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VOLUME X.

MARCH, '96.

No. 7.

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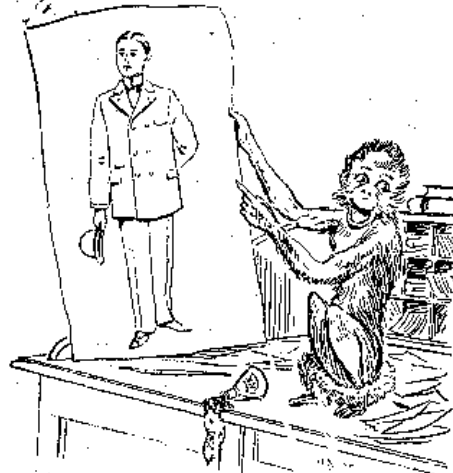
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The High School Register.

VOL. X.

OMAHA, NEB., MARCH, 1896.

No. 7.

THE REGISTER

Editorial.

THE REGISTER is a monthly journal published on the last Thursday of each month from September to June, in the interest of the Omaha High School.

SUBSCRIPTION: Fifty cents in advance; by mail, sixty cents.

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

CALENDAR.

- OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.
- Irwin Leviston.....Principal
 - S. D. Hoels.....Librarian
 - Lieut. J. A. Fean.....Military Instructor
 - Number of Teachers.....38
 - Number of Students.....1080
- CLASS OF NINETY-SIX.
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 - Austin Collett.....Secretary
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It was with much regret that we learned of the resignation of our highly esteemed Principal, Prof. Lewis. In his removal to the east the High School and the city of Omaha loses an educator of superior ability. For thirteen years Prof. Lewis has labored for the upbuilding of the Omaha High School, and under his able leadership it has taken rank among the best High Schools in the country. The school might also have developed in other lines had not the School Board been hampered by financial problems which demanded close-fisted economy rather than broad and liberal improvements. Under the difficulties which he has labored, Prof. Lewis has really accomplished wonders, and he cannot but feel that his labors have been amply repaid. There are few boys or girls who have not highly prized the respect and well-esteem of the dignified and quietly efficient gentleman who has just left us. Others have already sung the praises of Prof. Lewis, and anything that we can say is but repetition. We, therefore, heartily endorse the sentiments expressed by the teachers and members of the school and send our departed Principal our best wishes for his future success in his widened field of labor.

Mr. Leviston has been elected by a unanimous vote of the Board of Education to fill to the close of the school year, the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Prof. Lewis. Mr. Leviston is

fully capable of fulfilling the duties of the office. He has for many years satisfactorily held the position of Assistant Principal, and there is no reason why a stranger should be brought into the High School when we have so able a man as Mr. Leviston. We sincerely trust that his appointment will be made permanent at the close of the year.

John Enkeboll, the clever young artist who has drawn our illustrations this month, is a graduate of the Royal Art Academy of Copenhagen and a private pupil of the noted pen artist and illustrator, D. V. Dorph, and in his studio thoroughly mastered the mysteries of the "black and white art." Mr. Enkeboll came to Omaha in 1893. He was illustrator for Figaro and for the World Herald for over a year. He has recently established the Omaha Industrial Art School, an institution in which is taught chalk plate engraving, designing, pen drawing, painting and sketching. A Saturday class for High School pupils has been started, and we highly recommend Mr. Enkeboll as a first class art leader to all students who desire to increase their knowledge of art, drawing and painting.

The High School Cadets, who are being given an education at the expense of Omaha taxpayers, ought to be proud to patronize Omaha business houses. A correspondent writes the World-Herald that Cincinnati has the preference. This will never do, boys. It's a poor way to begin your careers as successful citizens of Omaha. Give the Omaha merchants another chance and you will find that Omaha can sell you better goods for less money than the Ohio town can. Stand up for your own town.—World-Herald.

We notice the above article in one of our daily papers about the High School Cadets. This article states that we are educated at the public expense and ought to be proud to patronize Omaha business houses. The High School Cadets know

full well to whom they are debtors, and they are proud of the fact that they are soon to be citizens of their native city, Omaha. We have no interests outside of Omaha. We do not hesitate to receive censure when it is just, but when we are blamed for things over which we have no control we object. The High School Cadets are told that a tailor in the basement will take the measure of every boy in the school on such a day. Then we are measured. After that we are told we are to purchase uniforms from the Pettibone Manufacturing Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, and that they will cost \$13.55 each. Then we pay the money, and receive the uniforms. If we can obtain uniforms from any merchant in town at a lower figure,—uniforms every way as good and of the same pattern, and if we do purchase those same uniforms from a merchant in our own town, we are promptly expelled from the battalion, and threatened with expulsion from the school. We were not consulted whatever, when the bids for the uniforms were made. We had no choice as to what company should make our uniforms. Our wishes were not considered. We were given the command, and like good soldiers, we obeyed. Would some kind friend point out to us wherein we were disloyal to Omaha? Would the kind friend who told us that it's a poor way to begin our careers as successful citizens of Omaha, please address his remarks to those who issue the commands? And last of all, would the citizens of Omaha remember that we are your sons, and that your interests are ours, and that we would no sooner attempt to lessen the business of our citizens than we would attempt to destroy our father's house.

The scholars of the school are making arrangements to procure a large sized portrait of Prof. Lewis, which will be placed in the office.



