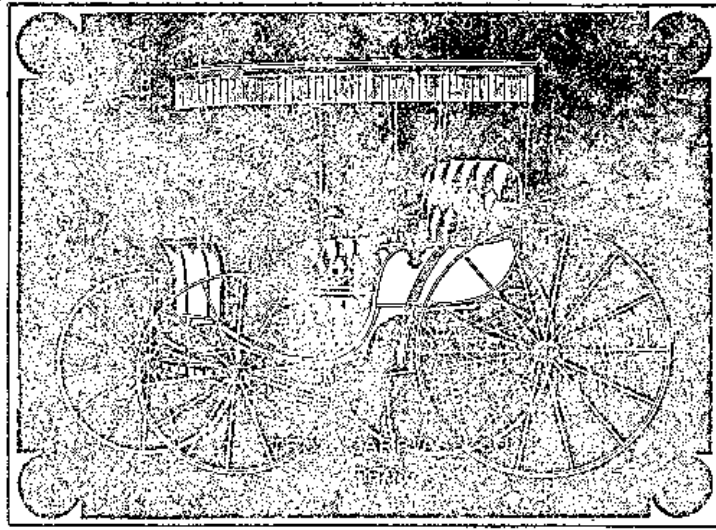


15

BUGGIES

AT

COST



10

PHETONS

AT

COST

WE HAVE A REASON

Two Carloads of Phetons, Surries and Buggies were sent from the East to our State Fair Exhibit. They are especially well finished. Got up to catch the eye of the people, and by many called the best display on the grounds. The hot sun wilted the people so they did not care to buy; the dust and wind disgusted the owners of the exhibit, and they are placed with us for sale at lower prices than you'll ever buy as good work again. We earnestly invite you to call and see them.

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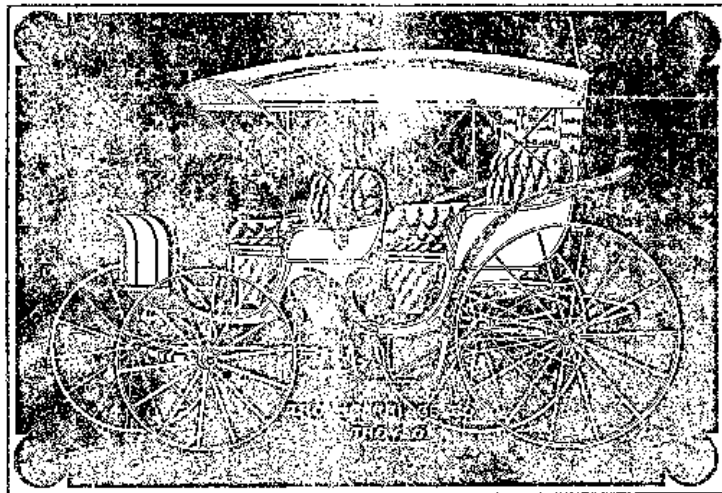
Surries

At

Cost

This

Month



Carriages

At

Cost

This

Month

VOLUME X.

No. 1.

SEPTEMBER, '95.

Delectando Pariterque Monendo



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The High School Register.

VOL. X. OMAHA, NEB., SEPTEMBER, 1895. NO. 1.

THE REGISTER

Editorial.

THE REGISTER is a monthly journal published on the last Thursday of each month from September to June, in the interest of the Omaha High School. Students, friends of the school, and members of the alumni are respectfully requested to contribute.
SUBSCRIPTION: Fifty cents in advance; by mail, sixty cents.

STAFF:

FRANCIS J. GISH, Editor-in-Chief.
D. MAUDE BRYANT, WILL GODSO, ASSOCIATES.
JAMES L. HOUSTON, JR., ALUMNI EDITOR.

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HARRY WIGTON, '97,
FANNY COLE, '97,
ALFRED MATHEWS, '98,
MARION REED, '98,
ODIN MACEY, '99,
WOOD PICKERING, '99.
GEO. T. MORTON, Business Manager.

Entered as second class matter in the Omaha P. O.

CALENDAR.

OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

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Irwin Leviston.....Assistant Principal
S. D. Beals.....Librarian
Lient. J. A. Penn.....Military Instructor
Number of Teachers.....42
Number of Scholars.....1000

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IN its new and appropriate covering the REGISTER once more greets its many friends. We thank you for your support of the REGISTER in the past, and hope that your loyalty will continue to this paper and the school it represents.

WE assume the duties and responsibilities of the Editors of '95. We will aim by earnest and conscientious effort to maintain the excellent reputation the paper has previously enjoyed, and to keep it at the highest possible standard of school journalism. With this number we enter upon the tenth year of our existence. The main features of the paper in preceding years will be adhered to, although in future numbers we hope to introduce a few changes which will make the paper more interesting. We want all students of the school and all members of the Alumni to understand that this is their paper, and that its success or failure depends largely upon them. We want the best material available for publication in our paper. We wish to make this volume better than its predecessors, and any suggestions beneficial to the paper will be thankfully received. We consider it the duty and the privilege of every member of the school to subscribe for THE REGISTER. With a reasonable circulation in school, and the support of the Alumni, we will be in position to introduce improvements in the paper.

RALPH S. CONNELL has been compelled to resign his position as business manager of the REGISTER on account of increased outside work. With his retirement from our staff we lose one of our most able and energetic supporters. Possessed of rare business ability, Mr. Connell was instrumental in carrying the REGISTER successfully through one of the most trying years in its history. He leaves us with our kindest wishes for his future prosperity. Mr. Geo. T. Morton will endeavor to occupy the position left vacant by Mr. Connell.

THE continued probing into Greek and Roman history and in the dry and desert places of our mathematics and our sciences is quite beneficial to the proper development of the youthful mind, but with these alone our school days would be shorn of much of their charm.

Occasionally throughout the year the monotony of school life is varied by our amateur theatricals. Last year theatre going in the High School was very popular, there being five plays given during the year, all of which showed marked histrionic ability. In these theatricals an increasing tendency is noticed towards light comedy, which is not of much benefit to either the participants in the plays or their auditors. Tragedy and the drama seem to be almost entirely excluded from the program.

As the study of Shakespeare has a place in the curriculum of the school, it would be proper to attempt to interpret his characters from the standpoint of an actor. Although Shakespeare's conception of Shylock and Hamlet could scarcely be realized by us, yet if we could interpret our parts as well as was done in our light comedies, the benefits to be derived by all would be vastly increased, and would be more lasting in

their effects. Light comedy might be attempted in the earlier part of the school course, but in the Senior year all the energies of the class should be bent towards the proper rendition of one of Shakespeare's plays.

