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· THE REGISTER ·

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Editorial.

THE Cadet Officers have been considering the plan of giving their annual hop somewhere outside of the school. This is the first time the plan has been seriously contemplated by the club and no class or other school organization has ever given a dance or entertainment of the kind anywhere but in the old O. H. S. In some schools where the building is not suited for the purpose dances are given outside, but that is hardly the case here. We believe that in many ways the scheme is not wise and would say that the committee would do well to weigh the question carefully before deciding.

THAT bill to abolish football in Nebraska came up before the house about two weeks ago, and was quite warmly discussed. Those who opposed the bill spoke against it and ridiculed it in a very amusing manner, and those who favored it and know so little about it also spoke in a way that was very amusing, although not so intended by them. Many facts about the game were unearthed that will prove quite interesting to any one that formerly has prided himself on his knowledge of it. How ashamed many of our burly athletes will feel when they hear and realize fully that they have been engaging in a game that "is degrading and demoralizing and in this respect no better than a prize fight." Will it not be a sudden shock to some of our young men who have meant perfectly well, to know that they have placed themselves on a level with the bruisers whose free advertisement we see so much in the daily papers? One of the most delightfully new facts about the game, brought up in the course of the discussion is, that "the only difference in the two games is that prize fighting is one man against one, while football is one against eleven." This statement is most refreshingly original. We believe that it fairly represents the accuracy of knowledge about the game possessed by the average anti-football crank. The members of the house that favored it spoke in a most commonsense manner, which may not be said of all those that opposed it. It is certainly true as was said then, that Nebraska legislators will be called blessed if they do not make fools of themselves by passing such a bill. The pathetic anecdote related by one speaker is quite applicable here. This man had known of an engaged

couple that had gone skating a few days before they were to be married. If there had been a law prohibiting skating the couple would never have gone on thin ice and been drowned. But such a law could not possibly be passed, and no more should one against football. Bicycle accidents and injuries from other innocent sources have happened, which if they had resulted from football, would have been quoted and commented on in every newspaper in the country. Is it probable, if football is such a hideous game as it has been represented, that colleges in the east, such as Yale and Harvard, to say nothing of numerous institutions in all parts of the land, should never have taken steps to abolish it? The question of brutality in football has been discussed before in these columns, so we shall not touch upon it now, but we sincerely hope that football will be allowed to continue in this state until there seems to be more call for prohibiting it. The bill was recommitted and is still in the hands of the committee on miscellaneous subjects.

JOHN KEATS.

EDITH LORA SANDBERG.

John Keats was born Oct. 29, 1795, at Moorfield, London. His family was neither old nor wealthy nor known to the world, but like so many geniuses he belonged to the common people.

He was educated at a school at Enfield, kept by the father of that friend who afterwards influenced him so much, Charles Cowden Clarke. A classical education would have been invaluable to Keats, for he loved Greek art and Greek learning, and would afterwards have made much use of a more accurate knowledge of these, but at Enfield he was taught only the rudiments of the classics, and he never learnt Greek. Whatever studies were given him, however, he pursued with eagerness except when siezed, as he was at times, with fits of idleness. The books in the school library, which were limited to histories, biographies, and accounts of travels, were read by him with unflagging interest. The only journal that ever fell into his hand was The Examiner, edited by Leigh Hunt, who was destined to become such a warm friend of the poet and to influence him so much. Keats's schoolmates remember him as a handsome and lovable boy, passionate, and always ready to fight, not for himself, but for others.

When Keats was fifteen his mother died and the guardians placed over him apprenticed him for five years to a surgeon of Edmonton. At this time his happiest hours were those spent with Cowden Clarke. This friend liked to read to him the works of the great poets and to encourage the genius he saw in him. Keats himself was for the first time conscious of his gifts when he heard Cowden Clarke read The Faerie Queene of Spencer, that poet beloved of poets. His beautiful sonnet, Lines on First Looking into Chapman's Homer, was inspired by hearing this friend read Chapman's translation of Homer.

In 1815 Keats removed to London to continue his study of medicine. Here he made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt, and the influence of this friendship was felt throughout the life of the poet; he encouraged him in his poetry as did the other men of letters to whom he introduced Keats, and it seems that though the world was unsympathetic, literary men were not slow to recognize

his genius. These friends persuaded him to publish a small volume of poetry, and though it attracted little attention Keats gave up medicine for poetry. He did not dislike the profession nor was he unskillful in surgery, but he felt that he must give himself up entirely to his art.

