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OCTOBER, '94.

VOL. IX.

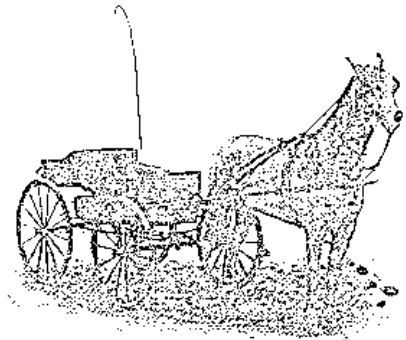
NO. 2.



DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO.

# HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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THE OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.



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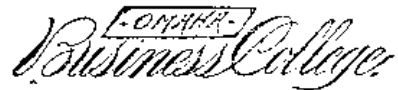
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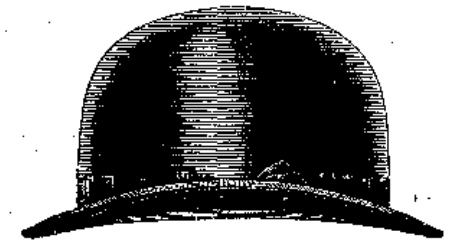
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### A TAIL

ONE day a little girl and a boy were standing upon the top of a high fence watching a large male bovine sporting himself in a field. The girl's hat fell into the field when the animal made a rush for it, but the brave boy jumped over the fence and grabbed the hat by the tail. He swung him around his head a couple of times and then smacked him once or twice against the ground until the unruly beast was in a silly frame of mind. Then he picked up the hat and with a polite bow presented it to the girl.

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# The High School Register

VOL. IX.

OMAHA, NEB., OCTOBER, 1894.

No. 2.

## • THE REGISTER •

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.

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Entered as second class matter in the Omaha Postoffice.

### CALENDAR.

#### OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

Homor 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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Nellie Gambel..... Secretary  
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## Editorial.

WHILE the more advanced classes are worthy of all praise, the REGISTER wishes to make special note of the support the class of '98 is giving their school paper. The subscription list is more than twice that of any freshman class before, and they are just rolling in the contributions. That is right '98, you are starting out with the right kind of school spirit, and you will make your mark if you keep on.

OUR football team is making a record of which the school is proud. Never before has the interest been manifested in football that is now shown by all the students. We are demonstrating the fact that it pays to have a coach. It is useless to try to play football if no one knows how, but our team has shown that it is learning some of the scientific points of the game, and that beef and blow does not make a team. Mr. Jeffries, the coach, is doing excellent work and the boys regard him highly. The REGISTER firmly predicts that by the light of present experience the High School will never again be without a coach.

A SUBJECT being very widely discussed and occasionally adopted through the east is that of teaching vertical penmanship in the public

schools. There is possibly no one thing that gives not only teachers but also the whole business world so much vexation as poor writing, and anything that helps to alleviate this should have our hearty support. When a pupil is learning to write it is very very hard to get the correct slant. The capital stem, direct ovals, reversed ovals, right and left curves and all the other analytical elements are put aside in this system. The logic of the vertical system is to make the letters as simple and plain as possible. The manner of holding the pen and the position of paper and body is quite different from the old style. Careful investigation proves that pupils using this method invariably assume an upright position. This argument alone is sufficient for its adoption, for under the slant system pupils sit bent over their paper which is a very inelegant as well as a very harmful position. This method should be investigated and a fair trial made of its efficiency.

THE recent action of the School Board in closing the school year on the 25th of May is causing considerable comment. Special notice seems to be made of the teachers of the High School. Three of our best teachers were taken away at the close of last year and as a result, with increased attendance, the teachers are now overcrowded with work. Under such conditions a cut in their salaries would be wholly unjust. The Board was wise in its action to close earlier and maintain superior teachers rather than to reduce the wages and consequently be left with inferior teachers

who would have more work than they could possibly do.

But no one is more deeply interested than are the scholars. They are anxious to know how the studies will be arranged. It would much deteriorate the schools if the courses were shortened, and many intending to enter college would not be able to qualify. Yet most of the scholars are taking about as much work now as they can carry and to crowd the extra month's work into the remaining seven would be a tedious undertaking. However, very few object to avoiding the hot month of June, providing the work can be accomplished otherwise. Especially does this favor the Seniors for the final month is always the hardest one of the year, but graduating exercises will now be relieved of much of their drudgery and embarrassment.

How many have ever thought for one moment "why am I attending the High School? What benefit is derived from this course?" Surely work without an object does but weary to no avail. Some do not realize that time negligently passed is worse than lost. It is a discipline in idleness. Every lesson not learned deprives the student of so much knowledge. Many come to school because it is customary. Possibly this is the dominant reason of most people. Thus many are found who drift with the tide and have no stable purpose. From these will generally be found those who drop the course for some other work. Some scholars desire only to complete the course and pass the examinations. What advantage is derived from this

if the knowledge cannot be employed for a practical use? Even the business world demands to-day men of culture, and seriously is he disabled who is not a man of letters. But there is something more. The greatest value of an education is the mental discipline. These Greek forms and geometrical equations are not what we are trying to bring into every day life. True that not very often does a person use them. They are but means towards an end. They are chemicals that temper the metal; they are the emery that polishes the steel. A thorough training is necessary to accomplish in any line that for which each one is striving—success. Success does not happen in these days. It costs effort, labor and arduous toil. Here are the means that lead to the broadest mental culture, to the highest intellectual development. Do we intend to improve them or shall we say the task is too arduous? Let the chisel wear but in the wearing fashion well thy marble.