WE regret the resignation of Supt. Marble. During his short stay in our city he has made himself felt in all lines of school work. He takes with him the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact. The office of Superintendent is now filled by Mr. Pearse, who has entered into his work in a manner that presages much good to the public schools of Omaha. We hope he will not overlook the High School and will endeavor to abolish the present examination system.

FROM shore and mountain, country and camp, we return to school routine with all the zeal that only change and rest can awaken. There are among us many, yes most of the old faces, but added to the fold is a new band, the Class of '99. Welcome. We congratulate you upon your fine appearance, your scholarly bearing, and your evident determination to drink deep of this fountain of learning. As we know but little about you, and you know less about us, we might say a few words. This paper is the sole organ of the High School. All matters of interest concerning the school are discussed here. To keep informed on these events it is necessary to read our columns. We want your subscriptions. We have always been treated generously by the Freshman Class, and hope that the Class of '99 will be no exception. Mr. Odin Mackey has been appointed by us to act as one of your class editors, the other editor to be elected by your class.

Nebraska's State Fair.

CLARENCE L. THURSTON.

Of course everyone has been to the State Fair this year.

But have we fully realized what it means to Omaha, to Nebraska, to the world? What does this fine Court of Honor with its attractive buildings, these exhibits of grain, vegetables, fruit and flowers, these displays of machinery, manufactories, live stock and poultry signify?

A year ago Nebraska was experiencing the worst drouth to which she had ever been subjected. The crop was a failure. Not only was stock suffering and dying, but in many cases starvation and death threatened the poor homesteaders in their lonely homes.

But in '95 Nature once more smiled on Nebraska. Copious rains and glorious sunshine brought a return to prosperity and happiness. Judging by the quality and quantity of the exhibits in the Agricultural Building, the crops of this year greatly exceed those of any previous one.

Last year outsiders looked upon Nebraska as a burned up, arid waste. This year when the people of Illinois, Indiana and other states see and read of our State Fair, they can but wonder if this is the same state that was soliciting aid less than a twelvemonth ago.

Nebraska has triumphantly shown that her resources are too many and her industries too well established to be ruined by the drouth and famine of a single year. Already the Nebraska farmers are beginning to pay off the debts contracted in their hour of trouble.

Turning to the Fair itself. Our first impulse on entering the grounds is to remark upon the majesty and beauty of the buildings. The gilded dome of the Agricultural Building at once attracts

our wandering eyes. From thence we glance around the Court. The Fisheries, Horticultural, Floral, Merchantile, Manufactories, Administration and Textile Building are gracefully grouped around the Court of Honor. Off to the right on the road to the east gate are the Poultry, Bee and Alfalfa Buildings and the headquarters of the newspapers and secret societies. Near at hand are the various restaurants and fruit and lemonade stands. At convenient points are the speed stables, the stables for horses of low degree and for cattle, also pens for sheep and hogs. I was very glad to notice the hydrants and large tanks of water that were provided for the comfort of the animals. On all sides the long line of side shows and booths with their many attractions reminded one of Chicago's famous "Midway."

It would be out of place in a paper of this kind to attempt to describe all the exhibits in the various buildings. A walk through the Agricultural Building convinced me that I had never seen such giant cornstalks, such a wonderful showing of small grain, or such mammoth vegetables. On one side was the exhibit of Washington county, Idaho, bearing the placard, "This is the Result of Irrigation." Directly opposite was the display of an Oregon county inscribed, "No Irrigation."

In the Fisheries Building we see various kinds of fresh water fish, accompanying placards showing that most of them were bred in Nebraska waters. An interesting exhibit was a three hundred pound salt water turtle, exhibited by the Booth Packing Co. In direct contrast to this monster were tiny turtles less than an inch in diameter.

At the very threshold of the Horticultural Building the fruity fragrance with which we were greeted made known to us the contents of the build-

ing. The exhibits of fruit were very fine, although their beauty was largely destroyed by the dust which covered everything.

The display in the Floral Building was especially noticeable for the numerous varieties of Cacti, the unusually fine hanging baskets and the number of novel and beautiful floral designs.

There was nothing worthy of individual mention in the Mercantile Building, although all of the principle jobbers in Omaha had attractive articles on exhibition.

Probably the exhibit possessing most personal interest for us, in the entire Fair, is the display, in the Manufacturers' Building, of the Manual Training Department of the Omaha High School. For this thanks are largely due to Mr. Wigman. Howard Leonard has a beautifully executed inlaid card, chess and backgammon table made with highly polished different colored woods. Michael Clarkson displayed a handsomely carved dressing table. Mr. Albrect, the genius of '98, exhibited a well made zither in addition to his drawings of Mr. Lewis and the Battle of New Orleans. David Small had two working motors which were very interesting. There was also a large cabinet filled with articles made by various members of the High School.

The Administration building contains the offices of the President and Secretary of the State Board, the Postoffice and the other offices connected with the Fair.

The masculine pen is unable to describe the intricacies of feminine handiwork displayed in the Textile Building. One thing caught my attention, however; a very interesting table displayed by an Omaha lady. There were various designs cut from United States postage stamps and fancifully arranged upon the table, glued down and varnished over,

so as to present a smooth, shiny surface. Of course this is more interesting to a Philatelist than to anyone else.

I have now given the principal points concerning the buildings surrounding the Grand Court. The Bee, Dairy and Poultry exhibits in their respective buildings were all very fine, especially the last named. The most novel feature in the Poultry exhibit was the cage of carrier pigeons, some of whom have a record of 750 consecutive miles.

The Alfalfa Building, built as it is on the hill overlooking the Court of Honor, has a commanding aspect. The A. O. U. W. and World-Herald buildings were tastefully designed.

The mile track is one of the finest in this section of the country and it is quite a compliment to have Mr. Salisbury bring Alix, the Queen of the Turf, and his other flyers to Omaha. This track record is 2:05 $\frac{3}{4}$, established last Thursday by Mr. Salisbury's Azote. A most delightful and commodious grandstand, capable of seating eight thousand people has been erected. It is very imposing looking from across the track. The judges stand and speed stables are built according to the most approved ideas.

Taking it all in all, despite wind and weather, we may safely say the Fair just closed was the most enjoyable and let us hope the most profitable one ever held in Nebraska. Let us also hope the experience gained from this year will enable us to do still better in '96.

A Shakespearian Program:

First year—Comedy of Errors.

Second year—Much Ado About Nothing.

Third year—As You Like It.

Fourth year—All's Well That Ends Well.—Ex.

A Disturbed Dream.

