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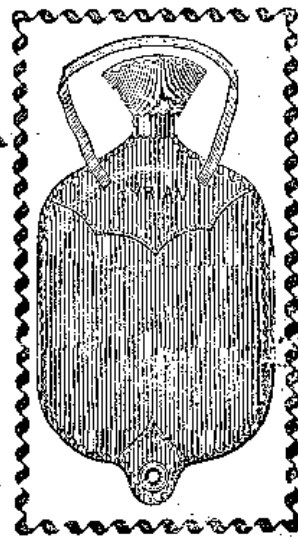
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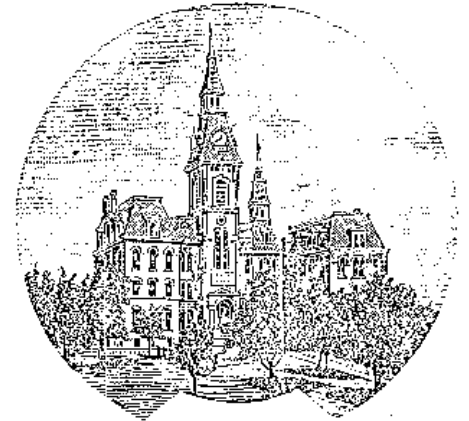
JANUARY, '95.

VOL. IX.

NO. 5.



DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO.



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SCHOOL

REGISTER.

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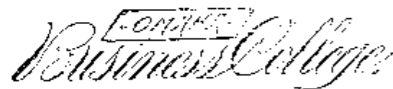
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The High School Register

VOL. IX.

OMAHA, NEB., JANUARY, 1895.

No. 5.

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.

SUBSCRIPTION: Twenty-five cents for rest of school year.

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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. Heals..... Librarian
Lieut. J. A. Penn..... Military Instructor
Number of Teachers..... 25
Number of Scholars..... 925

CLASS OF NINETY-FIVE.

Ernest A. Sheldon..... President
Louise Smith..... Vice President
Nellie Gamble..... Secretary
Walden Branch..... Treasurer

CLASS OF NINETY-SIX.

A. Gsantner..... President
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Frank Morsman..... President
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Ralph S. Connell..... President
George Purvis..... Vice President
Ray Wagner..... Secretary
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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

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

SUBSCRIBE for the REGISTER. Beginning with this number the subscription for the rest of the year will be twenty-five cents. Although the year is not half gone, the REGISTER has decided to give the students the advantage of the extra numbers. This is the opportunity to get what you have been wanting. Every student should keep informed on events in his own school, and this is the place to come for information. The management is trying to keep the paper up to date, but it needs the support of the school to do it. Lend us your aid.

WHILE there is much in the daily routine of student life that is somewhat prosaic, yet, withal, the bright sparkling places are scattered all along the way. With such boys as ours it were very difficult for monotony to hold sway. The latest that is attracting the attention is the officers' club, composed of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the batallion. Such a club can afford a vast amount of assistance in promoting the welfare of the batallion. The officers themselves are thus enabled to come in closer touch with each other and enjoy the pleasures of sociability. In union there is strength, and with a strong organization work-

ing for the companies they cannot help being advanced. The private will be incited to do better drilling, for the feeling of inferiority and exclusion is now more marked. Besides, the cheveron will mean more than formerly and will be held at a higher premium. An entertainment which will be given soon is now being prepared by the committee. The program promises to be quite aside from the usual order and will be very pleasing. The receipts will be used for a sociable to be given by the club.

ADVANCEMENT is the watchword for all the work at the High School. Each successive class not only covers the ground of its predecessor, but adds some new work to its curriculum. In connection with the senior English course a plan has been introduced similar to the seminary work used in the Universities, which is highly commendable. Twice each week the students assemble at the Omaha Public Library, where the teacher delivers a lecture, which is to be reported in outline on the following day. The subject of the lecture is in connection with the regular course of the school, or on some current theme. Following this some time is devoted to original research on the topic under consideration, or to essay and rhetorical work. This seminary work is of much value to the aggressive student. A person spending much of his time in languages and mathematics needs this to keep in touch with the live topics of the day. He must also become acquainted with the broader fields of literature. While mental training holds the principal place in an educa-

tion, a certain amount of classified knowledge is essential even in a high school training. But possibly it is most advantageous in the development of original investigation and the ability to correctly estimate the opinions of others.

