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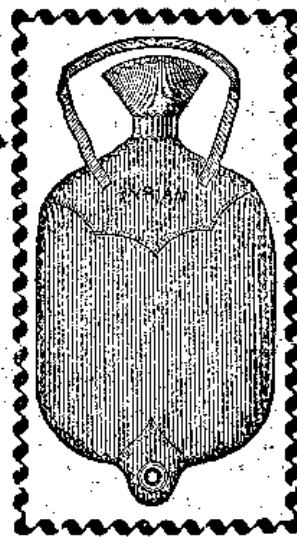
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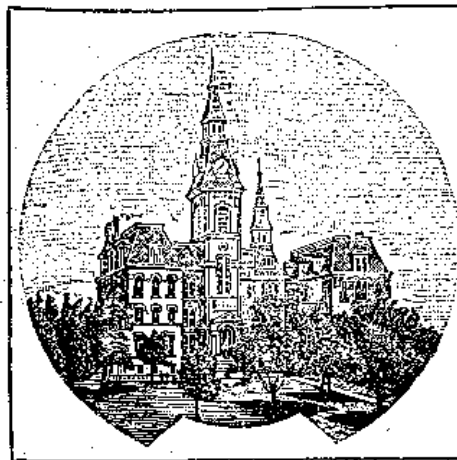
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# High School Register

In the interest of the Omaha High School.

VOL. IX.  
No. 4.

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# The High School Register

Vol. IX.

OMAHA, NEB., DECEMBER, 1894.

No. 4.

## • 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.

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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..... 425

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Louise Smith..... Vice President  
Nellie Gamble..... Secretary  
Walden Branch..... Treasurer

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

THE REGISTER wishes its many friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. It is glad to meet you in this appropriate holiday robe, the first real Christmas it has ever celebrated. The REGISTER is proud of the school it represents, and wishes to do all in its power to bring its journalism up to the high standard of the school. It takes this opportunity of thanking its many friends, both teachers and scholars, for the able assistance rendered and for their hearty support.

AS THE winter approaches and the weather becomes damp and the streets sloppy the necessity of an armory is very evident. The gymnasium is the only place available for drill in stormy weather except the narrow halls which are practically of no use whatever. We hope that not many years will roll away before there shall be in connection with the O. H. S. a capacious armory, '95 and '96 may not see it but it is undoubtedly destined to be and surely the need of one is urgent enough.

THOSE speakers who have been delaying on the debate may now put forth all their energy. The question that, "The free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1, would be a benefit to the United

States," is one that is purely political and has been much discussed. Still, it is very good in point of argument, and the sides are very evenly divided. There is ample material obtainable on either side which may be of benefit to some, but excludes to a large extent the benefit of original thought. Let the debaters get to work right away, and not put this off until the last minute. This advice may possibly apply also to those who have been contemplating orations or recitations. There will be plenty to do at the last; all the time obtainable is needed.

THE recent visit of Congressman Mercer filled all the cadets with cheer and hope. The special inspection and drill was very satisfactory to him. The fine appearance of the boys in their new uniforms, the good showing made in the batalion, and the company movements were highly complimented. But Mr. Mercer was not slow to appreciate our needs. Our luck of guns was forcibly impressed on him, and we may be sure that this will receive his earliest attention.

But cadets, note! There is one important thing in the equipage of this battalion that is being sadly overlooked—a flag. All this preparation is being made while forgetting our main object. Forgetting that this instruction is for the development of patriotic citizenship; forgetting that all this training is for the support and preservation of the old flag; forgetting that the old Stars and Stripes should be dearer than all else beside. Now is the time to strike. Give the matter a good consideration. There are many ways that a flag could be ob-

tained. Many times some of the leading firms in cities have made a donation to the schools. A competitive drill at the end of the year for the flag would give the companies something worth striving for, and might arouse an interest in the drill that would have a very telling influence.

It would seem by the way every one is talking of "How much he got," that the whole purpose of school life is to get a high mark and pass a good examination. Some scholars seem to prepare their lessons for the recitation as if they were coming to some dreaded flogging, and if they go through with a fair recitation or happen to get an easy place, they come out chuckling how lucky they were. Besides, the regular "cram" and mental agony before an examination, is generally something terrible. Now, this is anything but an education. Time spent in this way is nearly as bad as wasted. But some one says, "Of course, I want as high a mark as possible. No; it should be, 'I want to learn as much as possible.'" Do this, and the marks will take care of themselves. A mark is the teacher's estimate of the work done. No two persons see things in exactly the same light; this may account for the differences in the standard of marking. If the marks are not so high an estimate as the work done, do not complain; all are liable to err. It were far better so than that a high mark should be given for poor work; but the teacher's judgment is liable to be far better than the scholar's. Graduation honors may be the cause of much strife on the part of some, but this should be of minor importance. Not vain glory, but real knowledge should be the desire of the true student.

### "BIG DAVE'S" CHRISTMAS.

BY MISS DOROTHY HOLLAND, '95.

