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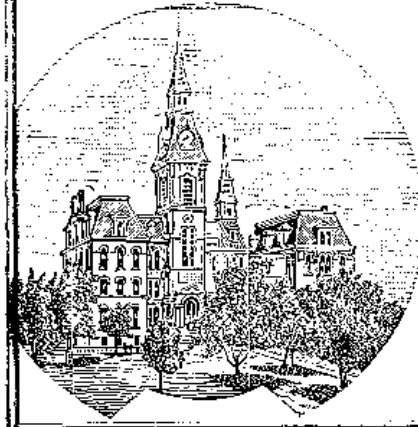
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HIGH



SCHOOL

# Register

IN THE  
INTEREST  
OF THE  
OMAHA  
HIGH  
SCHOOL.

MAY, '95.  
VOL. IX.  
No. 9.

DELECTANDO  
PARITERQUE  
MONENDO.

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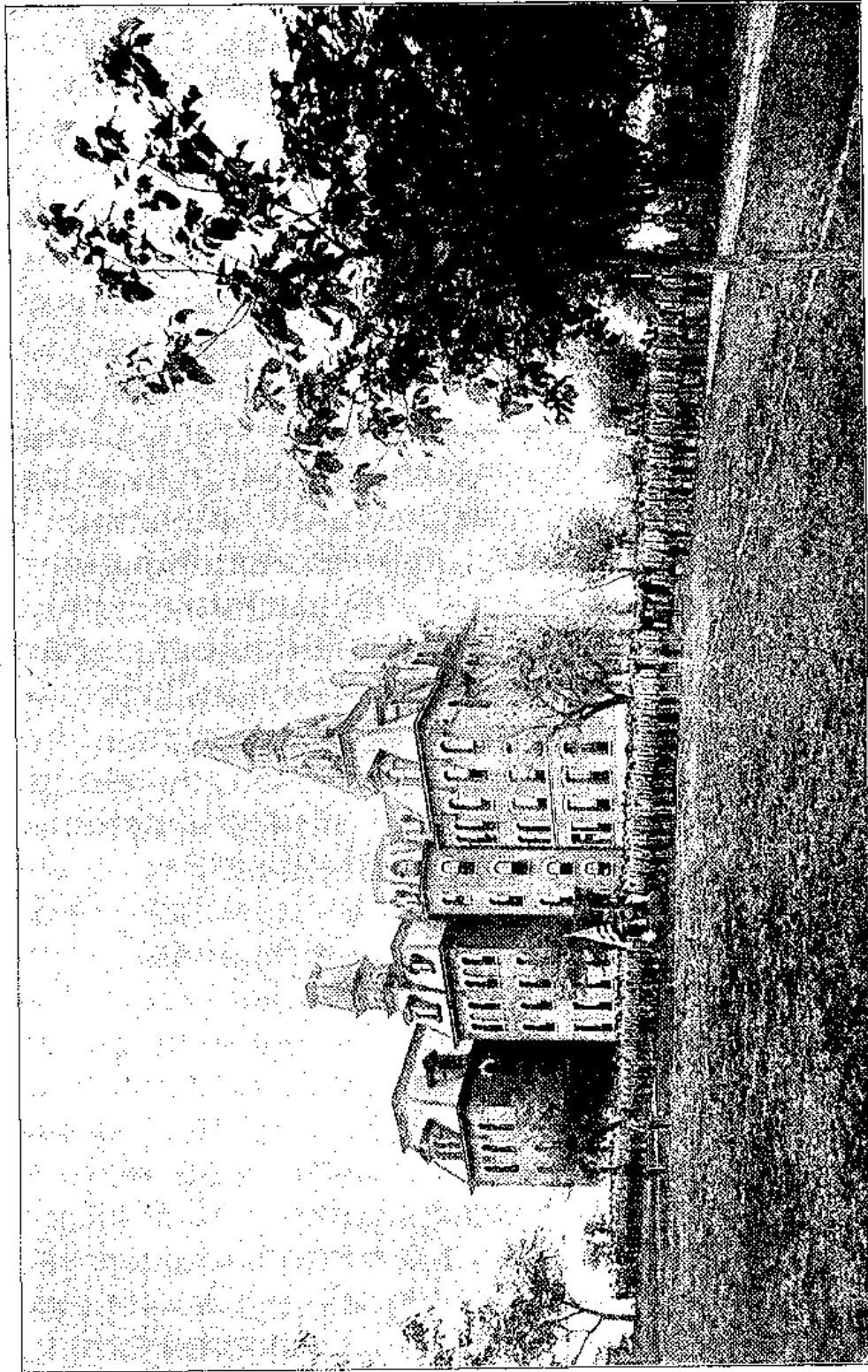
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McKAY, Artist.

OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL CADET BATTALION.  
May 16th, 1895.

# The High School Register

VOL. IX.

OMAHA, NEB., MAY, 1895.

No. 9.

## • 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.  
Subscription.....50 cents

### STAFF.

ERNEST A. SHELDON..... Editor-in-Chief  
JOHN W. SHANK, JR..... Associate  
HAMILTON S. GILLESPIE, JR., '95,  
DOROTHY HOLLAND, '95,  
WILLIAM GODSO, '96,  
DAISY BRYANT, '96,  
HARRY METCALF, '97,  
GEORGE WATSON, '97,  
GUY MUNKSELL, '98,  
ALMA CLAPLIN, '98,  
RALPH S. CONNELL..... Business Manager  
HARRY TUKEY..... Assistant

Entered as second class matter in the Omaha Postoffice.

### CALENDAR.

#### OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

Homer P. Lewis..... Principal  
Irwin Loviston..... Assistant Principal  
S. D. Beals..... Librarian  
Lieut. J. A. Penn..... Military Instructor  
Number of Teachers..... 26  
Number of Scholars..... 1090

#### 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  
Kenith Evans..... Vice President  
Marion Day..... Secretary  
Flora Patten..... Treasurer

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#### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

George Purvis..... Manager  
Harry Tukey..... Secretary  
Will Gardner..... Football Captain

## Editorial.

WITH the commencement number, VOLUME IX of the REGISTER makes its retiring bow. It wishes its many readers a profitable and enjoyable vacation, and the managing editors for next year harmonious and successful career.

It was with much anxiety that the first number was commenced, and we feel now that we have fallen far short of what we should liked to have accomplished. It has been our aim to bring the paper up to the highest possible standard, but as to its merit or demerits VOLUME IX must speak for itself. We have striven to do everything in our power for the best interests of the school and to represent it in the best possible manner. We have sincerely tried to be fair to all and to give each class a just representation. It has been the aim to have the heavier articles interesting and instructive, and the notes spicy and of general interest to the students. The size of the present volume, with the exception of one issue, has been increased from the former size of sixteen pages and cover to twenty pages and cover, besides the extra enlarged Christmas number. Two departments, the Scientific and De Alumnis, have also been added.

The managers of the paper have been trying an experiment this year.

It has always been the custom for the Senior class to own the REGISTER and to have full control of it, but now it is truly a school paper, owned and controlled by the three upper classes. The experiment has succeeded admirably. Instead of the feeling that it is only a Senior paper, the whole school feels that it is theirs, and the interest taken and the support given by teachers and students is highly encouraging. The plan will be continued next year with a few additional changes.

The editors wish to return their hearty thanks to the teachers and the pupils who have so kindly assisted them, and especially to Miss Quackenbush, whose series of articles have been enjoyed not only by the students but by many outsiders, and to Mr. Turner and Mr. Huston for so ably taking charge of the Scientific and De Alumnis departments respectively.

HAVING commencement one month earlier than usual this year is causing considerable comment just now. From one point of view it is very advantageous to the pupils, for the study during the long hot summer days will be avoided and more time can be given to recreation or labor. However, the benefits of an extra month's schooling are sacrificed. The work for the last two months has been doubly hard, as much of the ground usually traversed in the next month has been covered so that the students could prepare for college. The present circumstance emphasizes the fact that there is something radically wrong with Omaha's method of raising her school funds.

If the voters of Omaha care anything for the education of their sons and daughters, they ought at least, to put that institution, which teaches them the evils of crime, on as firm a foundation as the institution that arrests them when the crime is committed.

It is with pleasure that the staff for the REGISTER for next year is announced. The staff for this year has been editor-in-chief and associate, and business manager and assistant. The arrangement for next year has been changed somewhat; instead of the editor-in-chief and one associate there will be two editors and three associates. The stock is equally divided between the Senior and Junior classes. Mr. Gish, '96, and Mr. Morton, '97, have been selected as the editors, with Miss Bryant, '96, Mr. Godso, '96, and Mr. Munsell, '98, as associates. Mr. Connell, '96, on account of special ability in that line, will continue to be business manager. The staff has been selected after due consideration, and the classes feel that they are well represented. They have the very best wishes of the present editors, who sincerely hope that the REGISTER may continue to improve even more in the coming year than it has in the past.

IN spite of much effort the field day has been abandoned. It is a shame that there cannot be enough entries obtained in such a school as this to insure the success of the events. The excuse of too much school work and not enough time to train may be accepted, nevertheless it is a poor

one. The school has abundant material, as is demonstrated by the baseball and football teams, but more push is needed in the line of field sports. The tennis tournament will, however, take place, and it is hoped that it will be a grand success. Let us push this through at least.

It is interesting to note the present condition of school journalism. From the time that Daniel Webster founded the first American college paper at Dartmouth, the movement has grown until there is not a school of any importance in the country that does not have its paper. In fact this may be called one of the present college fads. While most of the schools publish monthlies, many publish weeklies and a few, dailies. The place that the paper fills is very important. It is really the representative of the school to outsiders. By its contents is judged, to a large extent, the character of the school. Its standards of excellence, its advancement and push, and the tone and character of the student body are all here usually portrayed. Particularly is this true of the editorial department. The editor does not always realize what an important trust is committed into his hands. His articles of approval, encouragement, or suggestion, and the matter with which he fills his columns are often the basis of the school's reputation. This department also has much to do with the shaping and molding of popular opinion within the school, and the progressive paper—the paper that is doing most for the

school—is not slow in seeing the good points and commending them, but it should be equally alive to the existent evils and not afraid to discountenance them.

THE graduates, as they depart from the associations of the Alma Mater, some into the higher branches of learning and some into business life, go well equipped in talent and character. They now become members of the great student body, the Alumni. In the Alumni the character of the school is revealed. While the reputation of the school in the immediate vicinity depends a great deal upon the zeal and enthusiasm of the attending classes; the honor and rank of our school is established by the achievements, character and influence of those who leave its halls. In short, the success of the school depends upon the Alumni. The great centrifugal force lies in them, and it is believed that the lives fashioned and the characters moulded beneath the plastic walls of the O. H. S. are of such a quality as to do honor to any walk of life and reflect grandly the merits of the institution.

As the graduating class steps from this circle of pleasure and study into the arena of life and duty its most candid desire is to act the part of a hero, and so far perfect that sense of honesty and self respect which was started in the High School that it may turn back in the years to come and gratefully say, "Blessed Alma Mater! Beneath thy roof in the morning of life I found the secret of success."