#### MY TRIP ABROAD.

MISS M. E. QUACKENBUSH.

Years ago, in reading Washington Irving's Sketch Book, and especially his description of Westminster Abbey, I wondered if I should ever have the pleasure of seeing it, and how it would appear to me.

"The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensi-

ble of the quiet we have interrupted. It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down on the soul and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds and the earth with their renown."

So I was prepared to step reverently through the royal burial vaults, and past long series of monuments erected to the celebrated dead as the highest honor their country could bestow. Turning our steps to the Poet's Corner we found the graves of Chaucer, the "Father of English poetry," and that of Spenser, who is buried near him. A few steps farther we read, "O, rare Ben Jonson," and knew we were standing by the tomb of the poet-laureate to James I. The grave of Charles Dickens is between the statues of Addison and Campbell, and not far away is the bust of our own Longfellow. Burns, Southey and Coleridge are near companions. We also saw John Gay's irreverent epitaph, composed by himself:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;  
I thought so once, but now I know it."

George Grote and Bishop Thirlwall, both historians of Greece, now share one grave.

A flight of twelve black marble steps leads into the Chapel of Henry VII. The roses in the decoration of the fine brass-covered gates symbolize the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, the daughter of Edward IV., which put an end to the War of the Roses. The chief glory of this chapel, however, is its fan tracery ceiling, resembling a piece of fine lace.

On one side of the chapel Mary, Queen of Scots, is buried, and on the other Queen Elizabeth. After all their enmity and strife they are now at rest, and one thinks how trifling, after all, are the pomp and glory of this world. After spending hours walking through aisle and chapel we went home, intending to go again. In the evening we went to the Lyccum Theater and heard Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in "Becket." The play seemed very real to us, for our minds were full of the past, and while some criticise it, not being a critic myself, I enjoyed it very much.

Tuesday, July 10, we visited some of the large stores, or "shops," as there are called there. London is a good place in which to do shopping, but one has to be careful, or too much time is consumed in that way—and money, too, for that matter.

This reminds me of one of my experiences in trying to speak "English." One day while at luncheon on the Strand I asked one of the waiters, a very bright and intelligent looking girl, to direct me to a good dry goods store. She asked me where I wanted to go. I repeated the question, slowly and distinctly, knowing that I did not have the English accent. Still she was puzzled and did not understand me. Finally she asked me what I wished to buy, and I told her gloves and handkerchiefs. Her face instantly brightened, and she at once gave me the necessary directions. I found out that I should have inquired for a haberdasher's shop, as they do not know what we mean by "dry" goods. I expected trouble in France and Germany, but had supposed I could speak

English. What I might expect on the Continent after *that*, no one could predict!

Another thing that surprised me very much was the wonderful politeness of the waiters, clerks and cab drivers. I had always read that the French were a very polite people, but did not expect to find such fine manners in England among those in the humbler walks of life. They invariably said, "Thank you," when it seemed to me I was the one who should have said it. Setting down a cup of coffee the waiter would say, "Thank you," and so on through the whole bill of fare. We Americans are too busy to take time enough for the little courtesies that go far toward making life pleasant, and could learn a great deal in that respect from our "English cousins."

In the afternoon we visited the National Art Gallery, which was only a few steps from our lodgings. We merely walked through the different rooms, and then went to the British Museum, reserving the Art Gallery for a rainy day. Here, again, we felt that our time was too limited, as weeks could be spent there to good advantage. "Block-books,"—that is, books printed from carved blocks of wood,—illuminated manuscripts from the tenth century, autographs of the English kings and celebrated men, filled case after case. We next went into the Sculpture Gallery, one side of which is filled with Roman antiquities found in England, and on the other is a collection of Roman portrait busts and statues, including nearly all the Roman emperors. Walking through the Græco-Roman rooms we finally

came to the celebrated Elgin marbles. These sculptures were brought from Athens, in 1801, by Lord Elgin, who was at that time ambassador to Constantinople. All the time I kept thinking of my history pupils and wishing they could be there, too. This room also contained a model of the Acropolis, and another representing the Parthenon as it appeared after its bombardment in 1687. Next in importance to the Elgin marbles are the Assyrian and Egyptian collections. There are bas-reliefs belonging to the royal palace of Sennacherib, representing his advance against Babylon and return with captives and spoils; besides processions of warriors, battles and sieges. In the Egyptian department the most famous thing is the Rosetta Stone of the Nile. After walking for hours through the different rooms we felt as we did at the World's Fair after a hard day's work, and were glad to go home and rest our weary brain and tired limbs.

On our way out we stepped into the reading room. This is a circular hall covered by a large dome of glass and iron, and is one foot larger than the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, and accommodates 360 readers or writers. Every one is provided with a chair, a folding-desk, a small hinged shelf for books, pens and ink, a blotting-pad, and a peg for his hat. The next day we went to the Tower, which will be described next month.

### THE BETTER OF THE TWO.

BY HINDUSOUT.

