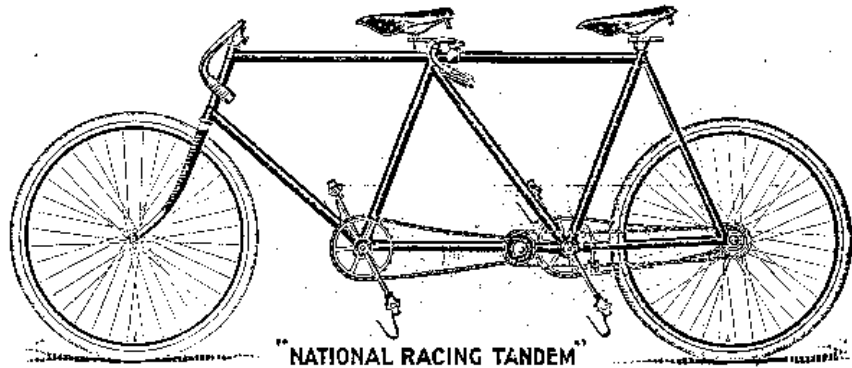


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If You are Thinking of buying a wheel this year, be sure and call at the store of the Kearney Cycle Co., and see their line of high and medium grade wheels.

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We Sell a fine 1897 wheel for \$30.00 cash.

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VOLUME XI.

No. 8.

APRIL '97.

Delectando Pariterque Movenndo.



In the Interest of . . .
The Omaha High School



CHEER UP

If you are wearing ill-fitting clothes as the result of mistaken judgment. It is not too late to come to us and be assured of a perfect fit but of Full Value as well.

Ours is one of but three or four houses that make clothing ready to wear as well as the tailor makes it to measure. But being the largest house in the business we are able to make lower prices than the others for the same high qualities.

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Our Electric Fan will add to your comfort.

220 South 15th Street
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AND
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*I live to give a clearer light
To eyes that have imperfect sight;
Eyes that are weak their strength restore,
Eyes that are dim can here See More.*

Dr. W. I. Seymour, Optician
Room 414,
KARBACH BLOCK.

High School Register.

VOL. XI.

OMAHA, NEB., APRIL, 1897.

NO. 8.

THE REGISTER

Editorial.

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

SUBSCRIPTION: Fifty cents in advance; by mail, sixty cents. Single Copies, 10 cents.

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GERTRUDE WATERMAN - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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CARL HEINRICH, '98. WILL WOOD, 1900.
DOROTHY YOUNG, '98.

CHESTER B. SUMNER - Business Manager.

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

CALENDAR.

OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

Irwin Leviston.....Principal
S. D. Beals.....Librarian
Lieut. H. B. Clement.....Military Instructor
Number of Teachers.....31
Number of Students.....1161

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A NEW FEATURE in the school, a recent addition to the military department is the crack company. There is no doubt but that this is a good thing in many ways and deserves to meet with success. In the regular companies, under the system of compulsory drill, there is always the probability of there being some cadets who are in the drill not from any interest in it, and who have no ambition to excel and thus may hinder the better part of the company, and render impossible a satisfactory accuracy in the execution of movements, etc. In the new company the objection is of course done away and a membership in it is not only voluntary, but sufficiently hard to obtain. It is only three weeks since the company was organized, but great things are to be expected, and surely such a commendable enterprise should not be allowed to fall through. May this company (though called "crack") live long (without a break) and prosper!

IF ANY member of '97 has had any difficulty until recently in appreciating the fact of having attained the high position of Senior, that difficulty has lately been removed. For some time past the dignity of this rank has seemed to weigh heavily upon members of the class and to make thoughtful and sober faces that had been jolly, and perhaps too much so for the proper advancement of learning. The pupils so affected have increased wonderfully in

regard to that meditative expression of countenance so becoming to the hard student. They impress one more than before, and seem to show signs of a profound knowledge on many subjects. But what can be the cause of all this? The question is very easy to answer when you know. The reason for this sudden realization of importance, this overwhelming atmosphere of intellectual activity and this assumption of sudden dignity, is easily arrived at when one can go to fundamental causes and make proper deductions. The affair is all to be found in a nutshell, but a nut that is hard when you essay to crack it—The Commencement Essay.