It was the day before Christmas. It had snowed all the previous night and now the sun, low in the southern sky, made the snow sparkle as though covered with jewels, but the feeble sunlight did not warm the chill air on this December morning. Nevertheless the office of the Pinery Man's Home glowed with the warmth given by a large wood fire in the sheet iron stove.

The landlord and a few cronies were gathered about the stove and Bill Sykes was thrilling the small audience by a story of the "Big Storm o' '49." He was interrupted by the opening of a door at the end of the room, and a tall, powerfully built blonde, Dave Swanson, who had just descended the narrow stairs, entered the room. He was dressed in a suit made of red blankets, preparatory to going "up river." He threw a pair of snow shoes on the floor and his pack upon a chair as he said in a loud, clear voice, "Wal, boys, I'm off. Wish yer a merry Christmas." "Yer ain't goin' to go in that air wintry way, be ye?" whined Johnny Peters, as he threw another stick of wood on the fire. "Now, I reckon thet is kinder sneakish just at Christmas time, tho' I don't take no stock in thet day. But kum, landlord, set us up; we'll drink to good luck," answered Big Dave, as he was usually called.

The landlord hastened to the bar and the others followed, only too glad to accept the rough invitation. The landlord drained his "schooner"

and then said, as he wiped his mouth on his shirt sleeve:

"There ain't much sense in Christmas, but I kinder like a little extra grub then, a little turkey with dressing and gravy; they hed it back in Maine, an' I 'spose I'm sorter used to it."

"Wal," said Dave, "them things'll do fer winnin folks, what's good 'nough fer me the hull year round's good 'nough fer me on Christmas. But I mus' start. I wanter get a good bit up the river 'fore night—"

Before he finished the outer door opened far enough to admit a small man and a big gust of icy air. "Hullo, parson! ye've kum too late fer a glass; we've finished and I'd hate to trouble the landlord," and then Dave's rough laugh and the milder ones of the others drowned Parson Gray's voice. When quiet was restored the little minister said, almost apologetically:

"I never take any drink, Mr. Swanson—no offense meant. I called to ask you gentleman if you couldn't contribute a little toward buying a Christmas tree for the children of the church." "Ha, ha! 'Mr.' 'gentlemen!' Really, 'Mr.' Parson, I can't give yer nothing. It's mighty hard times, an' I 'spect them 'gentlemen' feels about the same way, so ye'd better move along."

The others were too much afraid of the spokesman to say anything and so the little parson, quite silenced by the woodsman, meekly bowed and departed, inwardly praying for strength to instruct his wayward flock.

As the parson closed the door

Dave's laugh again made the rafters ring, and he exclaimed, "Ain't he the softest critter!" And then to a question of the landlord he answered, "I dunno but I will; a bottle o' alcohol's mighty nice company fer a lone man," and he pocketed the flask, paid his bill and, with a parting joke, left the tavern.

All day Big Dave traveled over the crust on his trusty snow shoes. He was looking for unclaimed timber land for a mill owner, and during the day followed the river in its course through the vast pine forests of that far northern land. Towards night he went inland and, selecting a spot deep among the pines, built a fire and prepared his supper. When he finished he dug a hole in the snow, crawled in and piled the snow over himself, well knowing that it made a warm cover.

In the morning he started again and traveled steadily northward. In the afternoon he began to take frequent draughts from the bottle of spirits. Already wearied by travel and cold, the alcohol had more than the ordinary effect. At last Big Dave began to stagger, and with reeling sense, forgot the night's preparation. The darkness settled over the forest, the snow began to fall. For a while he struggled on, but finally, completely stupefied, he fell unconscious at the foot of a Norway pine.

Big Dave knew nothing more until he became dimly aware of a voice. He listened and heard a child say, "Wont you wake up, mister, it's Christmas morning. I'm going to have a party. Wont you come to

my party?" The last was in a pleading tone that fully wakened the prostrate man. He looked at the little girl. She was a quaint figure, closely huddled in an old plaid shawl. After a moment's scrutiny he said, "Bless me, where'd you drop from?"

"I'm going to have a party. My mother said I could ask the birds to it, but guess you're nicer." Then she added persuasively, "We're going to have pancakes to-day. Wont you come?" "What d'yer hev other days?" "Mush now. We used to haved potatoes, but they're frozen." Dave began to feel "mighty softish, some how," as he rudely expressed it, and as he stood up stiffly he said, "I'll go. Kum along."

The little figure slipped her hand timidly into his and took him to a one-room log cabin some rods to one side. As she pushed the door open, a poorly clad woman said pleasantly, "Why, Mary, whom have you brought." "Someone for our party."

The woman placed the only chair beside the fire place and asked the stranger to be seated, while her heart sank as she thought how much it would decrease her scanty provision to feed so big a man. Awkwardly at first, but with kind intention, Dave found that the woman, Mrs. Baker, had been snowed up in the desolate hut by the early arrival of winter. Escape might have been possible even then, but a few days after the first storm her husband was killed by a falling tree. She buried him as well as she could and then tried to make provisions last till spring, but even this early in the season only a little

corn meal and buckwheat remained and starvation stared them in the face.