The High School is especially favored in having such an excellent library at its disposal. The Omaha Public Library compares favorably with many of the college libraries of the country. The location also makes it very convenient for the pupils of the High School. The southeast room on the second floor has been equipped for the exclusive use of the senior class. This room is large and well lighted. It has a platform for speaking, and its furniture is the latest pattern for school purposes. The seniors feel highly flattered by this mark of distinction and wish to return their sincere thanks to the library committee. They also wish to express their appreciation of the untiring efforts of the teachers in their behalf.

MY TRIP ABROAD.

MISS M. E. QUACKENBUSH.

Greenwich is a little country village, six miles south of London, and is noted for being the birth place of Henry VIII. and his daughters Mary and Elizabeth. The royal observatory is on a high hill, and is surrounded by a fine park. The correct time for the whole of England is settled here every day at 1 p. m.; a large colored ball descends many feet, and the time is telegraphed to the most important towns throughout the country. A standard clock, with the

hours numbered from 1 to 24 and various standard measures of length, are placed just outside the entrance. We were there a few minutes before 17 o'clock, or a little before 5.

Monday, July 17, we did our final shopping in London, and left at 8:30 p. m. for Harwich in order to take the boat for Antwerp. Of all unpleasant nights, that was a little the worst. There were not sleeping accommodations for more than half the passengers, and the other half had to sleep where they could. We met Mr. and Mrs. Drake, from Omaha, who were also among the unfortunates. The dining-room was crowded, and I was given a pillow and told to make myself comfortable, which I tried to do, but failed. Some slept on the floor, others under the tables, and some on benches, but the greater part did not sleep at all, and our trip across the North Sea was *one* of the experiences which we do not wish to repeat. We reached Antwerp about 10 o'clock the next morning, tired and disgusted, and went to the Hotel L'Europe. After resting and eating a good dinner, we went to the World's Fair. We were disappointed in the exhibit, as it did not compare with ours at Chicago. We visited the art gallery and were the only persons in it besides the attendants. Taking a carriage, we drove around the city with its quaint-looking houses. Here we first saw women doing the work of horses. Sometimes a woman and a dog would be harnessed to a cart. To an American it seemed very strange.

Rubens lived in Antwerp and we knew that his masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross," is in the

cathedral, so we inquired of different ones the best way to find it, but could not succeed in making ourselves understood. After many attempts we were able at last to find some one who could understand enough English to direct us. The picture is certainly very fine, and is worth making a pilgrimage to see.

Leaving Antwerp, we went to Brussels, the capitol of Belgium. This is a beautiful city, with fine buildings and parks. We went through the Parliament buildings, and saw the king's palace, and then went to a lace factory. Here we saw the women with their cushions and patterns and bobbins working hard all day in order to make a few inches of lace. I did not wonder then that point lace is so expensive. We left Brussels Wednesday, July 18, and started for Cologne to visit the great cathedral. We directed our steps to the Hotel du Nord, a most charming spot, and in sight of the cathedral. The next morning we started out to visit what is probably the most magnificent Gothic edifice in the world. The first stone was laid August 14, 1248. In 1796 the French used the unfinished building as a hay magazine and took the lead from the roof. Later it was restored, and on the 15th of October, 1880, the completion was celebrated in the presence of the Emperor William I. and almost all the sovereign princes of the German empire. As one stood in the vast building, it seemed impossible that human hands had wrought it.

We were still with Mr. and Mrs. Drake, and enjoyed their company very much. All five of us took a car-

riage again and drove around the city, and for the first time in my life I was in a fortified city of the first class. The wall runs along the Rhine for a long distance, and has numerous watch-towers. Of late part of the Mediæval wall has been removed and new streets laid out, while the buildings are very modern in appearance. Most of the old streets are narrow and gloomy and badly drained.

The Church of St. Ursula is one of the places in which one's hair will stand on end, if horrible things affect one. The legend is that St. Ursula was an English princess who had been on a pilgrimage to Rome, and on her way home was murdered at Cologne with her 11,000 virgin attendants, and the bones of these virgins are arranged in tiers around the church; thigh-bones, the bores of the arm and skulls, until one is glad to leave and go out into the fresh air.

There are numerous factories, all of which have "genuine" Cologne water and, of course, we had to buy some.

"The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine,
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

So wrote Coleridge, but the city must have improved in cleanliness since his time, for we did not find it in need of a washing half so much as some of our American cities.

"What in all creation are you doing that for?" was the question asked the boy who was literally soaking the new baby's head with water.

"Why, to make his hair sprout, of course," he answered.

THE SOCIAL.

The old High School was gay with light
Upon a clear December night,
While Seniors came from far and near
To join the merriment and cheer.