IT MAY BE that this month we are making a great mistake in not satisfying the possible desire of our readers for an editorial on spring. This would certainly be the appropriate time, and this number perhaps may be considered an utter failure since it is destitute of that prominent feature in many publications—an article or at least a poem on the beauties of spring. It is not because we do not appreciate the fact that spring is a very pleasant and enjoyable season of the year that we refrain from expatiating on the subject, but to put it frankly we think there is already an overproduction in that line. Anyone of our readers that feels an intense longing to read something of the sort can turn to almost any publication—newspaper, school paper or magazine—of about this date last year, and the probability is that he or she can pore over just what is required, and then be content. Since this kind of work has been done by so many good writers, and done so very thoroughly, we do not dare to attempt to make any improvement in the way of an editorial beginning, "Spring has come, and now—" We hope this excuse for our shortcoming

will be acceptable and that we will be let down easy by our critics, on this score at least.

THE EDITOR.

The editor sat in his sanctum,
And heaved a scornful snort;
His heart was heavy within him
For "copy" was awfully short.

He had barrels of poems before him
On the themes that poets sing,
Of the muddy, slushy, coming
Of the s—t and g—le s—g.

The editor looked them over
And cried as his hair he tore,
"If I published all that tommyrot
The people would have my gore."

He had jokes, a half a million
Without a trace of fun,
Or else old Adam made them
When the world had scarce begun.

So the editor could do nothing
But sit in his easy chair,
And growl and cuss and grumble
And swear and swear and swear.

—A. A. A.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION.

The inauguration ceremonies of the Transmississippi Exposition were held on the 22nd of this month, and the public schools enjoyed a very welcome holiday. The cadets who marched in the parade presented a very good appearance.

We produce in this number two cuts, loaned by the Omaha Excelsior, showing the two ends of the lagoon in the principal one of the three tracts of ground forming the site of the Exposition.

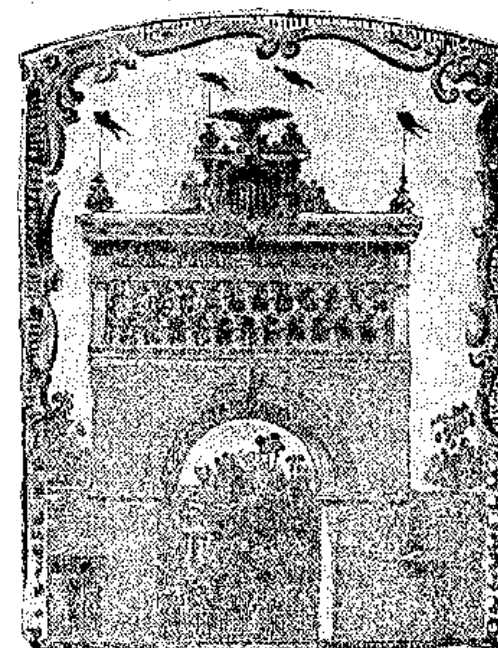
In description of this beautiful portion of the grounds, as it will be when completed, we cannot do better than to reprint part of the article written by Mr. Walker, one of the architects.

"The lot is absolutely rectangular, and in order to enhance the effect of the

buildings, there will be a lagoon nearly its entire length with a width of 150 ft. which by reflecting the buildings and colonades as in a mirror, will repeat the light and shade of the architecture upon its banks. At the westerly end of the lot is a hollow or depression, which gives an opportunity for the lagoon to spread at the end into a great basin, the Mirror, 400 ft. across. At the easterly end the

the lagoon narrows to 100 ft., and is surrounded by high banks and approached by long flights of steps leading down into the water.

"The banks are to be rich with hanging and flowering vines, great masses of foliage falling in leafy cascades down their sides. It will always be shady and cool beneath these banks, and shadowy arches among the leaves will give access

