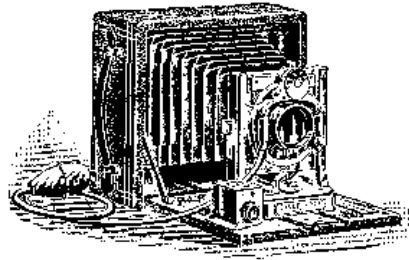


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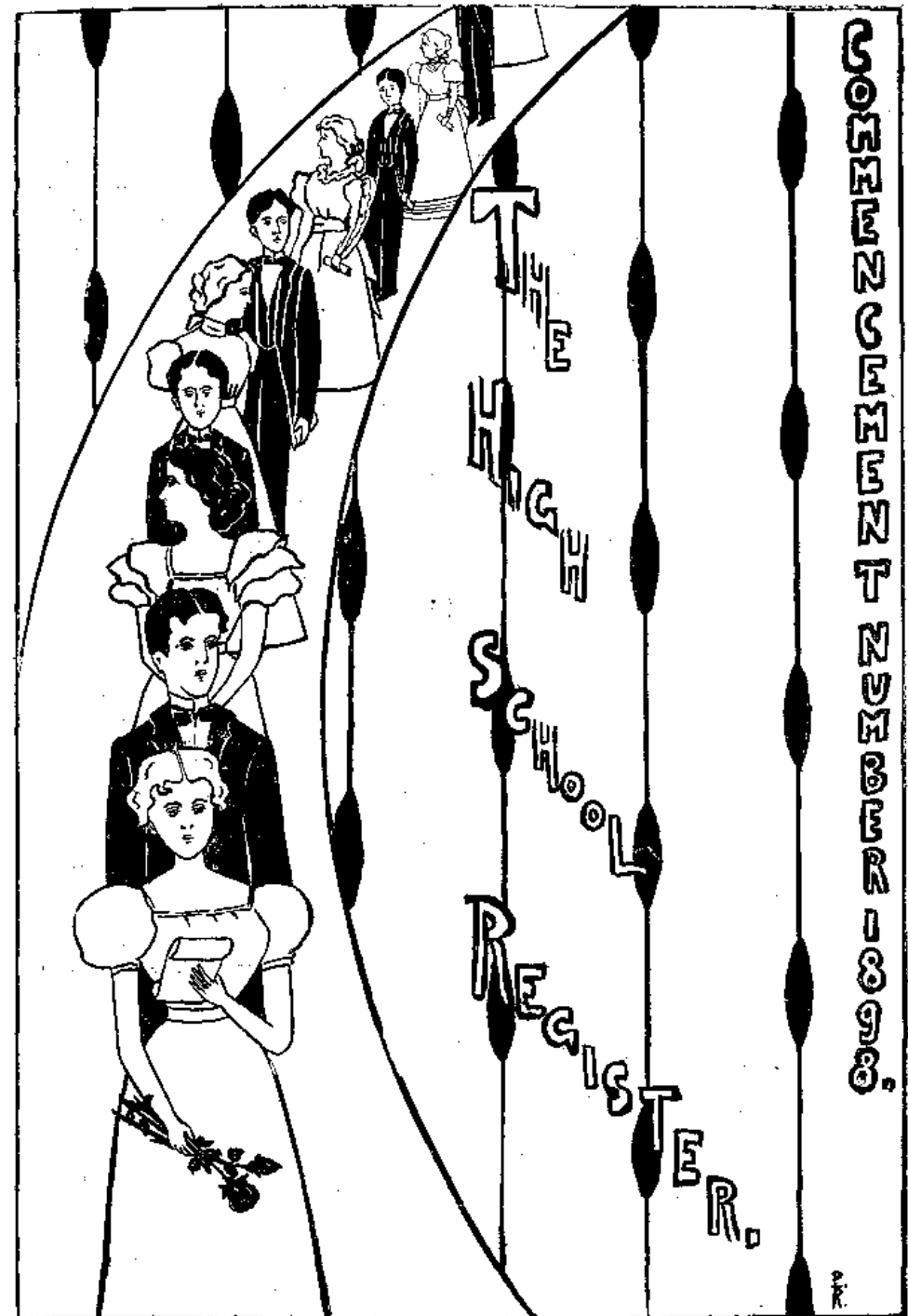
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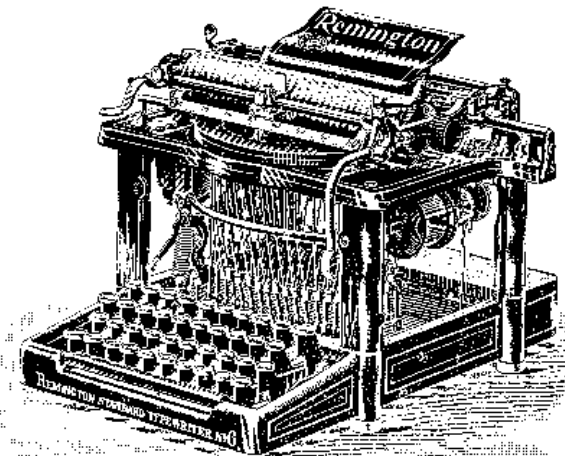
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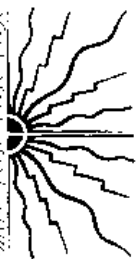
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High School Register.