First on the program was a play
Which whiled a merry hour away;
The actors, favorites of the class,
All former triumphs did surpass.

Then after that the fun increased
As all ascended to the feast,
While cream and cake was passed around
The class yells made the halls resound.

At last dance music was loudly played,
Away waltzed many a happy maid;
While those who quiet games preferred,
Were to literary salad lured.

But "all things must change," the poet sang,
The midnight bells o'er the city rang;
And as if by magic the guests took flight,
Leaving the school to gloom and night.

HINTS TO THE WISE.

It is discouraging to those who have to arrange and see to the carrying out of plans in a class society when a few—say a sixth—of the members of that class have no interest in what is going on. Certainly it is not too much to say that these few are unworthy of their class. By class I mean not the members individually, but the class name and fellowship.

Not once but a dozen times has the question been asked me, "Is there going to be a program this afternoon?" And on learning that the meeting called was an important *business* meeting there was a weakly said, "Well, I guess I won't stay then."

Now, the point is here. It is from these very persons, who purposely absent themselves from the business meetings, that come the most complaints about the inefficiency of class officers and the most grumbling about what is done.

Oh, why can't you see it in the right way! If you are not present to elect those you desire to fill office; if you, by absence, are not acquainted with the business transacted by the officers and committees appointed by those who *are* present, is it the fault of us who choose the ones we think best fitted for the work?

There is too much of the feeling that the class organization is in the hands of a few influential (?) members. There is no more idea of "I, me, myself," on the one side than on the other. If you choose to be fault-finders; if you wish to sulk, claiming that your vote isn't of any use against "so-and-so;" if you seldom, if ever, put in an appearance at class meetings, and never assert your right as a member of the class, naturally you are left out. This world, even so small a part of it as school life, is too busy to hunt round in dark corners to find and drag subjects to the front.

"Look out for number one," if kept within bounds, is an excellent proverb. Think this over, you who may not have seen it in this light before, and resolve to be a power in your class. It will not be long before you are recognized as one. Workers are at a premium.

A NON-PARTISAN, '96.

THE SKATING PARTY.

The seniors are always doing something original, and on last Friday night a skating party was the order of the evening. The party was planned for a week before, but the weather bureau gave us a couple of days of regular spring weather so we had to postpone the skate until hoary

winter had begun his rule again. The party was held at the Coliseum, and although it was a very bad night about fifty of the class were there, accompanied by Miss McHugh and Mr. Turner and wife. Such a jolly time as we did have; the old walls echoed and re-echoed the merry shouts and school yells of the happy company. Everybody had a jolly time, and we are only sorry that more of the class were unable to be present.

THE OFFICERS' CLUB.

A few weeks ago, after Lieutenant Penn had given a very instructive lecture, the officers of the battalion were asked to meet. Captain Purvis called the meeting to order and then by a unanimous vote he was chosen temporary chairman. Mr. Purvis then stated that the purpose of the meeting was to organize an officers' club. Lieutenant Penn expressed himself as being very much in favor of such a club. They then proceeded to elect the following officers: President, Captain Ralph Connell; vice-president, Captain George Purvis; secretary, Sergeant Ray Wagner; treasurer, Sergeant Ward Clark. President Connell then appointed committees on by-laws and constitution and on minstrels.

A SIOUX ROMANCE.

The following might have been an extract from a new novel by Plenty Bear, entitled "The Diouxm of a Hiouxdioux."

A yiouxth of the tribe of Sioux, whionxse girl had failed tioux priouxve trioux tioux him, began tioux feel blioux, and decided tioux

fight a diouzel with the hiouxdioux whioux had dared tioux intriouxde. Being thus imbiouxed with a desire tioux shioux a hole thrioux the hiouxdioux, this fiouxlish yiouxth sent a challenge tioux the hiouxdioux whiouxm he wished tioux shioux a hole thrioux. The hiouxdioux thrioux whiouxm he wanted tioux shoot a hole, accepted the challenge from the fiouxlish youth whiouxm wanted tioux shioux a hole thrioux him. These twioux fiouxlish yiouxths decided tioux shioux a hole thrioux each other at niouxn on Tiouxday. When Tiouxday niouxn came the twioux fiouxlish yiouxths whioux had decided to shioux holes thrioux each other, met face to face tioux see what they could dioux tiouxward shiouxting holes thrioux each other. After the shiouxting was over it was found that the fiouxlish yiouxth whioux wanted tioux shioux a hole thrioux the hiouxdioux whioux had intriouxded, had succeeded in shiouxting a hole thrioux the hiouxdioux, while the hiouxdioux thrioux whiouxm the hole had been made, had failed to shioux any hole thrioux the fiouxlish yiouxth whioux had succeeded in shiouxting a hole thrioux the hiouxdioux whioux had intriouxded upon the fiouxlish yiouxth whioux had succeeded in shiouxting a hole thrioux the hiouxdioux. And this was the "Diouxm of the Hiouxdioux." Yiouxrs truly,

QUIOUX PON.