THE clique is the one thing to be most dreaded by any class. It may be composed of a few leading members of the class who wish to take everything into their own hands and be on all the committees, or it may be the few, who possibly slighted at first, stand back and oppose everything. Both are equally harmful. The primary object of the class or organization is to benefit the class as a whole. Success is the goal for which every class should strive. The fundamental idea underlying this is, in unity there is strength. The clique is the worst kind of class division. It takes away most of the class spirit and enthusiasm. In a short time a class gossip arises and then all the respect for each other soon vanishes, if conditions do not become even worse. The pleasant or the disagreeable memory of school days is largely determined by this. How often is heard the remark, "what a pleasant time we always had," or this, "I never had any fun, that clique always had to run everything." The class divided into cliques is usually a failure.

Every member of the class no matter how humble or diffident, has equal rights with the most prominent, and these rights ought to be respected. One of the best ways to avoid this evil is to put everyone to work. Give each something to do and he will become interested in the general welfare, thus will this be largely avoided.

It is very gratifying to the persons who had charge of, and those who took part in, the first contest to note the

interest and hearty good will shown toward this institution by the Board of Education, although many of them were not present. In another column will be seen resolutions adopted by the Board at a recent meeting, commending the success of the first contest and recommending that an Annual Contest be a permanent institution.

The High School is destined in the near future to rank with any college or preparatory school in the state in an oratorical line if this department is properly managed. And it is needless to state that the oncoming classes, as they become Juniors and Seniors, will seize this opportunity of benefiting themselves and the school in a zealous manner.

BREVITY is the characteristic of the present age. Lightning is the potent force and the people are all hurrying and rushing as if they were in connection with the current. Especially is this true in the field of modern journalism. The telegraph controls the news reports of the day, and everything is measured by the word. A man to speak at all must have a message, and even then he must come to the point immediately. The people have no time to read a long, tedious introduction and will pass by the article at once if it is thrust upon them. Neither will they endure a long-winded, laborious discourse. Condense, is the editor's watchword. Be brief. Make your ideas clear and forcible, then stop. The people demand this of the paper, and the paper to succeed must cater to their desires. Thus is developed a

style marked by the short, terse, abrupt sentence. The beautiful, flowing, developed period can scarcely be found now save in classical works of the past. Nowhere is it more appreciated than in a school. Here the students are generally crammed week in and week out in subjects which are often dry and uninteresting, and greatly do they enjoy a brief, breezy sheet. It has been the aim of the present volume to comply with these principles. The editorials have been restricted to three-hundred-words, and many contributions have been subjected to the editor's merciless shears, for which no apology is due save the betterment of the paper.

#### MY TRIP ABROAD.

MISS M. E. QUACKENBUSH.

Berlin is a city of soldiers, there being twenty thousand stationed in the garrison, and I think we saw every one of them. The emperor was about to go to his palace in Sans Souci, and all Berlin assembled in the streets to catch a glimpse of him. I had not seen Queen Victoria while in London, so was willing to mingle with the crowds for two hours in order to see the emperor, and our patience was rewarded. After the twenty thousand soldiers had nearly all passed by us, the emperor came along on horseback, bowing and lifting his hat. It was a very good natured assemblage of people, and the police did their duty, so there was no confusion.

The finest street of Berlin is Unter den Linden, which derives its name from an avenue of lime trees, and resembles the boulevards of Paris. It

has handsome palaces, spacious hotels and attractive shops. At the east end of the street rises the statue of Frederick the Great in bronze, representing the king on horseback.

The magnificent Brandenburg Gate leads to the Thiergarten. It is in imitation of the Propylea of Athens, and has five different passages, the one in the center being reserved for royal carriages. We, of course, went through one of the others.

The Thiergarten is the largest park of Berlin, and combines the character of a natural forest with a public park. Driving through it, you would never imagine that you were near a populous city, but seem transported miles away in the midst of a quiet forest. Here and there a lake can be seen gleaming through the trees, and then you find yourself riding along the shore of a beautiful sheet of water. It is one of the finest parks in the world, and even to think of it now, gives feeling of quietness and peace.

Several miles beyond the park is Charlottenbourg where Queen Louise is buried. We went to the Mausoleum, but were denied admittance as it is not open to the public during the summer months. I was very sorry, as I had always wanted to see the beautiful marble figure representing the queen, which seems to breathe as you look at it. Although we could not go into the Mausoleum, we were able to go through the royal palace, and stood in the room once occupied by Frederick the Great in the old part of the castle, and also saw the wainscoted rooms of Queen Louise in the new part.



One should not leave Berlin without going to Potsdam and Sans Souci. We had a beautiful day, and everything seemed arranged for our special benefit. Potsdam is charmingly situated on an island in the Havel, which here expands into a series of lakes, and is bounded by wooded hills. The city owes its modern splendor to Frederick the Great who generally resided there, and his remains are now in a vault under the Garrison church. We saw the famous fountain, but it was not playing. Near by is a hill with artificial ruins, beneath which is the reservoir which supplies the water for the fountain.

There are six terraces leading up to the palace, and on the highest one the favorite dogs and horses of the king are buried. Here he was accustomed to sit by the hour, and expressed a wish to be buried here saying "Quand je serai la, je serai Sans Souci," but it seems his wish has not been regarded. In the palace his rooms are preserved just as he left them, his books and maps lying where they could be easily reached.

Before going back to Hamburg, we spent two very pleasant days in Hanover, formerly the capital of the kingdom of Hanover. The art gallery has pictures taken from the different castles of George V, and we spent several delightful hours there. An avenue of limes leads to Schloss Herrenhausen, the favorite residence of George I and George II. This is a mile beyond the city, and an electric motor has recently been constructed which leads to the castle. The garden

of the palace contains numerous statues, monuments, fountains, hot houses, and a large palm house, and is laid out in the French style. Hanover is truly a kingly city.

Our next stopping place was Hamelin, a queer little German town situated on the Weser. Everywhere we saw pictures of the "Rat-Catcher," and were reminded of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin." Here we met Master Paul Hagn, who is studying practical farming near by, and who accompanied us in our rambles. A day at Oeyenhausen finished our little excursion, and we went back to Hamburg feeling that we had gained many more pleasant memories.

The summer vacation was drawing to a close, only a few short days remaining. I began to realize that I must cross the great ocean again, and this time alone. Hamburg is a beautiful city, but my enjoyment was due almost wholly to the kindness of my friends, and it was with a sad heart I bade them farewell and took the train for Cuxhaven, where the Columbia was in waiting.

The cars in Europe are very different from ours, consisting of compartments which are capable of seating eight people. I had a whole section to myself, which did not tend to dispel the gloom resting upon me. Upon reaching Cuxhaven, and not knowing which way to go, I followed the crowd and soon came to the wharf. When I saw the boat that was waiting for us my heart sank, and I began to wonder if I had made a mistake and had gone to the wrong landing.

But upon showing my ticket I found that I was right and went on board the small uninviting boat.

The band began to play as we cut our moorings, but this time there was no intoxication at the thought of the voyage before me. Soon we saw a fine large ship in the distance which seemed to be anchored. As we drew near, and I saw "Columbia" in bold letters upon its side, a feeling of relief came over me, and I went on board feeling almost happy once more.

I expected that the days would seem long and lonely, but they did not. There were a great many delightful people on board who were unselfish in their efforts to make others happy, and I seemed especially favored in meeting a few congenial companions.

The sea was not so quiet as when going over, still there were no storms, so I did not see any "white caps" that were at all formidable. For several days the boat had a peculiar rocking motion that I did not enjoy, and I began to think that a storm at sea might not be as "poetical" as I had always imagined.

We had one thrilling experience, however, that I shall never forget. About eleven o'clock one evening there was a cry of "man overboard!" The officer on duty at the stern of the boat rushed to the bridge to report to the officer in command, and orders were given to "man the life-boat." A poor fireman, overcome with heat, had in desperation taken this method of ending his troubles. There was a subdued kind of excitement, men and

officers running to and fro, and I never saw anything that seemed so fearfully slow and tedious as the launching of that boat, every minute seeming an hour. Then the impressive stillness caused by the stopping of the machinery also added to the solemnity of the occasion. The passengers were crowded together watching the searching crew, breathlessly hoping that they might be successful, but after nearly an hour's suspense they returned, their search proving fruitless.

The days passed quietly and peacefully after that, and we knew that each hour was bringing us home. Steamer acquaintances seemed like old friends, and I shall never forget the happy hours whiled away in their company, on the dear old ship Columbia.

Longfellow has beautifully said:

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,  
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

This finishes the record of "My Trip Abroad," and that which seemed an impossibility when the editors of the HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER asked me to write a series of articles describing what I had seen in Europe, has grown to be a very pleasant talk, and I have enjoyed in retrospection all the pleasures of the journey without any of its inconveniences.

There is a sound I love to hear  
More than words can ever tell;  
'Tis music sweet to my wearied ear,  
That dear old clanging bell—Q. FON.

## VALE, ALMA MATER.

The day has come at length old school  
 When you and me must sever;  
 For though we've been so happy here  
 We cannot stay forever.  
 Soon other forms will crowd your rooms  
 Where we have sat together;  
 Yet memory with its golden chain  
 Will bind us here forever.

The world needs men and women now,  
 And calls your girls and boys;  
 And now our dear old class must go  
 To taste life's griefs and joys.  
 We've cut our names in the woodwork,  
 In lines so deep and dark,  
 So though we make no name in fame  
 Yet here we've made our mark.

And now to thee our dear old school  
 We bid a long farewell.  
 It breaks our hearts to leave thee now  
 Our sadness words can't tell.  
 There is a longing in our hearts,  
 A wish that cannot be,  
 For we must answer duty's call,  
 And take our leave from thee.

WALDO P. WARREN, with apologies to an  
 old class song.

## Local and Personal.

Extra copies of REGISTER Ten Cents.

Ask Jensen to sing you a song.

Listen to the tales of woe, during  
 exam's.

Ida Withrow will visit relatives in  
 Chicago.

Purvis is greatly stuck on, or to the  
 O. H. S.

"The true facts in the case are as  
 follows."

Alumni reception Friday evening,  
 May 31st.

'96 is now singing, "I want to be  
 a Senior."

"Is Mr. Thurston the only one that  
 grasps me?"

Miss Winslade will visit relatives  
 in Michigan.

May Ballou will bask in the sun at  
 the seashore.

Rose Burnstein will visit friends in  
 Trinidad, Col.

Miss McHugh returns to her home  
 in Galena, Ill.

Miss Chamberlain intends to visit  
 friends in Iowa.

Gordon Clarke will take a trip  
 around the world.

Notice.—'97 class meeting post-  
 poned indefinitely.

"Everybody begins to melt at a cer-  
 tain temperature."

Miss Walker will be at home in  
 Mass., for vacation.

Mr. Colpetzer will be at Spirit Lake  
 a part of the summer.

Miss Allen intends visiting in New  
 York during vacation.

Behold the sweet faces of our foot-  
 ball and baseball teams.

The Seniors have their last class  
 picnic the third of June.

"Having their heads cut off they  
 marched away and sang."

Edith Kahne will spend the sum-  
 mer traveling in the west.

How many of '98's four hundred  
 will be enrolled next year?

Miss Swartzlander will attend  
 Chautauqua at Long Pine.

Mr. Sumner is to spend vacation  
 camping in the mountains.

Who saw snakes in his boots the  
 night of the Junior social?

For Rent—A 50-desk room. En-  
 quire of the treasurer of '95.

