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VOLUME XII.

NUMBER 6.

FEBRUARY 1898.



In the Interest of

The Omaha High School _____



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High School Register.

VOL. XII.

OMAHA, NEB., FEBRUARY, 1898.

NO. 6.

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. Single Copies, 10 cents.

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BLANCHE ROSEWATER }

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ROBERT MORSE, 1900.

CAROLYN PURVIS, 1900.

ALLAN HAMILTON, 1901.

HOPE HANCHETT, 1901.

LAWRENCE UNDERWOOD, Business Manager

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

CALENDAR.

OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

Irwen Loviston.....	Principal
S. D. Beals.....	Librarian
Lieut. E. O. C. Ord.....	Military Instructor
Number of Teachers.....	38
Number of Students.....	1270

CLASS OF NINETY-EIGHT.

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Gertrude Macomber.....	Secretary
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THE SYSTEM of arranging for rhetorical adopted this year is not only unique, but superior to any method previously tried. By dividing the class into sections and leaving to each division the choice and management of its own program, a spirit of self-government is developed and a much better representation of the class talent is obtained. There will be six programs this year, given by each division in succession every other Friday. As the choice of program was practically left in the hands of the members themselves, it is expected that many unique and interesting entertainments will be given. Perhaps the most original of these programs is a Shakespearean play, proposed by the fourth division. Although rhetorical are strictly Senior events, any members of the other classes are invited to attend.

A FEATURE in our Military Department that should have the support of every cadet is the class in Military Science that is soon to be formed by Lieutenant Campbell, for the training and instruction of officers. This class will probably meet Wednesday afternoons. The text book used will be the "Infantry Drill Regulations," and recitations will be conducted as in any other study. We hope that all officers will take advantage of this opportunity to become proficient in military tactics, and that the standard of military knowledge among the cadets may be elevated.

AN ENTERTAINMENT that has just been added to the list of Senior events is a Senior Oratorical Contest. This will consist of a contest between six Senior speakers, who will be chosen entirely by the excellence of their written orations. It will take place as the fourth of the Rhetoricals, between the programs of the third and fourth divisions, and will be held in the Freshman study room. It is not yet decided whether or not an admission will be charged, but it is expected that everyone will attend in either case.

ANOTHER TERM of our school career has passed; the dreaded period of examinations has come and gone, and we find the year now more than half through. To the busy Senior, how swiftly it flies! How soon, for him, this period of happy high school life must cease, forever! What mingled feelings does he experience as he thinks that soon he must leave these old familiar walls to enter into the cold, unfeeling world.

But the never ceasing cry is "Move On." We often would like to check the mighty rush of Time and prolong our days of happiness. But not an instant do Time's swift wings falter—we must of necessity keep pace with their fleeting course.

We see the Juniors preparing to take our place, and looking forward to the time when they may wear the proud title of Seniors. As yet the cares of life rest lightly upon the Sophomore mind. There is still a long time for them to spend in these classic halls, before they too, must be compelled to "move on." The Freshman is still serving his term of unrespected slavery; he still remains the butt of all jokes and the victim of endless ridicule. But he, too, looks forward to the days when his shackles shall be broken and he in turn shall ridicule the class beneath him.

Thus the world goes; its characteristics never change; the same feeling, that moved the hearts of the men of Ancient Greece and Rome, today influence our lives and impell us to strive onward and upward, till we have reached the highest ambition—love and honor from our fellow men.



WE HAVE just passed a day of the year which should always be revered by American citizens, the birthday of George Washington. Although any remarks that we can make would sound but trite, we can not let this greatest of all birthdays pass unnoticed.

Washington's birthday was also the birthday of the independence of the United States, for without him the Revolution might never have terminated as it did. It requires but a moment's reflection to think of the great debt which we owe to the Father of his Country, and then we may appreciate more fully what February 22d means to each one of us. We trust that each patriotic American will forever praise and honor this greatest American, the "First in war, the first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

HITHERTO THE REGISTER has not made any appeals for contributions, but at last it seems necessary to remind our

readers that the articles in a school paper must be written by the students, and if the students do not write the articles, there can be no paper. There seems to be a painful lack of interest shown in a paper when the members of the school merely read its contents and make no effort to support it otherwise than by their subscriptions.

We will not specify any particular kind of reading matter, but will leave it to the reader to write what he individually thinks the paper should contain. What contributions we have had have been largely verse. We would suggest that prose be attempted always, unless the poetry comes of itself. What is very poor poetry often makes admirable prose. Good verse is always acceptable. Stories, if pointed and brief, are welcome, and we think short sketches are best of all.



A SKETCH.

The weather certainly was not conducive to cheerfulness; it had been raining hard when I took the train in the morning, and now it had settled into a dismal drizzle. I was not cheered in the least when the conductor informed me that the next stop was the place where I was obliged to wait for about two hours in order to make my connections. Although it certainly was dreary enough in the train, I dreaded the long wait at a small uninteresting village. When the train pulled in at the station I alighted feeling that even traveling had many disagreeable sides.