Physiology: Miss D—"What are the senses?"

Miss B—"The special sensations and common sense."

Society.

On Friday, the 25th, a meeting of the '96 Literary and Debating Society was held. Miss Bassett rendered a piano solo, which was followed by recitations by Mr. Gish and Miss Patton. Then Miss Kennedy, on behalf of the girls of '96, presented the boys with a bust of Daniel Webster. A shelf was kindly presented by Mr. Wigman, and the likeness of the great orator was immediately set up.

The last meeting of the class of '97 was held in the Junior room Friday the 18th of this month. A short program was rendered, of which an unique feature was the "life" of the class poet. It has been decided by the program committee that a series of papers shall be written on the great men of the world, which, if carried out, will be a very interesting part of the program of '97.

On Thursday, January 17th, the High School Cadets Officers' Club held a meeting. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved, after which the committee on constitution reported and the constitution was adopted with but few changes. Then the minstrel committee reported that they had a minstrel show in preparation which they would have ready to present to the public about the first of March.

On the 21st of December the seniors gave their first social, for which they had been preparing for some time previous. No more favorable conditions for its success could have been secured, the night was perfect, the entertainment excellent and a great crowd in

attendance. Their farce, "Little Paul P.," was the great event of the evening and was most excellently played, thanks to the efficient training of Miss McHugh and the mutual efforts of the actors, the cast consisting of John Sumner, J. W. Shank, jr., H. S. Gillespie, jr., Miss Bartlett, Miss Chamberlain, Miss Randall and Miss Garrett. Following the play were light refreshments and a plentiful supply of enthusiasm, which vented itself in old and new class yells. Later came dancing for those who danced, and entertaining amusements for those who did not dance. The decorations of the halls were the class colors, green and white, which were very artistically arranged; and to enhance the effect palms and ferns were grouped on the third floor, while cut flowers stood in vases on the stage. When the time for departure came everyone went away feeling that they had had a thoroughly good time and loudly praised the progressive spirit of '95.

Scientific.

THE WORK OF DUST.

Dust has a very large share in nearly all the phenomena of the earth's atmosphere. It is what makes the clear sky appear blue; and when we look up into the sky we see the dust in the atmosphere illuminated by the sun. There is nothing else before us that can permit the light to reach the eye. Light goes invisible, straight through all gases, whatever their chemical composition. The dust catches it, reflects it in every direction, and so causes the whole atmosphere to appear clear, in the same way that it makes

the sunbeam visible in the darkened room. Without dust there would be no blue firmament. The sky would be as dark as or darker than we see it in the finest moonless nights. The glowing disk of the sun would stand immediately upon this dark background, and the same sharp contrast would prevail upon the illuminated surface of the earth—blinding light where the sun's rays fall and deep black shadows where they do not. Only the light of the moon and the stars, which would remain visible in the daytime, would be able to temper this contrast in a slight degree. The illumination of the earth's surface would be like that we see with the telescope on the lunar landscapes; for the moon has no atmospheric envelope that can hold floating dust. We then owe to dust the even moderately tempered daylight, adapted now to our eyes; and it is that which contributes much to the beauty of our landscape scenery.

But if dust makes the sky appear clear, why is the color of the sky blue? Why does dust, of the different constituents of white sunlight, reflect the blue rather than the green, yellow and red? This fact is connected with the size of the dust particles. Only the finest dust settles so slowly that it can be spread everywhere by means of the air currents, and can be found constantly in all strata of the atmosphere; and special importance can be ascribed only to these finest particles. The coarse parts soon fall to the ground. Let us consider the fine mechanism of light, the extremely short ether waves which determine its existence. These waves, although

they are of even less than microscopic size, are not all equally long. The shortest are those that give blue light, while all the other colors are produced by longer waves. The fine atmosphere dust contains many particles which are large enough to reflect the short blue ether waves, fewer than can reflect green and yellow, and still fewer large enough to reflect the long red waves. The red light, therefore, goes on almost without hindrance, while the blue is more liable to be diverted, and thus to reach the eye. A similar phenomenon may be observed on a larger scale on water which is roughened with waves of different lengths, and on which pieces of wood are floating. The pieces of wood stand in the same relation to the water waves as the dust particles to the ether waves. The great long waves pass the blocks undisturbed, only rocking up and down; while the finer ripples of the water are turned back, as if the blocks were firm walls.