Dave spent the day with them, sharing the meagre meal. In the late afternoon he asked Mary if Kris Kringle had been to see her. "No," the child replied. "Mother says the trees are so thick she doen't think he can find us, but if I'm good God will take care of us and send me a Christmas next year where Santa can find us."

Dave again had the softish feeling, and hastening out he soon returned with his pack of provisions and throwing it on the table, said, "Ole Kris didn't forget yer. He tol' me ter bring along somethin' fer thet air nice little gal up in the woods, and ther 'tis. Good-bye ter yer, I nus' be joggin'."

The door closed and Dave was on his way back. The first thing he did was to dash the bottle against a tree; then travelling rapidly he reached the settlement in twenty-four hours. He gave his comrades no reasons for his return, and they dared not question him. Meeting the little parson on the street, to the latter's surprise he pulled out some money, handed it to him, and said: "Here parson's the money yer wanted. I reckon it's too late for the tree but yer kin hev it all the same;" and with that he strode away leaving the preacher amazed.

In a few days Dave went "up river" again and supplied the "little gal" and her mother with more provision. Mrs. Baker was deeply grateful and said thankfully, "I knew the Lord would remember us."

Dave made frequent trips to the little log cabin that winter, and in the spring saw the inmates safely down the river.

From that Christmas the boisterous woodsman was a better man and ceased to scoff at the good, and though always uncultured and rough, he did much good in an unobtrusive way. Surely a little child had led him.

#### MY TRIP ABROAD.

MISS M. E. QUACKENBUSH.

Friday, July 13, we went to Windsor, twenty-one miles west of London, taking the cars at Paddington Station. It was a very pleasant ride, and as it had rained during the morning, the air was cool and fresh. We looked towards Stoke Pogis, where Gray wrote his famous "Elegy," and also towards Burnham Beeches, and wished for more time, as the scenery is very picturesque.

Just north of Windsor is Eton College, and we saw a number of students on the train. They are easily distinguished by their short Eton jackets, broad collars and tall silk hats, and represent the wealth and aristocracy of England.

We were not fortunate in selecting our time for visiting Windsor; as the Queen was giving a luncheon to the Mayor and other dignitaries of London, but we could see the castle which crowns a high hill, and went through several rooms. It was a great novelty to an American to see all the trappings of royalty, and the pompous coachmen in their velvet uniforms and powdered wigs. The band played "God Save the Queen," and we sang mentally,

of course, "My Country, 'tis of Thee." We went back to our lodgings, however, without getting a glimpse of the Queen.

The next day we visited Regent's Park and Zoological Gardens. This is said to be one of the best places in which to study natural history, as there are animals there from every part of the world. We were in time to see the seals fed and were surprised at the intelligence they displayed. They seemed very fond of their keeper and would "speak" for their food. The snakes are fed every Friday, so we missed that sight. From the Gardens we went to Madam Tussaud's Wax Works.

Years ago, when I was boarding at Col. Wilson's, in Sterling, Illinois, the Colonel went abroad and he told some very funny stories. One was his experience at the Wax Works. Walking around until he was tired he sat down beside an old gentleman who was reading a paper. When he looked up the Colonel made some remark, but receiving no answer, looked more closely at the person beside him and noticed that just so often the figure looked up from his paper and then appeared to read again, and he knew it was one of the exhibits. So he cautioned me to be careful if I ever went there, and not to *speak* to any of the figures. I remembered this and went fully prepared not to be deceived. We first went to the Hall of Kings and saw all around us English Monarchs, from William the Conqueror to Henry VIII, surrounded by his six wives. They were all very good imitations of flesh and blood, and one felt

almost rude in standing before them and looking at them so closely. The next room was the Grand Saloon, and we saw Garibaldi, Parnell, Jenny Lind, John Bright, Shakespeare, Luther, Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, ex-President Harrison and many others. Coming to a policeman standing in the center of the room we stopped and examined him critically and said that the artist had certainly done well; the flesh was very real, the hair and eyes were good, and no one but an expert would have taken him to be wax. What was our surprise to see him walk off with a twinkle in his eye. We were glad no one knew us, and for a few minutes felt quite crestfallen. After that I hardly dared look at any one or anything, for it was impossible to tell which was wax and which was real; but we had our catalogues, and when we saw a number on the floor at the foot of an image we knew it was safe to examine it. There was one old lady sitting on a bench with her knitting, and I am not quite sure yet whether she was genuine or not.

Madam Tussaud was born in Switzerland in 1760. Being left an orphan, she was sent to Paris and placed under the care of her uncle who was sculptor to Louis XVI, and from him she learned the art of modeling in wax. During the French Revolution she went to England where her collection of figures attracted great attention. It is said that the best specimen of her art is the figure of Voltaire modeled by her from life. One can get considerable amusement as well as information by spending an evening at the Wax Works. There is a fine orchestra and a good dining-room in connection.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A WINTER MORAL.

BY FLACTEM.

Borne on wings of frosty splendor  
From his northern palace home;  
Glittering in his crystal costume,  
And his crown of frozen foam,  
Shouting down the frigid valleys;  
Sweeping o'er the hardened plain;  
With his merry host behind him,  
Comes King Winter back again.