The Stars—A Pastoral.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

(Narrative of a Provençal Shepherd.)

In the days when I tended the flocks on the Luberon I often spent whole weeks without seeing a living soul, alone in the pastures with my dog Labri and my sheep. Now and again I saw the hermit of Mont-de-l'Ure who passed that way in search of simples, or I met some black-faced charcoal burner from Piemont, but they were simple folk who had grown almost dumb from so much solitude, men who had lost their taste for talk and knew nothing of the gossip that went the rounds in the towns and villages below. So every fortnight when I heard the mule from our farm climbing the mountain side, with jingling bells, to bring me my supplies, when I saw the farm boy's sprightly face, or Aunt Norade's russet headgear rising above the slope I was indeed happy. I made them tell me all the news; all about the last christenings and weddings. What interested me most, however, was all that which related to our demoiselle Stephanette, my master's daughter and the prettiest girl to be found anywhere within forty leagues. I made my inquiries without seeming to be too deeply concerned, and I found out whether she went to many fetes, whether she spent many evenings at the neighboring farms, whether she had many new gallants, and a number of other things. And if any one should ask me what difference all this could possibly make to me, a poor mountain shepherd, I would say that I was then twenty years old and that this demoiselle Stephanette was the most beautiful thing that I had ever seen in my life.

It so happened that one Sunday my fortnightly supplies were very late in coming. I waited and waited. Until noon I said to myself, "It must be on account of high mass." Then at noon a great storm arose and I concluded that they had not been able to set out with the mule owing to the bad condition of the roads.

Finally at three o'clock when the sky was washed clean and the whole mountain shining with raindrops and sunlight I heard the jingling of the mule's bells through the drip-drip of the foliage and the overflowing of the swollen streams, and it sounded as merry and cheerful as the great chimes on Easter day. But who do you suppose had come with the mule! It was neither the little farm boy nor old Aunt Norade. It was—guess—it was our demoiselle, my children! Our demoiselle herself, sitting upright between the osier baskets, rosy in the mountain air freshened by the storm. The little farmer boy was ill, Aunt Norade had taken a holiday and was off on a visit to her children. Our beautiful Stephanette told me all this while she dismounted; and she also told me that she was late because she had lost her way. To see her in her Sunday gown, however, with her flowered ribbons, her bright skirts, and her laces, one might have believed that she was late because she had stopped in at some dance on the way and not because she had looked for the road through the brush. Oh, the dainty creature! I felt that my eyes would never weary of gazing at her. In the winter, when I drove the flocks down to the plain, I used to go in to the farm at night for supper. I had seen her then once or twice as she crossed our hall hastily, never speaking to the servants, always finely dressed and a bit proud. Now she stood before me, for me alone. Was not that quite enough to make me lose my head? When the

baskets had been emptied of their contents Stephanette began to look about her inquisitively. She went into the fold, lifting her fine Sunday frock lest she should soil it. She wanted to see the place where I slept, the straw manger, the sheep skin, my great cloak hanging against the wall, my crook, my sling. All these things amused her.

"So this is where you live, my poor shepherd! How dreary you must find it, being always alone. What do you do, what do you think of?"

I felt like saying: "I think of you, mistress." And that would have been no lie. But I was so embarrassed that I could not find a word to say. I think she saw this and took a mischievous pleasure in increasing my confusion. "And your sweetheart, shepherd, does she come up to see you sometimes? I have no doubt she is the golden she-goat, or the fairy Esterelle who runs along touching only the peaks of the mountains." And as she spoke she looked as though she might be the fairy Esterelle herself, with her head thrown back, her pretty laugh, and her haste to take leave, which made her visit something of an apparition. "Farewell, shepherd." "God speed, mistress!" And she was off, taking the empty baskets with her. As she disappeared down the mountain path, I listened to the stones rolling from under the mule's hoofs, and they seemed to be falling one by one upon my heart. I heard them for a long, long time, for I stood there like one entranced until the day was done, not daring to move lest I might drive away my dream. At nightfall, at the time when the valleys begin to grow blue and the sheep bleat and press close to each other to enter the fold, I heard some one call to me from the slope and I saw our demoiselle coming toward me. She was not laughing now, nor bright as she had been a short while before, but drenched from

head to foot and all of a tremble with cold and fear. It seems that at the foot of the slope she had found the Lorgue swollen by the rain and as she wanted to cross it at any cost she had been almost drowned. The worst of it all was that at that time of night there was no use in thinking of going back to the farm, for our demoiselle could never have found her way to the cross road alone, and I could not leave the flock. The idea of spending the night on the mountain worried her greatly an account of the anxiety of the people at home. For my part I reassured her as best I could.

"In July the nights are so short, mistress, it will only be a few unpleasant hours," said I, and I hastened to kindle a great fire that she might dry her feet and gown which had been drenched by the waters of the Lorgue. Then I fetched milk and cheese which I laid before her: But the poor little one thought neither of eating nor of warming herself, and the sight of the big tears which rose in her eyes came near making me weep myself. In the meantime night had come upon us. A rim of sundust along the crest of the mountains and a vapor of light in the west was all that was left of the day. I urged our demoiselle to go and rest in the fold. After having stretched a fine new sheep skin over the fresh straw I wished her good night and went out to sit before the door of the fold. I felt a great and splendid pride to think that in a corner of the fold there, near the inquisitive flock that watched her sleep, the daughter of my master, like a lamb, whiter and more precious than all the rest, lay entrusted to my keeping. Never had the heavens seemed so deep to me, nor the stars so bright.