The finest dust thus appears blue. There is much coarse dust in large towns, when the sky over them is often gray, while only the finest blue dust is carried up in the country. The dust is also variously assorted at different heights above the surface of the earth. The coarser dust will be found at the lower levels, where it is produced. On mountains we have most of the dust beneath us, while the rarified air can sustain only the finest floating particles. Hence the sky on high mountains is clear and deep blue, even almost black, as if it were without dust. Only when we look at the lower strata, toward the

horizon, does the color pass into gray.

Why is the sky in Italy and the tropics of a so much deeper blue than that of western Europe? Is the dust there finer? It is really so; not that a finer quality of dust is produced there; but because in the moist climate of the North Sea countries the dust cannot float long in the air without being charged with water and made coarser, while in warmer countries water exists in the air as vapor and does not become condensed as a liquid on the dust. Only when it is carried by the air currents into the higher strata and is cooled there, does it thicken into clouds. With this we come to the most important function of dust in our atmosphere—the part which it has in the function of rain, by reason of vapors condensing upon it. It can be affirmed with certainty that all the water which the sun causes to evaporate on the surface of the sea and on the land is condensed again on dust, and that no raindrop falls unless it had a particle of dust as its primary nucleus.

Without dust there would be no condensation of water in the air—no fog, no clouds, no rain, no snow, no showers. The only condensing surface would be the surface of the earth itself. Thus the trees and plants and the walls of houses would begin to trickle whenever cooling began in the air. In winter all would be covered with a thick icy crust. All the water which we are accustomed to see falling in rainpours or in snow would become visible in this way. We should at once feel on going out of doors

that our clothes were becoming wet through. Umbrellas would be useless. The air, saturated with vapor, would penetrate the interior of houses and deposit its water on everything in them. In short, it is hard to conceive how different everything would be if dust did not offer its immeasurable extent of surface everywhere in the air. To this we owe it that the condensation of water is diverted from the surface of the earth to the higher, cooler atmospheric strata.—*Selected by Mr. Turner.*

Local and Personal.

Pass?
At-to-shun!
Who's Jesse?
Indian Tile!!
Examinations.
And it worked.
Log-a-rith-ms.
Gallilleleo's device.
Under the Royal thumb.
"And the cat came back."
"But the boys all 'laffed'!"
Nine months school for sure.
Ninth Grade spelling exorsize.
The Roman Cat'o (nine-tails).
Jubeo, jubere, jubebi. (You baby.)
Ed. Baird is at Mommouth College, Ill.
"Where is the specific gravity of a ring?"
"How many square feet in a cubic foot?"
Mr. Metcalf, '97, has been obliged to leave school on account of illness.

In Latin: "He ordered them to burst."

Query: Does '98 elect officers every month?

In History: Pompey married Maria Antony.

He then came to America and got married.

And now Warren is struck on another girl.

Let us retreat forward and advance backward.

Say, R., you'd make a good sozo-don't sign.

Who got under the mistletoe? Ask G—e B—t.

Wagner (calling roll)—"Private Gzantner."

That singing and banjo music at noons is fine.

Miss Ruth Bartelle has been obliged to leave school.

A garden of classical myth—the Garden of Eden.

"The thought of wolves shuddering makes me howl."

Oh, Humphrey! Where did that water come from?

"Cipher face of rounded foolishness"—a pie-face.

A board notice—All C O "D" men meet on third floor.

Tennyson, up to date: "And we will work thee well."

Study up drill regulations. Examination comes in May.

And now they have revolted to our most *bitterest* enemies.

A. G. says that the predicate naturally comes at the beginning of a sentence.

We don't know whether to call him Herr or Hair Gsantner.

She—Why do they call you shorty?

He—O, just for short.

A (Laura) Hunter stumbled while chasing a Cotton (tail.)

No one is allowed in Senior dressing room now for lunch.

We hear Miss S—— advised Nesladek not to look out loud.

A familiar introductory remark—Wh-y—wel-l the-ah the-ah!

“And when the ditches reach Greece they are in the millet fields.”

Henry Van Horn and Pearl Shaw are detained at home by illness.

Mr. Dale knew that a tetrahedron was something with five sides.