In spite of the weather there was a crowd of people in the small station, which boasted of an office and a waiting-room—"For Ladies and Gentlemen," as

the sign on the door informed us. Whether the men in the room were gentlemen according to our rules of *etiquette*, they certainly were according to the rules of this village; for they did not seem to have a doubt as to their rights here. Nearly the entire population of the village must have been in this room, which was buzzing with excitement. The interest seemed to centre around a young couple, who, I learned from the loud conversation, were newly married and were waiting for their train which was an hour and a half late. When I heard this bit of information I directed my attention to the happy pair.

The bride was young and quite pretty. She did not seem to be troubled with that shyness common to young brides, but was apparently more at her ease than any of the rest, and was almost boisterous in her mirth, laughing loudly at the playful banter of her friends. She had a very sonorous voice and talked a great deal; whether she intended to address her remarks to all in the station, I know not, but it certainly was not our fault that we heard every word she said. I noticed one young man who had come in on the same train as I, throw down his paper in a hopeless way and, in spite of the rain, leave the station.

In respect to the groom, appearances must have been deceiving; for at first my attention had been arrested by the dull bashful fellow who seemed so proud of his brilliant wife, but later I surmised that perhaps he too was very witty for his wife and her girl friends laughed loudly at all his remarks.

I turned to the woman who was sitting next to me and asked her a question concerning the young couple. She apparently had been waiting for some such chance as this, for she began to talk and did not stop until she had given me

a short history, not only of the bride and groom and the other people of the place, but also a lengthy account of her own life, and the ailments of herself and all her family. Among other things, I learned that the bride was the belle of the village and the daughter of the wealthy man of the place, which important personage my loquacious friend pointed out to me, and I was surprised to see a rough uncouth man who seemed to be held in great esteem. He was smoking a pipe, which he did not take the trouble to remove while he was talking. When occasionally some one would refer an important question to him he would lean back in his seat, cross his legs, put his hands in his pockets and mumble out some inarticulate reply. The other men seemed to understand and would nod their heads and say "Yes, yes, that's so." Suddenly the whistle of the belated train was heard and general excitement prevailed; there was a rushing here and there for the baggage and, at the last moment, the bride's Sunday School class appeared on the scene with a gift for their beloved teacher, which was received amid the profuse tears of the children and the bride. At last the goodbyes were said and the train pulled slowly out.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided I consulted my watch and was amazed to find that my train was due in a few minutes.

Just as a person lays aside an interesting book, the characters of which have become his friends, so I left the small village, feeling almost sad that the wait which I had dreaded was over and that probably this was the only chapter of the lives of these people with which it would be my privilege to become acquainted. '08.

Watch for the March REGISTER.

A HIGH SCHOOL DITTY.

THOMAS J. KELLY.

If breathes a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead,"
He's not in the Omaha High School.
Here every student wants to be
The greatest man in this countree,
The ladder's height he sure must scale,
And with a glance the world he'll quail.
So here's a jug of fluid ink,
And here's a flagon just from the "sink,"
Come join with us and drink a drink
To the ranks of the Omaha High School.

You've heard of Mary's little lamb,
Its colors were "fast" though they never
"ran."

Well little Mary—she began
To carry it up to the High School.
And, then, outspoke the little lass,
"O Lamblet, please keep off the grass."
The lamblet bleated sweet consent,
And to her studies Mary went.
When she returned from Rome and Greece,
Of somebody's lunch the lamb had a lease,
So she bound him over to keep the "piece,"
At the "courts" of the Omaha High School.

Now weird romance hath cast its spell
Sincerely we trust that you will not tell,
We've got a rope on a "Daisy" Bell,
In the tower of the Omaha High School.
And often from the belfry towers,
A face appears at certain hours;
But let not this your senses shock,
The face is that of the High School clock.
So we'll lay our pipes and pipe a lay,
And the chimneys will smoke three times a day.

While the winding asphalt "walks" away
From the grounds of the Omaha High School.

A CLASS-MEETING—LOOKING FORWARD.

MARY AUSTIN, '08.

On my way to attend the World's Fair at Alaska, in nineteen hundred and twenty-five, I stopped for a few days in Omaha, my former home, and was invited by a member of the High School to attend a Senior class-meeting.

On the appointed day I took an electro-carriage to the High School, which

was situated, as formerly, at the top of the hill, but in place of the tall structure of my remembrance stood a large one-story building. I entered the school and followed my friend through the well-lighted hall to the class-room which was crowded with pupils, conversing in a quiet orderly manner. The girls, I noticed wore uniforms. There were many new contrivances for the convenience of the pupils, in one of which I was especially interested: on each desk was a library of miniature books; a dictionary, a complete encyclopedia, History and English reference books and several other volumes, all of which were to be used by means of a stationary microscope.