He was not, however, destined to live a long poetic life, for consumption, from which his mother had died, was hereditary in the family and he was to become a victim to it. In 1817 he visited the Lakes and Western Scotland and here the first symptoms of consumption set in. He led a rough life, being out of doors the greater part of the time and in the worst weather. In a letter to his brother George he mentions a slight sore throat, which became worse, probably owing to the fact that he would not spare himself from hardship, until he was finally ordered home by the doctor.

On his return home he was confronted with the cruel criticisms, which now seem so infamous, in Blackwood's Magazine and the Quarterly Review. These brutal reviews were supposed to treat of Endymion, which Keats had published in 1818, but they spared neither himself nor Leigh Hunt. At the time of his death it was rumored that they had caused it; but in his letters Keats said that he cared less for these criticisms than for his own. He set his own standard and lived up to it, and he cared nothing for what the world thought. His death, though not caused by this harsh treatment, may, however, in a system already a prey to disease, have been hastened by it as well as his other troubles at this time, for in 1818 his brother Thomas, whom he had cared for during his last illness, died and at the same time he was passionately in love with Fanny Braune.

His health failed rapidly and as a last chance for life he decided to go to Italy. In September, 1820, he left England with Severn, the artist. After a few months spent in Naples they went to Rome and it was here that, after months of suffering and both physical and mental agony, the poet died in February, 1821. His devoted friend Severn was with him constantly and cared for him faithfully to the last.

Keats was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome near the place where the ashes of his friend Shelley were afterward interred. At his own request the words, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," were engraved upon his tomb.

But his name was not "writ in water," but upon human hearts. He was loved not only by those who knew him personally but by many who knew him only through his verses. Though much of his character passed into his poems, we may learn more of it from his letters. He was subject to ever-changing moods and his moods were always extreme. Some of his letters are overflowing with gaiety and the joy of living and affection for those around him. At other times a tone of melancholy runs through his letters, even in his early ones before he was stricken with disease, and he is irritable, jealous, and discontented, bitter and full of hatred for the world and life. Though he seldom gave way to his morbidness save to his brothers, he frequently in his letters showed a spirit of feverish unhappiness and restlessness. He often expressed a wish to live alone, away from the world, to which he was so indifferent, and to make poetry for himself only. In reference to his dislike for mankind in general the following may be quoted: "Upon the whole I dislike mankind. Whatever people on the other side of the question may advance, they cannot deny that they are always surprised at hearing of a good action and never at hearing of

a bad one." But though he disliked mankind as a whole, he was passionately fond of those around him and he was always affectionate and true to his friends and those nearest and dearest to him.

Keats loved beauty always; when dying he said: "I have loved the principle of beauty in all things;" and these words sum up his whole life. To him the worship of beauty was not a passion but a faith. He always tried to live up to his creed.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know;"

His keen sense of beauty pervades his poetry and he himself speaks of it in his letters; he says that "with a great poet the sense of beauty overcomes every other consideration, or rather obliterates all considerations."

But beautiful as his poetry was, spiritual and full of life and color, and always pervaded with that love of beauty which with Keats was religion, it is still marked by signs of inexperience and youth. Had life been spared him we do not know what he might have accomplished in the world of letters. It has been said that he may not have written better poetry, for many poets have done their best in youth, but, however that may be, the last three years of his life, the years in which he devoted himself to his art, were marked by great intellectual growth. His whole life as a poet only extends over a period of three years, from the publication of his first small volume of poems in 1817 to his last one, "Lamia" and Other Poems in June, 1820. These years make up his real poetical life; throughout them he was steadily improving, his poetry was losing its fire and passion and was becoming more thoughtful. He was ambitious and had faith in his power, but he felt the need of study and thought and the knowledge that comes with years. In one of his latter letters the words "I find earlier days are gone by—I find I have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge" show that his thoughts were becoming calmer and his ambitions less feverish. He knew his faults as is well shown in the preface of Endymion which excited such contempt when it appeared, but which now seems so pathetic. He was ambitious though he did not care for popularity nor the approval of the world; he wished to write beautiful poetry and so help the world, for he said, "I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good to the world."

The prophesy of Keats contained in the words, "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death," has been fulfilled. Though the world was slow to sympathize with him or to recognize his genius he is now after the lapse of years, not only counted among the English poets but as one of the greatest of English poets.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GALENA.

KATE A. MCHUGH.