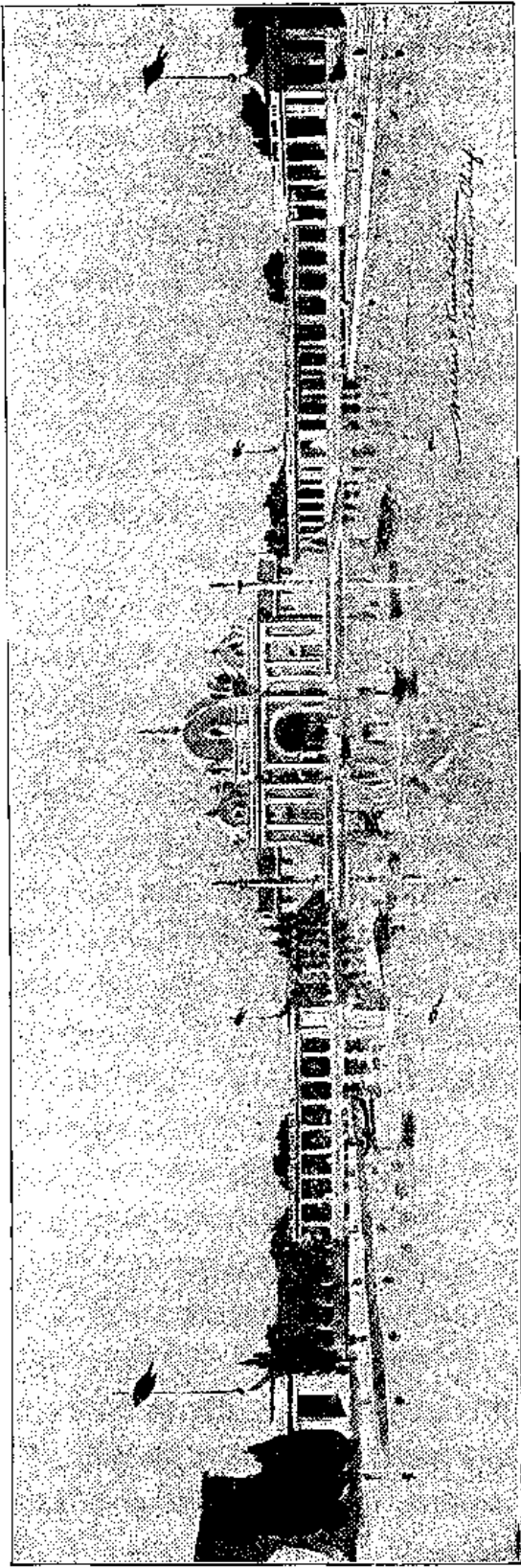


THE ARCH OF STATES.

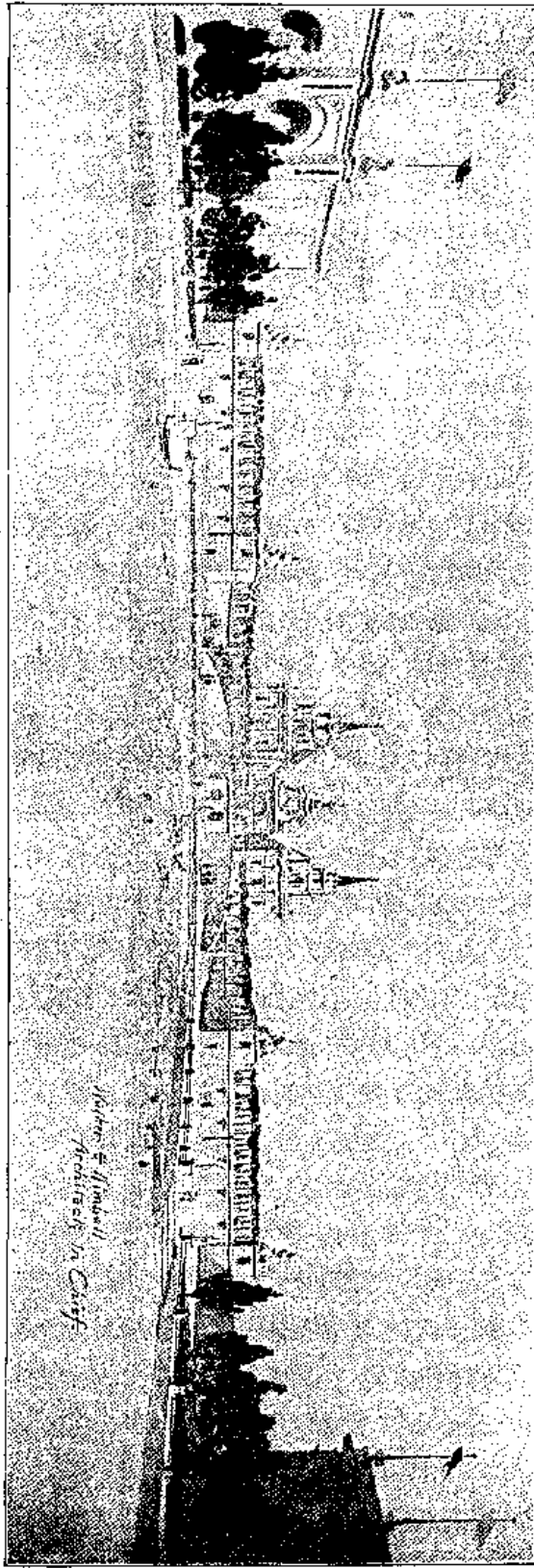
to grottoes hung with stalactites and simulating the Blue Grotto of Capri and the Cavern of Adelsberg. There will be electric lights beneath the water, giving it a translucent glow which will change in color from blue to yellow and green and crimson as the boats pass into deeper recesses.