In English to illustrate a simile: “That horse acts like a cow.”

Proud Senior—“Its so hard to be the most popular girl in the class.”

Heard in the hall—I have only had the seventh hour three or four times this year!

Freshie—What is that breaking?

Soph—That is the Seniors cracking jokes. (?)

Why, that is an easy one, Mr. Doane. The mind is tempered to the shorn lamb.

“All my eloquence was wasted, then, Mr. D?”

“Yes'm.”

Ulysses must have wandered this way by the looks of our second floor Polyphemus.

Skating parties are the order of the day, and sometimes teachers are heartless enough to insist on seventh hour.

Some people we know take geometry and apples the same hour. Did it taste good?

Look out for the girls' clubs. They are dangerous weapons under some circumstances.

It is worthy of note that two mothers have visited the High School during January.

Well, Mr. W., you may congratulate yourself that you have learned something new.

“You should all get in your desks when the bell rings.” Extract from a recent lecture.

Miss Salome Emminger has been doing finely with her school work at Davenport, Iowa.

The class of '97 extends its sincere sympathy to one of its members in her recent bereavement.

Heard in algebra: “I'll be plagued if I can see any use in these confounded logarithms.”

We understand that swallowing live coals was the Romans' method of warming themselves.

New pupils admitted during January: Juanita Humphrey, Ethel Martin, Lois Maginn.

J. S. and G. B. say they know all about Emmet street and the sixth street south of Emmet.

It seems to be fashionable this year to make two or three calls the same evening. That right, John?

“Look! my gloves are wearing out.”

“I always wear out mine.”

Is Fred Dale the only boy who carries a pocket looking glass? We advise him to keep it out of sight.

Wanted—A pair of magnetic skates, that will adhere to the ice. Address all information to George Doane.

Frank—May, you are looking quite young this morning.

May—Oh yes, I was born that way.

In bookkeeping class—Trumble, what are you waiting for?

Trumble—I am waiting for tomorrow.

We are told that we may expect from 120 to 200 new students after examinations. Where are we to put them?

Cross is reforming. He has adopted Shakespeare's expression, go the “primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.”

Mr. Gish would classify frogs under the head of insects, and horses under the head of flies. Literally, we agree with him.

Senior girls are justified in wearing big sleeves, seeing that their muscles are being so well developed by physical culture.

After untiring efforts and extensive investigation Karl Connell has come to the conclusion that a closed window cannot be shut.

'97 is always ready with its pocket-book. Twenty dollars worth of tickets were sold among the sophomores for the senior play.

It is understood that some of the senior, went bathing in the famous summer resort, the Coliseum skating palace, the 19th inst.

The Hon. Waldo Pondray Warren went fishing for—(?) with mistletoe as bait. As yet we have not learned the extent of his catch.

The Freshman double quartette has this far attracted attention largely by reason of “facial expressions”—directed toward each other.

Extract from an examination: paper Equanimity, from *equus*, a horse; and *animus*, mind, intellect; hence, horse-sense, cool-headedness.

Gerald: “You've got a dog that I would be ashamed of. I went into the yard and he was afraid to bite or even bark at me.”

Will: “Well, Nero always did hate pork.”

Prof. George William Doane recently entertained a large crowd at Hanscom park with a display of his extraordinary genius for skating—in the air.

Old Man—Haint you ashamed of being at the foot of your class, Tommy?

Tommy—I don't see why I should be, Popper, the foot is the foundation, isn't it?

In matters pertaining to fair cupid, Mr. Hayward professes to “not quite understand.” We can't explain it to you Mr. H., but wisdom comes with experience.

Teacher—Have you not gotten scent of your game yet?

Hunter—No'm.

Teacher—I am afraid you are not a good hunter.

Soph—You know the big, fat woman who keeps a candy store down on Sixteenth street?

Freshie—What about her?

Soph—What do you think she weighs?

Freshie—I don't know. Three hundred?

Soph—No; candy.

Miss B— (having just changed her dress): "Don't you think I look better in the dark one?"

Miss L—: "Leave off the 'one' and I'll say yes."

He stooped to kiss her ere he left,

She made resistance, weak,
But while his lips were closely pressed,
She murmured, "You have the
cheek."

Teacher—What would you call it if a great number of musical instruments were playing together at the same time?

Mr. H—Disagreeable.

Pupil—"Is my heart in my abdominal cavity?"

Teacher—"I should hate to think mine was there." Her heart was evidently not in her mouth.

Mr. B. recently alluded to a slice of bread as "small potatoes." It is rumored that he ment it for a joke, but up to the present time we have been unable to verify the rumor.