Suddenly the door of the fold was opened and Stephanette appeared. She could not sleep. The sheep made the straw creak when they moved, or bleated

in their dreams. She preferred to come by the fire. Seeing this I threw my goat skin around her shoulders and stirred the logs. And there we sat, side by side, without saying a word. If you have ever spent the night in the open air you know that at the time when people sleep a mysterious world awakens in the silence and solitude. Then, the springs sing far more distinctly, and the ponds kindle tiny flames. All the spirits of the mountain come and go freely. The air is full of faint rustlings, almost imperceptible voices, as though one could hear the branches grow and the grasses sprout. The day is the life of beings; the night is the life of things. When one is not used to it, it frightens. Accordingly our demoiselle was all of a quiver and pressed close to me at every sound. Once a long melancholy cry started from the pond that glimmered below, and rose in undulations toward us. At that very instant a shooting star slid above our heads in the same direction, as if the wail which we had just heard carried a light with it.

"What is that?" said Stephanette in a whisper. "A soul has entered paradise," said I, and I crossed myself. She, too, crossed herself and sat thoughtfully looking up. Then she said: "Is it really true that you shepherds are conjurers?" "Not in the least, our demoiselle. Up here we live nearer the stars and we know more about them than the people of the plain, that is all." She was still looking up, her head resting on her hand and wrapped in her goat skin like a little celestial shepherd. "How many there are! How beautiful! I had never seen so many. Do you know their names, shepherd?" "Why, yes, mistress. Here, just above us there, that is the 'Road of Saint James.' It leads from France straight into Spain. Saint James of Galicia traced it so that the brave Charlemagne might not lose

his way when he went to fight the Saracens. Further on there you can see the 'Chariot of Souls' with its four resplendent axles. Those three stars in front of it are the three horses and the tiny one near the third horse is the driver. Now see that great shower of stars all around the chariot? Those are the souls that God will not have in His house. A little below, here, you can see 'The Rake' or the 'Three Kings.' That is our time-piece. By looking at it now I can tell that it is past midnight. A little lower still and slightly to the south is 'John of Milan,' the torch of the stars. Let me tell you the story that the shepherds tell about him: It seems that one night 'John of Milan,' the 'Three Kings' and 'Loucinere' were invited to the wedding of a star of their acquaintance. 'La Poucinere,' who was in a great hurry, started ahead and took the upper road. Look at her there up in the very deep of the sky. The 'Three Kings' cut across from below there and overtook her; but 'John of Milan,' who was very lazy, overslept himself and was left far behind. When he realized this he flew into a rage and in order to stop them he threw his stick at them. That is why the 'Three Kings' are often called 'The Stick of John of Milan.'

"But the most beautiful of all the stars, mistress, is ours—the 'Shepherd's Star,' the one which lights us at dawn when we take out the flock and again in the evening when we return to the fold. We call it Maguelonne, too, the Beautiful Maguelonne who runs after 'Pierre of Provence' and is married to him every seven years." "How is that, shepherd—so then there are marriages among the stars?" "Why, certainly, mistress." And while I was trying to make her understand what these marriages are I felt something cool and smooth press lightly upon my shoulder. It was her pretty head, heavy with sleep, which she leaned

against me with a sound of crumpled ribbons, the delicious touch of laces and curly hair. And there it stayed until the stars in the sky grew pale, effaced by the day that was rising. For my part I watched her sleep, a bit disturbed in the depths of my being but protected by the holiness of the clear night which has always given me beautiful thoughts. Around us, the stars pursued their silent march, docile like a great flock, and it occurred to me in a fancy, perhaps it was a dream, that one of these stars, the brightest, the most exquisite, had lost its way and had come down to rest upon my shoulder—and sleep.

(Translated from the French by a member of the French Class.)



The principal event on the program of the Senior Rhetoricals was the debate, "Resolved, That the Election of United States Senators by the People would be detrimental to the best interests of this country." Messrs. Thurston and Ross argued for the affirmative and Messrs. Franklin and Goetz for the negative. The debate was very interesting and hotly contested on both sides. The decision of the judges was two to one in favor of the negative.

Edith Dumont and Frederica Wessells ably filled their places on the program of the sixth instant with a violin and piano solo respectively. The round of essays and recitations are occasionally enlivened by these bright rays which make the Rhetoricals cheerful and lively. Bless our musicians! Mae McMaster read a carefully prepared essay on "Pascal," Bertha Shackleford read an essay on "Imagination," Ruth Sprague delivered the "Romance of the Revolution" and

Blanche Thompson recited the interesting little piece, "The Miller of Dee."

Louise Heller opened the program of the 20th with a piano solo which was well rendered. Fred Dale added to the program by a vocal solo which was encored several times. We predict for Mr. Dale considerable renown as a singer. Miss Balbach read an essay describing a trip on one of the Florida rivers. Mr. Burr delivered a witty recitation, "The Young Chub," while Miss Bell recited "The Ship's Doom." But the most interesting number on the program was the recitation delivered by Miss Biart, "Out of the Fire." It was well rendered and took well with the audience.