There will be three bridges across the lagoon. The central one is a double span with an islet in the center. From this

islet looking toward the west, the vista of the long lagoon is terminated by the Government Building, which is led up to by the circling colonades around the great basin. As the basin stretches to right and left behind the colonades, it seems to be interminable in extent and gives an effect of great space. Looking easterly beyond the deep harbor at the end of the lagoon a terrace rises, from which broad flights of steps lead up to



WEST END OF THE LAGOON—"THE MIRROR."



EAST END OF THE LAGOON—"THE HARBOR."

the bridge spanning Sherman avenue, and leading to the great open space where the concourse of people may hear music and look out over the valley. At the right and left of the bridge are terraces edged with arbors of vines supported upon columns; while beyond rise the pinnacles of a pavilion on the center of the bridge and of the two restaurants at its end.

"On either side of the lagoon, framed in trees and connected by shady colonades, are the main buildings of the Exposition, those of Agriculture, Mines, Manufactures, Electricity, Art, and the Auditorium.

"The entrance to this portion of the Exposition will be from Twentieth street through the Arch of States—50 feet wide and 80 feet high, with the seals of the Trans-Mississippi states in color forming its frieze, and the arms of the United States its crown. Opposite this, forming the entrance to the northern tract, is the Administration Arch, with high roof and lantern, and richly colored loggia."



The Third Annual Officers' Hop, given at the Millard Hotel last Friday evening, was the most extensive and enjoyable affair of the kind ever given by a High School organization. The financial success of the musicale and the liberality of the Officers' Club, gave ample means, and no expense was spared to make the hop a success. The whole second floor of the hotel was given up to the guests, and although there were 300 present the dancers were not inconvenienced by the lack of room, which is such an annoyance at the school dances. The

floor of the dining room was canvassed, and the walls appropriately draped with a profusion of flags. A complete circuit for promenading was made by the three halls and the dining room, and the parlors were all brilliantly lighted. Dimmick's orchestra of eight pieces furnished the music in a most satisfactory manner, and punch and refreshments were served continuously in adjoining rooms. The service of the hotel was throughout as complete as could be desired; a covered awning being placed across the sidewalk to the entrance, and attendants in the halls to show guests to the dressing rooms. The proverbial beauty of the fair sex of the High School shone with hitherto unequalled splendor, and a dazzling profusion of new gowns completed the effect; and everyone knows that uniforms are never so appropriate as in a ball-room. All hail to the Officers' Club, and may they continue to hop as long as the trumpet continues to blow on Capitoline Hill!

The Cercle Francais met in room 31, Friday, April 23, for one of the most brilliant programs that remarkable club has yet produced. The first number was a lecture by Miss Pinder, on the French salon. This was followed by a delightful violin solo by Miss Pinder. The stage curtain then rose and disclosed Miss Bessie Dumont transformed to the illustrious Mme. Grevin, together with her gorgeous array of wax figures. Her assistant, Jean, alias Mr. Max Koetter, appeared after repeated calls, to dust and wind up the figures, who then told of themselves, and were guessed by the audience. They represented various noted women in the history of France; the parts were taken as follows: Miss Julia Hoffmayer, Marie Antoinette; Miss Nan Dorsey, Rosa Bonheur; Miss Oreta Matthews, Marie Stewart; Miss Sidonie King, Jeanne d' Arc; Miss Har-

riet Marsh, Isabeau de Baviere; and Miss Laura Hunter, the Empress Josephine. The soul-stirring prelude to Lohengrin was performed by Messrs. Max Koetter, Guy Woodard and Robert Cuscaden, and Miss Jennie Pinder, under the management of Miss Pinder. Miss Pinder is a genius in that line, and with the able musicians she had chosen, the results were not surprising. Miss Carrie Mercer read a paper on "The Flags of French History," illustrating her talk by the most famous flags, and Miss Gertrude Waterman, in the costume of a little "ingenue" recited Edouard Pailleron's "Pourquoi." The whole program went off with great eclat. Miss Ogden is to be congratulated on the well directed enthusiasm of her pupils. The Cercle is to be continued for the benefit of many French classes to come. Why would not a club of the same kind be interesting and profitable among the advanced German classes?

April 16 and 19 Co. Z had a competitive drill to choose a corporal. After an exciting contest the promotion was given to Faith Potter.

During the summer vacation Miss Copeland will tutor pupils (either singly or in classes) in Latin, Greek, Mathematics or English.