Misses DeVoll, Dinturff, Lewis and  
 Shippey attended '98's picnic.

Martha Homelins is detained at  
 home by a painful scalded foot.

A Suggestion for Acheson.—Get a  
 speaking trumpet for next year.

Junior translating Virgil: "O passi  
 graviora. O! pass the gravy."

Mr. Hubert Oberfelder will take  
 up his residence in Chicago, Ill.

Hal. Beans takes his outing in the  
 Black Hills and Billings, Montana.

Miss Cortelyou will enjoy a general  
 outing on a farm during vacation.

Mr. Beans will spend his vacation  
 among the mountains of Wyoming.

Cinderella, the first German play  
 given in the O. H. S. Point for '97.

Guy Ross now has a step ladder for  
 his accommodation in Physics class.

Dorothy Holland and Ella Phelps  
 will travel in the east during vacation.

A few of the boys took a spin on  
 their wheels to Plattsmouth recently.

Johal Stebbeans want to know  
 where the girls were in French exam.

The Rape of the Lock.—"That's  
 what we may call capillary attrac-  
 tion."

Can it be possible that curling irons  
 find a place on the boy's dressing  
 tables?

"What did you get on examina-  
 tion?"

"Got left."

Miss Snyder will spend the vaca-  
 tion at her home in the eastern part  
 of Nebraska.

Lester Wilson is undecided as to  
 whether a "sport" is synonymous  
 with a "dude."

If the boys were not so boisterous  
 fewer of them would collide with the  
 girls in the hall.

Mr. Turner will attend the conven-  
 tion of teachers in Denver, then go to  
 central New York.

The Seniors have discovered that  
 commencement means commence to  
 forget all you know.

"What has become of the Sopho-  
 more class?" says a Freshman. Wait  
 till next year and see.

Will Gardner is to be in Canada  
 for the vacation. He will camp on  
 the Lake of the Woods.

The attendance at the '97 class  
 meetings have so increased that they  
 need the Freshman study room.

"Constantine encouraged chris-  
 tianity by giving all the offices of  
 honor to the goddesses of Rome."

Willard Barrows has left school to  
 accept a position in a bank. We hope  
 to count him in '98 next September.

The honorary member of a class—  
 that one who puts in appearance once  
 a fortnight and then doesn't say any-  
 thing.

The enterprising Yankee who in-  
 vented a fur-lined linen duster must  
 have lived at some time or other in  
 Nebraska.





FOOT BALL TEAM, OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL, SEASON '94-'95.

The Junior play, "The Power of Song," was a decided success. The Athletic Association received the benefit of the proceeds.

Junior Physics.—"Microscope, from scopeo, to see, and micro-microbes; therefore something with which to see microbes."

Mr. Collett will probably go to San Francisco this summer, stopping off at Denver and spending a short time in the mountains.

"I don't like Caesar," said one scholar.

"Why not?" quoth another.

"Too much Gaul."

A certain member of the O. H. S., speaking of the statute of Moses, was heard to acknowledge that she had never seen the original. We trust not.

Mr. Warren expects to have his new song, played here at commencement for the first time in public, on sale in Omaha by the first of July, if not sooner.

In the Greek room the following sentence appeared on the board: "To this the generals ran with all possible haste." Then some artist came along and drew the picture of a beer keg.

Messrs. Powell, Chapin, Parmalee, Christie and Stebbins intend to take a trip to Spirit Lake this summer. They are going to rough it there in a covered wagon and intend to camp there for a couple of months.

'96 will lose another of her most charming girls on the departure of Miss Josephine C. Stanton for Washington. Joe's pretty sketches and

clever verses will ever hold a place among '96's worthy possessions.



PROLONGED APPLAUSE.

#### A '95 CLASS SONG.

MISS STACIA CROWLEY, '96.

Some talk of '91, sirs, and some of '93's;  
Of Taylor, Clarke and Oury  
And such great men as these,  
But of all the High School heroes  
That ever were alive  
We think we have their equals  
In the boys of '95.

CHORUS—Oh yes, Oh yes, the O. H. S.  
And the boys of '95.

When we march out to drill, sirs,  
The Freshmen stand and stare,  
And the girls all look with envy  
At the way we part our hair.  
The Juniors strive to imitate  
Our style, but let them strive;  
They'll never quite attain the air  
Of the boys of '95.

We're really quite proficient  
In Latin and in Greek  
And French and German too, sirs,  
Quite fluently we speak;  
And in English, Oh in English;  
Even Shakespeare might desire  
Some hints on how to use it  
From the boys of '95.

We sometimes play at football,  
And then you ought to see  
The terror and confusion  
Of our ad-ver-sa-ree.  
One day we went to Ashland,  
And—we all came home alive,  
For which the O. H. S. may thank  
The boys of '95.

And this we mean to do, sirs,  
Whatever place we go:  
To help the right and tell the truth,  
And never brag! Oh no!  
We'll love our Alma Mater  
And ever for her strive,  
That she may win new honors  
Through the boys of '95.

## Class Histories.



THE SENIOR.

CLASS OF '95.

M. GORDON CLARK.

Good friends, sweet friends, bear with me.  
I am no orator as Sheldon is,  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action nor utterance. I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know.

In the glorious year of "'91," when our class entered the Omaha High School, there were one hundred and seventy-nine boys, and two hundred and fifty-two girls enrolled as Freshmen, the total for the class being four hundred and forty-one; but of this great number only eighty-five are now members of "'95." Some have fallen by the wayside, wearied with the toilsome journey; some rapid pedestrians, passing their fellow-classmates, reached the goal in "'94," while some felt called upon to leave the work of preparatory for life's battle.

As Freshmen our class was noted for the smallness of our members, but what was lacking in size was made

up in knowledge. Many times "Mid-get" Merrit and "Babe" Williamson have been marked absent because of their inability to raise their heads above the desks without standing on the seats.

Do you not recall a pensive youth who by his thoughtfulness and grave demeanor seemed to anticipate the future honors of commencement night? That was Alvin Steele, the genius of "'95."

During this year the Atheneum was formed. It was the first debating society formed by any Sophomore class in the O. H. S. The emblems of membership were marvels of simplicity and cheapness. The officers for first term were: Pres., Fred French; Sec., Saida Allen; second term, Pres. E. Sheldon; Sec., Jno. Sumner; third term, Pres., F. Parsons; Sec., Jno. Sumner.

The event of the Sophomore year occurred one day during the noon hour and in the winter term. There were a lot of old football clothes in one of the rooms in the basement. These were unluckily spied by some of the "good" boys whilst eating dinner. One of the boys, *immenso copore*, proposed that they should make an image of the human form. His proposition was accepted; and two artists of the new school, Ayers and Whipple by name, moulded the image after a pattern furnished by Cross. Amazed at the beauty of the form, some distracted youth proposed that it should be taken to the third deck and thrown overboard. Finally by means of the back stairs, the third floor is reached; now

comes a grand rush for the front stairs where the act is to be done. Over it goes just as Prof. Blake arrives on the scene and orders the offenders to their rooms.

Jupiter, who sent Mercury with a summons for Cross to appear at the seventh hour for several months to come, and Mercury also carried to Harry a recommendation to eat his noonday repast in the council chamber of the gods.

## CLASS OF '95 CONTINUED.

LOUISE C. SMITH.

To the poet and novelist belong the realm of fancy, they may wander at will in the fields of imagination, cull sweets, offer beautiful thoughts of "such stuff as dreams are made of." The essayist deals in ethics, and expounds theories, but the poor historian is limited, he must confine himself to cold hard facts. He dare not dream, the land of romance does not exist for him. His excursions are bounded by truth, and he must close his eyes on speculation.

Candor compels me to say we are not and never have been distinguished especially for our beauty, but it has never troubled us. Beauty we have been taught to believe is a snare and a delusion. Brains have builded empires, beauty destroyed them. Nevertheless, we have our silver-tongued orators, who can persuade by their eloquence of any thing they wish you to believe. We boast our elocutionists, our sweet voiced singers and our actors with whom we laugh or weep as they move us.

Have we any faults you ask? Oh!

Yes, a few, and they are confined mainly to the boys.

We have been a class of high aspirations which in some instances have been sadly flattened out. For example, we conceived at one time the idea that we were very musical, that we really had a number of very fine voices in our midst, and that we ought not to fold our talents in our lunch baskets, but that we should form a kind of vocal society.

Fired with this ambition we called a meeting—searched the classics for a name—"The Timothean!" That sounded well, then we began to sing—that didn't sound so well, in spite of the fact that our zealous leader wielded his baton with Thomasean grace and lacerated the air with an enthusiasm worthy a wider field. Either he was too large for the occasion or the occasion for him, we have never been able to determine which. At any rate "The Timothean" was born and died almost in the same month, and we can only see that its grave is kept green.

Well, at that time we didn't know what thorns in flesh Juniors could be; didn't realize their inferiority as we do now.

Then the sleigh ride from which we all came home with voices like fog horns.

After this, the picnic and the skating party, when it would have been more appropriate to have skated at the picnic, and picnicked at the skating party.

Of course the second skating party later was a great success, that is, as far as the boys were concerned. It

is needless to say they were in the majority.

The second picnic! Will you ever forget it? Council Bluffs fairly rang with our "Rip rap rip, Rip rah rive."

Our Senior socials were "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Nevertheless it is true that many of the fair maidens of the class were a minus quantity. The gallants did not come around with enough alacrity to give one the idea we were great belles in the class. There are a few, however, to whom this does not apply. We tried to explain these little things on the ground that the boys were shy, but allow me to warn you, fair youths, if in your future career you are as backward in coming forward as you have been in your association with the maidens of '95, some other man will "get there," and future generations will read on the mossy marble of your last resting place, that saddest of all epitaphs—"Left."

The last brilliant scene in our career was the contest, when our opera house was gay with class colors—"fair women and brave men"; when Junior strength was pitted against Senior strength, when Justice held the scales and meted out the honors.

If the future should ever turn back sufficiently interested to read of us, as a bit of ancient history, I feel convinced they will realize we did not depreciate ourselves. I can even fancy some cynic saying: "Could they have been bought at their real worth and sold at their own estimation, upon the face of all the earth they'd have been the greatest speculation."

### THE CLASS OF '96.

MISS MINNIE CRANE.



THE JUNIOR.

On Sept. 1st, 1892, the Omaha High School opened its hospitable doors to receive the largest Freshman class that ever enrolled within its walls. Its great numbers proved a decided disadvantage, as on account of them it became necessary to divide the class alphabetically, a part coming in the morning and a part in the afternoon. Thus for the first year we were hindered from forming any class organization whatever. We were further abused by the division of our large study room. This prevented any attempt at organization and the year passed with no events of any importance.

The second year found us installed in the Sophomore study room on the second floor with Miss Valentine as our roll call teacher. Our first class meeting was held in the latter part of September when the class constitution was adopted, and Mr. Ralph Connell elected president. A few weeks later the literary and debating society was formed, and early in November gave its first entertainment. After that it met regularly once a month and always rendered very pleasing programs. When we came to school

one morning about the middle of the year, we found the boards covered with the motto, "United we stand, divided we fall." We did not quite understand it then, but upon investigation we found that some of our members dissatisfied with the Literary and Debating society had formed one of their own, called the Addisonian Club. A class meeting was called and the new movement was so crushed that it was the last division in our class. A short time afterward a Munchausen Club was formed. At the first meeting they listened attentively for awhile, but at last unable to bear it longer they all with one accord rushed for the door. The last that was seen of the founder of the club he was standing on the platform wildly waving his arms and beseeching the audience, please to be seated. This ended the Munchausen Club.