When the president appeared and called for the minutes of the last meeting, greatly to my astonishment, the secretary proceeded to manipulate a phono-vitascope, by which we were able not only to hear but also to see everything which had taken place during the last meeting. This wonderful report being approved, the secretary prepared the instrument to take a similar report of this day's proceedings. The president then announced the names of those who had taken honors in the class. These honors, as I learned afterwards, were not distributed as in my school-days: A photograph of each pupil's brain was taken by means of the X-rays, and the average of the quality of the brain and the record made in recitations determined who should have an honor. This made it possible for the timid members to receive recognition. The names of the successful ones having been received with the best of feeling, the class proceeded with its business. The class photograph, which had been taken some time before was inspected by the members. It differed greatly from the photograph of my class in that photo-

graphy was now so advanced that the camera could reproduce color as well as form. During the discussion, as to whether or not the picture should be accepted, one of the members of the class made a statement which was received rather dubiously by his classmates and when he had taken his seat another pupil arose and said, "Mr. President, the statement which the gentleman has just made can not be accepted for I find by examining his brain through my Crooks' tube that he is not telling the truth." The first speaker was rather abashed, but as his opponent's evidence was not to be questioned, he meekly acknowledged that he had made a misstatement. After deciding in favor of the photograph, the class adjourned and I returned to the home of my friend saying with Galileo, "The world does move."

A BICYCLE ACCIDENT.

Lorraine was whirling over the smooth country road on her wheel one morning in midsummer. The gorgeous sun glittered through the tree tops and on the white, smooth boulevard as she sped along, and it warmed her heart till she involuntarily sang softly to herself in unison with the joyous birds on every hand. Many another cyclist she met and many a slow wagon she passed on her swift course.

Suddenly she saw a young man riding rapidly toward her, down a steep hill. He was carelessly coasting, and was flying at a terrific speed. Suddenly he realized his danger and attempted to catch the swiftly revolving pedals. But it was no use. As he reached the bottom of the hill he was unable to control his wheel and was thrown heavily to the ground. When Lorraine reached the spot, he lay seemingly lifeless, with a bad cut in his ashen forehead. Lorraine dismounted and gazed helplessly at him.

Then she knelt and placed her handkerchief over the bleeding wound. Soon he opened his blue eyes and looked about in a bewildered way. Encouraged by this, Loraine spoke to him. "I beg your pardon, sir, but you were hurt and I wanted to help you a little."

"I guess I'm all right now," he said, weakly: "Thank you, just the same," and he attempted to raise himself on his arm, but fell back again. Seeing that he was really hurt, he suffered her to bandage his head more carefully.

"I think you had better rest a while before you attempt to rise," said Loraine smilingly. "Perhaps you can eat a little lunch to strengthen you," and Loraine opened the light basket that she had brought with her.

"Thank you very much," he replied. "But I am robbing you of your ride, do not stay here on my account." But something made him wish very much that she wouldn't go just yet—and she did not.

Soon a farmer's wagon came along and took him into the city, where he was well taken care of at his home. And often Loraine went to see him as he recovered, and when he was well he returned her visits.

During their honeymoon many a ride they took in the summer twilights to the spot where that happy bicycle accident had occurred. J. L.

AN ARIZONA INCIDENT.

One hot, sultry day in August, 1875, a government ambulance might have been seen creeping over a wide stretch of prairie in Arizona. It was filled with ladies from the fort near by, who were returning from a picnic. It was a merry crowd and frequent bursts of laughter might have been heard echoing in the vast solitude. It was the first time since the recent raid of the Apache Indians

that the ladies had ventured outside the fort, but as it was generally considered that the Apaches had been driven a long distance from the fort into New Mexico, they thought that they were safe.

Suddenly the driver, who was the only man in the party, descried a band of Indians riding toward them on the left. He said nothing but quickly whipped up his mules. Soon the ladies perceived the trouble and huddled together in the ambulance. As they were making good progress toward the fort one of the mules suddenly stumbled and fell. The driver immediately dismounted and was attempting to help the animal to its feet, when he saw that the Indians were upon them, and flight was useless. He loaded his revolver and prepared to defend the inmates of the wagon as long as possible.