"Mr. Smith, I would like to speak to you privately. May I take you apart for a few moments?"

Mr. Smith (not the least frightened): "Certainly, if you will put me together again."

Couldn't get a High School girl,
Billy boy! Billy boy!
Couldn't get a High School girl,
Charming Billy!
So he bled him to a ball;
With a girl from Brownell Hall,
This nice boy who couldn't get another!

The same old story: First Student—Why, Charlie, how does it happen that you failed on examination?

Second Student—Professor asked me the same question I failed on last time.

LOST—On or between Farnam and Park avenue, a ladies' goldstone fob; and lost on the lake at the Park a goldstone bracelet. Please return to Principal's office and receive reward.

The most miss-spelled word on record is "usage." A man who was evidently not much of a speller himself wrote it "youcitch." This contains thirteen mistakes, five of omission and eight of commission—more than two for each letter.

The attendance at the "Gym." has been marvelous, but is dwindling down considerably since dues are being collected.

In Latin: Q—What agrees with Victoria?

A—The queen of England.

In Latin class: Mr. P—Poor Orgetorix.

Miss J—He is better off even where he is than he would be if he were here.

Teacher—Well Mr. — what are you waiting for?

Freshman—The sixth hour.

Teacher—You may wait for the seventh hour also.

Every one who has seen the enlargement in crayon of the potrait of Prof. Lewis, which was in the office for several days, and the pen and ink sketch of the battle of Orleans, which was presented to the class of '98, must realize that the freshmen are not boasting when they claim the genius of the school. Oscar A. Albrecht, is a member of the first year class and is the artist who produced both of these pictures. He deserves the encouragement of every patriotic student of the school.

Soph—Did you read about the murder down at the Millard last night?

Freshie—No; who was it?

Soph—A paper hanger hung a bo(a)nder.

De Alumnis.

Miss May Wyman, '93, has returned home from her Californian tour.

Miss Augusta M. Spetman, a former attendant at the High School, and Albert H. Head were married the past month.

Miss Stacia Crowley, '76, was one of the 200 teachers who took the entrance examinations for the Chicago High Schools. When she finished she was one of the twelve who passed the terrible ordeal.

The daily papers announced the sad death of one of the members of the first graduated class from the High School, Mrs. Charles F. McLain (born Ora Cheswell), of '76. After her husband's death she held a position in the city schools, but her health failing a trip was made to Colorado Springs. It was of no avail, however, as shortly after her return to Omaha her death occurred, the funeral taking place from the home of J. J. McLain, 2221 Dodge street.

The class of '94 probably has had more fun in the past and will have more in the future than any other class in the Alumni Association. This assertion is fully born out by the actions of the members of that class during the Christmas holidays. Miss Myra McClelland was here from Tabor, Ross Towle was home from Harvard, Jesse Cleland, Phil Russell

and Erwin Davenport were up from Lincoln and the resident fellows were all here. They began festivities the Saturday evening following the closing of school by meeting at Ross Towle's home and having a rousing good time. The following Monday evening was spent at Miss Bertha Williamson's home. Later in the week a crowd of the young men met several of their fair classmates at Miss Godso's residence. The same crowd attended the Y. M. C. A. reception, where the various tables were visited and the time-o-day passed with the charming attendants.

If the bachelor members of the Alumni association do not get out and scurry around, some morning they will wake up to find there is nothing left to scurry around for. The appalling rapidity with which the girls are leaving single blessedness calls forth the previous remark, and he who wishes may see the moral in the number of marriages and engagements taking place every day in which Alumni members, particularly the women, play the principal role.—Last week Miss Brown, of '94, became the wife of Dr. Roberts, an Independence, Ia., dentist. The wedding was very pretty, many handsome costumes being present with their owners, and the bride's trousseau was, next to the bride herself, the admiration of all present.—The knowing ones have for some time whispered that '93 was soon to lose another of its belles, but until the Sunday *Bee* of two weeks ago came out the average society column reading fiend was uninformed of the engage-

ment of Miss Selma Charlotte Dahlstrom and Mr. Charles F. Erikson. The exact time of the wedding is kept a secret but the Alumni editor is authorized to state that the event will occur some time in the spring. Miss Dahlstrom was a favorite in the class of '93, and Mr. Erikson is an active advertising manager of several newspapers in and out of the city.—It is rumored that two members of '95 are engaged but this may be idle gossip.

Athletic.

Lehmer has commenced to study. Look out for prodigies.