Vol. XII.

OMAHA, JUNE, 1898.

No. 10.

Chas. P. Everts,
Editor-in-Chief

Lawrence H. Underwood,
Business Manager.

Published in the interest of the Omaha High School. Subscription—Fifty Cents in advance. By mail, sixty cents.
Entered as second-class matter in the Omaha Postoffice.

Editorial.

WE ARE HAPPY to announce that THE REGISTER next year will be in the hands of Mr. Doane Powell as Editor-in-Chief and of Messrs. Frank Hughes and Preston Davison as Business Managers. We are confident that they will undertake the work in earnest and that continued improvement will be made in THE REGISTER. Volume XII wishes success and prosperity to its future staff and leaves to them the duty and honor of representing the Omaha High School.

THE TIME has come when our connection with THE REGISTER must cease. With this issue we lay down our pen and retire from the editorial chair. It is with feelings of sincere regret that we make our final bow. We have taken the deepest interest and pleasure in our work, and part from it as from a dearest friend. Many are the benefits to be derived and the lessons learned from the combined study of literature and typography that the paper offers. But we must obey the relentless law of mutation; we must move on and leave our places for others to fill. We would gladly linger a brief while longer and stay the mighty flight of time. But not an instant do his swift wings falter; we must hasten ever onward, rapidly transferring the future into the present, the present into the past, and leaving the things of the past to be forgotten.

We wish to thank the school, in whose interest we have labored, for the unanimous support that they have given us, the teachers for their kind suggestions and valuable contributions, and

the business men of Omaha for their generous co-operation in our advertising columns, without whose help we would be unable to publish the paper. We hope that we have left behind us no feelings of slight or injury on account of articles or squibs appearing in THE REGISTER. If there are these we wish to apologize and explain that our intentions, at least, have been friendly to all. And now we say farewell and leave the dear old REGISTER, our companion for so long, to its future editors.

VOLUME XII of THE REGISTER, with this issue, ends its history and passes into that misty forgotten state called the past. We hope that it is not boastful on our part to say that it has been successful. In many respects, at least, we have improved over our predecessors. The regular numbers of THE REGISTER have been increased from sixteen to twenty pages. The cover that had been used for the three preceding years was replaced by a drawing printed for the first time on rough paper. The cartoons, begun in 1895, were reinstated as one of our best features. We have used nearly as many cuts of various kinds as have been contained in the preceding eleven volumes. A special Easter number was produced for the first time, with artistic cover and numerous drawings. But that for which Volume XII feels most pride is the first REGISTER Annual. This finely illustrated book was the first of its kind and by far the largest REGISTER ever published. Such, in brief, have been our innovations. We have tried to maintain the high standard of literary excellence that has always characterized THE REGISTER, and we have attempted to obtain the happy medium of wit and seriousness in its columns, keeping ever before us the motto that guides us in its publication, "Delectando pariterque monendo." How near we have come to fulfilling this ideal we will leave for our readers to decide.

TONIGHT the class of '98 pauses upon the threshold of life. It looks backward upon a period of training and of preparation, and forward into a future bright with the glory of hopes and ambitions. For four years these classmates have toiled together at wisdom's mill, steadily gaining mental power, daily becoming better prepared for the struggle of life, which tonight they enter as well equipped contestants. They will now scatter far from their alma mater and from each other. Some will continue the search for learning at colleges in various parts of our land; some will remain

by their own firesides and use their talents in making beautiful and uplifting our noblest and dearest institution, the home; some will enter the world of business and become our future merchants and capitalists; some will study to make life more beautiful and mankind happier in the realms of art, music and literature. All will go forth into their several careers better men and women for the years spent at the O. H. S., and all will be inspired to future success by the recollection of the '98 class motto, "Let us go forward; we cannot go backward."