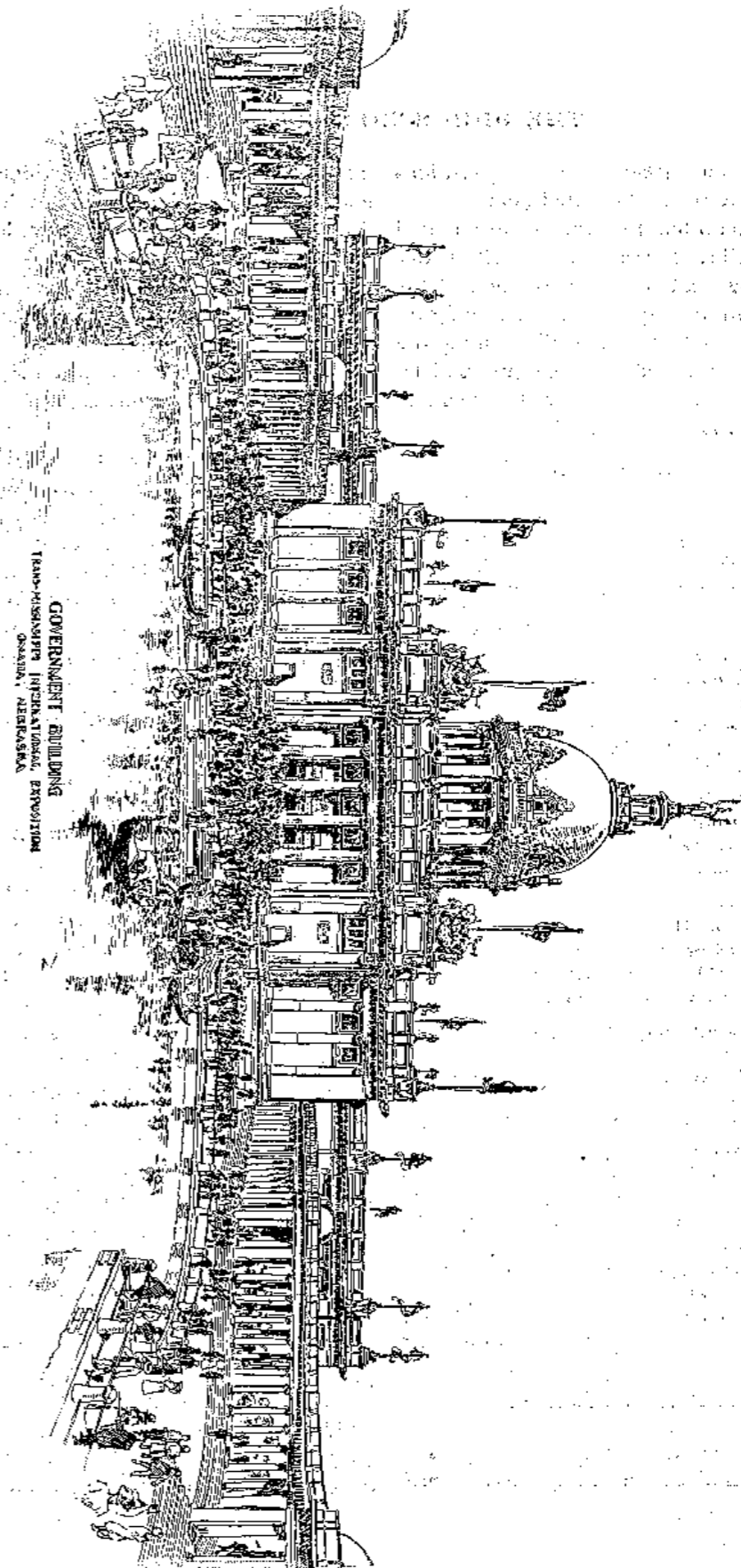
The Indians came nearer and nearer, and the driver raised his revolver and aimed at the foremost. Suddenly he dropped it and laughed heartily as the Indians came up. They were a friendly tribe, who were going to the post to report. '98.

GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

The building erected by the United States Government is situated at the north end of the grounds at the head of the basin and has the seat of honor of the Exposition, facing as it does the main group of buildings.

It was designed under the general direction of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C.

The main entrance facing the center of the basin will be reached by a broad flight of steps and through a colonnade. This entrance along with the entire center section of the building will be very richly treated in color. The entrance is



flanked on either side by pavillions capped by richly decorated domes.

The main building will be surmounted by a colossal dome, which will tower far above all other buildings. This dome will be capped by a heroic figure representing "Liberty Enlightening the World," and at night this figure will be lighted by electricity. The torch will be 178 feet above the ground.

MEMORIES.

MISS IDA M. STREET.

How dear to this heart are the hours of my school days,

When sternest necessity brings them to mind;

From nine in the morning till t'hour when the fool stays

To learn where his manners and lessons to find;

The hour when I heard my neighbor reciting
That passage from Caesar—he knew it so well;

Ah, he had been fighting, when I had been slighting

Old battles for new—my good luck; there's the bell.

CHORUS—

The old High School building,
The dingy old building,
The old red-brick building,
That stands on the hill.

That rambling old building we hail with rejoicing,

When Friday night comes with its last clanging bell,

Those blackened old walls our wild transports are voicing,

When gala days move us to give the class yell.

That hold-all old building, where freshmen are coming,

Where frisky young Sophmores would write on the wall;

Where Juniors so jolly keep matters a-humming,
And dignified Seniors stalk straight through the hall.

THE DISAGREEABLE MAN.

On the outskirts of a western town stood a small hut, as rough and forlorn

in appearance as its odd inhabitant, an old German soldier. Though he had lived in the town a long time, he was but little better known than when he first came. He felt that he was looked upon by the people of the town as a gloomy, disagreeable person, and so he avoided them as much as possible, often remaining shut up in his mean dwelling for days at a time.

People often wondered what he did to pass away the time, for he was seldom seen at work, except in his little flower garden, and books had no charm for him. He did not "ble'f in too much eji-cation," he said. "Ven I vas a boy, ve learned somedings 'bout readin' writen' an' 'rithmetics, an' that vas plenty eji-cation, plenty." He was opposed to all modern ideas of advancement—as loyal to the past as old Esther Dudley. But the most disagreeable thing about him was his quick temper. Prejudiced in his opinion he did not brook contradictions. Nor did his pride permit a spirit of forgiveness. Soon after he came to the town, he became angry at his next door neighbor, with but very little cause, and it was not until years afterward that he forgot his resentment.

But, although the old soldier was uncultured and repugnant, yet he had a kind heart. He showed a great fondness for children, and they liked him. Sometimes he would invite them to his hut and tell them thrilling stories about battles in which he had fought. Then, before they went home he always gave them a bouquet. Flowers, too, were dear to his heart, and he took a great deal of pleasure in his flower garden, which served somewhat to cheer up the lonely place.