The Class of '96 held a class meeting on Tuesday the 17th and adopted fitting resolutions on the loss of Prof. Lewis. A committee consisting of Misses Kennedy and Ryan and Messrs. Lindsay, Gish, Krause and Hansen was appointed by the President to collect the class dues for the next Social.

The Junior Social.

Ninety-seven's first social event was in every way a success. The halls of the High School were tastefully decorated with flags, and High School and Class colors.

The first part of the evening was taken up by the play, "Which is Which?" A play well given and well appreciated. The stage was nicely decorated and a very artistic effect was produced. The costumes and general make-up of the actors were very appropriate. Howard Leonard showed much ability in his character of hero. He admirably carried out his part. Miss Robison looked very pretty indeed as Miss Pestle. Fanny Cole pleased everybody by her excellent acting and graceful appearance on the stage. Especially good was the

acting and costume of Laura Brunner. The character of the woman she was representing was shown forth by every action. But the transformation of appearance probably most noticed was in Mr. Gargles, represented by Frank Lehmer. And last comes our friend, the tradesman. Harry Tukey shows such perseverance, such steadfastness, that although not successful in this case, our class with him as collector need not fear for funds. Every one showed the careful training of Mr. Short.

We need not mention the rest. The dancing was enjoyed, the music good, the punch was just right and the refreshments were all that could be desired.

It was after twelve before the dances were finished, and all left, having enjoyed themselves and wishing they could have it all over again.

A meeting of the Class of '98 was held Friday afternoon, March 20th, and the following program was rendered:

Recitation.....	Maude Macomber
Piano Solo.....	Edith Thomas
Debate: Resolved, That a war with England would result more disastrously to England than to the United States. Affirmative, Williard Barrows. Negative, Harry Carter.	
Mandolin Solo.....	Stella Bedford
Recitation.....	Madge Leard
Piano Solo.....	Fred Cuscaden
Recitation.....	Lew Sholes

Mr. Fred Cuscaden's piano solo was met with a storm of applause and Miss Madge Leard was charming as usual. "Leedle Yawcob Strauss" by Mr. Sholes was exceptionally good. After the program the different class yells were tried and finally the following startling literary production was chosen:

Ypsilanti Jay Hawk
Oshkosh Jimmy Hawk
Kalamazoo Kazoo Kazoo
High School '93
Ripperty Roo.

Departure of Prof. Lewis.

In commemoration of the departure of Prof. Lewis, at a called meeting of the Senior class, the following resolutions of regret were introduced and unanimously adopted:

Be it Resolved, that we, as pupils of the Omaha High School, deeply regret the loss of Mr. Lewis as our Principal, even while rejoicing at his promotion. We thank him for the uniform kindness, patience and courtesy with which he has treated us. We send with him our best wishes for his success in the East, and will try to show what he has been to us by doing our best to make the Omaha High School what he would like it to be.

Resolutions of the same tenor as the above were also adopted by the other classes.

The teachers presented to Prof. Lewis a slight token of their regard for him, which was in the shape of a beautiful solid silver berry dish and spoons. The Manual training Department presented him with a souvenir of its finest handiwork.

Many of the pupils and teachers went down to the depot Wednesday afternoon to see Mr. Lewis off for Worcester. No one who was present will ever forget the scene. The train pulling out for the East, our Principal and friend standing on the platform, with hat raised in response to the high school cheers which rose from several hundred throats. His departure was felt to be a personal loss to everyone present. That Mr. Lewis may find his situation in Worcester a pleasant one is the sincere wish of the Omaha High School Students.

Col. Hoagland Addresses the Senior Class.

After a few introductory remarks by Mr. Leviston, Mr. Hoagland said: "I am very glad to be here this morning. I would like to put in fifteen minutes of as many tragical thoughts and hints on

boy and girl life as I possibly can. Of course, many of you have seen me before, and perhaps many of you have heard of me as the President of the Boys' and Girls' National Home and Employment Association. It is a great name but it comprehends a great deal, and there is in it 'boy' and 'girl' and 'home.' They are three words of immense meaning. In the last twelve years I have visited over six hundred cities and towns of the United States and have lectured in more than six thousand public schools, over three thousand churches and in three thousand manufactories at the noon hour to over nine thousand working people, and never yet in a single case has there been any of the public journals or even of the citizens, parents or educators to criticise unfavorably the work I am engaged in.

"Some of you have heard of the curfew bell. I do not suppose its meaning would have any significance respecting any of you young people here, but the curfew was known when Herculaneum and Pompey, cities at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius, were destroyed. Eight hundred and fifty odd years ago William 1st, of England, caused it to be rung with great regularity for the purpose of calling the youths of the city home at nightfall. The curfew is absolutely necessary to restrain the neglected classes of boys and girls." Mr. Hoagland then produced a picture which he called a 'School Room and Family Panoramic Drawing.' It represented twenty-four scenes where he was engaged in the work of caring for homeless boys and girls. He then told the stories of the illustrations on the picture. One was about a runaway boy whom he found sick, penniless and friendless, in Atchison, Kas. Col. Hoagland cared for the boy and sent him home to his mother in Boston. A short time after he received the following letter from the mother: 'Boston, Mass.,

Kind friend: I cannot find language sufficiently strong to thank a man I never saw for picking up my boy a thousand miles from home sick and among strangers, and for sending him home." Money cannot compensate for a letter like that. After a number of other touching illustrations the speaker advised the pupils to lay the foundations of a useful career here in school, and to remember that a good name is to be prized far above riches. He then gave some additional arguments in favor of the Curfew Law and dismissed the meeting with a short prayer.