SCHOOL JOURNALISM has now become a potent factor in our modern educational institutions. From the first American college paper, edited by Daniel Webster at Dartmouth, there has arisen a countless host of student publications. Nearly every college and large high school now support a monthly periodical. A great many schools produce a weekly in addition, and ten American colleges boast of a daily newspaper, supported by the students. In no branch of educational methods has success been so rapid as in school journalism. As the high school of today furnishes a course of study taking the student as far as any college did twenty-five years ago, so high school papers now far exceed any college publication of ten years ago, while the latter, in their turn, have advanced to the ranks of popular magazines.

A school paper serves a double purpose. It reveals the condition and character of the school to the outside world, and it forms a bond of common school interest between its students. The representation of a school paper is most beneficial to the school, and the influences exerted by a properly conducted journal upon the students cannot be overestimated.

IN every large school or college the close observer perceives a miniature world. He finds there the molecules of condition and character that make up the mass of humanity. Although the bond of school interests connects all members of the student world, individuality of thought and action separates them from each other and renders school life many sided and richly varied. It is here that the rich and the poor, the proud and the humble meet together, and side by side seek Wisdom's golden fleece. In this school life grow up the pauper and the millionaire, the criminal and the statesmen. Here are developed all types of humanity; here are moulded the men and women who soon must carry gov-

ernments on their shoulders, and who may sway the universe by the power of characters trained and developed in the student world.

THE SCHOOL year that we have just finished has been one of progress and achievement in many features of our school, but in none has greater change and improvement been made than in the Battalion. During this year the four uniformed companies have secured rifles from the subscriptions of our generous business men, and two of the companies have been entirely equipped with bayonet belts and cartridge boxes by their own individual efforts. The officers have been given swords by the Board of Education. This renders the drill more interesting to the cadets themselves and more entertaining to spectators, and takes away for ever the stigma of "tin soldiers," and makes the cadets truly military in appearance and action. The Battalion has also materially improved in the knowledge and execution of the military tactics. The former has been proved by the advanced standard of the recent examinations for cadet office, the latter by the testimony of all who have witnessed the drilling of the cadets, particularly at the recent competitive drill. We hope that the Battalion will continue to prosper under the new officers, being careful of each day's work, for "it is the little things that make perfection, but perfection is no little thing."

THE CLASS OF '98 will always have occasion to remember the two great events that had their beginning during their graduating year, the Trans-Mississippi Exposition and the Spanish-American war. Both had for their object a noble cause, both were originated by a lofty purpose. The one, the upbuilding of the great West. The other, the liberation of down-trodden Cuba. But in their fulfilment exists the widest difference. The former nourishes, the latter destroys the progress of civilization. One helps us onward to the enjoyment of prosperity and happiness, the other carries us backward a century in a day to the almost forgotten ages of barbarism. We have at the same time, in the same country, the cruelest terrors of war, and highest arts of peace. But nevertheless both are accomplishing noble purposes. Thus, as perhaps never before, do we realize that, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

It is with a great deal of interest that we look forward to the success of our High School athletics next year, when the Iowa-

Nebraska Interscholastic League will have begun its career. The need of such an organization has long been felt by our students and now that it is indeed a reality, we should expect a greater football interest and better playing than has been revealed hitherto, when the incentive of a league was lacking. Our school year has been less successful in athletics than in its other features, chiefly because of the small number of interested Seniors, but next year this important factor of our high school training should receive the heartiest support. It is often objected that the time spent in drill prevents participating in athletics. But ample arrangements are made for excusing from drill all foot ball and base ball players without affecting the cadet standing. Surely a large per cent of our boys should avail themselves of this opportunity to strengthen their physical condition by this exercise and at the same time to defend the honor and reputation of the O. H. S.

THE YEAR that we have just completed has been more than usually marked by its dramatic attainments. We feel that the standard of these entertainments has been materially improved. We have long since passed the stage of petty dialogues and have attempted some plays that require considerable talent in their execution. The two Senior class plays were of excellent quality, one a chafing-dish party scene, the other a comedy "centering" about a telephone. The Juniors also made a good showing in "The Bachelor." The French and German pupils each gave a play in their respective languages, that were marked by exceeding familiarity with the languages and well studied acting. For the first time a Shakespearean play was attempted as one of the Rhetorical programs. Its success will probably insure the repetition of some other of Shakespeare's plays in the future. Such has been our dramatic record. We feel that it has been one worthy of our talent and one in every respect honorable to the O. H. S.