It is much to be regretted that Co. Z will not give a hop as last year, but for many reasons it was decided that it would be best not to have it.

At a meeting held on March 24 a committee was elected to take charge of the next Senior social and play. Laura Brunner, Ella Crawford, Mabel Gordon, Jesse Beans, with George Morton as chairman, were chosen.

The committees are now at work on Class Day, Commencement invitations, and to consider the matter of Baccalaureate sermon. Mr. Wigton is chair-

man of the first, Mr. Reed of the second, and Mr. Crandall of the third.

N. B.—In our last issue was published the list of those in the graduating class ranking above 90. Through an unfortunate mistake, not attributable to us, however, one name was omitted from this list. The name was that of Miss Mary C. Chapman, average 91.6.

The girls of the Class of '97 held a short meeting on Friday, April 16th, to decide the question of slippers for commencement. After discussions for and against, black slippers were decided upon. It was first voted that all the girls of the class appear in same colored slippers. If all the girls who can will wear the black slippers, the effect will be much prettier than if some wear one color and some another.

On the 12th and 14th of this month a play, "The Bachelor," was very creditably given by the Sophomores. They proved conclusively that the Senior and Junior classes are not the only ones able to shine on the histrionic boards. The play was good and a success financially; proceeds to meet the expenses of a hop next year.

Following is the cast:

Mr. Simonides Swanlopper	Sherman Smith (A model young bachelor.)
Lawrence Lavender	Glen Wharton (A valet from Mayfair.)
Mr. Bloomfield Brambleton	L. Underwood
Cicely	Louise Tukey (Brambleton's daughter.)
Matilda Jane	Gertrude Caswell (A superior housemaid.)

"Tempus fugit," said the Romans;

Yes, alas, 'tis fleeting on;

Ever coming,

Ever going,

Life is short and soon 'tis gone,

But as I think of next vacation,

Poring o'er these lessons huge,

Ever harder,

Ever longer,

All I say is, "Let her fuge."

—Ex.



THAT HOP.

At the Millard it was, the festivities there,
And she looked like a breath of the spring
that night,
With the flowers pink in her soft, brown hair,
And that organdie dress so light.

Well, I went all alone to the hop that night,
For the girl that I wished was to me out of
sight,
A man higher in rank had gained the small
"yes."

And my "corporal" feelings please don't try
to guess.

Yes, I went all alone, yet secured every dance;
Toward that organdie dress cast many a glance
But to dance with that girl in the organdie
dress

I never once asked, but am free to confess—
Yet, no, why should I confess?

Now it chanced that some partners were
slightly confused

Because supper was served and the dances
whirled on,

Some partners were lost and some felt misused,
I looked for my partner, not the girl in the
lawn.

As I searched through the passage, I spied her
at supper;

Now what should I do! I was all in a flutter,
When there, just at my side, looking out in
the rain,

Was the girl in the lawn I had glanced at in
vain.

Did I reach out my hand, and did she relent?
Did we whirl in the dance and appear quite
content?

Just think what you please when you hear me
confess,

There was never a hop a greater success.

Examinations come soon. Study your
tactics.

Wonder what the teachers thought of
the punch at the hop?

Thursday, April 22.—This will be a
holiday. Boys will be expected at school
at 12:30 (till 5 p. m.)

Wouldn't it be great to have a cavalry
company with Tukey as captain and
Underwood first lieutenant.

Senior Captain Wagner has resigned
and Captain Holmes has moved up a
notch. We're mighty sorry to lose Ray.

Battalion Parade has been a special
feature on drill days lately. Several
days have also been devoted to Battalion
Drill.

Whenever you have an unusually fun-
ny joke or an extraordinarily sublime
thought for insertion in this column,
write it down and hand it to Lieut.
Yates.

Since the competitive drill will come
off soon, drill has been extended to three
hours a week, in order that the compan-
ies may get into as good condition as
possible.

The base-ball boys had somewhat of a
scare a short time ago. There seemed
to be danger of their being made to drill.
The affair blew over, however. By the
way, why doesn't the team play some
games?

What's the matter with calling the
new "crack" company the "Exposition
Cadets," and making a body guard for
the officials at the Transmississippi Ex-
position next year?

The battalion turned out on Arbor
Day to do honor to the Transmississippi
Exposition. This was the first parade
this year that the cadets have attended,
and they looked well.

Cadets had better keep their uniforms
in good condition or they will suddenly
find themselves in the ununiformed com-
pany. The captains are reducing their
companies to the best appearing cadets,
and will transfer anyone on the slightest
excuse.