About three miles from the Mississippi, stands the historic town of Galena. It is built on the hillsides, having but three level streets. Flights of stairs lead from these to the tops of the hills. She boasts no street cars and for one who is not fortunate enough to own a carriage there is no way of evading these steps. Strangers hear occasionally that the Galenian comes down town by stepping from his door-step to the roof the house below, and so on until the level is reached, and as he looks at the houses, he is inclined to believe the story. I have heard one man gravely assure a stranger that Galena was so hilly that when he wanted to see if his cow was coming home, he looked up the chimney. The streets follow the contour of the hills and change direction frequently, and no Galenian in directing a stranger ever tells him to go north or south.

The site was chosen, not for its beauty, but because here were found some of the richest lead mines in the country. The hills are honeycombed with mines and many fortunes have been made here—usually to be lost as easily as found. It is said that the name "suckers," given to the people of Illinois, was given them by the Galenians who saw them come up to work in the mines during the season and then go south again, coming and going with the suckers in the river. Occasionally, today, a miner finds a large deposit of lead, but the mines are now being worked for black jack (zinc), which in the early day was rejected by the miners as worthless.

Fever River divides the town into East and West Galena. We hear that in the early day it was not unusual to see fifteen or sixteen steamboats at the levee. It is hard to believe this for now it is possible only in spring or during the June rise to use a row boat. The U. S. Custom House and the old Marine Hospital, however, bear witness to the fact that the town once had a flourishing river trade. Upon this river the U. S. Government has spent large sums of money. I remember that when M. Y. Johnson returned from Washington, after having obtained $50,000 with which to dredge the river, the citizens gave him a royal reception and the workingmen marched in procession, with banners which hailed him "The friend of the laboring man." By the irony of fate not a Galenian had a day's work on the dredging, and the mud was simply thrown up on the bank—to be washed in again at the next rain. Since that time, nearly $15,000 more has been expended as uselessly. At the time of the first appropriation, one of the members of Congress said he was a friend of Galena and would willingly vote for an appropriation to *macadamize* the river. It was taken as a joke, but had his plan been adopted Galena would have had, at less cost, better communication with the Mississippi than it now has. Years ago, about three miles from the mouth of the river, and one mile below town, the Government cut a passage uniting the Fever and the Mississippi rivers, thus saving steamers several miles of travel on their journey northward. In that early day the country round St. Paul and that round Chicago depended on Galena for supplies.

Not far from Galena is the famous Pilot Knob. It served as a landmark for the Mississippi pilots. From its summit twelve miles of the river can be seen. About three miles on the opposite side of town is the home of John S. Rawlins, who was one of Grant's staff and who, at his death, was Grant's Secretary of War. A famous old plank road ran north into Wisconsin. It was built of heavy timber, just like a sidewalk—only wider—and was once the favorite drive. The road is now macadamized.

In the town are several famous places. At the foot of one of the hills is an old log cabin, now used as a stable, which was part of the old fort used during the Black Hawk War. I remember hearing my mother tell that once an alarm was sent out, and the entire family hurried to the fort—a distance of twelve miles—there to find that the authorities had given the alarm merely as a test to see how long it would take the people to reach the fort. Mothers who had brought their frightened little ones twelve or fifteen miles were naturally rather indignant at the officers in charge.

In East Galena is a large brick house

with a wide porch with Ionic pillars. This was the home of Elihu B. Washburne, "the Watch-Dog of the Treasury." I have a pleasant remembrance of Washburne. After the Franco-Prussian War was over, he returned from Paris where he had been such a prominent figure. We were proud of him as a Galenian, and as a Minister of the United States, when we remember that he was the only foreign minister to brave the horrors of the siege of Paris and stay at his post of duty. It was planned that he should talk to a few friends of his experiences there, but finally it was felt that this should not be confined to a select few, so all were invited to Lumer Hall. Here Washburne, then looking quite elderly and feeble, sat in a large arm-chair and talked to us. We thrilled with pride as he exulted in the fact that in his house, because over it waved the American flag, the terrified Germans found safety. He told us of the horrors of the famine, and I remember that in telling of the killing and eating of the animals in the Zoological Gardens, he said he liked the elephant's meat best.

Galena is naturally proud of her illustrious sons. Two are Governors of western states while many hold prominent positions In Chicago, the "Galena Colony" numbers among its members J. M. Scott, formerly of the Herald, H. H. Kohlsaat, of the Times-Herald, Mayor Washburn, Mayor Swift, and many others. But of all her sons, the one most dear to her is U. S. Grant.