He who sings the praise of Summer,  
Is employed in happy vein,  
And the praises of the Springtime,  
Is a task the best may claim;  
There's a chance for mighty meter,  
Singing of the golden Fall,  
But the laureate of Winter  
Has the proudest task of all.

There is something in the Winter,  
In his wild and wayward strife;  
In his cold, unhindered passions  
That is typical of life.  
Man was meant to meet life's tempest  
As the eagle braves the gale;  
When the storm clouds gather blackest,  
And when hope and courage fail.

Face your troubles as the storm-bird,  
Proudly and upon the wing;  
Trusting in your boasted manhood,  
Scorning aid from anything;  
Standing firmly in the tempest,  
Showing in your human form  
The acknowledged mark and signet  
Of the Ruler of the storm.

### THE GERMAN GYMNASIUM.

G. W. HELMROD.

Derived from the Greek, the word "gymnasium" has adopted in Germany a meaning far different from that of the English word, as a brief sketch of the German gymnasium will show.

The German gymnasium is a public school which teaches the classical studies in order to prepare students (that is, *boys only*) for the university for any branch of science. As every one who attends the school has to take the yearly prescribed studies, it is evident that a classification and separation is necessary from which the two kinds of gymnasia result—the "Humanes Gymnasium," or "Ly-

ceum," and "Realgymnasium." The first one aims to educate lawyers, doctors, theologians and philologists of ancient languages, therefore making Greek and Latin more important, while the second puts more importance on modern languages and natural sciences, as mathematics, physics, and chemistry. In every other part both are equals.

The gymnasium is a public school, and therefore may be attended by any citizen's boy, provided he has the brains and can pay about \$30 a year. Besides that, he has to buy his personal requirements, as school books, paper, etc., as nothing is furnished by the school board.

The management of the school is placed in the hands of a "director," who very often teaches German, Latin and Greek in the highest grade. He is elected for unlimited time by the city council, and is assisted by the corporation of teachers called "Lehrercollegium."

The regular course of the gymnasium requires nine years, not including three years before that in the grammar school, or so-called "Vor-classe." The different classes are assigned by Latin ordinals, as, beginning with the lowest, sexta, quinta, quarta, under and over tertia, under and over secunda, under and over prima. Every class has a principal, or "ordinarius," who, in most cases, teaches the most important branches, especially German, Latin, Greek or mathematics. In order to prevent overcrowding, the school is provided with two equal classes, distinguished by "A" and "B." In the last three

years of school time both classes are combined, because the number of pupils has been then perceptibly diminished. The classes have each special rooms in which they hold all their recitations; that is, the scholars remain in the same room throughout the whole time for recitations, but each teacher goes from room to room hearing his special branch. Excepted from this are only physics, chemistry, drawing, singing and gymnastical exercises, for which large rooms are especially added to the school building. To find the gymnastical exercises upon the course of instruction perhaps astonishes an American scholar, but every one who is healthy is obliged to take part in them; for "mens sana in corpore sano," should be the goal of our modern scholars also.

Besides German, Latin and Greek, great importance is given to English, French, mathematics, chemistry, physics, geography, history and even religion, while drawing, gymnastical exercises and singing are more for pleasure and recreation. As all these studies have to be taken by all the students, and all in one week, it is evident that the daily course of instruction has to differ. In general, the hours on Monday equal those of Thursday; those of Tuesday the studies of Friday, and so on. Generally, the number of weekly lessons comprises thirty-two to thirty-four. The school hours are, in summer, from seven to eleven; in winter, from eight to twelve, and from two to four o'clock after dinner.

The school time, which goes from

Easter to Easter, is four times interrupted—from July-August by a four weeks', in the middle of October, Christmas, and Easter by a two weeks' vacation. Before each vacation standings on "zeugnisse" for the previous term are given on the scale of 5: 1, representing excellent work; 2, good; 3, satisfactory; 4, poor, and 5, very bad work. According to the results of these certificates the places of the boys are determined and changed.

The entering of the school, that is of the grammar school, is not permitted under the age of six years, so that a diligent boy can leave the school with his eighteenth year, as skipping of classes is impossible.

When going to pass the "under secunda" the boy has to pass the first great examination, which is his first sorrow and terror in his careless life, but gives him, when he succeeds, the right to finish in one year the military service, which every German boy is obliged to attend. But this is only a foretaste of the great examination which finishes his school time and opens to him the pleasures of university life, or else tells him that his twelve years' work was useless; I mean the "maturum." On this examination three factors are determinative: the quarterly standings of the under and over prima, the results attained in a written and those of an oral examination. In the middle of January a week is spent for this examination, which includes all the studies of the nine years. About a month later an oral examination takes place before the assembled teachers

and those who represent the city and the ministry of public education. The greatest honor is to be excused from the oral examination on account of excellent work in the written. A commencement, in the presence of all the pupils, with the presentation of the certificates to the successful scholars concludes the school life of one who attends a German gymnasium, opens to him the doors of any university and gives him a passport for any career whatsoever.