WINIFRED L.—'93.

Locked in fond Summer's arms,
We've dreamed sweet dreams the summer long;
Have tasted of her sweetest charms,
Have listened to her alluring song.
But now she loosens her embrace,
And slips away, we know not how;
We wake, and find of her no trace,
Alas, our dream has vanished now.
We cry aloud in dire despair,
We call this fleeting one in vain
And beg her take us anywhere,
Yes, anywhere that she would deign.
We do not sit thus, long, how e'er,
For soon there comes unto our ear
Sounds that the idle breezes bear;
The bugle's note, now faint, now clear.
The foes are coming thick and fast;
First Algebra, then Geometry;
Which, after conflict quelled at last,
Come Physics and Trigonometry.
But even these are put to bay.
In homage, then, on knee they bend,
And he who was a foe's a friend,
While we're proud victors of the day.
Then, others too, would us control:
First, Caesar comes equipped for war;
His exploits praised from pole to pole
And found in every script and lore.
At first we fear his power and might
And would almost flee from the fray,
But soon our fears are put to flight,
For we have more than won the day.
With logic bland and long drawn out
The orator, Cicero, tries his skill,
And seems to feel without a doubt
We'll soon be subject to his will.
But Cicero, thou too must yield
Beneath our sharp and two-edged sword;
Must aid and help in every field,
Must lend what thy rich powers afford.
Thou, too, oh poet of myth and muse
Wouldst tempt us with thy siren song,
Wouldst have us thy charms and draughts to use,
Wouldst make us weak where we are strong.
Oh! Virgil, thou'rt tempting, we confess,
Thy songs are sweet, thy speech is smooth,

Almost we yield to thy caress,
And suffer thee ourselves to soothe.

'Tis hard to wage the battle through,
But fight we do until the last;
The enemy's slain are not a few,
The victory's won, the strife is past.

"More worlds to conquer," is still our cry,
And stronger than e'er we've been before,
With the hosts we've conquered in time gone by,
Thirsting for fame, we still cry "more!"

I hear you ask: "Whence comes thy aid?
What mystery shields when dark clouds lower?
On what god hast thou thy trust so staid?"
No weapon but Knowledge, which is our power.

The Power that Rules the World.

EDITH KUHN, '93.

In the light of modern science, "humanity" as some one has said "is one vast organism, whose life runs back to the very dawn of animal existence upon the earth. The great law of duty is to make not one cell or nerve of the body politic flourish, but the great all connected whole of social science progress to higher life, rational, emotional, moral and spiritual."

The individual, to gain this higher life for himself, and for the world, must seek to develop his own character. This is a personal development. It can be formed only by the effort of the individual himself, and effort here, denotes the exercise of constant self-watching, self-discipline, and self-control. There may be many difficulties, and many temptations to overcome, but, "if the spirit be strong, and the heart be upright," no one need despair of ultimate success. The very endeavor to advance to a higher standard of character is inspiring, and though the height aimed at may not be reached, no one can fail to be improved by a step in an upward direction. It has been said that man is the creature of

circumstances, but he is not so much the creature, as the creator, of these circumstances, and by the exercise of his free will, he can cause his actions to be productive of good, or of evil. The situation of the individual, however, may serve to modify the development of his character. We have an example of the influence of training on character in Jessica, who, never trusted by her father, Shylock, is unworthy of trust.

The development of character is gradual, beginning in early life, and depending upon the actions of every day. The several acts may seem trivial, but it is these trivial acts, which make up life. "Like snow flakes, they fall unperceived; each flake, added to the pile produces no sensible change, and yet the accumulation of the snow flakes makes the avalanche." So these seemingly insignificant acts, if repeated, are at length hardened into character, and determine the action of the individual, for good or for evil. A great crime is never committed, unless many smaller offenses have first been perpetrated. George Eliot has shown this very clearly in her delineation of the character of Tito. He, the young handsome Greek, who had ever yielded to his own selfish nature, and whose conscience was already blunted, from the time of his first uneasy debate, as to whether he should go in search of Baldassare, or remain in Florence, passed from one deceit to another, until at length in the decisive encounter with Baldassare, the words of denial, which seal the whole tenor of his future life, escape from him, by impulse. But they could never, even in a moment of surprise, have escaped his lips, had he not gradually prepared the way for their escape by his former deceitful actions.

A mistake, once made, has a permanent effect upon character—an effect, which can never be fully eradicated. By

repentance, we may perhaps undo the deed, but we cannot wipe out its effects. If there be no other motive for doing right, if men will not do right for right's sake, is not this sufficient, that man is never the same after transgression as he was before. As Longfellow says:

"Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache,
The reddening scars remain, and make confession,
Lost innocence returns no more,
We are not what we were before transgression."

Character is the inner real life of man, known only by his Maker. Man cannot tell, whether he is firm enough to resist the temptations, which may come to him, so does it not behoove him, to beware of temptations, and to guard against association with those, whose morality is of a lower standard than his own? As Cassius says, "'Tis meet that noble minds keep ever with their likes for who so firm that cannot be seduced?" The world cannot judge a man rightly, for it judges only by outward acts. Yet, how prone we are to judge men harshly for deeds, the motives of which are not known, and to think of the one evil act, rather than of the many noble deeds, forgetting that "a man is as good as his best." Harsh judgments may injure the reputation of a man, yet they cannot injure his character; and he who has a spotless character yields a greater power in the world, than the man of intellect or of wealth.

"Character is one of the greatest motive powers in the world. In its noblest embodiments, it exemplifies human nature in its highest forms, for it exhibits man at his best." Emerson says of it: "Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think." That character is power is true in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power. For, although knowledge and genius may be most admired, character is most respected. Knowledge is more the product of the

brain, character the product of the heart, and, in the long run, it is the heart that rules the world. It is because of this power of character that men, not intellectually great, often exercise such an amount of influence. By the might of his personal character, because they believed him to be "the noblest Roman of them all," Brutus led many into that conspiracy, which must needs fail, because it was opposed to the temper of the age. How frequently do we find in modern life that it is the Brutus, "who sits high in all the people's hearts," who can lead them where he will, rather than the Cassius, though he have the intellect to "see quite through the deeds of men." Men of character may choose the wrong principle, as did Brutus in Rome, and Robert E. Lee, in our own country, yet these men win our respect by their devotion to what they blindly believed their duty.

This idea of duty is very closely allied to character. Commonplace, though it may seem, the highest ideal of life and character consists in doing one's duty. George Eliot, more than any other writer, has taught us the moral truth—that duty, not liberty, is the condition of existence.