Senior Honors.

The members of the Senior Class ranking highest from February 1895 to February 1896, are as follows: Miss Eugenie Mackin, 95.10; Miss Bessie Dumont, 94.82; Miss Olga Andean, 94.75; Miss Bertha Newton, 93.29; Miss Josephine Biart, 92.80; Mr. Chester Franklin, 92.79. These averages are very close, it being necessary to figure hundredths of a per cent to arrive at the correct result. Miss Mamie Moore ranked 92.88, but from the fact that she has taken but a three years' course she has not completed her Geometry, which should have entered into the calculation. For that reason her name is not included in the above.

Oratorical Contest.

In spite of statements to the contrary, the Oratorical Contest Committee has on several occasions met and discussed ways and means relating to the Annual Oratorical Contest. Those clauses of the arrangements which will aid contestants are given below:

1. Each class shall be allowed to send one debater for each side of the question, one declaimer, and two orators to the final preliminaries, from which number shall be selected the speakers

for the public contest to take place on Friday, May 1st at Boyd's opera house.

2. The classes shall have entire charge of the selection of candidates to appear at *final preliminary* contest; but shall decide upon these candidates before the second Thursday in April.

3. The orations must be original and with an eight minute time limit.

4. For the debate, each contestant will be allowed a twelve minute *set* speech and six minute rebuttal.

5. Declamations shall have a seven minute time limit.

(The same time limit shall be set for the public contest.)

6. Marks shall be made on the scale of 100 per cent. For the oration 75 possible points for thought and composition, and 25 possible points for delivery. In debate, 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ possible points for argument, thought and composition and 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ for delivery. For declamation, 100 possible points on delivery. The special prize of \$15 for best delivery of oration or debate shall be awarded on the whole oration, or on the best ten minute portion of set speech in debate.

7. The question of debate is: Resolved, That government ownership and control of the railroads in this country at the present time would be detrimental to the welfare of the United States.

The prizes shall be \$15 for each winner at the final contest, on Declamation, Oration and Debate, also the special prize of \$15 for best delivery of oration or debate, as stated above.

How beautiful is youth! How bright its gleams,
With its illusions, aspiration, dreams!
Book of beginnings, story without end,
Each maid a heroine, each man a friend,
Alladin's lamp, and Fortunatus' purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in his hands,
No danger daunts it and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
'Be thou removed!' it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leading on the cloud.

—Longfellow.



Acetylene.

KARL A. CONNELL, '06.

The gas, acetylene, has been known for a long time, but not until recently has there been any commercial method of making it. The discovery, like many other important discoveries, was stumbled upon in the search for something else. While seeking to obtain the metal calcium from quick lime, which is composed of calcium and oxygen, by combining carbon with the oxygen in the arc of an electric light, Mr. Willson, a North Carolina chemist formed a black sirup-like mass.

Regarding his experiment as a failure he threw the substance into a pail of water. A sharp hissing sound and a copious evolution of gas told him that he threw something besides lime and coke into the bucket. By experimenting, he found that not only had the carbon taken away the oxygen of the lime, but that some unused carbon had combined with the calcium carbide, a substance which when brought into contact with water produces large volumes of acetylene.

Acetylene is a light, colorless gas composed of hydrogen and carbon. It burns with an exceedingly bright white flame, giving ten times as much light as ordinary gas, and besides, it is neither so poisonous nor so explosive. The heat given out is but little more than that from an incandescent electric light. As compared with common illuminating gas, acetylene consumes a small quantity of oxygen and gives off very little carbonic acid gas. The garlic-like odor proves to be very valuable in detecting a leak in any apparatus. Acetylene is well adapted to enrich coal

gas, a slight addition of acetylene greatly increasing the candle power of coal gas. One important property of this gas is the ease with which it can be liquefied. The pressure produced by the generation in a confined space is great enough to compress 400 volumes of gas into one of liquid. This enables it to be handled easily and it is very probable that liquid acetylene in steel tubes will become an important factor in commerce.

The devices for generating and using the gas are very simple. The process requires merely water and calcium-carbide. At present the carbide is expensive, but the price will be much reduced when it begins to be manufactured for commerce. Electrical furnaces are now being constructed at Niagara for its manufacture and within a few years acetylene will be much cheaper than water gas or coal gas. The old gas must give place to the more economical and satisfactory.

A Sonnet.

Miss Lloyd asks me to write a sonnet,
But I hardly know how to begin;
There is nothing original in me,
Except original sin.

I was not born a poet,
For poets are not made, but born,
So please do not look upon these lines
With a feeling of ireful scorn.

I will try to write of the O. H. S.,
Its scholars and its teachers,
Of the notable people in it
And its freak of nature creatures.

First of all there is Lew Reed,
A notable person is he.
For when Lew is out of sight,
His moustache we can always see.

We have come to the final conclusion
That Lew wants the money to save,
So we are going to take up a collection
And buy the poor boy a shave.

Next there is Harry Tukey,
Who in class is always asleep.
And so we are going to buy Harry
A reclining chair for his seat.