#### CHAPTER II.

To both, the senior year proved eventful. Harold still floated about

feted and flattered, but he eyed with increasing jealousy the substantial progress made by Roger, who was now the acknowledged scholar of his class. Commencement days drew near. The members of the class were engaged in preparing and drilling their orations. Roger had been employed by the president of the institution to complete and mount several fossil skeletons for the college museum, and though but a few weeks remained before graduation day he was still intent upon his task, being desirous of having every specimen ready for the inspection of commencement visitors. At last he viewed his finished work with satisfaction. Only two weeks remained in which to prepare his oration. Being the valedictorian of the class he wrote, rewrote and revised his production with the most scrutinizing care, till it had received the proper mould. It was only two days from the hour in which his first hopes were to be realized.

That evening while absent from his room Roger's oration was stolen. It could not be found. Distracted and overwhelmed he worked night and day to reproduce it, and on the morning of commencement it was again completed and memorized.

Half past 10 o'clock found the spacious chapel filled to its doors. The dignified president was in the chair with university trustees arranged in his rear upon the stage. Opposite them and facing the president was seated the class. Following the invocation the great chorus poured forth its harmonies. Then came the orators. When Harold Gordan is called to the floor, his vivacious presence

magnetizes the audience, his oration captivates them and at its close he is cheered to the echo. But something ails Roger Day! He is pale and excited. What wonder is it? Harold Gordan had closed his address with the peroration of Roger's valedictory!

Bewildered and stung to the quick, Roger immediately determined not to implicate Harold Gordan before that vast assemblage, neither would he repeat that portion appropriated by him. The name is called by the president, "Roger Day, Valedictory!" The young man is thoroughly unnerved, he staggers to his feet and reels to the front of the stage. With blanched face, every feature bespeaking confusion, he remains silent. His eyes start from their sockets, the audience leans forward in sympathy and a death-like stillness pervades the room. Stage-frightened Roger Day is invited to his seat by the kind president. The diplomas are awarded and commencement at Cambridge is passed.

Two days after this unfortunate termination of his college career we find Roger Day, as observed, at the cave on the coast a few miles from his home at Glencove. Harold Gordan had also returned home and on this particular day was enjoying a quiet sail along the coast near the scenes of his childhood. The wind, mild at dawn, had increased to a stiff breeze from the northeast. Roger Day had not been seated long upon his ledge of rock when, glancing over the disturbed waves, he chanced to discover a sailboat in distress about three furlongs from shore.

Young Day was trained to the life of the sea from his earliest remem-

brance and in an instant of resolve he rushed to the boat always anchored at the cave, threw off the painter, seized the oars and with a practiced hand and a strength that had distinguished him in college athletics, drives his frail craft through the surf. The wind continually increases; the waves rise higher; already there is a heavy sea and he realizes that the utmost skill will be required to keep his boat afloat. But a desperation seizes him to do or die in the attempt. The wind and swell of the sea almost counteract his strength, yet closer and closer he draws to the helpless craft. Great veins distend upon his neck. The sweat drips from his face like rain. One furlong more. Will his strength hold out? The sailboat capsizes! God have mercy! But see! A form is clinging to the edge of the boat. Roger sees its white, despairing face turned toward him. What? Harold Gordan! A thought swifter than lightning flashes through his brain! "My enemy—once my friend. Revenge is sweet." "Let those jests be cancelled here! Let that stolen oration save him!" The thought almost paralyzes his nerves. His muscles relax. His oars cease their work. But a fierce battle within his soul has been as quickly fought and the better nature conquers. Harold still turns his piteous, imploring face towards his rescuer. The stalwart form of Roger grows mighty; the oars bend like saplings; the furlong is traversed; Harold Gordan is saved.

Nothing was said by either Roger or Harold on their way back to the cave, for Roger was too fully occupied in bringing the boat safely to land

and Harold was totally exhausted; but, nevertheless, soul was speaking to soul and by the look pardon was asked and granted. When once at land each young man grasped the other by the hand and burst into tears. In that same cave where childhood once before had claimed the devotion of each life the broken covenant was renewed to stand forever.

#### A DELIRIUM.

I shall never be able to account for the way I happened to come there, but I found myself sitting on the fire escape that leads down from the drawing-room window. It was very dismal and lonely up there at that time of night, and besides, I knew the penalty of being discovered in such a place, so I arose and scrambled cautiously in at the window.

It seems peculiar to me now, although I cannot remember its having so impressed me then, that there was a dim bluish, light in the room, perhaps *livid* would describe it better, which could not be accounted for in any way, but burned equally bright in every part of the room. There seemed to be a faint hint of life in everything there, even the heavy curtains swayed with only a ghost of movement.

I heard voices as I paused, talking in easy, conversational tones, but so softly that the words could hardly be distinguished.

"Yes," said one, (it was the cast, Augustus Cæsar). "Yes, it made me very indignant, but what could I do? The idea of impudent young ladies writing their initials on my snowy

surface! Ye Gods! I swear I will have revenge!"

Venus de Milo laughed softly and smoothed her hair back with her shapely hands. "Don't be so angry," she said, walking over toward the edge of the table, "it distorts the facial expression, you are going to retaliate soon, for they will try to draw you, you know;" and so saying she stepped lightly off on to a chair, and from there to the floor.