The dairy maid pensively milked the goat
And pouting she paused to mutter,
"I wish, you brute, you would turn to milk!"
And the animal turned to butt her.

What is love?
Two saddles on a single frame,
Two sprockets that turn as one.

Hero Worship.

MISS A. EDNA LEEV.

Universal history is, at the bottom, the history of great men. For although many thousands inhabit each country, and each country helps to make the world, these countries are each governed by a certain gifted few, and so the history is a record of their rule.

Hero worship originated with the creation of man. In the very beginning true worth gained power and took it into her own hands. While this action must have excited envy in many, it also aroused intense admiration.

The old saying, "Distance lends enchantment," is in many cases proven true. The deeds of old heroes, viewed through the changeable glass of time, especially when the nations had no alphabet, seem to grow strangely mythical and idealistic. No wonder our unimaginative minds of today cannot grasp the meaning of those beautiful old myths; we have too much of the real before our eyes to foster our belief in the unseen. Because no one ever saw a goddess can any one declare that Venus or Minerva did not exist?

Hero worship was the primary form of religion. Many thanks are due today to the so-called Paganism of early times, for out of the worship of the beautiful and the brave grew our devotion to the pure and the good, and from thence the civilization of the world. Its influence has created heroes in all ages. Constant striving to imitate some great hero, tends itself to create a great man. Lincoln admired Washington and tried to be like him, and see the result for America.

Much oftener the great events of the world's history are dated from the time of a hero than from the real date, for we say Age of Pericles, reign of Queen Elizabeth, much more frequently than 500 B. C. or the Seventeenth century.

One of the reasons why America has made so much progress in so little time is on account of the co-operation of her citizens. In all ages, men influenced by the same circumstances and the same surroundings, naturally have similar traits of character. This is proven by the individuality of the different nations. The French, like their steady blue sky and level country, are all distinguished for their fickleness and polish, while we, here in America, having

varied scenes and skies, rapidly pass in our nature from one extreme to another, but are still alike. Thus when the thoughts of a great man reveal themselves they seem to be recognized by a vague fellow feeling in the hearts of others. The lucky "he" who can realize his shadowy ideas, thus meet those who are voiceless and tuneless, and through his enthusiasm they will wake up and accomplish much.

Fortunately for everybody, genius appeared in all forms, and the arrival of the literary hero is the greatest event in the world. Perhaps the reason why poets are worshiped more than other men is because they always display the finer side of their nature in their poetry, while their kind hearted biographers and friends conveniently forget to give the other side. The quiet home heroes of whom the world knows nothing, exert, perhaps, the greater influence on the lives they encounter. Often the whole course of a man's life has been changed by his devotion to his mother, the hero who, by her gentle, self-sacrificing life, has gained his reverence and admiration.

To be a real hero a man must be heroic in soul as well as in body. How often little dwarfed souls command noble bodies and brilliant minds. Think how brilliant Napoleon's career would have been, if after his mind had achieved all his fame there would have been a soul ready to receive it. Then it could not have been said, "He conquered the world but could not conquer himself." Heroes will always be worshiped, for as long as the world lasts power will accomplish great deeds, and admiration of greatness will exist.

Times do not call up heroes, but when the great need comes the hero generally appears, too. Who can say that the wisdom of deliberating in the wonderful crisis of our country's affairs has not made our president a hero! When he was plain William McKinley he had the same trait of character, so that now when he is President William McKinley the "times" have not called it up, but have only developed it.

Hero worship has done more for the good of the world, from the very beginning up to the present time, than any thing else. Constant striving to attain the heights of glory, even if the goal is not reached, is not in vain, for it can be said now and always with Carlyle, "It is impossible to look at great men, however imperfectly, and not gain something."

Good-Bye.

JOHN S. SWENSON

Good-bye, old High School! Come at last it has,
That day when we from out thy walls must pass.
When every fond attachment we have born
For thee, dear Alma Mater, must be torn;
When we, away from thy protecting care,
As men and women must assume our share
Of struggles, that remorseless fates (some say)
On suffering mankind arbitrarily lay.

