, is studying Languages in the old High School.

Philip Russell and Erwin Davenport, '94, are rooming together at the State University.

Louis Shane, '94, was the successful competitor for the cadetship at Annapolis Naval Academy.

Miss Lita Hurlbut, '91, now of the Chicago University, paid a visit to some friends in Omaha this summer.

Will Welshans, '93, contributes some of the best articles printed in the journal published at Leland Stanford University.

Old friends in Omaha enjoyed a visit from Misses Jessie and Edna Thain, '93. Miss Jessie is doing prize work at Vassar.

Chancellor Canfield speaks very highly of some of the Omaha High School boys, particularly of Messrs. Oury and Whipple of '93.

Philip Russell, '94, John Saville, '94, Fred Teal, '94, Norwood Ayers, '94, and many others of the last year's class, visited the High School lately.

Henry Clarke, of '92, is captain of the football team at Williams College, and Russell Wilbur, '93, is a member of the famous glee club of the same institution.

Dr. Victor Rosewater, '88, has a leading article in the September number of the Political Science Quarterly. Dr. Rosewater is the first Omaha High School alumnus to take the degree of Ph. D.

Frank Riley, '93, one of the former editors of the REGISTER, is rapidly advancing in the journalistic world. He is now the Bee correspondent, reporter on the Lincoln Call and student at the State University.

Miss Mary Buck, '91, is announced by the society papers as one of the debutantes who will claim social honors this year. She "finished" at Miss Ely's famous school in New York and is declared by the social magnates to be the leading debutante of the season.

### Athletics.

Athletics boom!

Pond's Extract.

Oh, that black eye!

How Cross piles 'em up.

No momentum plays this year.

Join the Association. Join now!

Nebraska City, Oct. 13, at Omaha.

Gardner is petting a sprained ankle.

Lehmer is coming straight to the front.

Clark is playing hard ball. He seems to have good control of the team, too.

A linesman is a new feature in this year's football.

We are glad to have Whipple on the team again this year.

Fine dressing-room, eh, boys? Accommodations handy?

The boys are getting out to practice better than ever before.

Ashland played Doane College September 22. Score, 26-0 for Doane.

The A. A. has been very fortunate in getting Mr. Jeffries for coach. He is a University of Michigan man and is up with the times in football. He was at Doane College last year and his team made an enviable record. With his coaching our team ought to carry the pennant this fall, surely.

The Athletic Association held its first meeting September 9. The question of supporting a coach was discussed and it was decided that if the School Board did not act soon that a private subscription would be worked. A committee of Connell, Purvis and Tukey was appointed to wait upon the board. Purvis, Clarke and Cowgill were the committee to instruct the delegate to Lincoln. Secretary Egbert resigned and his place was filled by Mr. Tukey. Things are moving with vim and the boys mean business this year.

### INTERSCHOLASTIC FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

The annual meeting of the Interscholastic Football League was held at Lincoln, September 15. All the schools were represented, the delegates being Prof. Crabtree of Ashland, Prof. Jackson of Lincoln, Sullivan of Plattsmouth, Roddy of Nebraska City, Prof.

Marsh of Pawnee City, and Sheldon of Omaha. Hayes of Ashland was elected president for the following year, with Sheldon of Omaha, vice-president, Prof. Jackson of Lincoln, secretary, and Prof. Marsh of Pawnee City, treasurer.

Ashland was awarded the pennant for the season of '93. A sum, not to exceed \$5, was assessed each school to buy a pennant which is to be held from year to year by the winning team. Pawnee City and Beatrice were admitted into the league and Wymore and Falls City will soon join. The league was divided into two circuits, Omaha, Lincoln, Ashland and Nebraska City composing the northern, and Pawnee City, Wymore, Beatrice and Falls City the southern.

A linesman is now one of the essentials of the game. This linesman shall be chosen by the referee and the umpire and shall be a man not interested in either school.

Article V. now reads: "The visiting club shall receive one-half of gate receipts and in case that fails to cover two-thirds of their actual expenses, may draw from the other half of the gate receipts until they have an amount equal to such two-thirds expenses. Actual expenses include actual railroad fare of fifteen men and meals, not exceeding thirty, at thirty-five cents each." Rule IX. is that no profanity shall be allowed by any player during the progress of a game. The umpire shall have power to rule out any one violating this rule. Twenty-five cents was levied against each team for necessary expenses.

We are very sorry to lose Plattsmouth from the league, but on account

of financial stringency they are unable to support a team. They also are unable to find suitable ground for the games.

The schedule for the northern circuit is as follows:

- Oct. 6—Ashland at Nebraska City.
- Oct. 13—Nebraska City at Omaha.
- Oct. 13—Lincoln at Ashland.
- Oct. 20—Ashland at Omaha.
- Oct. 27—Lincoln at Nebraska City.
- Nov. 3—Omaha at Lincoln.
- Nov. 17—Championship game of two circuits.

Delegates report that all the teams are making a special effort and High School foot ball promises to be better this fall than ever before.

**Exchanges.**

One of the few pleasures in editing a school paper is the exchange list. We feel an interest in our sister

schools, but this would not be so evident if it were not for their papers which we receive as exchanges. Deep thought and bright ideas may be rapidly transmitted through them; and by comparing the literary merit of the different sheets with our own it leads us to aspire to a higher standard, thereby deriving a great benefit.

Many commencement issues were received too late for recognition in our last number. A majority of them are very interesting.

The September number of *The Helios* contains a sound article on "Railroading as a Career."

"An Ideal Education" in *Squibs* is very interesting.

*The Coup D'Etat* is a very welcome exchange on our table.

All school periodicals receiving a September number of THE REGISTER please ex.

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