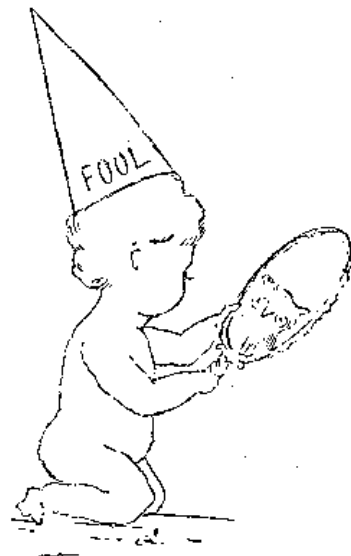
For a while there was a rumor of giving a play, but we determined to be original and give a musical. '96 has many fine musicians of whom she is justly proud. The first of the year appeared the Banjo and Guitar Club, which met with wonderful success, and later the Mandolin Club, one of the finest in the city. The concert was given June 1st and proved a grand success and the crowning achievement of the year.

By the kindness of Mr. Lewis, we were enabled to come back as Juniors to the room we occupied during our Sophomore year, and we considered ourselves especially favored when we saw that Miss Valentine was again our roll call teacher. Miss Lewis and

Miss Valentine kindly assisted us in decorating our new walls by presenting us with several pictures. Remembering the kindness of the boys and not to be outdone by them the girls secretly bought a bust of Webster, which the boys appreciated very much, as a surprise. The boys in turn redoubled their efforts and gave us two more busts, one of Grant and one of Lincoln. The L. and D. Society met every month and several new features were added to the program, the Current Topics and the Extemporaneous Discussion. The pride of the class, however, was the play called, "Cousin Tom." Owing to Miss Lloyd's kindness in drilling the actors it was a great success. We have been sorry to lose since then two of the principal actors, Mr. Hayward and Miss Duryea. About Christmas Mr. Lewis and Mr. Gillan announced the plan of introducing an oratorical contest between the Junior and Senior classes. After much careful preparation it was held April 30th at Boyd's Theater, and although the Seniors carried off two of the prizes, we think none the less of our talent. Let us hope that we will be as entertaining a Senior class as we have been Sophomores and Juniors.

### "TAKE YOUR BUMBERSHOOT."

Mr. Waldo P. Warren of the class of '96, has written a song which bids fair to be one of the greatest hits of the day. It is entitled, "It Will Never Rain if You Have Your Bumbershoot." It has been set to music—a delightful schottische—by Mr. Harry B. Izard, the composer of a number of popular songs.



THE SOPHOMORE.

## CLASS OF '97.

MISSES WATERMAN AND MOORE.

It was on a bright September day, in the year 1893, that a very important event occurred in the annals of the Omaha High School. It was no more nor less than the organization of the class of '97. Large in numbers, powerful in intellect with short trowsers and skirts and with long braids and hair; we were by far the most distinguished class that had ever organized in this school.

With the originality, for which we have always been noted, we established a new departure, and early in our career we organized ourselves into a class society, and were the first class in the history of the Omaha High School to form these mutual bonds of joy in our Freshman year.

Music and art have already a high place among our ranks, and our Mandolin club is recognized as among the best of the city. They helped furnish the music for the Officers' Ball and

the Oratorical Contest. As to art, one has only to ascend the stairs and gaze upon the walls of the drawing-room to see ample traces of the talent of '97.

In the spring of our second year, in the fullness of our joy as Sophomores, we gave a play in German, there were twenty-eight characters and five acts, and was on a larger scale than has ever been attempted by a former class.

The life of the class of '97 is part history and part prophecy. We expect to be the brightest class which has ever graduated from the O. H. S., and to have more ministers, rich men, poor men, begger men, thieves, doctors, lawyers, merchants and chiefs than a few. Many of our number are already this way. The ministerial dignity and mein already sit lightly on the brow of Harry Wigton; the unusual talent displayed by Harry Tukey in begging money for tickets is a strong indication of his future vocation as beggar; the grave and dignified demeanor of Chester Sumner in examing cows' eyes and pigs' feet are proof positive of his coming career as a surgeon; the remarkable conversational powers and extraordinary genius of Zora Shields displayed in the dead languages foretell her future as professor of languages in Vassar College. In future years we shall see Charles Shiverick wielding the baton of a great orchestra; and Alec Young's prowess as debater will place him on an equal footing with Daniel Webster and Patrick Henry. The glorious future of the class will far outshine the illustrious past. "The best is yet to be."



## The Freshman.

## THE CLASS OF '98.

MISS MARION REED, '98.

"The more the merrier;" if this be true surely we ought to be a very merry class, for we boast of about four hundred and fifty members—the largest class which has ever entered the Omaha High School.

When we entered in September, there were about four hundred of us, and the "other tribes" seemed to find us very refreshing, for we were continually entertained by gentle mumblings of "freshie," "greenie," etc., as we migrated from the first to the third floor.

This did not quell our enthusiasm, of course, and we soon discovered that we were very ambitious and energetic. This was a very good discovery to make, and we are glad to say that our enthusiasm has not diminished in the least, but rather increased.

A class organization was at once formed, and the following officers were elected: Harry Carter, president; Laura Hunter, vice-president; Herberta Jaynes, secretary, and Ben. Cotton, treasurer.

In October, after much discussion, consideration, and reconsideration, class colors were chosen, and we immediately proceeded to decorate ourselves and our room with them. Soon after this, came the adoption of the class yell—

'98, '981  
Garnet and white;  
Omaha High School;  
We're all right!

Class meetings have been held twice a month, and have been very well attended. These have proved to be very entertaining, and we have discovered no little talent among the members of the organization.

In January new officers were chosen. Harry Carter, our popular president, was re-elected. Claude Pike was chosen for vice-president; Sadie Alexander, secretary, and Ben Cotton was again made "keeper of shekels."

February brought us about a hundred more members. During the year the total number of pupils enrolled has been five hundred and fifty-five. This number has never been in attendance at any one time, and a good many have dropped out, so that about four hundred and fifty remain.

The class society decided that those of the new members who chose might join our organization, and a number showed their appreciation of the privilege.

On Arbor Day, after appropriate exercises in the study room, an ivy vine was planted, 'mid pomp and ceremony, on the east side of the building.

The rumor of a Freshman play caused some mirth among the "other tribes," and we do not deny that a

few sly winks were wunk at the mention of it. "But they winked the other eye," on the days of "The Slight Misunderstanding," for the participants, the Misses Hunter and Jaynes and Messrs. Munsell, Carter and Hopkins, covered themselves with glory and many shekels were gathered in. The '96 Banjo and Guitar club played for us and we appreciated their kindness very much indeed.

The play was given under the direction of Miss De Voll, Miss Sanford and Miss Valentine, and many thanks are due them for their patient and untiring efforts.

We are also indebted to Mr. Munsell and Miss Claffin for their faithful services as our class editors.

With the proceeds of the play a class picnic was given Saturday, May 18th, at Syndicate Park. All had a glorious time, and we indulged in class yells to our heart's content.

With our examinations, we all "confidently expect" to bid farewell to Freshman days, for our scholarship has steadily improved since the first, and with one accord let us say—Hurrah! for vacation, and hurrah! for '98.

"Then let us on, through shower and sun,  
And heat and cold, be driving;  
There's life alone in duty done,  
And rest alone in striving."

And it came to pass in the ninth month of the year, eighteen hundred and ninety-four, that an host of Freshmen did hie them unto an high place of learning.

And, behold, when they had reached the third floor, a teacher did instruct them in ways of a strange house.

Then did each one take up his parchments, and many did wander and could scarce find their way.

And, behold, after many days of tribulation they did accustom themselves to the laws of the wise man and the teachers.

And it came to pass that the men of the tribes called Junior and Senior did hold a council, and thus they spake—

"Behold, the maidens of '98 are fair to look upon. Let us hie ourselves unto the third floor and gaze upon them." Then did the warriors of '98 fall upon them and did drive them from their camp, and the enemy did no more afflict them.

Now, many did not obey the laws, or listen unto the sayings of the teachers. And, behold, they were sent unto an place of wailing called the "Seventh Hour."

And it did come to pass that they did band themselves together and did hold meetings. And, behold, there was much mirth and music, and many did speak.

And, behold, in the second month of the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, an hundred was added to the tribe, and they did come from the east and the west, and the north and the south, and the multitude was exceeding great.

And it came to pass that some did council with the wise man, and they did come forth with exceeding great joy, for behold, he hath said that a play might be given.

And there was great rejoicing among the hosts.

And, behold, two of the fairest

maidens and three of the bravest warriors were chosen.

Then did the other tribes make exceeding mirth, and they did scoff at the tribe of the Freshmen. And, behold, their mirth and scoffing was of no avail.

And it came to pass that in the fourth month, on the days set apart for the play, many of the kindred of the tribe did assemble.

And, behold, the play was good, and there was great rejoicing among the hosts.

#### '96 JUNIOR SOCIAL.

The Junior social was a great success, even the weather was without reproach (something worthy of note). Eight o'clock saw many of the young people assembled, but by quarter past eight Junior Hall was crowded. The "Power of Song" was a change in the High School theatricals and its success was largely due to the untiring efforts of Miss Lloyd.

Dancing followed the play and then we realized how many were present. It was more hard work than fun getting through the first waltz, but gradually the number of dancers grew less and what a good time we had! There seemed to be as many members present from other classes as from our own, but they were all welcome to the best time we could give them and we hope they will not forget the social of May seventeenth. We were also pleased to see so many of the teachers present. Altogether we feel that if anything it was more a social of O. H. S. classes past and present than a social confined to one class; and there was a feeling of loyalty to each other and to the school pervading the assembly.

#### COMMENDED BY THE BOARD.

This kindly notice of the interest in the High School shown by the Board of Education was recently received through Secretary Gillan:

"The following resolution was unanimously adopted by a rising vote of the Board of Education at its last regular meeting:

*Resolved*, That the efforts of Prof. Homer P. Lewis, principal of the High School, and Mr. J. M. Gillan, secretary of the board, in organizing and encouraging the High School Oratorical Association, also the very creditable efforts of the young ladies and gentlemen who took part in the first annual contest held at Boyd's Theatre on the evening of April 30th be heartily commended by this board; and be it further resolved that it is the sense of this board that an annual oratorical contest, such as that held on April 30th between the junior and senior classes of the High School, and maintained under proper regulations to prevent it from interfering with the regular studies of the classes, will be a very commendable and useful addition to the work of the High School.' Yours very truly,

J. M. GILLAN,  
Secretary."

One of the teachers who has been connected with the school for a number of years recently made an assertion that scarcely one person in a hundred whose name adorn the walls and window facing ever graduated with the class written after their name. A careful comparison with the list of graduates fully verifies the assertion. MORAL—Don't leave your monument on walls.



## SHAKESPEARE AS AN ETHICAL TEACHER.

MISS NELLE RANDALL.

"Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
His honor and the greatness of his name shall be."