Good-bye, old High School! Yes, it must be so;
And yet we turn and linger, scarce can go;
Peaceful, serene thou stand'st in evening shade,
Bathed in perfume from fresh spring verdure made.
Not of Pentelicon marble or granite,
'Tis something else endears thee to our sight,
Not outward grandeur or interior grace
Will time permit thy picture to efface.

Those memories fond that cluster 'round us here
Are what will keep thy picture 'fore us clear;
We cannot leave before once more we've glanced
Through those old rooms where step by step we advanced
Until the standard now itself unfurls
On which we read, "Go conquer other worlds."
And yet we scarce need enter for we see
Those old familiar sights where'er we be.

We see that large room, up two flights of stairs,
Where misused freshmen spend rebellious years.
We've not forgotten yet our own year there,
When Miss De Voll so kindly used to share
Our freshman trials. There we organized
That class which since most sanguine hope surprised—
Her black-board motto was not missed by far
Which read, "Go hitch your wagon to a star."

Among the throngs, through crowded halls we pass,
When well-known bells announce the change of class.
Here is a room whose mysteries we don't know;
And as those odors strike the olfactory,
The dainty maid will frown. "'Tis chemistry."
A grinning skeleton next our sight might be,
And freshmen studying human anatomy.

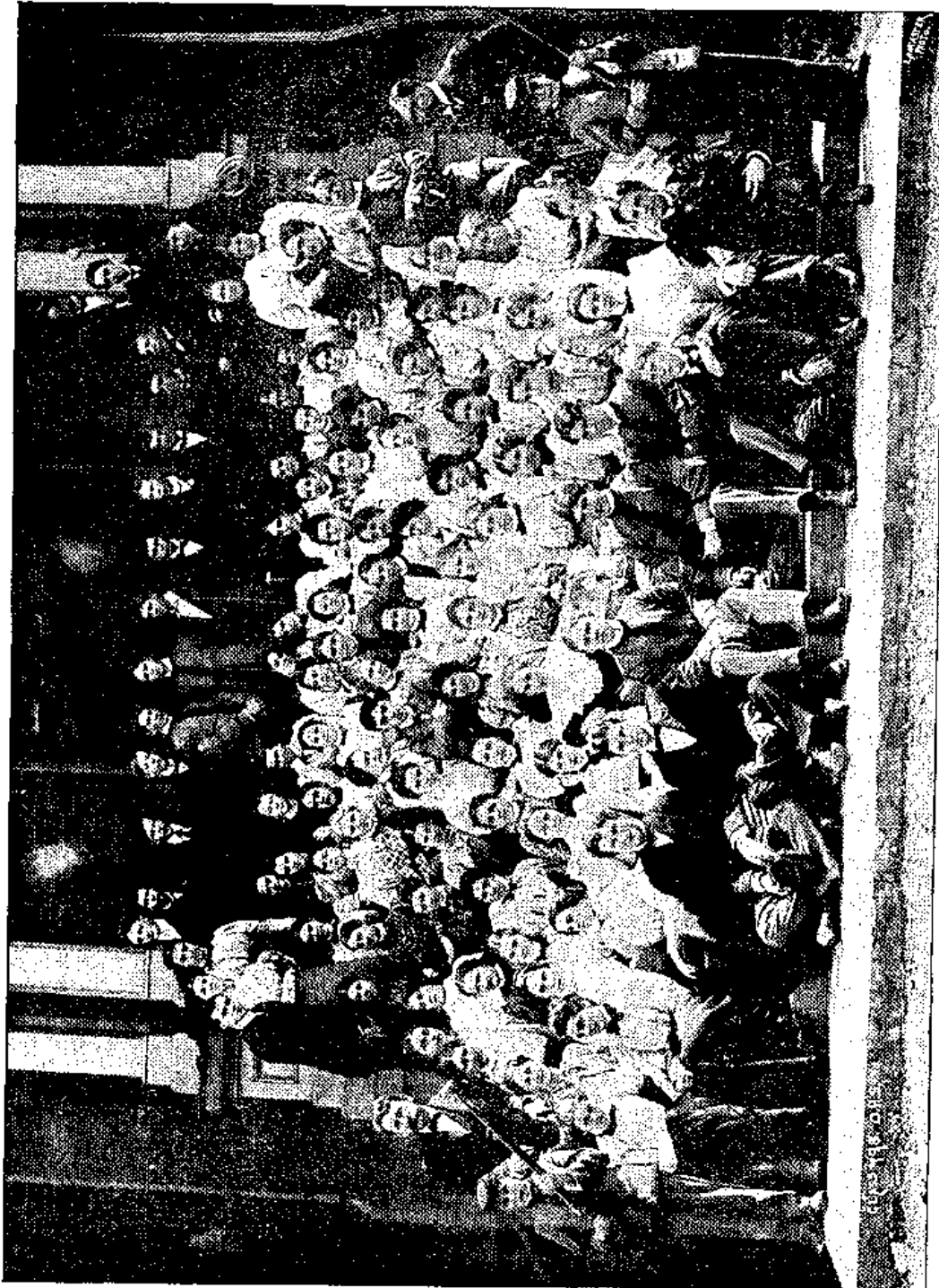
But we pass on down to another floor;
A humming noise is heard from many a door.
We take a peek; we hear poor Virgil moan
To see his beauty in translation gone.
And in another room, in anguish great,
Old father Homer suffers selfsame fate.
How can these wondrous men be still alive
When so oft murdered in translation's strife?