On Main Street is the leather store in which he worked. Here is a workbench which he used, and which resembles some of the famous articles in the Arabian Nights, for from it have been made gavels and canes innumerable but it never seems to grow less, and the owner is still ready to supply orders. The stranger is always taken to see the simple two-story house in which he lived before the war, and the more pretentious one given him by the citizens at its close. The latter is still owned by the family. Needless to say, many were anxious to know him in his hour of triumph who had passed him by in the earlier day.

He came home during the campaign which led to his first election. On election day, Grant stepped to the polling place and deposited his vote. Just then an old miner, with his pants in his boots dropped one in, and turning to Grant said, "Well, General, I've spoiled your vote." After his famous tour round the world, he came to us again. Never was there a more enthusiastic reception. He had gone from Galena to Appomatox, from Appomatox to Washington, from Washington round the world, and had come back to us. From all parts of the state they thronged to welcome him. Here he stayed until from the convention came the news which destroyed his hopes of a third term of office. Simple in his tastes and entirely without ostentation, I think he would not have been sorry to have ended his days here, but the family never loved the old place.

About six years ago, chiefly through the instrumentality of J. M. Scott and H. H. Kohlsaat, it was decided to celebrate his birthday in an appropriate manner. H. H. Kohlsaat presented the city with a statue of Grant, not the soldier, but the plain citizen whom we had known. Chauncey Depew was the orator on the occasion, which drew a crowd to the city second only to that which greeted Grant on his return from his tour round the world. Since that day each year the people of the city and the Chicago Galenians unite to do him honor. Each year some famous orator pronounces the eulogy, but among them none have delighted the people more than did Henry Estabrook.

Galena has lived to see Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul—cities which once looked to her for supplies—pass her in the race for wealth. She has seen her sons leave her, many to find prominence in new homes, but she knows that to them all the old home is dear, and that the words "I am a Galenian," are an "open sesame" to all their hearts.

A STORY.

By a Senior.

Since the damp season this fall a fiend has been haunting me, a formless, dusky, shadow, at my elbow, almost invisible, more felt than seen. When he touched me, my eyes grew bright and my cheeks hot. But one Tuesday as I bent over my work in the study-room, he started suddenly into shape, a tall, grim, motionless Darkness, moccasined, blanketed, bedecked with feathers, folding his gaunt arms across his breast, and fixing his burning eyes upon me.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Do you not remember Minnehaha?" he answered. "I am the Fever."

"You are a Fiend! Leave me!" I tried to shriek, but I choked with a long cough. The watchful Shape smiled grimly in the depths of his flaming eyes, and moved closer.

Through the long nights that followed, the Shadow pressed upon me. But the mornings were better, for then a long bright streak of sunshine crept slowly across my bed, with gleaming dust motes dancing madly in it. The wall paper, a design of dying white poppies fading into a brownish background, vexed me—maddened me. The flowers around the border danced like fantastic imps at my distress.

To relieve my eyes I looked away out of the window. On the black oak outside a single brown leaf fluttered alone, like an old, old man, whose friends have all died before him.

"I am as lonely as you are," I said to it, "with nobody but the Shadow for company."

"I know you are lonely," answered the leaf gently, "but not as I am. You are young, you still look forward to friends and happy days; I am the last of my race, and have no new life to hope from the coming spring. He alone can be utterly sad who has nothing to hope."

I felt hushed, and lay quiet for several minutes, gazing at the fluttering leaf, the lonely old man. I was startled by a quick rap on the pane, and suddenly perceived a bright-eyed, long-whiskered grey mouse, looking in at me. "Let me in!" he cried. I opened the window, and he whisked in and pattered across the white spread, leaving tiny grey tracks where his feet fell. "Of course you remember me," he went on, perching on the pillow between me and the Fiend, "I am one of the community who live at O. H. S. near the waste basket in the study-room, and who amuse the small boys by their antics."

"I remember you well," I replied, well pleased with my caller, "I have watched you often myself. It's bad to play in school that way."

"Oh, we must give their minds relief," he replied comfortably, "they would all have brain fever if it weren't for us."

I smiled a little at his conceit.

"You are too sick to be hungry, I suppose," he went on inquiringly, looking at the plate near by, where my breakfast lay untouched.

"Yes—help yourself."

"I'm glad it's crackers instead of toast," my voluble visitor continued, "I *have* a partiality for crackers. I like

cheese immensely, but I hear that they bait traps with it. I have never seen a trap, but there's a little cat in the basement at High School, who has a terrible leering face."

I did not tell him that there were both cats and traps down stairs, for I had no wish to lose his company. So he munched his crackers in peace.