"Ah, but that is another insult," complained Augustus. "They make such horrible pictures of me, all crooked, with the high lights put in such very incorrect places!" But Venus had gone away. The chair that had just assisted her in her descent from the table, stretched its legs softly and sighed. "I wonder," it said, "if the culprits who meddled with the big clock have been found yet." "I guess not," said Augustus, (and I was very much impressed to hear him use such an expression, he must have learned his English from the scholars); "I guess not," and then he growled, "Cousuesse deos immortales, quo gravius homines ex commutatione rerum doleant, quos pro scelere eorum ulcisci velint, his secundiore interdum res et diuturniorem impunitatem concedere," as peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. The chair, however, tired of this long discourse in a language he but imperfectly understood, had rather impolitely turned away and begun a conversation with another of his kind, on a more interesting topic. I overheard a vase on the chest of drawers remark that "Augustus Cæsar was so tiresome, always branching off into Latin."



Then I noticed an indistinct murmur from the little boxes, and distinguished the words; "I *wish* I could get out. It's so dull in here, I can't *imagine* why Miss Evans locks us up every night. I am sure we are just as able to take care of ourselves as any of those stuck-up casts and vases out there, that those clumsy scholars are forever trying to make us draw."

"Do hear those pencils and crayons talk!" said the vase, who seemed to be rather ill-natured. "Just as if Miss Evans didn't *know* they'd go right to work and get lost in about ten minutes, if they weren't shut up. They are the most irresponsible things I ever saw."

The pencils grew violent with rage at these insulting remarks and pounded on the walls of their prisons, shouting as loudly as they could, which at its greatest, was not much more than a murmur. "Dear me!" said an algebra that was lying on the floor, "I am so tired of my mistress; she's a sophomore, and I don't believe she has any brain whatever. She had been working nearly a week on one of my problems, when two days ago she forgot me and left me lying here. I wonder why she doesn't come after me. I believe it was partly the fault of her pencils, too, they are so mean and touchy;" whereat the pencils pounded and shouted angrily again.

Just at this juncture Venus re-entered the room with the skeleton who was hopping along on one leg, with a black-board eraser in his hand.

"Yes," Venus was saying, "it is very peculiar, I don't believe I have ever seen you when you were perfectly whole, there is always a mem-

ber lacking. Where is your other leg?"

"Oh," replied her companion, not at all disturbed: "One of the other teachers wanted to show her scholars the way the phalanges work, while Miss Johnston was using me, so she just unhitched one leg and carried it off, and she has not yet returned it. There is no hurry, however; I am perfectly comfortable, except that it is a little tiresome to hop around so; it jars me."

Venus broke into a low laugh. "You can use that foot over there if Maia doesn't object," she said, pointing to the cast of that grace's foot, "besides, it will be a great improvement on your own."

She smiled sweetly up into the skeleton's face as she said this, because Vulcan was looking and she wanted to make him jealous. He had scolded her about a week ago, and since then she had been snubbing him, and hiring the poor skeleton into being her tool.

The skeleton did not know the cause of her sudden favor, but he was deeply in love with her and tried to be agreeable in his own rough way. "Look," he said, holding up the eraser, "this is what a silly freshman stuck between my teeth to make me look young. Bah!" and he threw it across the floor so vigorously that the chalk-dust flew out of it in clouds.

Alas for me! It was very rude, but I could not help it when I thought how young the skeleton had looked with that eraser between his teeth (he *did* seem just as if he were eating it). I laughed outright.

"Who's that?" said he, peering at

me as if it were the first time he had noticed me.

"Oh," said Venus, carelessly; "it's only a dumb sophomore who studied herself into a brain fever over her latin. You mustn't pay any attention to her, her mind is wandering.

"Why, she is my mistress!" said the algebra, looking at me in a surprised way, and flapping over to the problem about the rate of the crew and the river current, for my benefit.

"Well, she's impolite, anyway," grumbled the skeleton crossly. "Let's put her out!"

And suddenly I found myself in my own bed, with my mother bending anxiously over me with a shaded lamp in her hand, and heard the fast-dimming voices of Augustus Cæsar and the algebra saying, "I can't see why people are so slow about learning Latin, the constructions are so much more sensible than in English," and—"If a crew rows four miles down a river and back in an hour and a half—" while the skeleton added scornfully, "She never *did* know her physiology lesson, anyhow."

G. W.—'97.

#### MR. JEFFRIES SPEAKS.

On the afternoon of October 16th, at the close of the drill hour, the companies were drawn up one behind the other at the northwest corner of the building and Mr. Jeffries, the coach of the High School football eleven, was introduced to them by Lieutenant Penn.

Mr. Jeffries called the special attention of the boys to the Omaha vs. Ashland football game to be played the following Saturday. He said the

O. H. S. had a team to be proud of, but that at present it was a little weak on the defensive. He therefore urged the boys to get out in the afternoon and give the boys with the canvas pants some material to buck against. He made a very urgent request that all the boys, although they could not take active part in the game, should be present and aid by their cheers in gaining the victory; that nothing so effectually could spur the boys on to victory, to conquering their peers as enthusiasm shown toward them, especially that enthusiasm made manifest by the vocal chords.

Mr. Jeffries said that according to the boy's love for his home first, and then his interest in his school, so would he be judged in after years as a citizen. He therefore exhorted the boys to get out on the next Saturday and show their material for good citizenship and their school patriotism.

The speech was ushered on high by three cheers for Jeffries and the High School yell.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

"The Omaha High School Songster," which was promised by October 1, will not appear for several months, at least. The compilation of a book of original songs is by no means a small task. While many of our friends have cheerfully acted upon my invitation, and have written words for some excellent songs, the number is not such at present as would justify publication. But I hope that during this school year, a sufficient number can be gathered together to form a neat little book. All contributions for same will be gladly received.