Here Gallic treasures lie at Caesar's feet;
Here Xenophon leads through hostile mountain strait;
Here pensive Milton paints the avenging hand
Which to eternal darkness devils send.
Here "sweetest Shakespeare" on his wondrous chart
Portrays the working of the human heart.
Here quantity and number, too, we find,
And laws set forth by scientific mind.

But we must leave; we've lingered now among
Those old familiar scenes by far too long.
Farewell, dear scenes; farewell, ye classic halls!
"Go fight the world," the immutable fiat falls.
Some few, indeed, have 'gainst a cruel world
In opening skirmish long ago been hurled.
But most have yet by school and parents' hearths
Had shield 'gainst blows a merciless world imparts.

Farewell, dear building, with thy memories all!
What tales thou'dst tell if speech should from thee fall.
Farewell, O teachers, who with us have shared
Both heart and soul in work for us prepared.
Companions were ye, though ye might have been
Despotic masters. Ye set out to win
Not merely cold respect, but grateful heart;
Our debt to you will scarce with time depart.

Good-bye, thou little world! How many tears
Thou'st forced o'er human cheek through ageless years!
I can remember yet when as mere child,
With a mother's fond embrace, and accents mild,
And with, "Tear thou the Lord always, my boy,
And all will e'er go well"—for then was joy—
In tears, good-byes were said. Scarce have since then
For aught as now for this such close attachment been,
For though no tearful, kindred feelings sigh,
Good-bye, dear Alma Mater, now good-bye.



A Senior's Reverie.

It was a warm moonlight night, a short time after school closed. I had been taking an evening stroll on some quiet streets and by some irresistible influence was drawn in the direction of the High School. I walked up the grassy slope and sat down to rest under an old tree on the campus, beneath whose shade the boys of our class had enjoyed the moments of noon recess for four happy years.

I gazed musingly at the dark outline of the High School building standing in distinct relief against the bright moon-lit clouds. And as I looked at its large, majestic form, full of such fond associations, a flood of memories rushed over me, and I lived again the days of my High School life.

The silvery moon was sailing through the heavens, shedding abroad its soft beams and illuminating the sky with the brightness of day. Such, thought I, are our pleasures. Many and tender have they been, lighting up our lives with their beneficent beams and inspiring us with their radiant glory. What a host of gayly bedecked fancies pass before our remembrances vision! Ah, the joys that are past, the pleasures that came to us with each succeeding school day—will they ever be forgotten?

I recalled the first of my High School joys. How trivial it was, how foolish the pride that inspired it! It was merely the thought that I had successfully entered the High School, that world which had always been surrounded by ineffable, awe-inspiring mystery in my childish mind. How delightfully was I impressed by the sights and sounds of the dignified school rooms! How grand I felt to be at last a High School student, one of those beings whom I had always regarded as half immortal.

I thought of the happiness that I obtained from my hours of study. Even in the drudgery of beginning Latin and Greek, I enjoyed the conquest of each difficult point of syntax and of each grammatical rule with its train of exceptions. And when at last I emerged into the green meadows of Cæsar and Cicero, of Xenophon and Homer, I experienced pleasures that were increased by the very dreariness of the gloomy forest behind. So it was in all my lessons, hard work always brought its own precious rewards

and never caused a moment's regret for the time spent at the grist mill of learning.

And then I remembered the exhilarating enjoyment of our military drill. What a pleasure there was in the strict discipline, as we marched sturdily about the campus! How proud I felt of my first chevrons! How affectionately did I regard those little black sleeve ornaments which told me so plainly that at last I was an officer. To one looking backward these emotions appear foolish. But inasmuch as they brighten life's gloomy pathway and cheer us through this cold melancholy world, they are worth more to us than the deepest philosophy of Plato.