"What's been going on there lately?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing unusual. My brothers and I gnawed a large hole through the map of the wanderings of Aeneas, but it was not juicy, so we left it."

Then, looking at his tiny grey tracks he added, "That's real High School dust, I thought it would be company for you."

"You're very thoughtful; I might have recognized it."

"Why, there's Vergil at last, now we've a company indeed," and my visitor looked up from his cracker with interest.

I started again, and a tremor of vague fear seized me as a second dim shape came softly and settled, like a white mist, beside me. The dark Fiend, too, pressed nearer, and laughed almost aloud; "*He* helped me!" he seemed to say.

"Go away!" I whispered gaspingly, motioning toward the second well-known face, as a vision of school room and scansion rose before me and I remembered well the times innumerable that my translations must have made this poor ghost turn in his grave. "'Twas not *my* fault I worried you! *I* didn't want to do it!"

But his face was kind as he answered, and a faint feeling of relief came as he touched my hot forehead with his cool hand.

"I am sorry you fear me. I am not angry with you for hating me; you will understand me better some day. I loved the whole human race, my stories are of the humming bees and the bright sunshine, of the free-hearted wanderings of a people hopeful though conquered; you have connected me instead with a close school-room and a thumb-worn book." He paused, and waited for me to answer, but I lay still.

"It is more the fault of others than your own," he went on musingly after a short silence. "I wonder if I couldn't help you to understand me better. Take this now, think of the quiet peaceful nights, the sleeping birds and beasts, the bright watchful stars, and the still waters, and amid it all, the hot restless heart of the unhappy Dido, driven mad by the Fates. Read!"

My eyes fell reluctantly, fearfully, on the well known volume. How many times I had carried it to class in utter ignorance of the mere constructions, the words, not even dreaming of such a thing as understanding the spirit of it. "Nox erat, et placidum"—I saw it all. I forgot vocabulary and constructions, there was no need of thought of them now. I would never need them again; those gross impediments, clogging for me the wings of the poet's spirit.

"It is pleasant and easy, is it not?" asked my teacher in his own language. I needed no lexicon to translate it.

"It is glorious!" I answered.

"Why do teachers drag our souls down to the earthly *body* of the poem, instead of directing us toward the spirit? You have taught me, gentle Roman, I shall never again forget."

There was a sudden clatter on the stairs; the mouse fled to hide; Vergil faded; the Fiend, who had grown dim and distant, came nearer again and breathed upon me. The door opened, and my sister, all flushed and panting with hurry, rushed in and fell to hunting for her best shoes.

I sat up and watched her silently, with bright eyes and flaming cheeks, while she chattered of the ride she was going to have.

"Did you see the mouse?" I asked at last.

"The mouse! Can there be *mice* up *here*? Mamma will be frantic, we must bring up a trap!"

"No, no!" I answered dreamily. "I mean the High School mouse."

"The High School mouse! You must be mad!"

"And Vergil too. And the chemistry bottles, too, they were all here, H_2SO_4, HNO_3, HCl.,—all of them, and they nodded their stoppers at me."

She suddenly stopped snapping her shoe-strings in and out, and stared at me with startled eyes." "For pity sake, she must be delirious!" she exclaimed under her breath, and she left the room as suddenly as she had come.

The fiend is gone now, and I am back again at my lessons. I meet my friend the mouse often in the study-room, and he greets me always with a quick knowing look from his bead-like eyes. But the spirit of Latin poetry has forsaken me, I am again reduced to the earthly use of vocabulary and grammar,—I even go again to class with my lessons unprepared.

LA DERNIERE CLASSE.

DAUDET.

Translated by a Member of '97.

That morning I was very late in going to school, and I was much afraid of being scolded, especially as Mr. Hamel had told us that he would question us on the participles, and I didn't know the first word of them. A moment the idea came to me to play truant, and to start out across the fields. The weather was so warm, so clear, the blackbirds were heard whistling on the edge of the wood, and in the Rippert meadow, behind the sawmill the Prussians were drilling. All that tempted me much more than the rule of the participles but I had the fortitude to resist, and I ran quickly to school.

As I passed by the town hall I saw that a great many people had stopped near the little railing where bills were posted. For the last two years all bad news had come to us from that place, news of the battles lost, of the requisitions, and the orders from the headquarters, and I thought without stopping. "What is the matter now?" Then as I was running across the square, the blacksmith Wachter who was then with his apprentice busy reading the bill, cried out to me, "Don't be in such a hurry little one, you will get to your school soon enough." I thought he was laughing at me, and I entered, entirely out of breath, the little yard of Mr. Hamel.