The "disagreeable man's" love for children was the means of breaking his obdurate pride. Though he never spoke to this neighbor with whom he had quar-

reled, he was especially fond of his little child. On her death the old soldier was almost distracted with grief, and sympathized so deeply with the bereaved father that one day he wrote a very pitiful letter, asking forgiveness for cherishing his resentment so long. And every day, as long as he lived, the broken-hearted old man went to the little child's grave to decorate it with flowers.

VICTORIA KILLIAN.



A DEFENSE OF FOOTBALL.

F. B. KNIGHT.

The American college sets before itself the very highest of ideals. It is earnest and usually wise in its methods. Why then, so many people ask, is football tolerated? Many answers can be and are advanced in reply to this question, any one of which substantianally proves that football is a source of great good to both school and college.

Some of the objections offered against the game are as follows: above all things it is exceedingly dangerous; too much time is required of a player, thereby lessening his attention to his studies; and brutality and notoriety run hand-in-hand, the former being a natural result of the requirements sought and expected of a "star" player, while the latter develops a tendency towards professionalism. There may be many objections besides, but I cite these because of their glaring prominence. Ask some pessimistically inclined friend his reasons for objecting to the game, and almost invariably he will discourse, at some length, on one of the forenamed objections.

Football is dangerous. Not more so, however, than other sports. In recently published statistics, showing the re-

lative danger of our recreations, football takes its place well along in the latter part of the list. The number of fatalities in swimming, boating, hunting, horse-back riding, bicycling, and ice-boating outnumber, by far, those of football. Last year, three thousand six hundred and nineteen deaths were occasioned by participating in the six above-named sports, against eleven deaths resultant from football. Football is meant, not for weaklings, but for those physically robust and strong, and if these eleven deaths of last year be traced to their true sources the majority of them will be found to be the natural result of either the person's incapability as a player, or of some indiscretion in training. Football, therefore, is dangerous, but exclusive of baseball, tennis and golf, the remainder of our international athletics must claim precedence as to danger.

Now, laying aside the danger-question, time consumed follows next in order. Certainly one must devote a certain amount of time daily if expecting to be an athlete. Even the most hard-worked business man must give some time to exercise, else, like a piece of crippled machinery, he will at the least exertion moan, creak and finally break down. Body and mind should be treated impartially. Plato is said to have called one "lame" because he exercised the mind while the body was allowed to suffer. Not so much time as one would suppose is required for training on the field and in the gymnasium. Perhaps three hours is the limit asked, and surely this is not too much time to devote to the education and strengthening of the body, if the mind be given thrice as much. Besides the gymnasium and field-training which he gets the athlete must cease from all evil habits, such as chewing, smoking, drinking,

late hours, and the like. These vices are not tolerated. The football-player's class-standing must also be considered in this question of time. If one has a fixed time in which to perform certain duties, it is more than likely that, instead of putting off things, as one does when having but one or two to do, he will take up each duty at the appointed time, and in this way do justice to both mind and body. It is a known fact that the football-player stands well in his studies. Now, is not the much-talked of wasted time productive of excellent results. Systematic exercise, such as one gets in football-training, enables the person to do better mental work in shorter time. Surely this must be acknowledged. We have considered the dangerous side of football, next the time consumed, and now let us turn to the question of brutality, and finally to that of notoriety, which some claim to be the natural sequences of a footballist's career. Football is rough, but not brutal. If there is anything inhuman or cruel or savage about the game, let him who believes it thus look into the subject and give it a fair and impartial reading. If the testimonials of hundreds of our leading physicians, surgeons, clergymen, and lawyers be their honest opinions regarding the game, which we have no reason to doubt, then this person will be compelled to give in and join the thousands who pronounce it a fair, manly game, productive of the best of results—both mentally and physically—and lastly, that it is a rough and tumble sport, but not brutal. Now concerning notoriety. If one attain eminence as a lawyer, actor, chemist or literary-character do not the papers make known his feats and discuss him? Of course the idea of youthfulness is in my mind also as I write. If the football-player be reminded of his achieve-

ments, either in large, black type, or by way of an unrecognizable wood-cut, need he look upon himself as a hero, to be worshipped? If there be conceit of this kind latent in him, better be it that it come to the surface and be gotten rid of before he joins his fellow-men. Are these not a few reasonable solutions as to why football is tolerated in American schools and colleges? If football deteriorates, then those who now proclaim its good effect upon the student, and claim for it a place among the first of sports, will be in the front ranks of those who now so earnestly and absurdly wish to abolish the world-wide game.



SENIOR HONORS.

Wednesday, February 23, Mr. Leviston called a meeting of the Senior class to present the list of members receiving the highest marks during the four years' course. Before reading the list Mr. Leviston made a few remarks to the class, in which he made a few comparisons with previous classes. In the class of '96 the person ranking fourth would have ranked fourteenth in the class of '98. In the class of '97 the person ranking fourth would have ranked eighteenth in '98. From this and other comparisons, Mr. Leviston made the statement that '98 had made a higher average record than any other class that ever graduated from the Omaha High School. Mr. Leviston praised the class very highly and complimented the faithful manner in which they had performed their tasks throughout their course. There were twenty-seven members of the class who ranked over 90 per cent, or nearly one-

fourth of its members, and forty-one ranked between 80 and 90 per cent, making three-fourths of the class over 80 per cent. It is doubtful if the Seniors have realized the position that they hold in regard to their records, and all members of '98 should feel proud of their standing among other graduating classes.