The sky had suddenly grown dark, the moon had disappeared. Its brilliancy had been hidden by a cloud passing before it, and with it my bright memories faded away. Alas, those images are passed and I remember sadly that all of our lives is not happiness. Many are the disappointments, the sorrows, the heart-breakings, that we must endure. There are the petty disappointments of failure in studies. There are the troubles in which we find ourselves entangled after committing a breach of school discipline. There are the sorrows arising from broken friendships, with friends on whom we had built all our trust. But far harder to endure than all these is the final parting with our classmates, the separation from the dear old school which we had regarded almost as home. The thought that many of us may never meet again, that the Class of '98, after such a long time of common interest and pleasures; after the formation of such fond friendships, must be at last dissolved and its friendships broken, is indeed a sad foreboding.

But the moon has again emerged from behind the enveloping clouds and again shines forth upon the world. It dazzles my eyes, it seems much brighter after the darkness. My sorrowful reveries are dispelled by the returning brilliancy. Why, thought I, should I mourn for past sorrows when the glorious future gleams before me. I behold a countless host of possibilities arising before me. The glittering horizon is filled with the triumphs of success. I must arouse from these dreamings and commence the battle of life, hoping that some day in the far off future, by long continued struggles, my name may be written on honor's scroll.


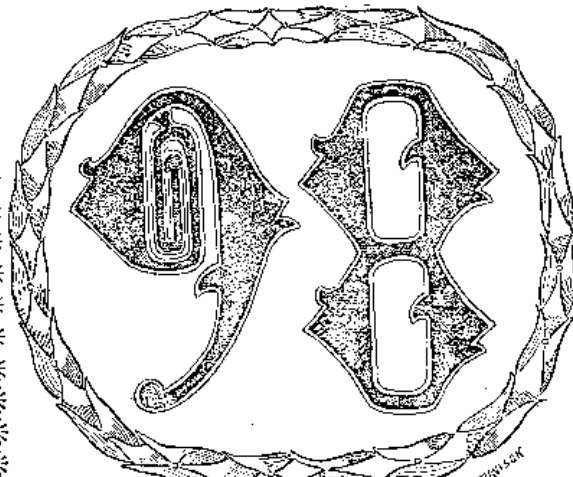
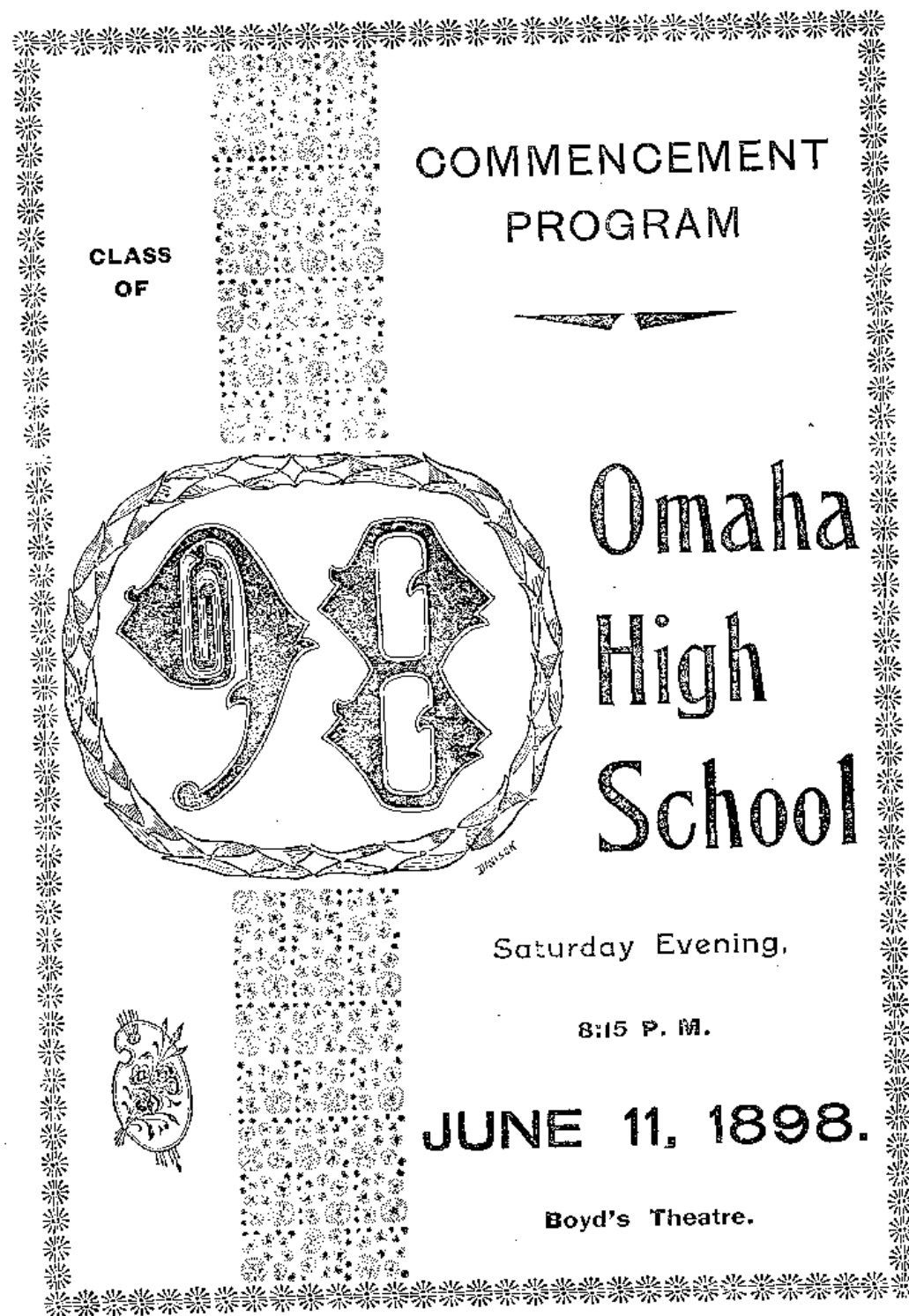
'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone;
A chaperon she needs till she
Can call some chap'er own.