Why will William Shakespeare be ever remembered? Why will the "honor and the greatness of his name" be known in every land upon which the sun dawns and upon which it sets. It cannot be because his works are so beautifully finished, for there are many poets who excel him in this. Neither can it be because of the clearness of his style, for here Shakespeare has exposed himself to criticism. He thinks in metaphores, sometimes in mixed metaphores and sometimes it is only with the greatest difficulty that the thought is unraveled. It is due to their interior beauty that Shakespeare's works reign supreme in the hearts and minds of men. Consciously or unconsciously, Shakespeare has become the teacher of humanity. He has shown man that the tragedy of his life lies at his own door, that his end must be tragic if he persist in clinging to a lower principle in opposition to a higher one, and that only as he becomes the bearer of that higher principle can his life be a success. It is because of lessons, such as these, with which Shakespeare's works are filled, that to him has been given the highest place in literature.

If, then, ethical teachings so permeate a work of literature, do they, in any way, destroy its beauty; ruin it as a work of art? Surely this can not be true, yet the French critic will tell you that no matter how immoral the teaching, if the work be beautifully

finished that alone will make it a perfect work of art, while the Anglo-Saxon holds that no matter how well the story be told, how vivid the descriptions; no matter how perfect the rhyme or how musical the rhythm, if there be wanting that which elevates humanity, that novel or that poem is a failure, for the author has failed to comprehend his great mission. No matter how beautiful the painting, how soft the colors, how perfect the perspective, no matter how graceful the statue, how perfect or how lifelike, if there be lacking that which enobles mankind, the painter or sculptor has failed in his great work and has fallen far, far short of the standard. To see that a desire to teach ethics does not ruin a work of literature as a work of art, we have but to turn to Shakespeare. His works are filled with ethical teachings, and who can say that these teachings have in any way ruined their beauty.

There has been some controversy as to whether or not Shakespeare designed to teach ethics in his dramas. No doubt this controversy will never be settled for we can not call Shakespeare to the witness stand. Yet if the student can deduce from Shakespeare's works the principles of the Ethical World in tabular form, it seems but natural that the author himself must have had some such outline in mind when he composed his great dramas. That the ethical principles are there, cannot be denied and it seems unreasonable to suppose that they are not there without the knowledge of the great dramatist.

How, then, does Shakespeare teach

ethics? How does he show to us his conception of the great ethical principles which play so mighty a part in daily life and action? It is not in an abstract way that he accomplishes his great end, but through the instrumentality of man in action. He makes man the bearer of the ethical principle, and him who embodies the higher principle, he makes victorious. The lower principle is not of necessity a new gem, but when it comes into conflict with a higher principle it must yield or its bearer become tragic.

In the play of Julius Cæsar, Brutus and Cassius stand as representatives of the old Roman idea of government, while Cæsar is the herald of the new form of government, the one man power. Shakespeare, by making the Cæsar-spirit rise victorious over Brutus and Cassius, teaches that at that time the principle upheld by Cæsar, Mark Antony and the young Augustus was a higher one than that for which Brutus and Cassius fought. In the play of the Merchant of Venice, there is also the conflict between opposing principles, yet there is no tragedy. In the struggle, Portia and Antonio, bearers of that higher principle, mercy, are victorious over Shylock who embodies the lower principle, of justice without mercy, and Shylock saves himself from a tragic end only by becoming reconciled to the higher principle and adopting the spirit of mercy. His "I am content" turns the play from a tragedy to a comedy.

Then, in the play of Macbeth, one character becomes the bearer of the two conflicting principles. In the minds of Macbeth and Banquo loyalty

to the king and personal ambition are each struggling for the mastery. Banquo chooses the higher principle and remains loyal to his king, while Macbeth yields to the great temptation of personal advancement. Yet Shakespeare, by bringing Banquo to a tragic end, teaches that inactivity is a great crime; that there is no place in this great world of action for the man who remains inactive in a great crisis, while by the tragedy of Macbeth's life he shows that

"We but teach

Bloody institutions, which, having been taught,  
return  
To plague the inventor. This evenhanded justice  
Commends the ingredients of our personal chalice  
To our own lips."

In Hamlet, Shakespeare has also set before us the conflict of principles raging within the man, and has shown us the tragedy of a life unable to choose between two principles. According to the old Pagan idea, Hamlet is bound to avenge his father's foul murder, yet as a Christian he doubts whether he has the right to take vengeance into his own hands. These two paths of duty he stretched out before him and he cannot decide which one to take. He wanes between the one and the other, accomplishing nothing, until Shakespeare brings him to a tragic end.

These are but a few of the many lessons with which Shakespeare's works are filled and what a significance they have for us. As man is the hearer of the ethical principles in the drama, so man is the hearer of the ethical principles in the world, and it is within his own power to make his life a success or a failure; therefore, in every conflict, let each one make



sure that he is the bearer of the higher principles; let him avoid a tragic end, for tragedy is not death, but the choosing of the lower principle; and let him remember that in the ethical world, each principle must subject all that is lower than itself, and must in turn be subservient to all that is above it.

## CLASS POEM.

DOROTHY HOLLAND.

Oh ye familiar scenes, ye roofs and towers  
That have been, but no longer will be ours,  
Ye halls in whose seclusion and repose,  
Our fame like exhalations rose,  
We who to the High School say good bye  
Salute you, earth, and air, and sky.

Ye teachers who, in earlier days,  
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze,  
By means of hours beyond the time of school,  
And good advice, and wisdom's rule,  
What shall be our thanks or our good bye?  
We cannot justice do, we will not try,  
But honor and reverence, and good repute  
That follows faithful service as its fruit  
Be unto you whom, leaving, we salute.

Ye books, whose pages are with thumb marks  
worn

With what capricious words ye all have borne,  
The algebra o'er which we toiled by night,  
That chemistry of which some hate the sight,  
The Virgil—tale of brave Aeneas old—  
And many more whose names cannot be told,  
And these same broke in thought we'd fain for-  
get.

But our adieus we say with fond regret.

The marks near relatives of books,  
Which bore such black and awful looks,  
With what suspense we waited for the cards,  
That showed a tale of joy or woe ne'er sung by  
bards.

But spite of all the shadows on our lives they've  
cast,

Separating, we salute you and forgive the past.

Ye who shall fill the places we have filled  
And follow in the furrows we have tilled,  
Ye coming generations that shall fill these halls,  
Ye coming voices that shall echo from these  
walls,

Young people, ye whose hearts are beating high,  
We, who to our school life bid good bye,  
Salute you, hail you, commend you to these  
scenes of ours

And bid you crown yourselves with fame as if  
with flowers

That ye may not unworthy be  
Of all these privileges left to thee.

And now my classmates, comrades, friends,  
I address you once more before our school life  
ends.

What shall I say to you? What can be said

Of the pleasant life that we have led?

Four years ago we all as strangers met  
Who at a common task were set.

Four years have passed; again we meet  
To bid farewell—our task complete.

What memories to these years will cling;  
What happy thoughts e'en now they bring.  
The picnic held within a sylvan glade,

Through which the class in freedom strayed;  
The socials, with the dancing, and the play  
That showed fair '95 in holiday array.

Then, last winter, we o'er the snow did glide—  
Enjoyed with jest and song our first sleigh ride.

This year, we had a skating party; when  
The Coliseum saw our gallant men.  
Enough! I need not on the pleasure dwell,

But only bid my class farewell;  
A friendly wish to these I know

So I salute you who're about to go  
To unknown scenes of work or play

Until the horologe of time shall strike the judg-  
ment day.

Who knows how many years o'er we shall meet  
Or what a record wait our eyes to greet?

What tragedies, what comedies will be there,  
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair;  
What chronicles of triumph, and defeat;  
Of struggle and temptation, and retreat.

What story of regrets, and doubts and fears,  
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears.

Not for pages such as these we hope, but for a  
love and trust

That shall be, aye, undimmed by age, unsoiled  
by dust.

Still yet these unwritten records belong to thee;  
Take heed, and ponder well what they shall be.  
Now our school life's o'er, let's not sit down and  
say

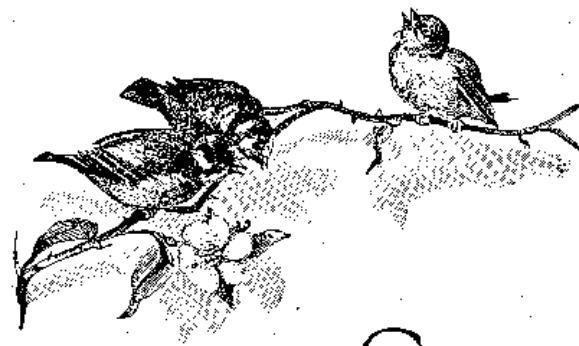
"The night hath come, it is no longer day."

The night is not yet come; we are not quite  
Ready to rest upon our laurels bright,

For something yet remains to do and dare;  
Our tree of life has only just begun to bear.

So as the twilight of our school life fades away,  
The sky is filled with stars unseen by day.

And may we all where e'er we live and strive,  
Keep undimmed the glory of our class of '95.



# Commencement Programme . . .

... OF THE ...

## OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 29,

... 1895 ...

BOYD'S NEW  
.. THEATRE

## CLASS OF '95.

MOTTO: *Ne tentes, aut pernice.*

COLORS: Apple Green and White.

YELL: Rip! Rap! Rip!  
Rip! Rah! Rive!  
O. H. S. '95.

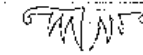
### GIRLS.

ALLEN, SATDA P.	ALLISON, MINNIE K.
ANDERSON, ANNA	ANDERSON, MAY
AYERS, MAUD	BALL, BEATRICE
BARTLETT, GRACE	BALLOU, MAY
BINKLEY, KITTIE MAY	BERNSTEIN, ROSE
CHAMBERLAIN, MARGARET	COMSTOCK, LEE
CORRELYOU, CATHERYN	DAY, CARRIE
DUNN, ITA MARIE	FAIRCCHILD, CARRIE
GAMBLE, NELLIE	GARBETT, ALICE LOUISE
GIBBS, LYDIA	HAMILTON, EVA
HANTING, MAY	HOLLAND, DOROTHY
HUNGATE, BERTHA	JOHNSON, LYDIA
KARBACH, OTHELLA	KUHNE, EDITH M.
LEONARD, GRACE J.	LIVSEY, MARY
MACKIN, HELEN	MCARDLE, TERESA
MCHUGH, FLORENCE	McMILLAN, GRACE
McPHAIL, ANNA	MORIARLY, NELLIE
MYERS, FANNIE	NELSON, ANNA C.
NORDWALL, ANNA	PAULSEN, HATTIE
PIERSON, RUTH	
ROBINSON, MYRTLE	
SMITH, LOUISE C.	
TOWNE, MARY	
WETZEL, EDNA FAY	
WHITE, GRACE T.	
WINSLADE, EMMA	
WITTHROW, IDA	

### BOYS.

AXFORD, GEORGE	BANKER, WALTER E.
BEANS, HAL T.	BURNS, SAM'L JR.
CHAPIN, EDWIN T.	CHRISTIE, BURTON
CLARKE, M. GORDON	COLLETT, AUSTIN J.
COLPETZER, MOSHER G.	ENGLER, FRANK W.
CROSS, HARRY M.	HEIMROD, GEORGE
GILLESPIE, HAMILTON S.	MATHEWS, WM. W.
LANSING, ROBERT	OBERFELDER, HERBERT
MERRITT, JESSE	
PARMELEE, ALBERT	PARSONS, FRED S.
PINKERTON, FRED.	POWELL, CLARK G.
SHANK, JOHN W. JR.	SHELDON, ERNEST A.
SMALL, DAVID A.	STEBBINS, JOEL
STEEL, ALVIN A.	STONE, GEORGE
SUMNER, JOHN T.	WALKER, FRED
WILLIAMSON, CLARENCE	WINSLADE, GEORGE
WOODLAND, FRANK H.	

## COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME.



### PART I.

Music	Orchestra
Essay	The Influence of Decay MISS ANNA ANDERSON.
Oration	Life Insurance MR. ALVIN A. STEEL.
Essay	The Novel as a Means of Reform MISS EVA HAMILTON.
Instrumental Duet	Seville - Bergson MISSSES OTHELLA KARBACH, HELEN MACKIN.
Essay	The Modern Oracle MISS ELLA PHELPS.
Music	Franklin March BANJO CLUB OF '95.
Recitation	Echo and the Ferry - Jean Ingelow MISS KATIE B. SWARTZLANDER.

### PART II.

Music	Orchestra
Oration	The Conservative Laws of Nature MR. HAL T. BEANS.
Essay	The Modern Joan of Arc MISS NELLIE GAMBLE.
Instrumental Duet	Tanhauser - Wagner MISSSES MAY BALLOU, ANNA NORDWALL.
Recitation	The New South - Grady MR. EDWIN T. CHAPIN.
Essay	The Power that Rules the World MISS EDITH M. KUHNE.
Address to Graduates	Dr. A. P. Marble, Supt. of Instruction
Presentation of Diplomas	by Colonel H. C. Akin, President Board of Education.
Music	Orchestra

## OMAHA BOARD OF EDUCATION.

### OFFICERS.

HENRY C. AKIN, President. JOHN L. PIERSON, Vice-President.  
ALBERT P. MARBLE, Superintendent of Instruction.  
J. M. GILLAN, Secretary. HENRY BOLLN, Treasurer.

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J. F. BURGESS. HENRY KNOBELL.  
THOMAS E. CRAMBLETT. F. B. LOWE.  
ALBERT J. LUNT. JOHN L. PIERSON.  
IRA O. RHODES. B. F. THOMAS.  
A. P. TURNEY.

### TEACHERS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

HOMER P. LEWIS, Principal.  
IRWEN LEVISTON, Assistant Principal.  
S. D. BEALS. KATE A. MCHUGH.  
L. J. BLAKE. L. MCCARTNEY.  
MAY COPELAND. ANTOINETTE OGDEN.  
ELIZABETH CRAVEN. MARIA OKAY.  
MARY F. DEVOLL. MARY E. QUACKENBUSH.  
C. BELLE DINTURFF. LUCY J. ROYS.  
DECIE A. JOHNSON. MARY E. SANFORD.  
EARL J. KELSEY. VILLA B. SHUPPEY.  
MARY A. LANDIS. BESSIE J. SNYDER.  
BELLE H. LEWIS. GEORGE M. TURNER.  
HELEN LLOYD. GEORGIA VALENTINE.  
SUZANNE WALKER.  
MILITARY DRILL, LIEUTENANT JULIUS A. PENN.

### SCHOOL CONUNDRUMS.

Who is he whose grave demeanor  
Awe even the most irreverent Senior,  
Whose good opinion we all prize  
Shown in the glance of deep set eyes?  
Who is he?

Who is the one with gentle grace,  
Who locates geographic place,  
Bringing to us historic lore  
Of brave deeds done in days of yore?  
Who is she?

Who is it that through toilsome hours  
Made chemists of this band of ours,  
But during social hours so gay,  
Unbent, and danced the hours away?  
Who is he?

Who is the one so tall and slim  
Who teaches German with a vim,  
Making some long that they were where  
Violets and roses scent the air?  
Who is she?

Whose tread is it we scarcely hear,  
We never know when he is near;  
Whose potent voice decides our doom,  
Based on those records in his room?  
Who is he?

Who writes so swift, in lines of beauty,  
Giving each day, through sense of duty,  
Stern training in Z, Y and X,  
And Freshmen's souls doth sorely vex?  
Who is she?

And who is she with dainty grace,  
Who teaches health, and ease, and grace,  
And from the house of nine to two  
Gives Freshmen work enough to do?  
Who is she?

Who is she that, whether the book  
On which the Senior Class doth look,  
Will still teach ethics and the strife  
Of warring principles in life?  
Who is she?

Who is this large and noble band,  
In awe of whom we all do stand;  
Who are these who come together  
And make for us such stormy weather?  
Who are they?—our teachers.

And who is he, who, in the dark,  
Bringing refreshments down to Clarke,  
Was frightened almost to gray hair,  
To find another in the chair?  
Who is he?

And whose girl was it, lived so far  
That when he could not catch a car  
Felt quite compelled, Oh! what a pity!  
To spend the night in Kansas City?  
Who is he?

And o'er her beauty we would linger,  
Who "twists the teachers round her finger"  
And much we prize the manly mien  
Of him who led the football team,  
Who are they?

And who is he whose pen can draw  
Shape of all things he ever saw,  
Who, if offended, in all cases  
Can take revenge by "making faces?"  
Who is he?

And who is all this mighty band  
In awe of whom the Freshmen stand,  
Whose duty now 'twill be no more  
To pound the nails or wax the floor?  
Who are they?—the Seniors.

And who are these we see afar  
Whose heads so much enlarged are,  
Who wait the shoes we now must drop,  
And into them will quickly pop?  
Who are they?—the Juniors.

### THE FRESHMAN PICNIC.

The people along the Sherman avenue car line, distinctly understood that the class of '98 had a picnic Saturday, May 18. The car which was chartered for the occasion was beautifully decorated in the class colors—garnet and white—by the young ladies and their assistants. The front car was packed three layers deep with eatables, which proved the bad judgment of several small boys who afterwards acknowledged that they had their pockets stuffed with biscuits so that they would be supplied when the lunch failed.

After having a very enjoyable and boisterous ride the party arrived at Syndicate Park about 11 o'clock. The boys immediately chose sides for a baseball game, while the girls,

unable to keep quiet for a minute, started in for a good old game of "Pull-a-way." We are happy to say Misses Lewis and Shippey out-ran all the other girls.

It took about one hour for this joyous crowd to work their spirits down to that rational condition necessary to realize the beauties of nature so well represented at Syndicate Park. As this began to break upon them they began to wander in twos and threes over the hills and around the lakes, ever on the lookout for new curiosities.

This interesting crowd, after eating until they could eat no more, were astonished beyond measure to find that they had just finished the top. They commenced moving around and finally found room for all the fruit, after which they departed without a word. (It must be remembered that doubts had been expressed as to the ability of the committee to furnish sufficient supplies.)

All regretted to leave the park when the time came. But all unite in pronouncing this first Freshman picnic a decided success.

### Scientific.

#### STEEL.

NORWOOD AYERS.

Steel is one of the three commercial forms of iron. It differs from the others, cast iron and wrought iron, chiefly in the amount of carbon which it contains, the percentage being less than is found in the former and greater than is found in the latter. As it is this difference in carbon

which gives to steel its distinguishing properties, it is easily seen that steel may be made either by adding carbon to wrought iron, or taking a part of it from cast iron.

In 1856 Mr. Bessemer demonstrated the practicability of this last method. Previous to this time all steel was made from wrought iron by expensive processes of carburization. As wrought iron itself was the result of a rather complicated process of reducing and refining cast iron, the steel made by these processes was too expensive to be used extensively.

Perhaps the most important of these methods was that known as the cementation process. In this process bars of wrought iron were piled in an oven in alternate layers with charcoal and heated to a red heat. This temperature was maintained for from seven to ten days, the length of time depending somewhat on the quality of steel desired. The hot wrought iron bars seemed to acquire the power of absorbing the requisite amount of carbon from the charcoal. From the appearance of the surface this product was frequently known as "blister steel." It was not, however, as satisfactory as was desired, from the fact that the carbon was not evenly distributed, there being more near the surface and less at the center of the bars.

Mr. Bessemer, while not the originator of the idea of reducing cast iron by blowing air through it in the molten condition and oxidizing the carbon and other impurities, was the first to demonstrate its practicability. But for a long time his experiments

were unsuccessful. He found it almost impossible to stop the air blast at the right time; when just the proper proportion of carbon was unoxidized. Finally he overcame this difficulty by burning out all the carbon and then adding the right amount in the form a pure cast iron free from all impurities but carbon. This iron is known as "spiegeleisen."

In the Bessemer process of to-day the principal apparatus is the converter. This is an egg-shaped vessel mounted on pivots and capable of holding fifteen or twenty tons of molten metal. It is usually made of iron plates and lined with fire-proof clay. In the bottom are openings through which air may be forced into the interior. To receive its charge the converter is inclined and molten cast iron is run into it from a cupalo or furnace in which it is melted. As the converter is righted the air blast is turned on and the combustion of the carbon and other impurities begins. The whole mass is violently agitated. Bright colored flames play about the mouth, and sparks and particles of molten metal are ejected in storms. When the carbon and other impurities are all oxidized the blast is stopped. The instant, from which even a slight departure affects the quality of the steel, is shown by a change in the color of the flame at the mouth of the converter. This change, though slight, is easily determined by one long accustomed to detecting it. The converter is now inclined again and enough spiegeleisen is added to give the whole mass of metal the right proportion of carbon. It is then

righted and the air blast turned on long enough to mix the two metals. When this has been done the converter is inclined for the last time and the contents, steel now, runs into moulds to form ingots. The whole process has lasted ten or fifteen minutes and fifteen to twenty tons of steel have been formed.

While still hot the ingots which are to be rolled are taken to the rolls and receive their commercial forms without reheating.

### Society.

It is with much regret that '96 bids farewell to her Literary and Debating Society. The last meeting was held on Friday, May 10th, and was well attended. The program was as follows:

1. Banjeaurine Galop.....  
Banjo Club of '96.
2. "The Class of '96"..... Original Poem  
Miss Bessie Dumont.
3. "Could I?"..... Vocal Solo  
Miss Clara Thomas.
4. Mandolin Solo..... Guitar Accom.  
Miss Mabel Cotter and Miss Balbach.
5. "The Wind and the Moon"..... Recitation  
Miss Winnie Lemon.
6. "Kommt ein Vogel Geflogen"..... Piano Duet  
Misses Mabel Barber and Jessie Lobman.
7. "Die Btirgenschaft"..... Recitation  
Mr. Kraus.
8. "Essence of Tennessee".....  
Banjo Club '96.
9. Class History.....  
Miss Minnie Crane.

The class of '98 held a meeting on May 18th for the purpose of electing new officers for their Sophomore year. Mr. Fred Cuscaden was elected president, Miss Celia Kessler vice-president and Miss Selma Andres secretary. The treasurer and sergeant-at-arms have not yet been elected.



Miss Ethel Williamson and Mr. Clarence Williamson will move to Tingley, Iowa, immediately after commencement.