Ordinarily at the beginning of class there was much noise and confusion, which was heard even in the street, desks opened and shut, lessons that they repeated aloud all together, stuffing their ears the better to learn, and the great ruler of the teachers which tapped on the tables with "A little silence!" I was depending upon all this noise in order to reach my desk without being seen, but it just happened that on that morning everything was quiet as it is on Sunday. By the open window I saw my comrades already seated in their places, and Mr. Hamel, who was walking to and fro with the terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and go in, in the midst of this great quiet. I leave you to imagine how red I was, and how frightened.

Well, there was no cause for it, Mr. Hamel looked at me without anger and said gently "go to your place quickly,

my little Frantze, we were going to begin without you," I stepped over the bench, sat down immediately in my seat. Not till then, when I had got a little over my fright did I notice that my teacher had on his fine green frock coat, a finely pleated frill, and the skull cap of black embroidered silk, that he wore only on inspection days or at the distribution of prizes. Besides there was something solemn and extraordinary about the whole class. But what most surprised me was to see at the end of the hall on the benches which usually remained vacant, the people of the village, seated and silent like ourselves. Old Hauser with his cocked hat, the former mayor, the old letter carrier, and others. all these people seemed sad and Hauser had brought the old A B C book worn out on the edges, which he held wide open on his knees, his large spectacles laid across the pages.

While I was wondering at all this Mr. Hamel had gotten up behind his desk and in the same grave and gentle voice with which he had received me, he said to us. "My children this is the last time that I shall teach this class. The order has come from Berlin to teach no language any more but German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new teacher arrives tomorrow. Today is your last lesson in French. I beg of you to pay close attention." These few words completely up set me, Ah! the wretches, that is what they had posted up at the town hall. My last French lesson, and I hardly knew how to write! I would never learn then? I would just have to remain where I was! How angry I was with myself now for lost time; for classes missed while I hunted nests, went tobogganing on the Saar. My books, that just a short time ago I found so wearisome so heavy to carry, my grammar, my sacred history, seemed to me now old friends which it pained me to give up. The same with Mr. Hamel. The thought that he was going to leave us, that I should never see him any more made me forget my punishments, the strokes of the ruler.

Poor man! It was in honor of this last class that he had put on his fine Sunday clothes, and now I understood why the old villagers had come and sat down at the end of the hall. It seemed as if they said that they regretted not having come oftener there, to the school, it was also a way of thanking our teacher for his forty years of good service, and of paying their homages to the vanishing fatherland.

I had reached that point in my reflections when I heard my name called out. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to have been able to recite the famous rule of participles, at whole length, loud and clear, without a single fault, but I got tangled up at the first words and I stood by my desk swinging myself, with a heavy heart and not daring to raise my head. I heard Mr. Hamel speaking to me. "I will not scold you my little Frantz, you must be punished enough." But here's what it is. Every day you say: Buh! I've plenty of time, I will learn tomorrow, and now you see what has come. Ah! that has been the great error of our Alsace, to always put off instruction till tomorrow. Now those people are right in saying to us: What! You pretend to be French, and you do not even know how to speak or read your language. In all that my dear Frantze you are not the guiltiest. We have all a great many reproaches to make ourselves. Your parents have not been careful enough to see you educated. They prefer sending you to work on the ground or at the mills to make a few more cents. With myself, have I no fault to find?

Have I not often bid you water my garden instead of working? And when I wanted to go and fish for trout did I bother myself about giving you a holiday?" Then from one thing to another, Mr. Hamel started to speak to us of the French language, showing that it was the most beautiful language in the world, the clearest, the most solid, that we must keep it among ourselves and never forget it, because when a people falls into slavery, as long as it keeps its language, it has the key of its prison. Then he took a grammar and read our lesson. I was astonished to find how well I understood. Everything he said seemed so easy. I believe that I had never listened so well, and, that he had never put so much patience into his explanations, one would have said that before going away the poor man wished to impart to us all his knowledge, to put it into our heads all at once.

That lesson finished we went on to writing. For that day Mr. Hamel had prepared us entirely new copy slips on which were written in fine round letters: France, Alsace, France, Alsace. They were like little flags floating all round the class, hung on the rods of our desks. You ought to have seen how each one applied himself, and what silence! Nothing was heard but the scratching of the pens on the paper. Once some May bugs got in, but no one paid any attention to them, not even the very little ones, who had set to tracing their strokes with a heart and conscience as if even they were French.