WALDO PONDRAY WARREN.

### Society.

The Ninth grade held their regular meeting Friday, October 19th. A very interesting programme was rendered by the members of the class, assisted by the talent of Mr. J. Somers. A business meeting followed, in which arrangements were made for obtaining class colors and a class yell.

Miss McHugh delivered the first lecture of the Senior course Friday, September 28, on the "Growth of the English Nation and Language." The Seniors have arranged a course similar to the plan of their Junior course, only the topics will not be confined to the English work. Many of the best local speakers will make addresses, and we are in hopes that some foreign talent may be secured.

The Sophomores held a class meeting Friday, October 19. A committee on colors was appointed by the vice-president, and a yell adopted. It was decided that we have a teacher of our very own, to help us toward the perfection as a class for which we are working, and Miss Copeland, who has since kindly consented to be that teacher, was chosen. The programme was of unusual interest and the attendance very good. There is one point which must be emphasized, *everybody* is invited to our meetings, not to criticize, but to enjoy.

An adjourned meeting of the Ninth grade was held on Friday, October 5th. Miss Herberta Jaynes was elected secretary and Mr. Cotton treasurer by a handsome majority. Miss Bedford and Mr. Powell were

elected sergeants-at-arms. The constitution was adopted and it was decided that we hold our meetings semi-monthly. The first programme will be presented October 13th.

About four weeks ago the Seniors had a class meeting and appointed their several committees. These committees got right out and hustled just like the members of '95 know how to do, and as a result we have all sent in our orders for our class pins. On Monday, October 8, the class held a meeting for the purpose of selecting a common ornament that would forever hereafter let people know that the wearer is or was a member of the class of 1895. The committee had selected out three of the best designs which they had and the class was called upon to choose their favorite from these. After a short discussion, in which many took part, a ballot was taken and it was found that out of the seventy-five present over sixty had voted for pin No. 2. Everybody was either perfectly satisfied, or if they were not they all kept quiet.

The Literary and Debating Society of '96 presented its first program of this term, Friday, October 12th. The numbers were very entertaining. Miss De Graff opened the program with a delightful selection from Mendelssohn. "How Ruby Played," recited by Miss Allen, won enthusiastic applause and in response she gave the amusing account of a "Deacon's Courtship." Mr. Somers is always a favorite with '96 and with a quartette for the chorus naturally the "Golden Wedding" was well received. The question of debate "Is existence of political parties ben-

eficial to the United States," was ably discussed with Miss Crane and Mr. Franklin to defend and Miss Tremain and Mr. Gish to oppose it. Judges were chosen from members of the class—Miss Duryea, Mr. Wagner and Miss Bryant—and their decision was in favor of the affirmative. Miss Thomas' vocal solo was a treat and the appreciation of it was manifested by a hearty encore to which she responded. The final number on the program was a general review by Mr. Thurston of the current topics of the past month with special remarks on the more important questions by Miss Russell, Miss DuMont and Miss Bryant. The introduction of this reviewing of events is a new feature of the program and is to be continued during the year. This plan promises to be a success and will certainly break the monotony of school routine and keep us in touch with the outside world.

### Scientific.

#### THE UTILIZATION OF ENERGY AT NIAGARA FALLS.

G. M. TURNER.

While Omaha is discussing the advisability and practicability of getting power for factories, light for streets, and heat for our homes, by building a canal from the Platte river to near the city limits, a glance at what is being done in order to bring about similar results at the great falls of Niagara may be of interest.

If we ask the question, "Whence comes all this energy now going to waste at Niagara Falls?" we may need, in order to ascertain it, to call to mind some of the facts learned in

the days of our study of geography. The five great lakes, Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie and Ontario, while connected, are not on the same level. The surface of Lake Superior is about 600 feet above sea level; Lakes Michigan and Huron are but little lower, while the level of Lake Erie is about 28 feet below that of Lake Superior. But between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario there is a difference of level of 326 feet. The Niagara river serves as the connecting link between these two lakes. Into Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron and Erie a large number of rivers empty. All this vast influx of waters, with the exception of what is lost by evaporation, and possibly some underground streams, must find its way through the comparatively narrow channel connecting Lake Erie with Lake Ontario. It is while passing through this channel, down the 326 feet, that this immense volume of water has the ability to furnish power. The upper and lower parts of the course of the Niagara river are comparatively quiet. About half way between the two lakes the bed of the stream begins a rapid decline, and for about a half mile the water tears along at a terrific rate, rolling and turning upon itself until it reaches the edge of the cliff, where it drops 160 feet into the channel below. Below the falls for about two miles the channel, with its high banks, becomes quite narrow, causing the water to flow very swiftly and with a whirling motion. After the famous whirlpool rapids and whirlpool are passed the channel widens and the water flows with comparative quiet on to Lake Ontario.

The amount of energy shown by the



water in its rapid decline and plunge is almost beyond the comprehension of the mind. To say that enough energy is there wasted to do the work of several million horses can mean nothing definite to us. The statement that could all the power be utilized it would do more work than is now done by all the steam engines in the United States, simply bewilders one and leaves a feeling of vastness to which it is difficult to put bounds. Nature, truly, is lavish in the bestowal of energy.

Schemes, therefore, which plan to use one or two hundred thousand horsepower of this energy, while they seem from one standpoint bold and daring, from another show what a relatively small amount of this energy will be put to active service. Since 1725, when the first saw mill cut lumber for Fort Niagara by water power, many plans for utilizing a portion of this vast energy have been laid, put into partial execution and finally dropped.