Messrs. Moshier Colpetzer, Herbert Oberfelder, and Fred Parsons will, in all probability, assume the responsibilities of working men.

Misses Florence McHugh, Minnie K. Allison, Hattie Paulsen and Eva Hamilton, will continue the good work and don the teachers role at once.

The following young ladies will attend the normal school: Misses Maud Ayers, Beatrice Ball, Rose Bernstein, Ita Dunu, Nellie Moriarty and Fannie Meyers.

The following young men will probably continue their studies at the State University: Walter Banker, Austin Collett, Burton Christie, John Sumner, and Alvin Steele.

Misses Edith Kuhne and Anna Nordwall, and Messrs. George Heimrod, Gordon Clarke, John Shauk and Ernest Sheldon will attend college, but have not decided where.

The young ladies who will continue their studies but in a different branch, that of housekeeping, etc., are: Misses Carrie Fairchild, Anna Nelson, Myrtie Robison, Edna Wetzel and Othelia Karbach.

The students who can't tear themselves away from the old school and therefore intend coming back and taking a post graduate course are: Misses Saidie Allen, Emma Winslade, Messrs. Albert Parmelee, Joel Stebbins, George Stoney, Edwin Chapin, and Jesse Merritt.

The number who are yet undecided as to what they shall do is quite large; they are: Misses Anna Anderson, May Anderson, Kittie Binkley, Margaret Chamberlain, Lee Comstock, Cathryn Cortelyou, Alice Garrett, Lydia Gibbs, Grace McMillan, Anna McPhail, Mary Towne, Mary Wallace, Addie Whipple, Grace White, Ida Withrow, May Livesey, and Messrs. Frank Engler, Will Mathews, Frank Woodland and George Axford.

#### THE VACATION SCHOOL ROOM.

JOSEPHINE KELLEHER '96.

The golden sunbeams softly grope  
Thro' a dim and darkened room.  
Tracing the desks with shadows dim,  
Lightening the blackboards gloom.

Down the long ghostly corridors  
They go with a stately pace,  
And at noon when the sun reigns rampant  
While the shadows are backward braced.

Slowly and slow falls the evening,  
Forward the weary shadows crawl,  
Then the moonbeams glide through the casement  
And taper along the wall.

#### COMPOSED BY A SCHOOL BOY OF 1800.

I.

The nox was lit by the lux of luna,  
It was a nox most opportuna  
To catch a possum or a coona;  
For the nix was scattered o'er the mundas,  
A shallow nix et non profundis,  
On sic a nox cum canis unis,  
Two boys went out to hunt for coonas.

II.

The corpus of the bonus canis  
Was just the length octo span is;  
But brevior legs had canis never,  
Quam had hic dog bonus clever;  
And some folks say in stuttum jukum,  
Quad a field was too small locum,  
For sic a dog to make a turn in,  
Circum self from stem to sternum.



HARRY TUBEY, WHO WANTED TO CARRY THE FLAG.

#### De Alumnis.

MR. JAMES HOUSTON, JR.

Miss Abba Bowen, '93, will spend the summer in Boston.

Mr. Fred Rustin, an old O. H. S. boy, is captain of Yale's baseball team.

Miss Mabel Colby, '92, has moved to Denver, which will be her future home.

Mr. William Welshans, '93, has returned home for the summer from Stanford University.

The marriage of Miss Alda Mills, '89, to Mr. Arthur Rathburn of this city was recently celebrated.

Miss Cassie Arnold, '91, presides at the floral emporium in the bicycle store of Will Barnum & Bro.

Mr. George Gilbert, '93, has been studying medicine with Dr. Jonas since the close of the Omaha Medical College.

Mr. Fred Van Horn, '93, has taught a district school near Millard, Nebraska, the past two months.

Miss Marion Crandall, '89, for several years a resident of Kansas City, has returned to Omaha to live.

Mr. Wirt Thompson, '93, was a member of the detachment of Thurston Rifles that came home in such glory May 24.

Miss Anna Witman, '89, has resigned her position in the city schools and moved further west. Los Angeles is now her home.

Miss Cora McCandlish, '92, has temporarily abandoned going to India, but will engage in mission work in Chicago this summer.

Mr. Walter F. Durnall, '89, is achieving great success as an amateur photographer. He is a member of the Omaha Camera club.

The jolly dozen, composed of the graduating class of the Omaha training school for 1895, met May 21 with Miss Lizzie Phillips, '93.

Miss Millie Hilmes, '93, has acted the past year as stenographer and typewriter for Kopp, Dreibus & Co., manufacturing confectioners.

The wedding of Miss Blanche Van Court, member of ninety-three for several years, to Mr. Fred Schneider, '91, was solemnized in April.

At the oratorical contest between ninety-five and ninety-six, a large number of Alumni were present, there being noticed Miss Lehmer, '91, Miss Bowen, '93, Miss Phillipi, '94, Mr. Gilbert, '93.



The family of Mr. Otis Whipple, '93, has moved to Oklahoma Territory where he will spend the summer vacation when the state university adjourns.

Mr. Frank Riley, '93 has been elected editor-in-chief, and Mr. Harry Oury, '93, business manager of the Junior Annual at the State University for next year.

Miss Ruth Phillipi, '94, leaves in September to enter the Freshman class at the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. Miss Phillipi will take the classical course.

Mrs. Selma Dahlstrom, '93, and husband have returned from their honeymoon, and are planning for a cozy home to be built adjacent to the bride's on Chicago street.

M. Augustus Detwiler, '87, a graduate of Johns Hopkins, has received the degree of M. D. and opened an office in the Bee building, next that of another alumnus, Mr. C. S. Elguter, '81.

The poem, written by Miss Ethelwynne Kennedy, '89, for the Women's edition of the *Bee*, was splendidly received by the public.—A number of the High School alumnæ participated in the preparation of the May Day *Bee*. Miss Georgia Lindsay, '93, contributed a dainty little story translated from the French.—Miss Lydia McCaguc, '88, was editor of the page devoted to Art.—Miss Bessie Skinner, '92, devoted the day of publication to murders, marriages and other items of general interest in her capacity of reporter.—Miss Anna Pickard, '93, was secretary under the business manager.

Miss Irene Byrne, '89, and Miss Mabel Hyde, '89, have made great progress in the study of French the past year, under Prof. Chatelain.

A farewell picnic to Miss Hitty DeGraff, '93, who is soon to leave single blessedness, is announced for May 31, afternoon and evening. A number of her classmates and intimate friends have been invited.

In a letter to a friend from Chicago, Miss Stacia Crowley, '76, tells of a contemplated Omaha evening to which she intended inviting the Omaha people now in the Windy city, among them being Scott Brown, '92, Henry Clark, '92, and Allen Hopkins, '93.

#### COMPANY "A" WINS THE FLAG.

The competition drill at the Coliseum was one of the events of the year. At the close of an extensive parade through the streets of the city in which the cadets took an important part, the companies were marched to the Coliseum. After an exhibition drill by the different military orders of the city, including a few of the veterans of '63 and the Thurston Rifles, the competition drill came. The cadets all drilled in an excellent manner, as a result of their steady practice. The marks were very close but Company "A" gained the advantage by four points; Company "C" taking second place, "B" third and "D" fourth place.

The flag was presented to the battalion May 16th, Gen. Brooke, U. S. A., making the presentation speech. The handsome flag was a gift from the girls of the High School and the Board of Education.

#### ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The first Annual Oratorical Contest was held at Boyd's Theatre April 29th. The house was beautifully decorated with class and school colors, and there was a good representation of the school present. Both classes had been making special preparation and the contest was very close.

Mr. John Shank, '95, won the oration in a masterly manner and fully merited the high praise given. Mr. Connell, '96, delivered his debate in a spirited style. Miss Swartzlander's, '95, work was truly artistic. Thus was the victory for '95.

It has been suggested that an association be formed consisting of the Kansas City, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Des Moines and Omaha High Schools. Such a thing would be worth striving for, and the REGISTER heartily commends the scheme.



A CERTAIN CAPTAIN BEFORE THE DRILL AND ANOTHER ONE AFTER.

#### A POME.

There was a boy,  
There was a tack,  
There was a teacher now,  
The tack sat down upon its head -  
The teacher sat down, too.  
O Fate ! ! ! ! !

#### Exchanges.

During the past year no department of the REGISTER has been more enjoyable than the exchange department. Though the exchanges we learn just how our own paper ranks with other school papers; also how our school ranks with other schools, for no better representative of a school can be found than the school journal.

We have been highly honored in having the *Nassau Literary Magazine* and the *Epsilon* as exchanges. In literary merit they are undoubtedly among the best in the country.

The exchange department ought to be a prominent feature of Volume X of the REGISTER.

For want of space we are unable to acknowledge the receipt of our exchanges for the last month, although the list is already in type.

#### JUST BEFORE EXAMINATION.

BY WALDO P. WARREN.

(Tune.—"Just Before the Battle, Mother.")

Just before examination,  
I am cramming by the peck;  
And I hope by all creation  
Not to get it in the neck.  
I have monkeyed by the wholesale,  
And I've whiled the term away;  
Now I know that I must hustle,  
Or I'll find I've been too gay.

Examinations, you are horrid,  
How I wish you were no more;  
For then I know we'd all be happy,  
And not sink down through the floor.

Classmates do you know your Latin?  
Do you know your Greek and Dutch?  
Do you know each hard construction—  
Verbs and nouns, and likes of such?  
There are hundreds of hard questions  
That are picked out for us now,  
And if you think that you will make it,  
You just come and tell me how.



BASEBALL TEAM, SEASON OF '95, OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

Oh how I wish that I had studied,  
And I s'pose that you do, too;  
But now the time has gone forever,  
Let's do the best that we can do.  
Let us hope that all our classmates  
Will not reap as they have sown;  
Let us hope that they will pass well,  
And no failures will be known.

#### AFTER EXAMS.

By WALDO P. WARREN.  
With apologies to "After the Ball."

A little school boy  
Hied him way to school;  
Didn't know his lesson,  
As was his rule.  
He wouldn't study,  
Wouldn't mind the "mams,"  
But he wished he had, though,  
After exams.

After exams are over,  
After our marks are known,  
After we've learned our fate,  
After our faults are shown—  
Many's the heart that's broken,  
Many have the jim-jams,  
Many's the thought unspoken,  
After exams.

Once he played hooky,  
Wrote his own excuse  
Signed his father's name to it,  
Like a little goose.  
He got three weeks for  
Passing off such shams;  
But he wished he hadn't,  
After exams.

One day a card came,  
From the teacher's pen—  
"You must take the work, lad,  
Over again."  
Then he felt bashful,  
Thought a thousand—(blanks)  
Couldn't speak his thoughts, though,  
After exams.

#### Athletics.

##### THE BASEBALL TEAM.

The following is a brief sketch of the O. H. S. baseball team:

Engler, '95, center field, fields and bats well, but could improve running bases.

Hopkins, '98, right field, seldom misses the ball, is a good thrower and a fine "coacher."

Vodica, '98, left field, is a new man. His quick fielding has robbed our opponents of several certain hits.

McKell, '98, first base, is the giant of the team. He is a steady fielder, and made the first homer of the season.

Gardner, '96, has been doing the bulk of the pitching. He is very speedy, has good curves and excellent control.

Hoagland played second and right. He is a sure hitter and fielder, and is without doubt one of the strongest men on the team.