On the roof of the school house some pigeons cooed softly, and I said to myself while listening to them, "Will they make them speak German also."

From time to time when I raised my eyes off my page, I saw Mr. Hamel sitting immovable in his chair taking in all the objects around him as if he wished to carry away in his mind all the little school house. Just think! for forty years, he had been there in that same place with his yard in front of him and his class all alike. Only the benches and desks were polished and rubbed by use: the walnut trees in the yard had grown large, and the hops that he had planted himself were twining now up the windows to the very roof. How heart rending it must have been for that poor man to leave all these things, and to hear his sister going and coming in the room above, busy shutting up their trunks for they were to depart the next day, leave the country forever.

Nevertheless he had the courage to conduct the class to the end. After the writing we had our history lesson. Then the little ones sang the ba be bi bo bu. Down there at the end of the hall, old Hauser had put on his spectacles, and, holding his A B C book in his two hands, he spelled out the letters with them. It was seen that he also applied himself to the work, his voice trembled with emotion, and yet it was so funny to hear him that we felt both like laughing and crying. Ah! I remember that last class.

All at once the church clock struck noon, then the Angelus. At the same time the trumpets of the Prussians who were returning from their drill burst out under our windows. Mr. Hamel sat up, very pale, in his chair. Never had he seemed so great to me. "My friends," he said "my friends I—— I——, But something choked him, he could not finish. He turned around to the board took a piece of chalk and pressing with all his strength he wrote as large as he could "Vive la France." He remained there, his head leaning against the wall, and without speaking, with his hand he signed to us. "All is over—Go away."

SOCIETY.

SENIOR RHETORICALS.

At the Senior Rhetoricals, February 8, the following program was rendered:

1. Essay—"Geo. Elliot".....Oreta Matthews
2. Oration—"Immigration".....Mr. Hopper
3. Mandolin Solo.....Jean Whinnery
4. Recitation—"That Old Sweetheart of Mine".....Miss Mosser
5. Oration—"Politics in School Affairs".....V. Jensen
6. Essay—"The Minnesingers".....Cecil Mathews

NINETY-EIGHT CLASS MEETING.

Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, all gathered in room 31, Friday February 19th, to listen to the enjoyable program furnished by the Class of '98.

The program was very appropriate for a day so near to Washington's birthday. The only fault that could be found was that it was not long enough.

1. Reading on Washington.....Miss Potter
2. Vocal Solo.....Miss White
3. Mandolin Solo.....Mr. Whinnery
   (Accompanied by Mr. Fonda)
4. Recitation.....Miss Reed
5. Recitation.....Miss G. Macomber
6. Piano Solo.....Mr. Cuscaden

This display of talent shows the interest with which the programs are regarded and the readiness with which the Juniors respond to an invitation to take part in these entertainments. All present appearances and all past entertainments which the Juniors have taken part in seem to point out a bright future for the class in the Senior year.

The Cercle Francais gave its second entertainment to the company assembled in room 31, on Tuesday, February 9th. The program was in every way exceptionally good, and interest in it was not lacking, even to those who understood not a word of the language spoken by the Cercle. The main feature of the program was the music, conducted by Miss Pinder; Miss Bowen, Miss Bell, Miss Will and Miss Mercer, forming the orchestra. Miss Bowen gave a delightful little ballad whose English was excused for the sake of the music. Miss Pinder a fine rendering of "Traumerei."

An essay on Charles Gounod by Miss Debolt, preceded the music. Miss Will's lecture on Rosa Bonheur was well delivered, and proved the great artist a true member of the Cercle—in spirit if not in fact—to the satisfaction of all. Miss Biart made a very beautiful, very spirited, and very French "Charlotte Corday"

The Cercle are planning fine things for the next reunion.

THE OFFICERS MUSICALE.

For a week prior to the great event, the school blackboards shone with yellow kids and Injuns, advertising the Officer's Club Musicale. And the music certainly came up to the expectation engendered by those works of art. Piece after piece issued from the hollow cavities of guitar, mandolin, and chest, while the delighted audience kept up a brisk chatter and then encored with wildest enthusiasm. One ticket admitted a person to two concerts, as each performer was pursuaded to give a selection free, after his first attempt. The P. T. A. quartette aptly illustrated the old proverb "United we stand—divided we fall" for while no one of its members would have had the temerity to sing all alone, the combination formed strains of harmony that forced them to keep at it until their repertoire was exhausted. The '97 Mandolin Club is a wonder, but it had the tact and modesty not to force this fact on the public or to display too much genius on its debut. It is the REGISTER's opinion that a $3.00 banquet should be tendered the members of the club on commencement night. The Innes brothers are right in it on their respective instruments. Their interpretations of the immortal Sousa are most soul-inspiring.