The first plan of any magnitude, which has been brought to a successful conclusion, was that of employing a hydraulic canal. This scheme was started away back in 1847. It was designed to carry water, taken from the river about a mile and one-quarter above the falls, by means of a canal 35 feet wide by 8 feet deep around the suburbs of the village of Niagara to the edge of the cliff some way below the falls. At this point factories, designed to use this power, could be located. Although planned so long ago the realization of the scheme only became a fact a short time since. At present about 7,000 horse-power is being utilized by the factories drawing water from this canal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Local and Personal.

Hep!

Those "nots."

"Rhetoricals."

U—U—Uniforms.

The quartette is all right.

Oh that third floor policeman.

Cross.—"Brutus had his Caesar!"

Pau handle doesn't mean all handle.

The astronomy class is trying to see stars.

Mr. C., in Latin.—"And he saw the voice!"

The seventh hour is a blooming success.

Beware of the Acheson-Town scheme.

File closer.—"Third floor from front dress up!"

Gsantner wants Ross to quit running over him.

What is the matter with the Democratic boys? ? ?

Translating Cicero. — "O wicked immortal Gods."

Cap.—"You're Hepin' on your right foot, H——."

Heard in the hall.—"Say, Ross, why don't you grow tall."

J. W. S.—"Look boys! There's a rose on (a) Branch!"

Cæsar was afraid to trust his health to his Gallic cavalry.

Sheldon, in Greek.—"She grasped him by the whiskers!"

To the ancients Crosses' eyes would represent night and day.

Mr. H.—"He had on the same suit of clothes that Fred had.

In Senior Greek.—"And lying down to rest they went home."

Mr. J. (innocently).—"Is the football stuffed with cotton?"

'98 English scholar.—"Dickens visited America in 1492."

Might is right (of way) on the second floor at lunch hour.

Ask Mr. Clarely if he knows where the gizzard is located now.

Burns has a new set of tactics that he drills his company with.

Will the Sophomore girls please stop flirting with the Senior boy.

When alone Gsantner amuses himself yelling Hep! Hep! Hep!

The '96 girls are going to organize a football team. Dale coach.

M—D—Powell was there leading the small W. J. B. fraternity.

Archie was there with—it's all right anyhow, isn't it Archie?

Teacher.—"Decline Horum."

Freshman.—"Horus, Hori!"

If a person is not cleanly he is like flannel, he shrinks from washing.

Miss L.—"Here take this report up and put Mr. Beals on the spindle!"

Boyibus kissibus sweet girlorum, girlibus likibus want somemorum.—Ex.

Mr. Clarence Williamson, who has been sick for a week, is now with us again.

Jeffries' popularity among the boys was shown at the Thurston-Bryan debate.

The remarks have become so personal that the pendulum in the physics' room clock has simply stopped.

Mr. L.—"Is your eye on the board?"

Miss W. (staring at the board)—"Yes sir."

Miss McHugh, sister of the Senior English teacher, is a strong addition to our school.

Don't explain—we certainly hope that Cyrus only "buill" a dam" over the Euphrates.

Cross (in public library).—"I don't like this library; I can't find either Puck or Judge."

Teacher (in physiology class).—"Name one of the salivary glands."

Boy.—"Lips."

Blackboard notice.—"Pupils of '97 please hand in class yelps to Alex (2.03¼) Young."

Miss Edna Wetsels, formerly of Kansas City High school, is now a member of the class of '95.

Teacher.—"Name an English derivative from reliquos."

Mr. A., '97.—"Relish."

If the boys keep their feet out of the way during sixth hour they won't get trodden on by the girls.

We don't mind having a professional sprinter in the school, but we have no use for a foul scrapper.

Smart (?) pupil (seeing skeleton in physiology room for the first time).—"Oh! Look at the spare ribs."

We are informed that Cowgill intends to resign his position on the team and join the Junior Topers.

Anyone who feels the spirit of poesy o'er him should read the prize offer on the back cover of the REGISTER.

Teacher (in physiology class).—"What causes the hair to curl?"

Bright boy.—"The curling iron."

Miss Salome Emminger, formerly '95, is taking a special course in music and literature at St. Katherine's Hall, Davenport, Iowa.

Teacher (in physiology class).—"What emulsion are we familiar with?"

Pupil.—"Scotts emulsion and cod liver oil."

Mr. Gibson, one of the members of the Board made the High School a welcome visit recently. We would like to have some of the other members come.

The girls don't get much of a chance at that looking glass as there is always a number of boys—well we'll say looking out of the window (?). Strange, isn't it?

You ought to have seen the faces of those Cadets broaden out when the lieutenant announced the uniforms were ready. The measures of the battalion were taken and the uniforms will be here soon.

The boys gave a fair sample of High School enthusiasm at the Thurston-Bryan debate. The cheers for the speakers were only surpassed by the music of the High School yell. Many of the boys were found next morning wandering through the corridors in quest of their voices.

EFFECT OF PLAY ON WORDS.—A wagon maker who had been dumb for years picked up a hub and spoke; a blind carpenter on the same day reached out for a plane and saw; a deaf sheep ranchman went out with his dog and herd; and a forty-ton elephant inserted his trunk into a grate and flue.—Sel.

### SONGS OF A FRESHMAN.

A SONG OF FOUR.