#### CONGRESSMAN MERCER REVIEWS THE CADETS.

On the afternoon of November 27th the companies were drawn up in battalion formation on the parade grounds to be inspected by Congressman David H. Mercer. This was quite an occasion for the boys, for, as Mr. Mercer was the principal instigator in the High School Cadet movement, they seemed desirous of showing him how far they had advanced in becoming blue coats and army officers. So each one stood as immovable as a sphinx and as straight as a bronze statue as the worthy congressman passed in front and rear of the gallant defenders of the flag.

Later in the drill hour, Mr. Mercer spoke to the battalion. He complimented the boys on their personal appearance and the attention paid in drill, and said they showed up fully as well as the High School Cadets at Washington. Not little praise was tendered Lieutenant Penn for his strenuous efforts and for the admirable condition to which he has brought the cadets in so short a time. Mr. Mercer expressed the intention of doing all in his power to obtain arms for the cadets. This, indeed, would be a great advancement and we must have them.

#### THE DYING OF THE YEAR.

Now fills your hearts  
With winter drear;  
For now the autumn time is here,  
And with its winds to you proclaims  
The dying of the year.  
The woods, that once  
To us were dear,  
Are changing now as if by fear;  
And through their tops a chant is sung:  
"The dying of the year."  
Once golden fields  
That did us cheer,  
Now do no more to us appear;  
Their grains are gather'd now before  
The dying of the year.  
So goes our life;  
Our winter nears;  
And often do we seem to fear  
The thoughts that pierce and seem to say,  
The dying of the year.  
—JOHN WM. DICKINSON.

#### THE CLASS OF '98.

Our class numbers about four hundred. Should we be presuming too much to claim that we are "the select four hundred of Omaha?" We shall leave this to be decided in the future. If there is anything in names, we have such as Alexander, Frederick, Gains and Herman and others of world wide fame, and so we have begun our course with great examples before us. Our class is yet in its infancy and we hardly know the work to be done, yet if we are to fill the places made vacant by others, it will take long months of faithful effort. If we knew how many the class would number at the end of four years, we could more easily prophesy. Circumstances may prevent many from completing the course. But those of us who shall remain to the end propose to avail ourselves of every privilege of this High School and to go forth from it with many honors. Each member of the class will have his own goal to reach and



in his own way shall reach it, and by his own efforts must accomplish it. But yet much help can be given by each to the other by friendly sympathy and encouragement. We hope that no unhealthy spirit of rivalry will be found among us, but that each shall be willing to lend a helping hand to those who shall need it. For great success depends upon individual efforts in everything.

### Society.

The December meeting of the Junior Literary and Debating Society will be held after the REGISTER goes to press, the program promises well; and we may safely say that the *promise* will be realized.

Everything is moving along finely and the Seniors bid fair to have one of the jolliest times of the season at their social. The social was to have been two weeks earlier but because of a sudden change in part of their program they decided to have it on the 21st, just before the Holidays.

This month has been so shortened that the Seniors have had but one of their Rhetoricals so far. The programme at this meeting was very complete. Miss Smith read a very pleasing essay discussing her visit to a farm on Thanksgiving. Numerous essays and recitation followed intermingled with music which made the programme one of the most enjoyable. The debate was a gem, Messrs. Woodland and Sumner covered themselves all over with glory. The question for discussion was: Resolved, that Bismarck was a greater statesman than Glad-

stone. It was decided in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Woodland certainly made a fine speech. Go it, Frank. Some day we will expect to listen to you before the Senate.

The Sophomore class meeting for December 21, is to be an exceptionally good one as to programme—the programme committee managed that—and '97 in general will do the rest. The subject for the debate: "Resolved, that Greece has been of more benefit to the world than Rome," promises to be very interesting. The music, part of which is to be furnished by the class Mandolin and Guitar Club, will prove delightful, as we know by experience, for, though the club is a new organization, what we have before heard from different members was so well received that there is no doubt that in the future we will receive from it most enjoyable entertainment. The members of this club are Charlotte Esmund, Mercedes Lowe, Charles Shiverick, Frank Morseman and Harry Wigton, their instructor, Professor Sutorius.

#### PROGRAMME.

1. Piano Solo ..... Mabel Spaulding
2. Dialogue ..... Hanchen Rehfeld
3. Vocal Solo ..... Cecil Matthews
4. Recitation ..... Fayette Laird
5. Music ..... Mandolin and Guitar Club
6. Debate } Affirm ... Lulu Tuttle, Alec Young  
          } Neg. Edith Higgins, Leonard Kohn
7. Poem ..... Gertrude Waterman
8. Vocal Solo ..... Dora Dunham
9. Recitation ..... Jilla Leeder
10. Music ..... Mandolin and Guitar Club

Thanksgiving has come and gone again but though the day and the feasting attending it may soon be forgotten in the Christmas festivities, the treat which Dr. Butler gave the Juniors on the Wednesday preceding, will last a long time with his hearers.