The performance of a great deed at the behest of duty is often the strongest test of character. When a man like Macbeth in the quelling of rebellion has proven himself stronger than his king, he has conjured up the demon, who will tempt him into becoming himself a rebel. The performance of any great deed seems to produce in all, but very great souls, a defiance of the ethical world-order; a thought that its rules are not for them. Look at the mightiest captains of the world, Themistocles, Napoleon, Cromwell,—defeated by their own victories! Yet we have side by side with these, a Washington, tempted

by the offer of a crown, at the moment of victory, yet great enough to rise above his temptation, and return as a private citizen to his home on the Potomac.

Thus, as slowly through the years man develops his character, so through the ages has been developing the soul of humanity, and in this age of enlightenment, it is the moral idea, which reigns supreme, the moral power, that rules the world. This is the result, not of sudden growth, but of gradual development. To reach this state of moral supremacy, the world has passed through three great stages. In an age, when muscle surpassed all else, it was natural for muscle to be king and might was right. Brute force, however, did not always hold its power, but was deposed, and surrendered to its successor, intellect, which for many ages held sway over the universe. But there is in this modern world, not only something better, there is something mightier than intellect, and the great questions of the hour are to be settled, not by force, not by cunning, but by intellect, controlled by the moral idea—and not the man of strength, not the man of intellect, but the man of character—rules the world.

THROUGH the kindness of the Board of Education we have been allowed the privilege of circulating our paper in the public schools of Omaha. Through the medium of the REGISTER the lower grades will come in closer contact with the High School, for as it is now, when a scholar leaves the eighth grade he knows absolutely nothing about our school. Mr. Clarence Thurston has charge of the public school department, and is endeavoring to make the venture a success. We will have items occasionally concerning the work done in the lower grades.

A Dream of Waterloo.

JOHN Wm. DICKINSON.

That was a Sunday evening,
But cannons loudly roared;
And I myself was forced to sit
Within my cottage door.

The French had cross'd the Belgian line,
The last fair setting sun,
And scared the people half to death
With cannon roar and gun.

Just view yon light that flickers there!
From yon historic place—
Where joy, and youth, and love so fair,
Laugh'd in each other's face.

For there were women fair and gay
To cheer the sturdy brave,
Because she set that night aside
To cheer them ere the grave.

But when those sounds that mock'd the sky
Were deafening to their ear,
There seized a spell on every one—
For all were choked with fear.

And people there that just that hour
Had danc'd and merry made,
Now wore a cheek of palest hue
That seemed in death to fade.

And oh, that rush from out that hall,
The young were left alone;
For each heart beat unto itself—
The thoughts of love had flown.

The rain comes pouring to the ground,
While peal on peal is heard,
And soldiers all with garments wet,
Tramp on like muddy herds.

The streets, that night a mass of men,
Were swaying to and fro,
As if their hearts and minds to them
Were source of bitter throes.

But hush, the drums begin to beat,
It is the break of day.
The bugles sound, the lines are formed
To join the revelry.

(To be continued.)

—Ain't you glad we're back agin?
—Ain't you glad to have school begin?
—Don't you wish it'd commenced before,
—So that you could study more?

—Ex. 111. 11

Die Lorelei.

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das will mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet,
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wunderbare,
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

Something of Our New Teachers.

Mr. J. E. Woolery is a graduate of Bethany College, West Va. He has been a professor of ancient languages at Cotner University in Lincoln. He will teach Latin in the High School.

Mr. J. M. Wilson comes to us highly recommended. He is a graduate of the Rensselaer Polytechnical School at Troy, N. Y., and has been a professor in the Indiana State Normal School. He will doubtless be a favorite among the pupils.

Miss Wedgewood, who is a graduate of the State University and has also taken a post graduate course there, has taught in several academies. She will instruct the young idea in the art of x y z.

Miss Adams, a graduate of Cornell, Iowa, who has taught several years in the Beatrice High School, will teach English.

Miss Rondebush has taught in the grammar schools of Omaha. She is a graduate of Wooster University, Ohio, and has taught in High Schools in that state. She will have the Ninth Grade English.

Miss Green is a graduate of Hastings College and is also a post graduate of the State University. She has had experience as a High School teacher, and will have charge of the ninth grade study room.

Miss Wallace left O. H. S. as a graduate in '86. She now returns to us, a graduate of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., as a teacher. She will expound Bellum Helveticum to the Freshmen. She will also have tenth grade English class.

Society.

A meeting of the Class of '97 was held on Friday, 20th of Sept., for the purpose of electing officers for this year. The choice of the Class for President was Mr. Frank Lehmer. Miss Laura Brunner was elected Vice-President, Mr. Harry A. Wigton Secretary, and Miss Josa Shields Treasurer. Miss Fanny Cole was elected as Class Editor for the REGISTER. With such officers the Class should make good headway this year.

The Class of '96 is never late. The regular meeting was held Friday, September 13th. After the farewell address by Mr. Gsantner, the retiring President, the following officers were elected for the year: President, Ralph Connell; Vice-President, Will Godso; Secretary, Mae McMasters; Treasurer, Josephine Bell. Miss Marie Kennedy was elected Class Editor, in connection with Clarence Thurston, who was appointed by the management of the REGISTER. The new staff of officers have our best

wishes for their success, and we hope they will do their part towards making this the most eventful year in the history of the Class of '96. The retiring officers are to be congratulated on the able manner in which they conducted the Class through the perils of the Junior year. At this meeting the matter of Class Pins was taken up, but was laid over until the next session.

On Wednesday afternoon the Freshman Class was brought together. This meeting was called to order by Miss Rondebush, who appointed the secretary pro tem and the nominating committee. The following officers were chosen: President, Odin Mackey; Vice President, Miss Wilcox; Secretary, Miss Schroeder; Treasurer, Mr. Alvison. Wood Pickering was elected Class Editor. The large study room on the third floor was crowded with enthusiastic Freshmen. The class of '99 has started on the right track, and the present indications are that it will exceed all expectations.

What promises to be a very popular addition to the Senior work has recently been adopted. The scholars will be given the opportunity of making a fifteen or twenty minutes talk on any subject that will interest them. This will require extended preparation on the part of the pupil and a thorough knowledge of his subject. A number of the Seniors have already intimated a willingness to undertake the work, and judging from the enthusiasm manifested by all the project will be a decided success.

"A little iron,
A little curl,
A box of powder,
A pretty girl."

"A little rain,
Away it goes;
A homely girl
With a freckled nose."

A LESSON FROM A STRAW.

BY WALDO P. WARREN.