A jolly little Freshman of the class of '98  
Decided on the fire escape his best friend to  
await,  
So, quickly, by a window he escaped him from  
the room,  
All armed with pad and pencil, and "Bellum  
Helvetium."

'Twas a bright and breezy morning rather early  
in the fall,  
And the leaves were bright and crimson and  
the Freshman felt quite tall,  
Thought 'twas fun to view from such a height  
the splendor and the bloom;  
Joyous flapped his pad and pencil and "Bellum  
Helvetium."

Now as he was Freshman he for wisdom came to  
school,  
And busy as a bee he fell to learning ev'ry rule,  
'The long u is as double o and sounded as in  
boom!'  
Thus he wrote with pad and pencil from "Bel-  
lum Helvetium."

But his friend was long in coming and appeared  
there in his stead  
A teacher! How the Freshman's heart grew  
cold with nameless dread,  
As quick without delay he was sent inward to his  
doom;  
With his paper, pad and pencil, and "Bellum  
Helvetium."

And with many tears the Freshman's sweet  
young face was wet that day,  
As he thought "Grief comes to all, though to  
avoid it try we may."  
And he sat him down in seventh hour in sadness  
and in gloom,  
With his paper, pad and pencil, and "Bellum  
Helvetium."

### De Alumnis.

Norwood Ayers '94, is thinking of entering Ann Arbor.

Fred Teal has entered the Homeopathic college, Chicago.

May Wyman, '93, is visiting relatives in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. William Battin '94, is a good pat man at Swarthmore, Pa.

Miss Dollie Rood '93, is teaching school in the westean part of Iowa.

Clara Edholm and Abba Bowen, '93, are teaching in the city schools this year.

Mr. William Bartlett '92, is a Junior at the Colorado State School of Mines.

Charles McConnell, '86, spent several days at Manitou, Colo., last month.

Ralph Pierson '94, has entered Harvard. He reports he is highly pleased.

Miss Harriet Chamberlain '92, is one of the teachers in the East Omaha schools.

Miss Nellie French '93, has been obliged to leave college on account of ill health.

George Hess '91, is one of the rising clerks in the Pacific Express Company.

Miss Clara Rood '93, has just returned from quite an extended visit among friends in Iowa.

George Sumner '91, entered the Junior class this fall at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

It is reported that the Princeton Glee and Mandolin Clubs will be at Boyd's during the Christmas holidays.

Misses Stella Farris '94, Sallie King '94, and Bessie Hungate '94, are attending Normal School in the city. They are of the opinion that the O. H. S. is hard to beat.

Otis Whipple '93, strained his knee in a practice game of football at the State University, and may not be able to buck the line at all this year. This is quite a loss to the eleven.

Elizabeth Dempsey and Ralph Kerr, both old High School pupils, are teaching this year—Miss Dempsey in the Florence district, and Mr. Kerr as a tutor at Bellevue College.

At the announced meeting of the Alumni Association for the last Friday in September, held at the High School, only eight members were present. This not being a quorum, an indefinite adjournment was taken.

Frank Harris '90, one of the former managers of the REGISTER, has now taken up literary work permanently in Chicago. Since leaving Omaha he has published two novels and has two more coming out this fall. He is a member of the Chicago Press Club and has lately assumed the management of the Bowknot Literary Bureau.

Miss LaBerta DeCon, formerly an Omaha High School girl, passed a successful examination for admission to Leland Stanford University this year. Miss DeCon is a bright, energetic young woman who did her studyings in the mornings, being employed during the day. Out of two hundred examined she was one of the eighty who passed.

### Athletic.

#### COUNCIL BLUFFS OUR VICTIM.

Our team played the first game of the season with Council Bluffs High School September 22d, at Council Bluffs. The day was perfect for the game, but a little too blustering for the spectators. They lined up thus:

O. H. S.	Positions.	Council Bluffs.
Humphrey	Right End	Morehouse
Cowgill	Right Tackle	Mather
Burdick	Right Guard	Childs
Cross	Center	Blanchard
Jensen	Left Guard	Luley
Collett	Left Tackle	Knox
McKell	Left End	Rosenberg
Purvis	Right Half	Dyer
Lehmer	Left Half	Bliss
Whipple	Quarter	Gleason
Clark	Full Back	Sawyer

It was evident from the time that Omaha put the ball into play that our opponents stood no show. Council Bluffs failing to advance, kick. Omaha sends Clark and Lehmer through center for twenty yards each, then Purvis carries the ball around the left end for a touch-down in four minutes. Good plays by Cowgill, Burdick and Humphrey, carry the ball nearly to the line, but is lost on a fumble. Council Bluffs not gaining distance, Clark is sent across the line in the first lunge. Score, 10-0. With the fine gains of McKell, Whipple and Collett, Purvis quickly adds another six. By the good tackling of Dyer, Bliss and Sawyer, Omaha is at last held. Council Bluffs tries to go through our line, but Cross, Jensen and Burdick bob down serenely and they change their minds. Council Bluffs here lost her fast man, Bliss, who hurt his knee. The score at end of first half was 26-0.

The second half was but a repetition of the first half, save that Council Bluffs played better ball. Jackson created quite a sensation by his appearance in ranks, but had not time to exhibit himself much. Enough was added in the second half to make the score 38-0. With three cheers and a raid on the pie wagon the boys wended their joyous way homeward.