Now we come to Neilsen,
Who before the girls likes to pose.
For he thinks he is as handsome
As a tulip or a rose.

Another is Story Bowen,
Whose walk would kill a cat,
And when he got promoted
He bought Connell's old hat.

I must not skip our president
Who learns his lessons so well,
And when we present him with a translation
of Virgil

Just watch this old boy yell,

The last is Daniel Baum
Who in class likes to have much fun.
And every afternoon 'tween two and three
You can find him in forty one.

'97.

The High School Committee of the Board of Education has set aside \$150 to be expended for pictures of leading statesmen and historical events, which will be placed in the various rooms of the building.

The statement showing the expenses of the High School for the year 1895, which was published in our February issue, was somewhat misleading. In the total amount, \$40,929.35, is also included the expenses for the month of June of the preceding year. The expense per scholar per year, based on average attendance, 845, was \$42.21, while the expense, based on enrollment, 1082, was \$34.67. Of the children attending school in the city of Omaha, the cost per capita, based on average attendance, was \$32.77, while the cost per capita, based on enrollment, was \$24.55. These figures are about 10 per cent too large, the accounts for June of the previous year being included in the report from which they are taken.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
As the swift season's roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting seal.
—Holmes.



Perpendicular.

"Shoot that bell."

"Which is which?"

Hurrah for Company Z!

"Don't climb up the pole."

Lost—Clara. Return to Clarence.

Bertha S. wants to go to a convent.

Joan of Arc in bloomers is the latest.

The next Junior Play—Who is who?
Junior Greek—They made a way
away.

"Macaulay was a very interesting little boy."

Which is which, Charles or Herbert Woodland?

A lesson in Evolution—Bromine, Br. Belle Ryan.

Miss Lloyd wishes to know what a punt race is.

"A reader of the article." You are too personal.

Something that flows easier than thought—Ink.

In History—Were the Normans the same as the Mormons?

Miss Lawrence has invented a new French verb, "Starter."

Sholes was badly in need of a clothes brush on Friday evening.

A pair of suspenders—the Principal and the teacher concerned.

Will Gardner has just returned from a business trip to Wyoming.

Ninety-eight is glad to welcome a new member, Mr. Frank Knight.

"Say, Will, let's go up this way and come down the other stairs."

Goetz was observed trying to light a candle from Welshans' head.

They say there is a hypnotist in the Class of '96,—with black eyes.

Mr. Young (in Junior Greek)—But what's the cause for that reason?

Shane wants to know if each snow crystal is formed from a "vapor."

Wagner has at last got a whole company of girls. We hope he is satisfied.

Lew C. says that the exercises in Geometry are harder than the prepositions.

Scene on stage after play—Oh, Harry, do you really mean it or are you stuffing me?

And now Mae doesn't write any more notes to Grace. Ask the Senior boys why.

The Juniors are indebted to A. Hospe, Jr., for artist's materials used in the play.

The Geometry classes have of late fairly raised the ceiling and moved the walls.

The Juniors are busy inscribing their names on the cross, during Geometry hours.

The Junior Play was written by a genius whose name is "Stay There Smith."

Wentworth's illustrations (in his Geometry) are a "little off" according to Stebbin's ideas.

Miss B.—'s story of her Chicago visit was highly entertaining. At least to those she related it to.

Welshans asks why snow crystals do not form with more than six sides. Echo answers, "Why?"

The night of the Junior Social Prof. Turner took X ray photographs of Shears, Knives and "Spoons."

First Young Lady—What a charming "Knight."

Second Young Lady—Yes, indeed, most delightful.

Will Johnson wore an orange necktie to the St. Patrick's Day matinee, and

the High School Cadets had to be called out to protect him.

At a recent class meeting Ralph Connell moved that the preliminaries for the contest be held on the first Saturday in Thursday. Wonder where he was the night before?

The following is taken from a conversation that occurred some time ago:

Charley—It's too bad your mamma won't let anybody kiss you.

She—O, well, I won't tell her.

So what could the poor boy do?

The Board of Education has given the Woman's Christian Temperance Union the privilege of providing lunches for the scholars at the High School. This Association took the matter in hand at once, and a neat lunch counter is now in operation in the basement, where good lunches may be bought at bottom prices.

The Peoria High School, which claims two former '96 O. H. S. scholars, is going to have a debate between the Juniors

and Seniors. Miss Tyaden and Mr. Hayward will represent the Seniors. They are still loyal to the Omaha High, for they claim it is a debate between the O. H. S. and P. H. S.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. were completely deluged with the happy, good-humored jostling crowd of boys and girls that swarmed in on them the first day they opened the lunch counter. A plate of soup and a cup of coffee were most in demand. The lunch counter in the basement has come to stay. Give it a trial. Yes, *we* did it.

The coming Senior play is looked forward to with a great deal of interest and curiosity. Excepting the Commencement Exercises this event will be the last opportunity this class will have of giving an entertainment. Whether the play will be one of Shakespeare's sublime tragedies or a light comedietta by some popular author is not now known. It will, no doubt, be something out of the ordinary.



ATHLETICS.

Pay up your subscriptions.

Help to make field day a success. We *must* and we *will* break the record this year.

Hand your names in at once for the events you intend to enter. Pay up your subscriptions.