The other day I sat looking out of the window—looking at a handful of trash which the wind had blown upon the walk. My attention was attracted to a straw—dirty, broken, bruised—lying a few feet away from the curbstone. Somehow, I know not how or why, the thought came to me, What was that straw for? What was its place in the plan of creation? What mission was it to perform that it should have been created?

The same chance, if chance it may be called, which had suggested to me this question, bore with it the answer. For just at that moment, by chance, perhaps, a spider crawled up the curbstone and approached the straw. It was a slight obstacle, one that could easily have been surmounted; but it changed the course of the spider, and the insect crawled off in another direction. Just then a little boy at play came by dragging a big board.

Almost instantly I was prompted to compare the distance of the spider from the straw with the distance of the straw from the path of the board. They were the same. How very evident then, that the straw had saved the spider's life.

There, then, was the answer to my fancy's inquiry. The mission of that straw was undoubtedly to save the life of the spider. Then, perhaps, that spider had a higher mission. That made me think of the story of Robert Bruce and the spider. There, on the success or failure of a spider's attempt to spin a web across a beam hung the destiny of a dynasty.

Ponderous thought! If one bent and broken straw could save a spider's life; if one movement of a spider could involve a nation's life, what unspeakably important missions might we perform daily without the slightest knowledge of the service we have rendered.

Notes.

Eva Kennard has gone to St. Louis.

Mabel Barber has gone to New York.

Ernest Sheldon has gone to Oberlin, Ohio.

Miss Lloyd spent the summer in Chicago.

Fredricka Wessells has returned from Boston.

Myrtle DeGraff visited Mauawa this summer.

Chat Shiverick is attending school at St. Paul's.

Belle Beedle spent six weeks visiting in Indiana.

Louise Edwards spent a few weeks in the country.

Storrs Bowen passed his vacation in and around Boston.

John Dolan devoted his vacation to bicycling and farming.

Ora Rowe spent the greater part of the summer in Chicago.

Mable Gordon went to Montana and Michigan for her outing.

Miss McHugh spent her vacation at her home in Galena, Ill.

Miss Quackenbush spent a delightful summer at Lincoln, Neb.

Alta Griffen spent her vacation in different parts of Michigan.

Harry Tukey spent a part of the summer at Lake Madison, Wis.

Laura Brunner spent part of the summer at Clear Lake, Iowa.

John Shank, Jr., is now doing editorial work on a paper in town.

Lizzie Allen passed a pleasant summer at the sea shore near Boston.

Chester Sumner had a high old time at Pike's Peak all summer.

Robt. McClelland spent part of his summer on a farm in Illinois.

Ethel and Harry Tukey spent the summer at Madison Lake, Minn.

Ninety-six welcomes to her ranks Elizabeth Bratt and Florence Dean.

Joe Stanton reports a delightful time among the "buds" in Washington.

Miss Copeland took on extra course of Latin at the University of Chicago.

Ella Breckenridge visited friends in Ohio and took a trip to Niagara Falls.

Howard Vore, coming up from Lincoln, is a good addition to the class of '97.

Alex. Young visited friends in Fremont. His trip was made on a bicycle.

Hal Yates spent two weeks camping in the Big Horn Mountains in Montana.

Miss Lemon visited the "Garden of the Gods" and Pike's Peak in Colorado.

Will Godso remained at home turning his hand to anything that came handy.

Arthur Keniston, tired of '95, and has returned to graduate with the class of '96.

Katherine Hamlin and Sidonie King passed a pleasant vacation at Neligh, Neb.

Misses Landis, Okey and Sanford spent a most delightful summer in Germany.

Miss Dinturff botanized in Colorado. A handsome collection of flowers was gathered.

Hanchen Redfield and Miriam Hart passed a few weeks pleasantly at Cornish, Iowa.

Will Gardner passed a pleasant vacation at Bayfield, Wis. He reports a cool time.

Edna Sherwood camped at a pretty lake near Tecumseh. Her fish stories are rather fishy.

Miss Ogden spent a most delightful summer traveling in Scotland, England, France, Belgium and Holland.

Miss Ida Wilcox, formerly of '96, is now residing in St. Louis. Her absence is quite noticeable in the class.

Rob. Towne and Kenneth Evans became soda experts at Sherman & McConnell's and Hughes' respectively.

Harry Tukey, George Purvis, Frank Morsman, Ward Clarke and others from the High School were to be seen at Lake Okiboje this summer.

Ralph and Karl Connell killed Indians and had hand to hand conflicts with bears in Wyoming with Mr. Leviston and Lieut. Penn as eye-witnesses.

Fred Hayward, formerly of '96, traveled through Illinois, Iowa and Missouri this summer. He writes that the Peoria School can't touch Omaha High.

Misses Ruth Sprague and Marie Brown spent a part of the summer at a pleasure resort some miles north of town called "Bummers' Retreat." A delightful time is reported.

Messrs. Powell, Chapin, Parmalee, Christie and Stebbins did not go to Spirit Lake this summer. One dark night a thief stole Parmalee's pants, in consequence of which the boys weltered in the hot city.

The rapid growth of Lieut. Ross is accounted for by the fact that he spent his summer by living on his farm in Iowa.

Jean Whinnery and Harry Wigton made a bicycle trip to Forbes, Mo., near St. Joseph, where they remained two weeks.

The class of '97 is glad to see the championship of the O. H. S. Tennis Tournament rest upon one of its members, Frank Lehmer.

Squibs.

Hello!
Dried peas.
Rhetoricals.
Welcome! '99.
Bromo Seltzer.
Fie! fie! Robert.
Lost—a vacation.
Why this exodus?
Ak-sar-ben willies.
Well! we're Seniors!
W. W. Wacheson (?).
E pluribus unum—hash.
A windy day at the Fair.
The vacant chairs of '96.
Wagner is as live as ever.
And it rained a whole day.
Third hour study room? ? ?
Ask Goetz if he likes plums.
Have you seenyer privileges?
The temperature of the people.
M. B. don't care who knows it.
And they filled it up with water.
See the Sophs watch the Freshies.
Who will care for the cowow now?
Room 50 is becoming quite popular.
But they were on hind-side front most.
Our teachers complain of *Fair* lessons.
We, the Seniors, party of the first part.
Barrows is happy because '99 has come.
"When I ope my lips let no dog bark."
Oh no, *hens* don't crow! This is a rooster.