Mr. Leviston then read the names of the twenty-seven ranking over 90 per cent, of which we give the highest eight:

Name.	Per Cent.
Mr. John Swenson.....	96.43
Miss Edith Jackson.....	96.35
Miss Mary Johnson.....	96.21
Miss Emma Parker.....	95.93
Miss Grace Porter.....	95.50
Miss Helen Brandeis.....	94.86
Miss Louis McNair.....	94.43
Miss Dorothy Young.....	94.32

The class received the announcement with great applause and all were well pleased with the results.

At the election of Senior class officers held at the beginning of the month, the ballots resulted in the re-election of the same officers as during the past term: Mr. Wharton, President; Miss McNair, Vice-President; Miss Gertrude Macomber, Secretary, and Miss Burgess, Treasurer.

The next dramatic work to be given at the High School is the Sophomore play, "A Pretty Piece of Business." This has an excellent cast and promises to be an interesting comedy.

Monday, February 21, a party was given by the "Shack Club" at their club rooms, to many of the High School students. An interesting time was had by all, and the four young men who compose the club, did the honors as hosts very acceptably.

De talk of wealth kain't dazzle me
Enough and some to spare
I'd hab if I could only be
A watomillionaire. —Ex



"Count out loud to yourselves."

Now, for the belts and cartridge boxes.

Every officer, join the class in Military Science, conducted by Lieutenant Campbell.

Already arrangements are on foot for the Officers' Hop. The middle of April is the approximate date.

The Cadet Officers' Club received a very nice letter from Lieutenant Ord, thanking them for the cane and umbrella.

Every officer should attend the meetings of the officers' club. About one-third of the club are never present at the meetings, and take no part in its affairs.

One of the sergeants was heard to remark in a rather exasperated manner to a squad of cadets; "I wish you could come out here and look at yourselves.

We consider that the address given to the cadets by Lieutenant Campbell on the "Advantages of a Military Education," the finest lecture that has ever been given by any of our commandants.

THE OFFICERS' MUSICALE.

The largest crowd that ever assembled in the Freshmen Study Room, was present at the Fourth Annual Cadet Officers' Musicale, and listened with rapt attention and enthusiastic interest to the melodious strains of music. Although our musicales of the past have acquired an enviable reputation, this year's program completely eclipsed all previous efforts.

Every seat in the vast auditorium was crowded to its utmost extent (two), and

the window sills and radiators groaned beneath the unaccustomed weight—in fact a facetious freshman was heard to remark that the latter “got hot about it.” Messrs. Robison and Clarke deserve the thanks of all for the graceful way in which they handled the chairs on the platform, and the three color guards should be presented with a medal for not making the “about face” to the left—as usual.

The first selection was presented by the O. H. S. Mandolin Club, which was interesting, not merely because it informed so many people that we have such an organization but on account of the excellent manner in which their selections were rendered.

The vocal solos were particularly enjoyed, Miss Jessie Dickinson captured everyone with her “Punkin Cullud Coon,” and made much amusement by her smiling looks at “some one” in the back of the room, during a most pathetic love song.

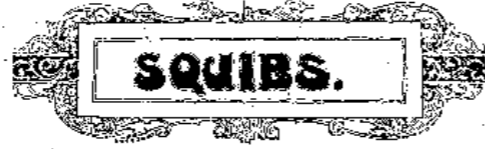
Mr. Frank Potter gave a good exhibition of his mandolin playing and Mr. Robert Cuscaden held everyone spellbound under the magic touch of his violin bow.

Miss Brady on the piano and Mr. Guy Gellenbeck with the banjo captivated the audience.

The rain it falls upon the just,
And too upon the unjust fellows,
But more upon the just because
The unjust have the just's umbrellas.

These college men are very slow;
They seem to take their ease,
For even when they graduate
They do so by degrees. —Ex.

“There's nothing like a yacht,” said he,
As on the beach they stood
“O, I don't know,” quick answered she,
A smack is just as good.



Rhetoricals at last.

Two be or not 2 was.

Prayer meeting committee.

Wanted—A mouse trap in room 25.

Every Senior enter the oratorical contest.

Not enough to go around—a semi-circle.

The Seniors are making arrangements for their next play and social.

He: “Let's swap bacilli.”

She: “All right.” (And they kissed.)

Most of the contributors to the squibs column are suffering under spring fever this month.

Watch for the March number of THE REGISTER. Special features. Easter cover. 10 cents.

They have stopped telling the story of the “Liberty Bell” because it has been “tolled” so many times.

Everyone talks in a whisper in Arkansas, because the soil is so poor that one can not even raise his voice.

A great many of the High School boys are obliged to part their hair in the middle to keep their heads level.

Some poor freshmen could hardly believe that we were to really and truly and honestly have a holiday Tuesday.

Teacher: “What was the matter with the king?”