We are glad that so many Seniors were present to share with us the interesting address. Mr. Butler is a favorite in the O. H. S., and always has there an enthusiastic audience. Our thanks to him were extended in the novel yet expressive

O-O-O-m-a

A-A-A-h-a

O-ma-ha-High School.

### Scientific.

#### MIRRORS.

ROBT. C. LANSING.

The primary object of a mirror is the formation of an image, not distorted but clear and well defined. To accomplish this, a smooth, polished surface capable of reflecting light without diffusion or absorption is essential.

The form of mirror used by the ancients was a disc of highly polished metal, bronze being generally employed. This was mounted on a handle and richly decorated with jewels and figures in relief. Although the manufacture of glass was carried to a high degree of perfection, glass mirrors do not appear to have been made.

Mirrors of modern times are divided into two classes, those for household purposes and those for scientific investigation. This distinction arises from the different metals used as reflectors and their positions on the glass. The "silver" of the common variety is an amalgam of mercury and tin-foil placed on the back of the plate. For scientific purposes, a coating of pure silver is applied to the front of the glass.

Each mirror is adapted to its office and could not well fill that of the other. In the common looking-glass, the main image formed by the amalgam is rendered less perfect in outline by the faint image from the front surface. This fact renders it undesirable where the image, as in the reflecting telescope, is faint. On the other hand, the exposed silver of the scientific form is easily abraded and hence it is impractical of every day use.

The construction of mirrors involves two operations, the preparation of the glass and the application of the metal. Glass is made by fusing in large clay pots, one hundred parts of pure white sand, thirty-five parts of soda ash and five parts of unslaked lime. The melted mass is poured on an iron table and rolled out to the required thickness. The plate, after annealing, is ground and polished.

The "silvering" is done on a large table surrounded by a gutter and with a smooth level stone for a top. On this, tin-foil is smoothly spread and mercury poured over it to the depth of a quarter of an inch. The plate, scrupulously clean, is slid over the table from the side, its edge skinning off the dirty scum on the mercury. The glass is then pressed to the amalgam on the stone by heavy weights. The superfluous mercury is drained away by slightly tilting the table and the mirror when dry is complete.

The preparation of the glass for astronomical mirror is the same as that described above, save that instead of being plate, it is ground to a convex form. On the glass is poured a solution of silver, together with a reducing agent. The silver is slowly deposited on the glass, forming a thin coating that does not require polishing.

## Local and Personal.

Vacation!  
 Partner yet?  
 Well—good-bye!  
 "Little Paul P."  
 Merry Christmas!  
 Chrysanthemums.  
 Don't miss the play.  
 "Clark" is back again.  
 Oh, here's a piece of it!  
 "It is time to go home."  
 And the geese squawked.  
 Pay up your subscription!  
 What made that dog yelp?  
 That makes eight, Towue.  
 All absent please stand up.  
 Haywa d cracked a joke(?)  
 Der Mond—because it gets full.  
 That "Et tu Brute" expression!  
 Caticures! Refer to Col. Doane.  
 "Those visitors came the wrong day.  
 Pronounce it "brother," Mr. Dolan.  
 What is due to good taste? Mince  
 pie.  
 Where are the bows going with the  
 girls?  
 "A vessel having *apparatus* in its  
 sides.  
 Heard in German.—"I lay at the  
 bed."  
 Ask Miss L. if she was born before  
 the war.  
 File closer. "Keep your eyes above  
 everything."  
 Great concern is felt over Acheson's  
 loss—of hair.  
 Teacher.—Is it passive or active.  
 Class.—Middle.

Oh! the six, the six,  
 The lone little six,  
 They thought they could do it;  
 But others said nix  
 And the six found themselves  
 In a nice little fix  
 We hear much of *pacific* gravity in  
 physics now-a-days.  
 Smart Senior—Further delay only  
 adds *fire* to the *fuel*.  
 He claimed geometry as absolute  
 truth for his religion!  
 Cross in Latin translating, candida  
 dido, "Blonde Dido."  
 First boy to second boy.—"Have  
 you been asked to the social?"  
 What has become of John Oliver  
 Hayes, the foot ball player??  
 Miss Maude Kimball, '94, made the  
 O. H. S. a pleasant call recently.  
 Mr. M. still thinks there is some  
 connection between *strife* and *hair*.  
 A bricklayer's laborer is a man who  
 works for a bricklayer, Mr. Wilson.  
 The *great question* of the day—  
 Who are you going to take to the  
 social?  
 Harry Jenison, sprinter (?) offers to  
 race any one attending the High  
 School.  
 Mr. C. (translating at sight.)—He  
 burned all the priests that he found in  
 the tower.  
 The barbers have no cause for com-  
 plaint, judging from the looks of our  
 shorn lambs.  
 Don't fail to buy a copy of the new  
 book, entitled "Table Talk," by the  
 Jovial Juvenile Junior Girls.  
 '96 boasts of two doctors, a minister  
 and a colonel. What next!  
 Past condition contrary to Dolan.

What is it that some of the boys  
 recite in the room opposite the office  
 at noon hour?