Ask Miss C. what "collective English" is.
Mighty good thing for S. M. that it was dark.
Prof. Blake is elevated to a higher atmosphere.
The Senior study room is in charge of Miss Lloyd.
Mr. I. (in French)—"Have you my little mutton?"
Why, when a tree dies it's— — — why—it's dead.
Does Tukey want another glass of lemonade? Nit.
Some of the Senior boys have found the missing link.
Brothers, they are fair and noble, Connell, 1 and 2.
Acheson says the dog show was a howling success.
What part does oxygen play in the body? First base.
Miss Louis recently mistook the Seniors for Freshmen.
Have you noticed how tall the Sophomores have grown?
The first person to get the seventh hour was *not* a Senior.
What become of Marquette?
Krause—"He died."
Wanted—A few more looks in the '96 girls dressing room.
The dead languages were killed by being studied too hard.
The young men's thoughts lightly turn to love. (3rd. hr.)
How the gallant Lieutenant Evans did parry Sword thrusts.
Freshmen! Learn the school yell and don't be afraid to use it.

Do not read your neighbor's REGISTER. Subscribe yourself.

Miss McHugh recently lectured to the Seniors on Colonial Literature.

A touching scene—when Miss Lloyd presses the button at 9:10 a. m.

Lessons were decidedly in the negative while the parades were on.

In English—The beggar was so mad that he talked like a wild beast.

Street parades and neglected lessons were noticeable during Fair week.

The Senior Class might furnish a handsome chandelier for their room.

The busts in the Senior room should be labeled with the name of the Class.

The "Merchant of Venice" and "Macbeth" are being studied by the Seniors.

Ask some of the Cadets why they weren't in the parade Wednesday night.

John McHugh, Principal of the Platts-mouth High School, was here a few days ago.

It is strange that the Freshmen have not yet arranged plans for a social and play.

"A strong verb is so-called because it is strong enough to stand its vowel change."

Heard at the parade—"I'm going right home and tell ma, you're sitting with a boy, now!"

Miss Green has already made an impression on her pupils in the Ninth Grade room.

Miss Bertha Shackelford entertained at her home a few of her school friends a short time ago.

Prof.—Does that question bother you?
Boy—Not in the least. It's the answer what bothers me.

The Class of '96 are "high flyers." They soar up to the third floor at all hours of the day.

Ask a Senior boy what he is doing on the ninth grade floor—"Oh, I'm up here looking for a fellow!"

The State Fair must have been well patronized by the H. S. pupils judging from the empty desks.

In English. Teacher—Who was the greatest man in England?

Wilson—Queen Elizabeth.

Teacher—Who was it that said, "I am monarch of all I survey?"

Bright Soph.—A blind man.

A new translation for "debilitatus conscientia conticuit"—He being weakened, his conscience became silent.

A problem in Physics—If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, then he was the daughter of Pharaoh's son.

The Latin-English course seems to be the popular Freshman course, over two hundred and fifty scholars having decided to take it.

First Freshie—Wouldn't that kill you?

Second Freshie—What?

First Freshie—Why, to fall out of the fourth story window.

Escaped and running loose: A groan belonging to — — —. Any information leading to its arrest and conviction will receive liberal reward.

There are four hundred and eighty pupils enrolled in the Freshman Class, which makes it the largest class that has ever entered the High School.

It is stated on good authority that some of the faculty are in danger of being loved to death. Beware ye who would have them live forever.

Burns and Colpetzer have left us. What will become of the squib column? Well, we've still got Lindsey and Towne and Dale and—a host of others.

At the meeting of the Board of Education held Monday, Sept. 16, resolu-

tions were adopted making drill compulsory on all male members of the High School.

Everybody read the new book, "A Terrible Accident, or Antony Gsantner Shaved by Mistake." Copies can be had of the author for the small sum of ten cents.

The sign on the show window read "DRUGS." A witty Junior stepped in and asked to speak to Dr. Ugs. The clerk, equal to any emergency, said: "That's me; stick out your tongue."

Beginning with this number, copies of the REGISTER will be on sale at Megeath's, on Farnam street. Parties desiring a copy of the REGISTER can procure same upon application at the above named place.

The Class of '95 have erected to their memory a beautiful white marble slab at the north side of the front door. The space in the center of the arch above the door has been reserved for the coming Class of 1900.

It is said that the late George Innes, a famous American landscape painter who died last year, claimed Geometry as his religion. Meherculi! Think of saying your prayers in paralleloiped and conic sections.

Where, oh where! are the other 329 who started the struggle so bravely in '92? Where in particular are Joe Stanton, Fanny Duryea, Adele Fitzpatrick and Fred Hayward, who left us when we were Juniors brave?

When asked by his mother how he was progressing at school, a certain Freshman replied, "Well, I am ahead of my class." His sister corroborated his statement with, "Yes, ma; the teacher makes him sit on the front seat every day."

Waldo P. Warren, formerly of the Class of '96, has been invited by Sig.

Allesandra Liberati, the world-renowned band master, soloist and composer, to set words to one of his famous compositions, entitled "The Belle of the West." It is to be republished as a song, and will be introduced by several prominent stage celebrities.

The workmen have been busy around the building this summer. A new floor has been laid in the basement, the Manual Training Department has been overhauled and the Gymnasium has been transformed into the Commercial Department. The outside of the building is being touched up with a coat of paint, which improves its appearance.

"Aw, I don't think I can, Miss McHugh. I don't know anything, and then I'd get scared, you know." This is the verbal expression of humility which some of the lecturers elect are astounding their fellow men with. If the aforesaid i. e. were possessed of the charming candor of Agamnon or Aeneas we might hear a very different story.

THE REGISTER loses another member of its staff in the retirement from school of Mr. Guy Munsell, the Freshman who was recently appointed one of the Associate Editors. Although Guy will not probably be with us again, yet we hope to hear from him through the columns of the paper, as he has promised to write the history of the High School for our December issue.

Ninety-six mourns the loss of another of its prominent members. On account of impaired eyesight Waldo P. Warren has been compelled to discontinue his work in school this year. Mr. Warren is now business manager of the Arapahoe Publishing Company, and is busily engaged in the publication of his song, "It Will Never Rain If You Have Your Bumbershoot." He has promised, however, to continue his contributions to the REGISTER.

To the Editor of the REGISTER:—Please inform us if you intend to hold to the policy of your predecessors and rule out all moustache jokes from your columns? It is a pity that so many good jokes should go to waste, and I suggest a repeal of the ordinance of 1894.

A JUNIOR.

[Editor:—If anybody will kindly raise a 'stache we will set the machinery going again. Gsantner, you know, had his cut off.]

Seen on blackboard in Freshman study room:

"Want to go back,
Want to go back,
'99, '99,
Quack! Quack! Quack!"

De Alumnis.

Ralph Pierson, '94, summered in Boston.