**WEIGHT AGAINST SCIENCE**

Was what every one said of the Y. M. C. A. game October 6. The effect of the coaching was very clear throughout the game.

Although the Y. M. C. A. had some old college men, and far outweighed

us, they were outplayed at every point. Both teams scored in the first half, but the Y. M. C. A. failed to kick goal. Near the close of the second half it looked as if the Y. M. C. A. would score again surely, for they were massing against our line, but all our boys fought with pluck and nerve that was remarkable. It were hard to say who did the best work. The Y. M. C. A. were within ten yards of our goal when a fumble gave our boys the ball. This was all that saved the game for us. Score 6-4.

**NEBRASKA CITY MEETS HER WATERLOO.**

Omaha opened her league series of games at the Y. M. C. A. park October 13 with Nebraska City. The boys had been awaiting this game with much anxiety, for we remember they went to Nebraska City last year and received a mighty hot reception in more ways than one.

The day was a little too warm for the game but excellent for the crowd, as was shown by the large number present. This is the way the boys lined up.

O. H. S.	Positions	Nebraska City
Cross.....	Center.....	Bowen
Jensen.....	Right guard.....	A. Gilman
Jackson.....	Left guard.....	Snyder
Tukey.....	Right tackle.....	Shallenberger
Cowgill.....	Left tackle.....	L. Gilman
Purvis.....	Right end.....	L. Ryder
McKell.....	Left end.....	A. Ryder
Burdick.....	Right half.....	Golden
Gardner.....	Left half.....	Druesdue
Whipple.....	Quarter.....	Beveridge
Clark.....	Full back.....	Price
Lehmer ..		
Hopkins ..		
Humphrey ..		
Bowers ..	.....Substitutes.....	Stevenson
Morseman ..		Botts
Collett ..		Heller

With her accustomed luck Omaha won the ball. The first kick off by Gardner went out of touch to right, the ball was kicked again but Clark

brought down his man before he had made ten yards. Nebraska City began to feel of Omaha's line in a very ungentle manner; but alas! alas! How quickly their feathers fell. They soon realized that they were not trying to roll pumpkins but had found men who play football.

Finally dismayed she kicks when Omaha swoops down on them like a hungry eagle. Gardner caught the ball and made a sprint of thirty yards. Now came an exhibition of Omaha's interference. Burdick entirely surrounded by the team was sent twenty-five yards, and Gardner followed with a gain of ten. Then a good gain by Purvis. Clark through center, and a first touch-down is made by Burdick. Gardner kicked goal all in six minutes. Price of Nebraska City then did a star trick kicking the ball right over the goal from the center of the field. Nebraska City steals the ball and kicking, a touch back is made by Omaha. Gardner made forty-five yards in the free kick, but Nebraska City was held in a fine tackle by Whipple. Nebraska City fumbled, and Cowgill breaking through the line dropped on the ball like a shot. Then Purvis through tackle, Tukey through tackle and Burdick drops another biscuit back of Nebraska's goal, Gardner kicks as usual, score 12-0.

Nebraska City by good work and kicking forced Omaha back within ten yards of the goal. Here came the struggle of the game. Nebraska City was determined to score, but Omaha thought differently. Cross, Jensen, Jackson, Tukey and Cowgill hugged the ground for all they were worth,

while Purvis, McKell and Clark did some fine tackling, and Nebraska City wilts. Gardner with excellent interference makes a fine sprint for forty-five yards, then Burdick for ten more and time called amid great cheering.

**SECOND HALF.**

Nebraska City were now becoming weary, but Omaha under her superior training was as fresh as a posy. A run by Cowgill through tackle, others by McKell, Clark, Burdick and Gardner scores again in six minutes. Score, 18-0.

Cowgill makes fifteen yards through the hole made by Jensen and Tukey, then Clark for twelve, when follows the most exciting play of the game. While they were all down in a scrimmage, Gilman of Nebraska City stole the ball and started back for Omaha's goal. Then followed as close a race for fifty yards as ever was seen. But Gardner, the valiant, brought down his man with a tackle that knocked the wind out of him. By the good work of every man on the team a score of 30-0 was piled up when came a phenomenal play. Nebraska City had kicked to within five yards of the goal, Gardner caught the ball and was completely surrounded by the whole team. Down the field they went knocking Nebraska City right and left until the center was reached, then Gardner and Whipple trotted down to the goal without any hindrance. The goal being kicked made a total score of 36-0 for Omaha. Time was here called and the boys were carried off the field on the shoulders of the crowd as the heroes of the day.

**Exchanges.**

*The Epsilon* is a well arranged fraternity paper published at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

*The Philosphian Review* is one of our best exchanges both in its editorial and in its literary departments.

The appearance of many of our exchanges could be greatly improved by being folded instead of being rolled.

*The Outlook*, of East Aurora, New York, has just sprung into existence. We would suggest the trimming of its edges.

*The Res Academica* is a neat sheet published in the interest of the Harry Hillman Academy at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

The October number of *The Anchor*, of Hope College, Holland, Michigan, is beaming with articles commendable to any institution.

On account of limited space we cannot acknowledge the receipt of all our exchanges this month. They are just as welcome nevertheless.

*The Helios*, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is printing a series of articles on occupation. The last one is on "The Fire Insurance Business."

On account of a shortage of copies caused by an augmented circulation we were unable to send copies of our September number to all our exchanges, but we hope to do so with this issue.

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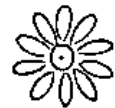


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