The other day a very intelligent  
 Sophomore was heard to call out  
 "That's him!"

What was the gymnasia?

Mr. Hunter—"Why, I think it was  
 two gymnasiums."

Physics.—"In what century do we  
 live?"

"In the eighteenth."

See the latest production of that  
 skillful portrayer of ridiculous situ-  
 ations, Grace Furniss!!!

It is very evident that the Kinder-  
 garten class which recites fifth hour  
 should study "Behavior."

Teacher.—"What is Thanksgiving  
 for, John?"

John.—"To eat turkey."

Secure a copy of the latest poem,  
 "The Trials of a Chemistry Class,"  
 composed by Miss R. B., '95.

The man who wrote "Music hath  
 charms," evidently had not been to a  
 rehearsal of the girls quartette.

In English.—Teacher.—Who was  
 Marius?

Pupil.—Well, I know he died.

There is a wonderfully large skele-  
 ton in that closet on the first floor.  
 Freshmen, come down and see it.

It was a caution to see the way the  
 boys cast sheep's eyes over toward  
 the girls; but, Oh! how their hearts  
 sunk.

'98, attention! At first January  
 meeting election of class officers.  
 Better be thinking who you wish to  
 elect.

Senibus boyibus,  
 Cloaki roomorum,  
 Matchibus pennibus,  
 Winni somorum,  
 Cettibus caughtibus,  
 Septima horum,  
 Sadibus lookibus,  
 Alli weeko'erum.

That little joke of Mr. Hull's about  
 Diana always having a bow (beau),  
 was good—for him—but it didn't  
 work.

Sophomores are still seen on the  
 third floor, and it is noticeable that  
 they always have important notes for  
 some one.

True, we can not know when Japan  
 will take China, but we do know  
 when the "United States has taken  
 Turkey."

With what an artistic frenzy  
 America's greatest landscape painter,  
 the late George Innes, must have  
 been filled.

In Junior Latin.—"What's the deri-  
 vation of Amo, to love?"

Bright pupil.—"Why—Am and eo,  
 to go around."

Frank Van Horn, '94, has com-  
 pleted his course in the business col-  
 lege and will soon begin work with  
 Snow, Lund & Co.

Teacher in Latin.—"From the deri-  
 vation of the word, why did they call  
 a man a *candidate*?"

Mr. S.—"Because of his many  
 virtues."

Teacher (in physics).—"What  
 would happen to you if you were im-  
 mediately transported to the top of a  
 lofty mountain?"

Mr. D. (thoughtfully).—"I guess  
 I'd become a balloon."

Teacher.—“What are the three processes of digestion?”

Pupil.—“Mastication, insalivation and swallification.”

“Chimneys always ARE at the top of a house.”

A moment of suspense, as the names went down for seventh hour.

Freshman (innocently) — “What makes the Sophomore boys come up to the third floor so much?”

Bright boy—“Why, to see some pretty girls.”

An expensive overcoat was lately stolen from a cloak-room on the first floor while the owner was at drill. There ought to be some way to keep our property safe after school.

“The villain who carries an umbrella under his arm,” growls the victim, who has just been poked in the eye, “ought to have it rammed down his throat and opened inside of him.”

Quite a sad accident occurred in the gymnasium recently. Mr. Romigh, while jumping to catch one of the swinging ropes, fell and broke his arm below the elbow. It is hoped that he will speedily recover.

The teachers of the Beatrice High School recently made our school a day's visit. They were much interested and spoke very highly of our work. We are always very glad to have teachers visit our school.

Freshman.—“I'll bet more girls of the High School wear our colors than any other.”

Sophomore.—“I'll take you up, prove it.”

Freshman.—“Garnet and white—paint and powder, see?”

A new version of Pope:

Lo! the poor Indian whose untutored mind,  
Taught him to shave his whiskers and disappoint  
the wind.

The Senior girls are having a terrible time with their looking-glass of late. Some of the boys who are especially fond of gazing at their muddy complexions have persisted in keeping it in their cloak room. Too bad, girls! you will have to carry a pocket mirror that the boys can't steal.

### De Alumnis.

Miss Jessie Allen, '81, has left for Texas to spend the winter.

The engagement of Miss Helen Smith, '92, to Mr. George Mercer is announced.

Dr. Victor Rosewater, '87, will spend the Christmas holidays with his brother Charles in New York.

Miss Stacia Crowley, '76, will take the high school teacher's entrance examination in Chicago during Christmas week.

Miss Mary Buck, '92, and Miss Georgia Lindsey, '93, were introduced to Omaha society the past month and the charming debutantes bid fair to be the season's favorites.

The chain letter so successfully planned and circulated by about twenty of Ninety-Four's members has proven a great source of amusement and information to the fortunate correspondents.

The mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Ida Remington Notson, '83, with her two little children is the saddest event that has happened in Omaha

for many years. The almost positive proof that she left her home on the afternoon of the eighth with suicidal intent, and the subsequent finds on the river bank of articles known to belong to Mrs. Notson, make the fact apparent that she brooded over her recent political disappointment until her mind became unbalanced, circumstances point to the probable result that she and her two children lie beneath the waters of the Missouri.