For those of our boys who are espec-
ially interested in the military, there is
a great treat in store if the plans
for the mobilization of troops at Omaha
the year of the great Exposition is
successfully carried out. This would
certainly be a splendid attraction to
have all of the National Guard, as
well as a large part of the regulars, all
assembled here. The question has been
earnestly discussed, and though nothing
is yet definitely decided, there are a
great many prominent men interested in
the project who hope to carry it through.
To see 120,000 men arrayed together, or
engaging in manoeuvres or mock bat-
tles, would certainly be the sight of a
life-time, and one never likely to be re-
peated.

"The uniform he wore
Was nothing much before,
And rather less than half of that behind.
For a piece of twisted rag,
And a goat-skin water bag,
Was all the field equipment he could find."
—From Rudyard Kipling.

This little selection is not inserted here
with the intention of insinuating that it
applies in any way to our Cadets. It
was simply discovered by one of the

captains and as he considered it good he
submitted it for this column. We do
not wish to "insult" the Cadets again,
so we make this careful explanation.

Some of the Cadets held a meeting
in room 17 during early part of the
month for the purpose of forming a
crack company. After a good deal of
excitement, the following commissioned
officers were elected:

Captain—John Holmes.

First Lieut.—George Morton.

Second Lieut.—Jack Coburn.

Third Lieut.—Harry Wigton.

The non-commissioned officers were
chosen by the commissioned officers, and
at present, though differing somewhat
from the original appointment, are:
Sergts. Robison, Lily, C. DeLong,
Stoney and Mason; corporals DeLong,
Buckley, Holmes, Smith, Denise and
Johnson. The privates are chosen from
the best drilled cadets of the uniformed
companies.



As a maid so nice
With step precise,
Tripped o'er the ice,
She fell, her care in vain.
And at the fall,
With usual gall,
The schoolboys call,
"Third down! Two feet to gain!"

—Ex.

The O. H. S.—C. B. H. S. Field Day
which has been hanging fire for some
time, has been declared off by the
Omaha management, and the two
schools will not meet this year.

On the part of Omaha, at least, there
has been a real effort to fix a satisfactory
date, but after submitting to Iowa State
High School A. A. constitution and by-
laws, and handing out everything in

sight to the Bluffites, they suddenly discovered that the date of the I. S. H. S. A. A. meet would interfere with any date they had offered. At this time the date of the joint meet was supposed to be May 14th, but O. H. S. promptly changed the date of the home field day and offered another date. When nothing had been heard from this last offer for over a month the meet was called off.

This leaves only the school field-day, which, on account of the competitive drill, has been again postponed and set for the 21st of May.

It is to be hoped that more general interest will be shown than ever before, and from the indications so far one is inclined to think that no field day of recent years will compare with this one, either in number of contestants or in excellence of performance.

No change will be made in the program as announced, except that for the half-mile and two-mile bicycle races there will be substituted a quarter-mile and mile.

It is encouraging to see the way in which some of the athletes, especially runners, are getting down to work, but there are not half enough out yet to insure the large fields which should be entered for the 21st. The shot putters and hammer throwers seem to have entirely forgotten the necessity for training, and that they can always find hammers and shot downstairs. It is a shame to let this fine training weather pass by and not take advantage of it, but one can only suppose that cigarettes, late hours, etc., are so attractive, that clean, hard condition, a clear eye, and a feeling of being "fit," do not weigh against them sufficiently to persuade the boys to do a little work.

The necessity of exercise for High School boys does not seem to be recognized by those who really need it most,

and when they are asked why they do not enter, they reply that they have no chance. Now, if some of our consumptive looking lower classmen would only try, they might not astonish the world, but they would gain strength, mental as well as physical, and that delightful feeling of being on springs, which every well-trained athlete knows so well.

There are always a few fellows who are willing to be beaten for a year or two just to learn, and when they have been laughed at by the uninitiated for a while they suddenly develop into "cracker-jacks," and really do something.

For years past the boys have been wishing for a gymnasium and drill hall, and when it comes, as it will some day, athletics will have much more show than at present, and, sooner or later, we (only it won't be we by that time) will have a competent physical instructor.

A. A. A.

GOSSIP.

Who said anything about a ghost?

Council Bluffs Field Day, May 7th. It is expected that a large Omaha delegation will attend.

Manager Knight, we are happy to say, will continue to manage the affairs of the Association.

At the recent field trials at Harvard, Dick Grant ran the mile in 4:27, breaking the Harvard record. How's that for April?

It is reported that Billy Wood and Bugler Moore want a three legged race placed on the program and intend to enter as a team.