The violin has certainly the widest field of any musical instrument, for Mr. Cuscaden showed that the most heavenly tones could be produced on it, and we have also heard the most "otherplacish" sounds emitted from the same, in the hands of other performers.

The Omaha High School Banjo Club also contributed to the program. This organization (named for Mr. Yates, he being the only High School student in it) is in its infancy yet—but it makes a pretty good baby, and is "daily increasing in wisdom and stature, and in favor with man and High School scholars."

The Officer's Club tenders its grateful acknowledgements to those of the Alumni who kindly contributed so pleasingly to the program.

BATTALION.

Out-door drill is gladly welcomed by both officers and privates.

"Parade Rest!"—"Front!" is the command Lieut. Doane gave the other day.

The Drum Corps has some hot times but wait until you hear them play the Honeymoon March!

All the cadets, officers as well as privates, should be on the drill ground before the assembly sounds.

The first sergeants watch the privates all right, but it seems we need some one to watch the first sergeants.

One cadet has been sent to the seventh hour until further notice for skipping drill. Take warning from this.

The officers have been given power to send any cadet to the office for raising a disturbance in school after school hours.

The hop committee for the Officers' Club hop consists of the officers of the club, Captains Wagner, Tukey and Wigton and Adj. Clarke, with the addition of First Sgts. Barrows and Robison.

At the last meeting of the Officers' Club, the musical committee was dismissed with thanks for the efficient work done. The treasurer reported about $44 to have been cleared by the musicale.

Members of Co. C must not forget that they have the flag this year and if they wish to keep it next year they've got to work hard, as each company has its eyes upon it and is determined to win at the next competitive drill.

The following promotions have been made:

Q. M. Wigton to Captain, Co. C.
Lieut. Lehmer to Quartermaster.
Sgt. Stoney to Lieutenant, Co. D.
Sgt. Bidwell to Lieutenant, Co. B.

Prof. Leviston has just cause for complaint about the noise made by the cadets in the school after drill, and wants all to leave the building more quietly hereafter. He addressed the Officers' Club at the last meeting and asked the officers to help him to see that the cadets made less noise. Please notice this, and see if you are guilty.

Company Jay
Flew away.
It will come back
Some other day. (Nit.)

SQUIBS.

Side talks with boys.—Miss L.

Contribute jokes for the Squib Column.

Singing school opened.—Apply to Jnoson, '97.

Washington's birthday was a welcome vacation, though short.

Mr. W–y—"Ten out of nine of you are not paying attention."

A very strange case of mistaken identity—He took her for a walk.

Lyman came to school on time one day this month. Yes, it's a fact.

What is a cadet's definition of a kiss? Ans.—A report at headquarters.

Howard Vore has left school. Great loss to '97 and also to the M. B. A. A.

"Why is Acheson like salt water?"

"Because he is so hard to freeze." (By request.)

In Chemistry class—"Was the liquid clear?"

"Yes, but my mind wasn't."

Why would the devil be a good confidant?

Because the deuce can never be-tray.

If you are not a subscriber to THE REGISTER yet, now is your chance. Only a quarter for the rest of the year.

Chamberlain claims to have discovered a new kind of oxygen. The peculiarity of it is, that it does not support combustion.

"No, we shan't see poor Wallace Lyman any longer."

"Why not?"

"He's long enough."

THE REGISTER hates to run the risk of being too personal but it has been asked to request Mr. Tukey, through its columns, in behalf of the school, not to wear again that flaring, glaring, tinsel tie.

Charlie Engle is back at school now and everybody is glad of it. We would like to state that he is ready to interview all those who made insinuations about his not coming to school after he was elected Treasurer of the A. A. and had the funds turned over to him. We have it on the best of authority that he was sick all during his absence from school.

DE ALUMNIS

Mr. W. Sargent, '91, went to Chicago to attend the bicycle show.

Mr. Austin Collett, '95, spent a few days in this city last week.

Miss Mora Balcombe was married February 16th to Mr. Charles H. Marple.

Mrs. Charles Colby, nee May Fawcett, '91, visited her mother in Omaha for two weeks, recently.

We are grieved to hear that Miss Jeanette C. Gregg, '92, has lost her mother, who died on January 15th. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.