Ross Towle, '94, paid us a visit recently.

E. J. Streitz, '86, married Miss Kramer recently.

G. W. Heimrod, of '95, goes to Lincoln State this year.

Henry Clark, '92, is now attending the Chicago University.

May Sargent, '91, visited Colorado Springs the past summer.

Connette Smiley, '92, is visiting in Boston and New York this fall.

Arthur Rose, '86, married Miss Clara Seiter of Evanston, Ill., in July.

Beatrice Ball, '95, is now attending the Teachers' Training School.

Maud Lantry, '91, camped at Homan's Lake, Neb., during the summer.

Chas. Rosewater and Larry Denise, '90, visited the school this month.

Kennedy Billings, '91, will take a post-graduate course at Harvard this year.

George Sumner, '91, returns to the Boston School of Technology this fall.

Ruth Phillippi is now attending the Northwestern University at Evanston.

Bessie Latey, '91, was married during the summer to Mr. Underwood of this city.

Harrison Oury, '93, of Lincoln, Neb., visited the Minnesota lakes the past summer.

The engagement is announced of Grace Williams, '91, and Mr. Burt Watkins.

Erwin R. Davenport, '94, is attending the University at Lincoln. He was in Omaha recently.

Wm. Rogers, '90, is taking a course in electrical engineering at the University of Pennsylvania.

Louis Shane, '94, visited the school a few days ago. He returns to Annapolis Naval Academy soon.

The death is announced of Miss Jessie Allen, the Public Librarian, who graduated from this school in 1881.

Mae Faucett, '91, became the wife of Mr. Charles Colby, a dentist, in Macedonia, Ia., where they now reside.

Paul Ludington, '90, visited the school recently. He is taking a course in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

Herbert Rogers, '88, has recently graduated from the New York Law School, and will practice law in this city.

Arthur Montmorency, '90, who renewed memories of the O. H. S., will teach Latin in Lincoln High School this year.

W. B. Welshans, '93, spent part of his vacation in Lincoln, and will probably return to Stanford University in December.

Fred Nave, '90, made us a pleasant call recently. He goes to Evanston to be an instructor at the Northwestern University.

Frank Harris, '90, was in Omaha several weeks this summer. He is now writing for a Chicago newspaper syndicate and has a novel in the hands of publishers.

A High School Brotherhood.

Two weeks ago the Brotherhood of the C. P. C. met at their club-room in the Board of Trade building. After the usual program a close election of officers was held. It was only after a dozen ballots that James L. Houston, Jr., was declared the new Consul. Mr. August Peterson was appointed Secretary and the other officers were easily disposed of. Refreshments were then gracefully served by Mr. Herbert Dunn, steward for the evening, and the new constitution was placed before the house. When this document was finally adopted the scope had been broadened and all spirit of class partisanship had been stricken out; so that now any alumnus, student, or ex-student approved by the Brotherhood may enter without fear of disloyalty to his own class, and with no need of cheering over-warmly for the class of the originators, for the class that started the Junior Socials, that developed the idea of a Junior Literary Society, that won the State foot-ball championship with Oury, Whipple, Peterson, Mengedoh and Osgood, in short for the Class of '93. Such a boast would not have been seemly a few years ago, but nobody need fear for his laurels now when most of our girls have gotten married, when the power has departed from our right arm, and our fellows are working for eight dollars a week.

The C. P. C., some one may not know, is a society of fellows under the bond of brotherhood and with the interest of our High School at heart. It is not a secret fraternity, a thing of initiations and wine suppers; it is simply an open brotherhood, organized for work and

fun. It is their purpose to work with or under the direction of the Alumni Association and to make themselves useful and agreeable in any way possible. Any one who is interested may inquire further of the Secretary, whose address is 3601 Center street.

Athletic.

With the beginning of another school year, again comes the question of athletics. Our boys who have won renown for dear O. H. S. are once more getting in shape for the fall victories and struggles. Most of the boys have spent their summer in the country or near some lake, where they did not fail to take advantage of any training facilities. We are still wildly enthusiastic over our foot ball, and hope to meet with unparalleled success during the coming season. Already have arrangements been made for a coach and trainer, and the boys have lined up for some preliminary work. Capt. Gardner feels confident that his shall be the winning team, and that more than one foot ball victory shall be placed to the credit of his gallant eleven ere the snow closes the present season. We all regret the loss of our gymnasium, but we must make up the deficiency by going out on the grid-iron and trying a hand at foot ball under the tutorship of our "strawberry blonde." The board of education again came to our help, assisting us financially, so we are almost beyond actual want. The long hair of our players attracts no little attention and it is with bewonderment and awe that the freshman gazes at the long and tangled locks of our enthusiasts. Clarke is with us and will put his old time energy into the game. Tukey has been getting heavy at Lake Madison this vacation, and promises to make things lively in the vicinity of tackle. Cowgill will again play right

tackle, and if he plays as hard as he did last year, we may expect to hear some great things from our stocky friend. Frank Lehmer will not play this season. His loss will be greatly felt, as his work behind the line has always been of a phenomenal order. Lehmer's plunges were always productive of good gains, while he put great snap into all our end plays. So taking all things into consideration we shall not be left on the outside of the athletic world. Boys, get out your dirty old suits and come and roll in the dirt. It will do you no harm and you will be benefitted by it. There is a shower bath now, in the building, so that we will not be left in such an uncomfortable position as last year after an afternoon's practice. Mr. Crawford has expressed a willingness to give us a little help in the coaching line. The boys will practice for some time on the High School grounds. After your recitations are finished and work is done, go out and see the players in their striped stockings (whose idea was that?) and long hair as they rush, push and scramble about the field. You can get a good idea of the nature of the game, and an interest may be so thoroughly aroused that you won't miss a game.

GEO. R. PURVIS.

Out of modesty the writer of this column could not mention his own work. But Purvis has done too much for the athletics of O. H. S. to be slighted in this column. It is possible that he will leave us this year for the State University. But we hope not for we would like to see more of his famous end runs added to the history of our foot ball team.

Did some one say that Connell was going to play this year?

Morsman will try to fill Cross' shoes at centre, but he may have to do a little stuffing.

Humphrey's hair is almost as long as Gardner's. Won't those fellows look sweet when Thanksgiving comes?

Hopkins has gained about fifteen pounds this summer and is in fine condition to roll in dirt in his old time style.

Mr. Hayes, of the gigantic frame fame, will kick the pig skin this year. Our informant has no ill feeling against John Oliver, however.

An important meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Monday, Sept. 23. Harry Tukey was elected Manager and Austin Collett Secretary with Will Gardner as Captain of the Foot Ball team.