Freshie: “His cholera was too high.”

A sign board in a western town reads as follows: “Ten miles to Wolf Gulch. If you can't read, ask the blacksmith.”

“How can you tell when a man has wheels in his head?”

“By the spokes that come out of his mouth.”

Teacher: “How many of you as a rule spend an hour on your lesson?”

Bright Freshie: “Do you mean a day or a week?”

Company Z is contemplating giving a hop some time in the near future. The only difficulty is the number of entertainments coming directly after “Lent.”

A new way to entice dogs out of a class room is to precede them with a waste basket in the hand. It works like a charm on account of the many lunch remains in the basket.

Senior: “Did you ever hear about the old monk who claimed to have two skulls of St. Paul, one when he was a boy and one when he was an old man?”

Dull Soph: “No. What is it?”

Is it generally known that General Grant spoke on the east side of the high school in 1880; ex-President Cleveland visited us in 1887, and McKinley, when governor of Ohio, spoke here in 1892?

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HATCHET.

HENDRICK VAN CHUMP.

Von day ven George Vashington was a leetle mite of a poy, his papa gave him von cent unt tole him to go get a penny's vorth of hatchet. So George vent over to de store unt he say, “How mooch ees your raisins?” Unt ven de grocer tole him he say very politely, “All right, I don't vant any, tank you.” You see now dat George vas a very funny poy. He stood like dat unt fooled de grocer for a long while, but at last he say, “I vant a penny's vorth of hatchet.” “I am afraid you haf no penny,” said de grocer. “I bet me your life I haf,” he says, unt he took off his stocking unt out dropped a penny. Of course de stocking vas not on his feet but he used it for a purse.

So de grocer gave him a penny's vorth of Battle Ax plug, unt George

valked home. But on de vay, he saw his uncle's dorg, and he say, “Here, dorgie, dorgie, dorgie.” Unt de dorg didn't say anything but he yust run up to George. Unt George say, “Dorgie, do you vant a piece of hatchet?” Unt he cut off a piece of hatchet unt gave it to de dorg. But of course de dorg didn't vant de hatchet, so George picked it oop, unt chewed it hisself. Unt ven he got home, he took de rest of de hatchet unt gave it to his papa. Unt his papa looked at it unt he say, “Georgie, vere vas dat piece of hatchet gone, alreaty,” unt he pointed to de plae vere de broken off piece uster vas. Unt den de Fader of his Country just broke into veeps, unt he say between his sobs, “O—mine papa—I cannot tole you a lie, I—I—I gave dat hatchet to mine uncle's dorg.” Unt den his papa poot his arms about his neck and tolded his boy to his shirt bosom unt he say, “Mine dear poy, I had ruther haf you tole de truth dan haf de biggest piece of hatchet efer sold for ten cents.”

Some people tell you it vas a cherry-tree, but it vasn't—it vas a chesnut.

SIDE TACKS WITH BOYS.

RUTH TRASHMORE.

Heinrich-Hamlet would be more suitable than Shylock.

Morehouse. Take a policeman around with you if they abuse you too much.

Wharton. Read Roberts' Rules of order for governing class meetings.

Clarke. Your method of giving commands is certainly original—but you'd better “ditch” it.

Fonda. It is always proper to carry soap in your pocket.

Morse. It is well to extend your acquaintance to several young ladies, but not any more than that.

FIBED AT RANDOM.

A Chinese bank is the safest place for a deposit. Not one has failed in 500 years.

Life insurance statistics go to show that total abstinence prolongs the average life more than seven years.

All watches are compasses. Point the hour hand to the sun and the south is just half way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch. For instance, suppose that it is four o'clock. Point the hand indicating four to the sun and II on the watch is exactly south.

The costliest macadam on record once paved the streets of Kimberley, South Africa. The celebrated roadway was studded with diamonds. A peddler, 30 years old, while hawking his wares from house to house, found a shining stone by the way and picked it up, thinking it

might be of some value. It was found to be a fine diamond. This was the beginning of the great Kimberley diamond mines.

One may not be in favor with horse racing, but that does not prevent him from realizing the wonder of Star Pointer's performance in pacing a mile in one minute, 59 1/4 seconds. Such a performance means 44 feet every second, and when we stop to consider the complicated movements involved in a horse's stride, the thought of four strides a second with all the interplay and co-ordination of heart, lungs, brain and nerve centres, is enough to fill one with amazement.

If there should be another flood,
And you should want to fly,
Just jump onto the Rhetoric-Book.
You will always find that dry.

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STEEL RANGES.**



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Gasoline and Oil Stoves
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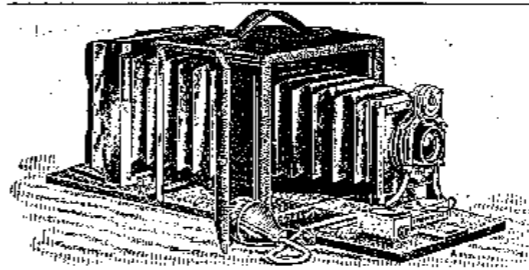
Spring Goods

so early, nor had such a big trade in February as we are having now. One reason for our growing business is that we sell goods that we have confidence in and another is that our stock was never so choice.