Sawed-off Spafford, the Stocky Sprinter, says he will give any man in the school five yards in the hundred, providing the yards are measured back from the scratch line and not forward.

Acheson, who was elected captain of the track team for the Council Bluffs meet, has left school. Anyone wishing to buy a second-hand track captaincy can get one from him at a bargain.



In Greek—"The fingers of their feet were frozen."

Who spoke of them as Commencement Eggs-ercises?

Mr. T.—"Only two hands seem to wish to recite."

What girl gets the prize for wearing the highest collar?

There's a bookokleptomaniac at large in school again, it seems.

On the Senior blackboard: "Hell-gate." "roc admission."

A new zoological discovery made in geometry class—a parallelobiped.

"Has ——— been asked to the hop?"

"I guess so; she's much cooler today."

High School windows are so excessively modest. So easily rattled, you know.

Seniors have had a rest from rhetorical lately. But oh, those Commencement essays.

In the near future of O. H. S. "chemistry marks" and "tears" will be synonymous terms.

Who's the fellow that's going to be the first to wear duck trousers to school? Bicycle suits are old stories now.

That cane-rush must take place soon now before school ends. Somebody take the matter in hand and arrange it.

Why not have a soda-water fountain in connection with the lunch counter, now that warm weather has come?

Why of course it's an old joke to print things upside down. But if you know that, why do you always allow yourself to be taken in?

A select delegation from the Junior class visited the scene of the flood a week

or so ago. They were fired with enthusiasm when they returned.

How the study of French does show in one's English. One of the fellows (a very fine scholar of the Senior French class) said the other day, "Me also."

Teacher—"There are so many mistakes in the work on the board today. What's to blame for this?"

A voice—"The fellow that wrote first."

At the class meeting: Mr. Yates—"I move that no one be allowed to refuse a nomination."

Second Senior—"I nominate Mr. Yates."

The tower has been a great attraction this last month. Most of the members of the school have been up there to enjoy the view of the river and the flooded bottom lands.

Spring has come and the young High School student's mind lightly turns to thoughts of—playing hookey. In many cases there have been more than just the thoughts.

It is said that strange sights were seen in one of the school windows from the grounds one drill day last week. It may be a false rumor of course, but L——r ought to know better.

A lawyer whose sign read "A. Swindle," was advised by his friends to have his first name written out in full, Arthur, Andrew, or whatever it might be. He did not follow the advice, however. His name was—Adam.

Thursday was Arbor day. Monday might have been called Ann Arbor Day, as the professors from Michigan University came then, to look us over. Many pupils came near to nervous prostration when having to recite.

The High School has never had a bicycle club. There are lots of wheels and riders, but there is no one willing to

start the organization of a club. It would be a source of great enjoyment, and certainly needs nothing to make it go but a little push.

THE O. H. S. LIBBY.

In the Seventh Hour I sit
Thinking, base-ball dear, of you,
And the bright and happy boys outside the
school;

And the tears they fill my eyes
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I have to sit and study like a fool.

CHORUS—

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
The boys are leaving,
While I am left behind with Vergil here,
And I try the lines to scan,
Acting like a little man,
And my eyes are dim with many and many a
tear.

In the class-room up I stood
With my trembling heart afraid
And the questions came like bullets thick and
fast;
And I knew not what to say,
So I took my seat aghast,
And I saw the fearful flunk that I had made.

CHO.—

So within Room 42
I am waiting for the hour
That shall come to open wide the prison door;
And my lessons lose their power
And my Vergil's on the floor,
As I think of seeing life and friends once
more. —C. P. E., '98.

About twenty minutes to one Tuesday afternoon, a terrible catastrophe was narrowly averted by one of the bravest young men in the O. H. S. By the door of room 31 were piled two dark window shutters. A high wind was raging out of doors and this, together with the banging of the door, caused the screens to fall. Then was the bravery of F. Lehmer made manifest. Carefully waiting until everything had subsided, he rushed over to the mass of ruins. He raised it in his arms and set it up against the wall. Then turning

calmly around, he flecked a spot of dust from his cuff and bowed amid the triumphant huzzas of the admiring pupils.

This is meant more for our eastern exchanges and out-of-town subscribers than for the pupils of the school. It is in reference to the rise of the river here. It seems that a good many of the people living in the east, and elsewhere outside of this city, are worrying themselves through a misunderstanding of the condition of affairs in Omaha. We have heard of several letters written to men here inquiring as to whether all the inhabitants are living in trees now or not. Some of the newspapers have come out with head lines such as "Omaha a Lakel" It is only right for us to state that the High School and the printing office are still above water and that the REGISTER will appear on time as usual.