Tennis Tournament.

The Omaha High School Tennis Tournament began on Friday, June 24. There were comparatively few entries to what there should have been from such a large school as this. There were only eight entries. They played as follows:

Colpetzer vs. Purvis.

Tukey vs. Lehmer.

Christie vs. Collett.

Powell vs. Hopkins.

In the preliminaries Purvis, Tukey, Christie and Powell were dropped, all having played a hard game.

The semi-finals being completed there was left Colpetzer and Lehmer to finish the final. Colpetzer won the first set by 6-4 and Lehmer the other two by 6-4-7-5 leaving Lehmer the winner.

The doubles were played as follows:

Collett and Christie vs. Colpetzer and Hopkins.

Lehmer and Powell vs. Tukey and Purvis.

Colpetzer and Hopkins winning by 6-3-7-5. Lehmer and Powell winning by 6-4-6-2. In the finish Colpetzer and Hopkins won by a score of 6-4-6-3.

Throughout the games much interest was displayed by the spectators and the famous High School yell listened more than once to its own echo. At our next Tennis Tournament we want to see more of our High School friends.

"You Won't be Called On When You Know Your Lessons Well."

By Q. Pos.

TUNE—"It will Never Rain if You Have Your Bumbershoot."

An old story I'll relate,
It is just a whim of fate,
If you study hard and think your marks will tell,
Don't let the class work fret you
For on this fact I'll bet you
You won't be called on when you know your lesson well.

Oh, the "prof." won't look your way,
Nor list to what you say,
Nor note a single thing you try to tell.
So don't think to raise your work,
But just take a little lark,
You won't be called on when you know your lesson well.

But just dare to slight your books,
Teachers tell it by your looks,
And they ask you everything you cannot tell.
You can always count on that,
So just paste this in your hat,
You won't be called on when you know your lessons well.

TWENTY years hence, if you had this copy of the REGISTER, you would prize it very highly. If you had a whole volume, neatly bound, you would have a priceless treasure that would prove a pleasant reminder of happy days in your student career. It would call to mind little pleasantries, socials, entertainments, plays and class meetings. It would remind you of your sweetheart—she with the deep, dreamy eyes, or he with the classic brow and cunning little moustache—who, perhaps, would then have been entirely forgotten, were it not for these gentle reminders of those days of youthful fancy, and early loves, and hopes, and aims, and joys. Then save your REGISTERS, keep them flat, put them away each month and have them bound when the volume is complete. The cost is only a trifle, and you will have a book that money could not buy.

Our Advertisers.

It is mainly through the courtesy of the business men of the city that we are enabled to publish this paper. We have secured their advertisements on the representation that our readers would patronize them. Before you do your shopping just look over our advertisement pages and then make our friends a call, telling them you noticed their card in the REGISTER.

Exchanges.

Squibs is a neat little paper from Seattle.

We would be pleased to exchange with all school periodicals.

The September issue of the Pacific Wave has some good practical advice in its editorial columns. The cover is very attractive.

Many commencement issues were not received until after our last number went to press. Most of them are filled with excellent reading matter.

In managing a school paper we consider our exchange column one of our few pleasant duties. By means of our exchanges we come to know our sister schools in all parts of the country. We have the opportunity of comparing our own paper with others, and are thereby able to see wherein we are deficient, and to aspire to a higher standard.

Senior (at barber's)—Shave down, please.

Barber—There's nothing else to shave.—H. S. World.

General (on the battle-field)—"Fight like heroes, boys, until your powder's gone, then run. I'm a little lame so I guess I'll start now."—Ex.

Miss P.—Now, this boy may name the bones of the skull.

Pupil (hesitatingly)—Um-m-m. Ah-h-h. I've got 'em in my head, but I can't think of 'em just now.—Ex.

First Pig—What did you say I was?

Second Pig—Shakespeare never repeats.

First Pig—Why, you're not Shakespeare.

Second Pig—Same thing. I'm Bacon.—Ex.

He Got It Right.

Pompous Old Teacher (to class in Sacred History)—What weapon did Samson use to kill the Philistines?

[No one remembers].

P. O. T. (who believes in suggesting answers, touches his chin). What is this?

Bright Boy (who takes the hint and remembers it all, now). The jaw bone of an ass, sir.

[Circus in which P. O. T. and B. B. are principals].—Gleaner.

"'Tis very hard to part," he said,

While fondly standing there:

She glanced at his smooth, gleaming head
And said: "You mean your hair."—Ex.

The Best Novels.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean offers the following as an excellent, though limited, list of the best books for one to read:

The best historical novel—"Ivanhoe."

The best dramatic novel—"The Count of Monte Cristo."

The best domestic novel—"The Vicar of Wakefield."

The best marine novel—"Mr. Midshipman Easy."

The best country life novel—"Adam Bede."

The best military novel—"Charles O'Malley."

The best religious novel—"Ben Hur."
The best sporting novel—"Sarchedon."

The best political novel—"Lothair."
The best novel written for a purpose—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The best imaginative novel—"She."
The best pathetic novel—"The Old Curiosity Shop."

The best humorous novel—"The Pickwick Papers."

The best Irish novel—"Handy Andy."
The best Scotch novel—"The Heart of Midlothian."

The best English novel—"Vanity Fair."

The best American novel—"The Scarlet Letter."

The best sensational novel—"The Woman in White."

The best novel of all—"Vanity Fair."

Below are the nine longest words in the English language at the present writing:

Suticonstitutionalist.

Incomprehensibility.

Philoprogenitiveness.

Honorificabilitudinitary.

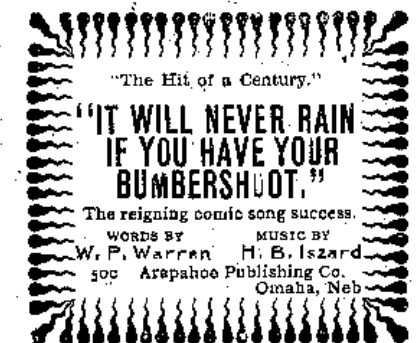
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Velocipedestrianistical.

Proantitionsubstationist.

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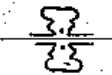
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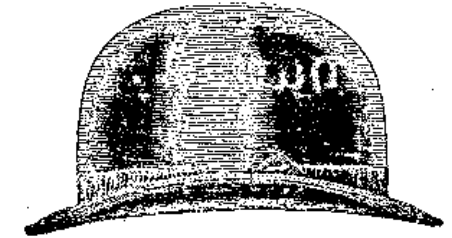
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