On Friday, March 6th, a meeting of all the boys in the school was held to discuss plans for Field Day. The meeting was called to order by Manager Tukey, and the following list of suggestions for Field Day contests was read:

1. One hundred yard dash.
2. One-fourth mile bicycle race.
3. One mile bicycle race.
4. Sack race.
5. Running high jump.
6. One hundred and twenty yard hurdle race.
7. Potato race.
8. One mile foot race.
9. Hammer throw.
10. Putting the shot.
11. Standing broad jump.
12. Running broad jump.
13. Baseball long throw.
14. Three-legged race.
15. Punt kick.
16. Drop kick.
17. Four hundred and forty yard foot race.

A committee composed of Gardner, Hopkins, Lehmer, Reed and Tukey, which had been appointed at a previous meeting, handed in a report which provided that the Field Day should be about the middle of May; that ten cents should be charged as entrance fee to one event; that after entering three events and paying ten cents for each entry the competitor may enter all further events

without additional charge; that the entrance fee should be returned if the boy took part in the event entered, and if not it should be forfeited. After some little discussion this report was adopted. A subscription was taken up, and including promises, it amounted to about twenty-eight dollars. The executive Committee intends to make Field Day a success. Entries are not coming in very fast for some events, but it is hoped that there will be enough entries in each contest to make it pay to obtain prizes.

A Track Team.

Almost every High School in the east is represented by a track team, as well as by the foot ball and base ball teams. We do not lack the ball teams but we have never had a track team.

Perhaps some of our readers do not clearly understand what a track team is, so for their benefit I will explain. It is a team composed of the best athletes in the school to meet other teams and contest in part or whole of the following events: 100 yards dash, 220 yards dash, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile run, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile run, 1 mile run, 120 yards hurdle, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile bicycle, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile bicycle, 1 mile bicycle, 1 mile walk, running broad jump, standing broad jump, high jump, pole vault, hammer throw, shot put.

Since the present seniors entered the O. H. S. but one field day has taken place and that was a hastily gotten up affair. Last year some few of us attended the Council Bluffs High School field day and were greatly surprised at the excellent work done. Why not arrange a match with the C. B. track team?

There are many boys in the O. H. S. who are not able to stand the physical strain of foot ball or have not the natural ability to play base ball yet who would like to represent the High School in some athletic event. The track team would be just the thing for them.



Lieutenant Gsantner has resigned.

Company D has a yell. It is a dandy, too.

Private Baker has been promoted to be a sergeant.

Anton Anderson, lance corporal, promoted to corporal.

Corporal Manchester has been promoted to be a sergeant.

Cadets! Brace up! You have a formidable rival in Company Z.

Sergeant Keniston has been promoted to be a quartermaster sergeant.

Quartermaster Sergeant Thurston has been promoted to be a lieutenant.

The Officers' Hop will soon come off. Better make up your minds, boys!

Sergeant Leonard has been promoted to be first sergeant of Company D.

Sergeant Fonda and Corporal DeLong have joined Company D after serving their time drilling recruits.

The members of the Battalion as well as Company D regret very much that First Sergeant Robt. Cuscaden decided to leave Omaha and the High School Cadets.

The individual competition drills in the various companies are developing some very proficient privates. Boys, you must pay strict attention to these drills as your standing in them will have considerable influence in promotions.

The "Spell Downs" of Company D are becoming quite exciting of late. The boys are all taking a great interest in them, and it took until after the regular drill hour before Corporal Sherman Smut succeeded in winning his victory March 17.

Company D has a company yell:

Boomalacca, Boomalacca,
Bow, wow, wow,
Chingalacca, Chingalacca,
Chow, chow, chow,
Boomalacca, Chingalacca,
H. S. C.,

We are the people of Company D.

On Thursday of last week, when Prof. Leviston stepped on the platform to speak to the Cadets; the boys greeted him with a hearty round of applause which very well expresses their feeling toward our new Principal. It is to be hoped that the boys will respond just as heartily to the wishes that Mr. Leviston expressed.

Company Z, the girls volunteer company, has been organized. The volunteer officers are: Captain, Ray C. Wagner; First Lieutenant, Austin Collett; Second Lieutenant, Robt. Towne; Third Lieutenant, Fred Dale; First Sergeant, Harry Tukey; Second Sergeant, Howard Leonard; Third Sergeant, Storrs Bowen; Fourth Sergeant, Frank Lehmer. Corporals will be chosen later from the best drilled girls. There are at present 30 privates. The drill is held every Monday afternoon. Uniforms will, of course, arrive later.

The big mass meeting of the boys of the school held on March 6th, was truly indicative of the progressive spirit of our Athletics, and if the enthusiasm manifested at that meeting may be taken as a criterion, the Field Day exercises this year will be the biggest ever held in the history of the High School. There is already enough money pledged to insure good prizes. The only remaining thing to be done now is for every boy to enter the lists in at least one of the many contests, and we will have a day that will far outmatch any of its predecessors in the number of entries and in the enthusiasm of all.



Born, a child, to Mrs. Anna Truland Burnis, '79.

The death is reported of Imogene Wheeler, a former attendant at the High School who moved to Chicago two years ago.

The executive Board of the Alumni Association meet frequently and has laid all plans for the annual reception to be given '96 after commencement.

Charles and Will Barnum, both former members of the High School, are now engaged in the bicycle business in this city. They have a fine store on 15th St.