Tukey and Humphrey are putting on weight. At least we heard they were doing so.

The Gym. has a new padlock. Perhaps this will be an incentive to pay up your dues.

The lads of Co. B. were doing the "setting up" exercises to the sweet strains of one of Sousa's marches last Thursday.

Jensen is a steady frequenter of the Gym. He only drops in for lunch, but we give him credit for his good intentions.

Gardner regrets having played Association foot ball. His game the other night must result in a new pair of trousers.

The Athletic Association is mad. It has heard of another minstrel show which is about to be given. The A. A. prided itself upon being the only organization foolish enough to embark in any theatrical venture of that kind.

McK— has become very popular among the fair sex since that picture was taken. Boys, let us have ours taken at once.

John Oliver Hayes is frequently seen by another member of this school in Room 42. He manages to drift in about 2 o'clock.

Some young men were too strong the other night at the Juniors' meeting. Their applause showed true spirit, but was a little heavy.

Association football has interested quite a number of the High School boys. It is a fair game, but can not be mentioned with our "steady" game.

The "setting up" exercises, as prescribed by Lieut. Peen, are not as enjoyable as those indulged in by the the foot ball players during their training season.

Your correspondent saw six members of the 'Varsity team of '94 hard at the pulley weights at the Y. M. C. A. Gym. last week. That's the idea, boys. You can't begin too soon.

Some one, a pretty good authority, too, was heard to remark that in order to be a successful foot ball player, a boy must be awfully round-shouldered. Ask C-l-ke if the shoe fits.

Some cadet officers have been badly affected with temporary enlargement of the cranium, because of their numerous stripes. Keep a look-out for them. Perhaps you can do 'em some good.

A NEW PLAN.

In all of the leading schools and colleges of this country the captains of the football and baseball teams

are chosen by the members of the respective teams, but with us it is otherwise. In the past the captains have been elected by the members of the Athletic Association. Most of these have not the least idea concerning the rudiments of football and baseball, nevertheless they are allowed to say who shall run the respective teams. Now this is not right, nor is it helpful to the best interests of either game. A man may be chosen who has more interest in his class or who has not enough time to devote to the game, or he may not have a desire for the game. Such a man would hurt a team a great deal, and hence the captain ought to be and should be chosen by the members of the team. Change the constitution of the A. A. and insure the success of teams for future years.

M. G. CLARKE.

THE CRYSTAL LEAGUE WINS.

The literary contest between the Crystal League Literary Society of Omaha and the South Omaha High School boys took place in South Omaha Saturday evening, December 15th, 1894. The contest was on the following: Declaration, Essay, Oration and Debate. Subject of debate: "Resolved, that the Gothenburg system for regulating the liquor traffic should be adopted." General average: Crystal League, 89; South Omaha, 85. South Omaha put up a good debate, but sadly showed the lack of practice in debating societies. The Crystal League boys made a record on that evening of which they may well be proud. A number of the High School boys went down. It has been sug-

gested that some of the enterprising, fearless debating societies in the High School challenge the Crystal League to a joint contest. Surely no harm but immense good might be derived from a contest of this nature.

Exchanges.

The Christmas number of the *Latin and High School Review* is better than usual.

The *Coup D'Etat* keeps up its reputation, especially in its editorial department.

With January *The Student*, San Francisco, Cal., enters upon its existence. Success to it and the editress.

He—My income is small and it's cruel to take you from your father's roof.

She (anxiously)—I don't live on the roof.

Sonny, aged 4, who had been reprimanded by his papa, turned very angrily and said with great vehemence "Man, if you do that again I'll kick your trousers."

"No siree," said Tom returning from a hunt with his new dog, "don't tell me that dog hasn't got brains."

"Ugh, I'd like to know where you find 'em," said his wife.

"Why, in his tail of course."

We gladly acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: The *H. S. Record*, Sioux City, Ia.; The *Magnet*, Butler, Pa.; the *Helios*, Grand Rapids; the *Anchor*, Holland, Mich.; *Mt. St. Joseph Collegian*; *Coe College Cosmos*, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; *Squibs*, Seattle, Wash.; the *Nebraska*, Lincoln; the *Recorder*, Lynn, Mass., and the *Nebraska Mute Journal*.

The *Epsilon* has started the new year with a good number.

The *Beacon* got out a very creditable holiday number.

We would advise a different quality of paper for the *Students Pen*.

We received a marked copy of the *American School and College Journal*.

The *Drury Howler* sports a cut of her foot ball team.

A fine paper. Hope they will exchange with us.


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