Talbot, '98, the catcher, has played on the team for two years. He is a sure catch, and has yet to find the man who can steal second base.

Clarke, '95, plays third in truly professional style, and his one-handed "pickups" have been of a mythical order. He is a terror at the bat and on the lines.

Whipple, '94, plays short. His fielding average could be raised, but he is the surest batter on the team, and his base running has helped win many a game.

Purvis, the manager, is sub, and is a good man. He seldom plays, but when he does there is an opportunity to learn the fine points of the game, both in the field and at bat.

Cowgill, '95, second base and captain, is the "kicker" of the team, but he always plays the game to win. He made a creditable showing in the box in the few games that he pitched.

H. A. W.

As we look back upon the past, we have every reason to feel proud of our athletes who have placed the old High School upon a pinnacle of local

fame by their long list of unbroken victories on both the ball field and the gridiron. During the past season the work of baseball and football team has been better than ever before, and we can see the development made in every game played by our team.

We have exceptionally good talent in our school, conscientious players who put forth their best efforts to further athletics, and encourage a good and healthy spirit of sport in all out door exercises. We must once more acknowledge the benefits and the pleasures that have been derived from our close association with the athletic branch of the Y. M. C. A. The gridiron has always been open to the practice of our players, and the rah, rah, rahs of the enthusiastic members have often inspired us to greater efforts to place victory within our reach. As the athletic season is brought to a close, and we notice the splendid showing made by the boys, we cannot but try to look into Future's mirror to see what she has in store for us.

Capt. Clarke has finished his second season as captain of our eleven, and in sixteen games played fourteen have been in our favor. No greater praise can be sung of Clarke than the publishing of this record. Lincoln has fallen twice before us, Plattsmouth, once; Nebraska City, twice; Council Bluffs, twice; and many other teams have tasted of our wrath. We played our first game against the Y. M. C. A. team, and won by a very small margin, 6-4.

In base ball our success has been equally great. Howard Cowgill has been our captain during this season, and has done remarkably well. He is a steady player, and is never rattled. Six games of ball were played and all but the last one were won by the O. H. S. Our one defeat occurred last Saturday at the hands of the Univer-

sity Club of Omaha. We were completely out-classed, and did not at any time display any disposition to win. I will refrain from mentioning the score as it will only re-open a subject about which we are very sensitive. Too much cannot be said of the teams taken as individuals. In the football field, Gardner, Burdick and Lehner have attained an excellence that would do credit to almost any University team. Gardner's sure tackling and irresistible rushes have won many points and no end of applause for the lads who sport the scarlet and white. Lehner and Burdick play heady games of ball, and are always to be depended upon for a quick run around the end or a dart through the line. "Little Whip" has been spoken of so often and his good points so often brought before the public that there is little use of again singing his praises. He has played a superb game at quarter back, and we are at a loss how to manage to get along without green (what an eye for color!) sweater. Big Cross and Jensen have played the games of their lives, and our line has been as solid as adamant because of their sturdy backs and sympathetic playing. Jackson at guard has done very well, and as he will demonstrate his ability to play, next year, we will not say much of his prowess now. The balance of the team is composed of Tukey, Cowgill and Purvis. Tukey, our comedian has a natural talent for football (I speak of his hair, which has to be cut twice a week), Cowgill, at tackle has played a brilliant game, and is always on hand "to make a hole" for some aspiring half back. The Board of Education has given the team financial help which enabled it to place itself in the present proud position. We wish to acknowledge our appreciation for their help, and we will strive to make our athletic record as clean and noble as our intellectual department already is.

The baseball team is composed of most of the football players, with the exception of Talbot, our fine catcher, Vodicka, Hoagland and McKell. Hoagland desires especial mention for his cleverfielding and baserunning. McKell is a sure man at first, and it is seldom that a wild ball gets past him.

Our outlook for the coming season is very promising, and we have every reason to look forward to a brilliant career. Gardner will lead the foot-

ball fiends to victory, and we are sure that they will arrive at the top of the ladder. Our coaching will be in the hands of a competent person who has a reputation as a pennant winner. We will have with us such good men as Gardner, Tukey, Jackson, McKell, Hopkins, Humphrey, Jensen, Lehner, and perhaps Burdick. They will step into the vacated places and will make our football team of '96" a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

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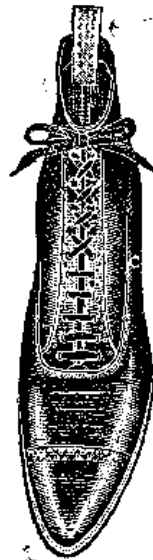
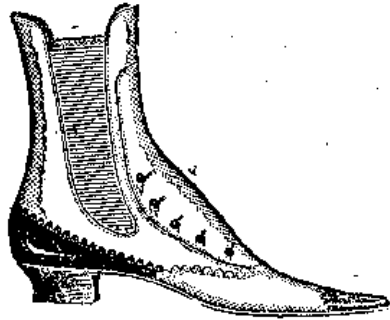
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**A SUMMER'S OUTING.**

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get the invitations this is the way they grin:



"What a jolly time we'll have," thought Gillespié, as his brain became muddy with thoughts like this:



Fred Parsons went to take a vacation on the ten thousand acre farm of Moshier Colpetzer. The farm is situated about twelve inches west of Denver. After Mr. Parsons has dug among the 'taters and punkens for a week or so he decided that farm life is too lonesome without some of his old school friends to help him battle with the 'skeeters and flies down in Possum Holler, so he sets to work and writes a number of invitations to the boys to come down and help him and Buzz have some fun. When the boys

Everyone who got an invitation thought it to his advantage to get down on the farm right away immediately if not a little sooner. So a

number of those military lights, including Mr. Connell, Mr. Dale, and Mr. Godso, went this way:



These boys thought they would be there first, but they were doomed to disappointment. As they passed the home of Mr. Archibald Acheson, he looked bewildered, for he had not yet started, and he had hopes of getting there first. But Mr. Acheson was never outdone before, and was not to be now. He telephoned over to George Purvis and Jesse Merritt, and soon they were on the road. When they came in sight of the farm, they heard a great shout arise from the 'tater patch. It was:

O-O-O-M-A-A-A-H-A O-M A-H A  
HIGH SCHOOOOOL.

A few days later the sojer boys put in an appearance, and the old hills once more trembled with the old school yell.

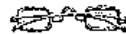
Then came Chapin, and Stoney, and Summer, and this is the way they came:



And it came to pass that Tony Gsantner fetched up the rear, thusly:



And now all the boys were there, and a rousing old yell was sent heavenward, and St. Peter looked over the transom to see what was the matter, and this is what he dropped.



"Here's to Old Omaha High" shouted Parsons as he took a monkey-wrench and assaulted a keg like this,



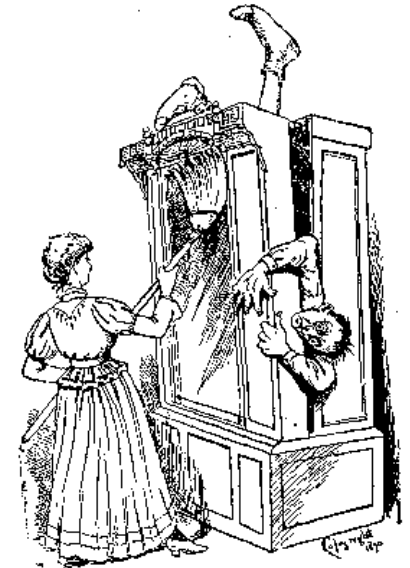
only it was considerable larger. It was surprising how the boys rushed. Of course each wanted to get there first and the result was a general dive. A few got off with a few scratches, but most of them were pretty badly bruised. Con-

Mr. Burns was the first one to wake next morning.



siderable blood, however, was spilt in seeing who could get the first schooner of lager. It was with a good deal of difficulty that Mr. Wagner was induced to take a little beer for his stomach's sake.

But he soon got over that notion, and this is the way they sobered him up.



But he was the last one out of bed. He calmly lay there and dreamed like this



Early in the morning the boys were awakened by the porter's prima donna voice as he gave the old school yell, which he had caught on to. And this is the way he looked as he said it.

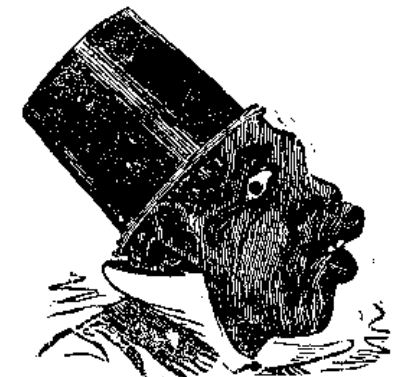


Mr. Harry Cross, noticing that the contents of the keg was getting low, began to lecture Mr. Samuel Burns, Jr., on the evils of the intoxicating bowl.

And a knowing grin like this



passed around the crowd. And they winked at each other like this



"Now for a jolly hunt, boys," said Cross as he shouldered his gun



and called towser.



The first thing he saw was an eagle like this,



but when he had shot at it 47 times, it flew up and sat on the end of his gun, and this is the way it looked:



Here is a picture of the bear that Mr. Connell did not shoot.



But Gsantner succeeded in bringing down a buffalo like this,



for which he was required to pay \$20; and this is what he thought:

\$!!!!??!\$!!\$?! (etc.)

Chapin saw a lamb like this,



and went and patted it on the head, and this is what he saw:



And when Mr. Acheson had succeeded in shooting an elephant like this,



and Mr. Purvis had missed a deer like this,



the hunt was brought to a close.

But Wagner in the meantime was enjoying himself like this,



and the boys thought that paying for carriages was more congenial to them and their pocketbooks than paying for cows they had shot, so they decided they would follow Wagner's example and come home and enjoy vacation with the girls.

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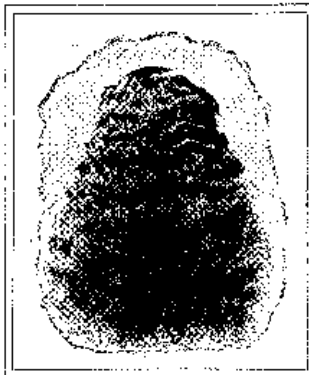
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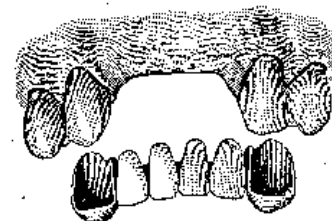
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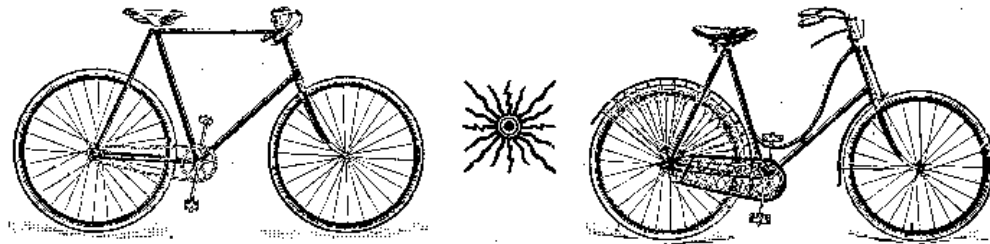
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