The C. P. C. held its February meeting at the residence of Lynn Chaffee, '93, and the March meeting with Arthur Welshans, '96 and Will Welshans, '93. At both homes the members were treated royally and profitable programs resulted.

Rev. T. J. Mackey echoes the universal sentiment of the Alumni in the following from his parish paper:

"Church and Home regrets to learn of the removal from our city of Mr. Homer P. Lewis, for so many years Principal of the High School. He takes with him to Worcester the good-will and respect of our citizens, and we heartily congratulate the people of that good city on the wisdom of their choice. Mr. Lewis is a scholarly man, polished and courteous in manner, and one who makes and keeps many friends."



During the month of February the students of Luther College rendered the play, "Merchant of Venice," in a very creditable manner.

The Franklin Academy Mirror had some good strong articles in support of the "Christian Academy" which gave both pleasure and profit to the readers.

We are always glad to see the Lynn Gazette on our exchange table. The High School it represents is evidently right up to date,—girls, Cadet Corps and all.

The High School Life, Norwich, N. Y., is one of our new exchanges. Short, spicy column articles, as well as a cut of its foot ball team, are leading features of its February number.

The "Girls Edition" of the Omnium Gatherum contains excellent matter, well arranged. Come again. We think a Girls Edition of the HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER would be just the thing.

We have received the March number of the Wilton College Polyglot, Wilton Junction, Iowa. It is a paper published in both English and German, which will be interesting to our German students.

We have received the Beech Grove Oracle. Its editorials on the current topics of the day are well written and interesting, but in our opinion it is usurping the place of the daily newspaper.

The first March number of that unique intercollegiate magazine, The Lotus, has been received. It is a dainty magazine on tinted paper with striking cover drawings and curious picturings by college youths, which makes a fit setting for a selection of the brightest stories and a few verses from the pens of undergraduates. It is published in Kansas City, Mo., by college students attending several western colleges and universities. Such papers as The Lotus are an inspiration to the purest literature among students.

Life.

JOHN Wm. DICKINSON.

O life, thou wish of all, what art thou?
 Thou'rt like a day—a few fast fleeting hours,
 Surround'd at morn with many balmy flowers
 Yes, everything that can delight; and how
 They smile when 'tis the noon of life; and bow
 Their heads when the night 'gins slowly to
 lower.
 That night which brings each man to his
 bower—
 The grave. And slow from morn till eve the
 tow
 Is pulled to the latter dark, but happy shore,
 Where man must moan the loss of the absent
 ray:
 And there must lay him down to rest and
 weep—

Life burns her candles but a brief, short day,
Then quietly sinks into a gentle sleep.

Push.

On every door you see that word,
 Push, and unless you obey its silent
 command, you will never get on the
 other side of the door. If you wish to
 enter a higher grade you must push.
 You must push yourself ahead just as
 you would push a door. If you are ever
 to attain any real success you must
 push. The door of success will open if
 you push it. It will not open if you do
 not.

Clothing Department ...

Tell us your idea about Spring Clothing and we'll tell you ours. Let us talk it over here at the store, where you can try on some of the new Suits and Spring Overcoats. We will not ask you to buy if you don't see what you want . . .

DON'T PUT IT OFF

If you are going to buy for spring, might as well buy early and get a whole season's wear and comfort out of your clothing. Good goods can't be sold lower than we are selling them now, and first pick out of this splendid new stock and Largest New Stock ever shown in Omaha.

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Gray and Brown Cassimere Suits, sack style, in sizes 34 to 42, for \$4.00. All wool black, blue, brown, and gray Cheviot Suits, first class tailored, lathere lined Suits that usually retail for \$8.00 and \$10.00, we offer this spring for \$5.00.

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 need it. You can be
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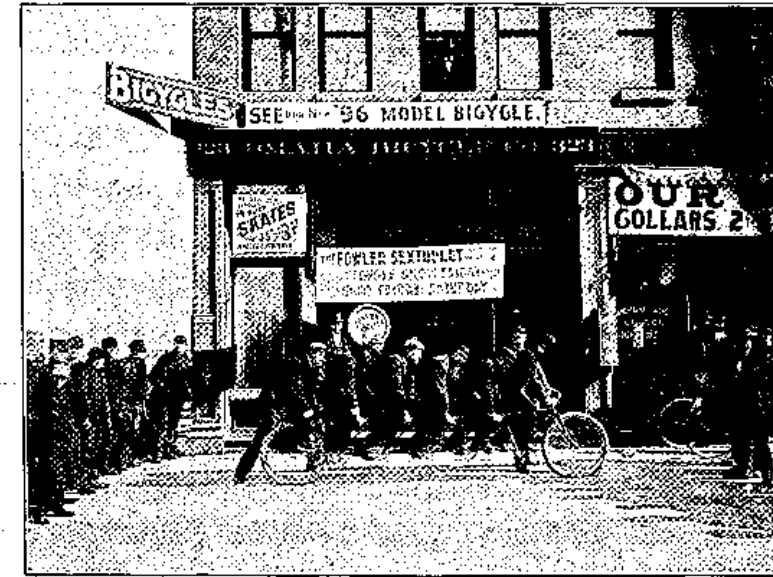
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One-Piece Crank and Axle.

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As good as many sold for \$100.

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