Vergil, Book —(?)

It was night, and placid sleep held all the weary bodies on the earth, and all earth was wrapt in silence.

Aeneas, sleeping upon his embroidered couch was snoring heavily, deep in dewy, balmy sleep. Suddenly near him was heard a yell of triumph, followed by another, and next after this one, another, Terrified by these voices, Aeneas leaps from his well-wrought couch, a cold tremor shakes his limbs, he is astounded, his voice stands on end and his hair sticks to the roof of his mouth.

"What," exclaimed he, drawing his glittering sword from its sheath with his right hand, and cutting the cable of the elevator with one blow, "was that infernal racket?"

There was no answer, save a gentle snore from pulcherrima Dido. Aeneas at this, fell into a trance, during which the Penates appearing to him from above with great light, said: "Oh, magnanimous Aeneas, most magnanimous of all magnanimities! To thee forever shall

be all glory and power, both now, tomorrow and next day, also the day after that. Amen." Having said these things they disappeared in the airs.

(This startling sleep-murdering yell was only Dido exulting in her dreams at the purchase of an imported Tyrian talent mantel for ½ talent.)

EXCHANGES

We have received the following Exchanges, since our last issue:

Tidbits, Cohoes, N. Y.
The Current, Normal, Ill.
The Tattler, Ithaca, N. Y.
The Racquet, Portland, Me.
H. S. Truth, Medford, Wis.
The Senior, Holyoke, Mass.
The Shako, Montclair, N. J.
The Item, Indianapolis, Ind.
The Gem, Springfield, Mass.
The Cadet, Nashville, Tenn.
The Aerolith, Franklin, Wis.
The Studentana, Tuscola, Ill.
The Hesperian, Lincoln, Neb.
College Chips, Decorah, Iowa.
The Whatnot, Fort Dodge, Ia.
The Nebraskan, Lincoln, Neb.
The Guardsman, Omaha, Neb.
High School Quill, Galena, Ill.
University Record, Chicago, Ill.
The Chronicle, Hartford, Conn.

University Record, Chicago, Ill.
The Spectator, Columbus, Ohio.
The Pulse, Webster City, Iowa.
The Viewpoint, Hopedale, Mass.
The Recorder, Springfield, Mass.
H. S. Impressions, Scranton, Pa.
The Dartmouth, Hanover, N. H.
The Philaethlean, Myerstown, Pa.
Oak, Lily and Ivy, Milford, Mass.
The Steele Review, Dayton, Ohio.
The New Republic, Lincoln, Neb.
Res Academicae, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
High School Gazette, Lynn, Mass.
The Polyglot, Wilton Junction, Ia.
The Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Wis.
The Susquehanna, Selinsgrove, Pa.
The Students' Pen, Pittsfield, Mass.
Horae Scholasticae, Concord, N. H.
High School Journal, Pittsburg, Pa.
The Monthly Visitor, Haverhill, Mass.
The Silent Hoosier, Indianapolis, Ind.
High School Opinion, Ottawa, Kans.
The Hill-top Delver, Council Bluffs, Ia.
The Pennsylvanian, Philadelphia, Pa.
Coe College Cosmos, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
High School Bulletin, Montclair, N. J.
High School Argus, Harrisburg, Pa.
Academy Monthly, Germantown, Pa.
Beech Grove Oracle, Pittsfield, Mass.
The Cherry and White, Williamsport, Pa.
Franklin Academy Mirror, Franklin, Neb.
The Institute Bell, South New Lynne, Ohio.

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Columbia University Bulletin, New York, N. Y.

Conductor—"Your ticket, please."

Passenger—"I'm traveling on my face."

Conductor—"All right, I'll punch that." —Ex.

Small Boy, translating Latin: *Fortis dux fefellit in dictis.* "Forty ducks fell flat in the ditches." —Ex.

Druggist—"Little man, have you forgotten what you came for?"

Boy—"That's it."

Druggist—"What's it?"

Boy—"Cam-phor." —Ex.

Student—(not very clear in regard to his lesson,) "Well, that's what the author says, anyway."

Professor—"I don't want the author, I want you."

Student, (despairingly,) "Well, you've got me." —Ex.

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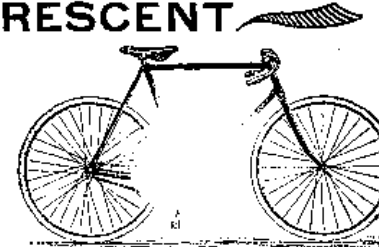
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