We show goods with pleasure and are the only exclusive DRY GOODS house in the city.

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Bee Building Barber Shop.

FERD BUELOW, Prop.

Ground Floor,
Opposite Elevator. Omaha, Neb.



Miss Edna Robison, '97, was a visitor at the Lincoln University on Charter day, February 15.

Wednesday, February 4, at High Noon, occurred the wedding of Miss Grace Leonard, '95, to Mr. Frank Teets, of Omaha.

Frank Lehmer, '97, was recently initiated into the Phi Kappi Psi Fraternity of Lincoln University.

On Charter day, Miss Edith Schwarz, '93, and Mr. Phil Russell, '94, were initiated into the Phi Delta Kappa Fraternity of the Lincoln University.

Ralph S. Connell, '96, is in Phoenix, Arizona, taking care of his health and "booming" the Transmississippi Exposition.

Reports come from Mexico that Antony Gzantner, '96, has become a veritable Spaniard.

VERSELETS.

By PHILLIP BOSCH.

I stood on the bridge at midnight
While the clocks were striking the
hour;
I stood there feeding the fishes
For the last beer I drank was sour.

The punster surely loves to pun
Upon the class of "naughty one,"
But freshmen—make not much ado,
The next class will be "naughty-two."

I was stirred to the depths of my soul,
Ne'er heard I a voice like that;
And I threw all I owned at her feet,
For she was my neighbor's cat.

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise
Upon his virgin beard he raised
A beard on noble size.

And when he saw the beard was there
Straightway with might and main
He seized a razor in both hands
And razed it off again.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Till his feet began to blister,
But the heat he did not mind a speck,
He was reading the HIGH SCHOOL
REGISTER.

A Freshie went into the Chemistry rooms
Where they keep the acids and gas
He began to fool with the chloroform fumes
And he now sleeps under the grass. '99

There was once a young lad named Willie
He owned a small goat called Billie
He once tried to pull the Billie's wool,
And the blow almost killed Willie.

(Written in an autograph album.)

Call me Bill or call me Billy,
Call me William, Will or Willy,
Only, only call me *thine*.

Little drops of water
In the milkman's can
Make the milkman's daughter
Dress the finest in the land.

If it wasn't for Grandpa's nose
He couldn't see a bit
For that's the only place
On which his specs can sit.

—Ex.

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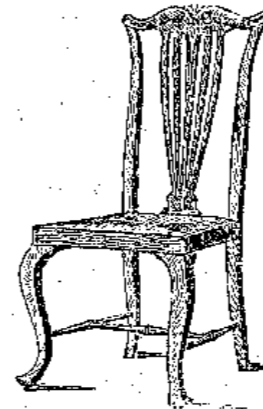
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205 SOUTH FIFTEENTH STREET.

DO YOU REMEMBER.

I remember
 Meeting you
 In September
 Twenty-two,
 We were eating,
 Both of us
 And the meeting
 Happened thus,
 Accidental
 Or the road
 (Sentimental
 Episode)
 I was gushing,
 You were shy;
 You were blushing,
 So was I.
 I was smitten,
 So were you;
 (All that's written
 Here is true.)
 "Any money?"
 "Not a bit!"
 Rather funny,
 Wasn't it.
 Vows were plighted—
 Happy pair,
 How delighted
 People were,
 But your father,
 To be sure,
 Thought it rather
 Premature.
 And your mother,
 Strange to say,
 Was another
 In the way.
 What a heaven
 Vanished then—
 (You were seven,
 I was ten.)
 That was many
 Years ago—
 Don't let any
 Body know.

There was a young lady named Perkins,
 Who was so passionately fond of gerkins,
 She ate so much spice
 And thought it was nice
 That she pickled her internal workin's!

THE TRAGEDY OF ROSCIUS.

A Roscius killed a Roscius,
 It was a deed ferocious;
 And what is more, 'tis said
 A Roscius helped the Roscius
 To kill the other Roscius,
 A mixture so atrocious
 It dizzies quite my head.

And then this crafty Roscius,
 Who killed the other Roscius,
 Laid all the blame on Roscius,
 A youth not quite precocious,
 And fixed it on his head.

O! Would that every Roscius,
 From the young one not precocious,
 To the old and crafty Roscius,
 Ere they could approach us,
 Were cold and white and dead.

A maid with a duster, once made a great
 bluster
 While dusting a bust in the hall;
 But when she had dusted the bust it was
 busted
 And so ends my story,—that's all

.. Exchanges ..

We are glad to welcome the Leader
 from Butte, Montana. A great deal of
 interesting matter is contained in a very
 little space. A cut or two would help
 its appearance however, and we would
 suggest the use of larger type.

The Washington number of the Aegis
 is excellent. A fine half tone of the
 Father of his Country and an opening
 patriotic article are splendid features.

When we first started to school,
 among the first things taught were:

"See the cow. Is the cow nice? Yes,
 the cow is nice. Can she run? She
 can run, but not so fast as a horse."
 Now the proper way of saying that
 seems to be: "Get on to that cow.
 Ain't she a beaut? You bet she's a
 warm member. Can she get a move on
 herself? Nit, ain't in it with a horse."

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