### Athletic.

Who saw B—us play football?

Lehmer is our “star” tackler.

Who saw Whip and the nose guard?

As a “kicker” Cowgill is a howling success.

Who is to be our next football captain?

We all miss those golden locks of Will G—d—r.

Purvis was selected as linesman on Thanksgiving day.

Morseman will make a good guard for next year's team.

Now that out-door work is over, why not use the gym?

Clarke broke up Lincoln's interference in grand style.

Jackson gave the Lincolnites a few pointers about tackling.

“Biddy” Ayers hasn't forgotten how to go through the line.

Our gym rivals that of the Y. M. C. A. in point of attendance.

Jensen is a great loss to the team, but he must be with us again next year.

The football fiends look very melancholy, owing to the close of the season.

Cross had better stop training or he'll be a candidate for “quarter” next year.

Burdick and Willie Gardner as “The Heavenly Twins” are our next attraction.

That Council Bluffs fellow evidently hit Purvis with a desire to end one man's football career.

C-g-l had some trouble in making the boys from the institute believe that he had cried “down.”

Our manager would like to learn the name of the person who borrowed the lock off the door of the gym.

Ten minutes work with the dumb bells every morning will work a wonderful change in a very short time. Try it.

Beginning with the New Year, gymnasium classes will be organized from two until three for such boys as would like to join.

The High School yell was frequently heard during the progress of the Thanksgiving day game between the Universities of Nebraska and Iowa.

Clarke, Gardner, Burdick, Ayers and Lehmer were selected as players for the Y. M. C. A. team for its trip to Butte, Mont. They report a magnificent time.

Poor Tukey has gone totally blind. He is entirely incapable of finding right guard and tackle, but makes some pretty “grand stand” plays around the “end.”

The team was delighted over the prospect of a trip to Des Moines on Thanksgiving day and a game with the boys of the Des Moines High School, but great was our sorrow when we learned that no grounds could be secured for a game in that city.

The Monday following our last game was noticeable for the great number of big, husky students who entered school on that day. The new fellows bore a striking resemblance to Cowgill, Gardner, Ayers and Cross; but it couldn't have been they, for the heads of the new young men were clipped as those of Sullivan and Corbett.

The High School team was well represented in a game Thanksgiving morning, between a picked team from Omaha and the Council Bluffs High School. On the picked team were seen the following High School players: Cross, Jackson, Tukey, McKell,

Cowgill, Whipple, Humphrey and Purvis. The Omaha team won by a close margin. Score 6-4.

The school team closed its season's work by defeating the boys of the deaf and dumb institute on Saturday, December 9th. The game was played on the institute grounds, and great was the surprise of our team when it discovered the grounds to be only forty yards long. However, a spirited and exciting contest resulted. Our opponents outweighed us, but showed such poor knowledge of the game that they proved easy victims to our tried and trusted veterans. Will Gardner acted as captain, owing to the absence of Clarke, and displayed excellent judgment during the entire game. Owing to the limited space, few long runs were made. The boys showed the effects of their enforced rest by a lack of old-time interference, but managed to score when they chose against their opponents. Score 50-0.


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Beautiful souvenirs free to ladies every evening.  
Grand concert every evening.  
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### Boston Store.

Our big store at all times the loveliest shopping place in Omaha, has now put on its holiday dress with all the frills and flouncing. It's a veritable Aladdin's magic palace, teeming with all the beautiful things that human heart could wish for.

Everything that's pretty, everything that's useful, ornamental or pleasing in every shape that little or big money can buy you'll find at Boston Store right now.

### Toys and Holiday Goods in Basement.

Cheaper than any other store anywhere.  
We have clearly shown that we sell dry goods and shoes for less money than anyone else.

Now we will show our power again by selling toys and holiday goods lower than they ever were sold before. We break the prices to sell more goods. We sell for little money to increase our already big sales.

### Grand Doll Sale.

Having purchased the entire bankrupt stock of one of New York's largest importers we are able to show the

grandest line of dolls ever exhibited in Omaha at less than half the regular price.

They include the grandest exhibit of dressed dolls imported for the holiday show of a New York retailer, but they were sold with the balance of the stock and will go at Boston Store at one-fourth their value.

### Grand Album Sale.

The entire sample line of albums of Geo. Borgfeld, the largest album importer in the United States, goes on sale at one-third import price.

This is a chance to buy a valuable Christmas present very cheap.

### \$75,000 Stock Toys and Books.

That will terrify the trade and save money for the people.

### Christmas Shoes and Slippers.

Fully 15,000 pairs men's, ladies', misses' and boys' slippers of all kinds, in velvet, leather, plush and felt, in at 35c, 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, worth twice and three times the price.

We show more slippers than all the rest of the shoe stores in Omaha put together, and sell more, too.

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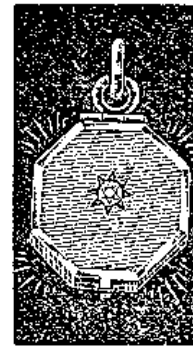
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