CLASS
OF

COMMENCEMENT
PROGRAM

Omaha
High
School

Saturday Evening,
8:15 P. M.
JUNE 11, 1898.
Boyd's Theatre.



Omaha High School.

CLASS OF '98.

CLASS MOTTO: "Progrediamus, regredi non possumus."

CLASS COLORS: Garnet and White

Senior Class.

GIRLS.

Allen, Irene Mae	Irey, Agnes Edna
Anderson, Marjorie P.	Itiner, May F.
Aust, Ada	Jackson, Edith
Austin, Mary N.	Jaynes, Herberta E.
Baruhart, Iona	Jensen, Rhena
Barratt, Bessie M.	Johnson, Mary Wood
Barratt, Prudence L.	Kerr, Lissie L.
Beckel, Lucy H.	Kessler, Celia Rose
Berka, Bertha	Killian, Victoria
Blake, Annette	Lieber, Barbara
Blakeslee, Adelaide	Mack, Lucy M.
Brandeis, Helen	MacMillan, Elinore
Burgess, Edith I.	McNair, Hannah Louise
Burgstrom, Aurora C.	Macomber, Gertrude E.
Case, Bertha	Macomber, Maude C.
Chambers, Bessie M.	Matbis, Edith
Covell, Anna	Maxwell, Elizabeth M.
Craig, Nellie	Murphy, Clara B.
Daniel, Iona I.	Nelson, Mary L.
Daniel, Louella	Parker, Emma Wheeler
De Boit, Martha	Patterson, Oma B.
Dorsey, Nancy Lux	Porter, Grace Abbott
Drage, Elizabeth S.	Potter, Faith
Elett, Georgie	Randall, Florence
Ellsworth, Mary E.	Rasmussen, May E.
Emerson, Agnes W.	Reed, Marion Isabel
Everingham, Winifred L.	Roys, Dora C.
Gootz, Jessie	Sandberg, Edith Lora
Griffith, Mary Vivian	Smith, Mildred E.
Gsantner, Camilla L.	Snell, Lillian Edna
Gunther, Henrietta	Spencer, Edith D.
Haislip, Georgia Belle	Tompsett, Aggie
Hardin, Hallie M.	Urlau, Claudia W.
Hoffmayer, Julia M.	Vodicka, Mamie B.
Homelius, Martha M.	Wilhelmy, Winifred
Horn, Nellie M.	Young, Dorothy A.
Hunter, Laura Cordelia	

BOYS.

Anderson, Anthon E.	Johnson, J. Cook
Anderson, James	Koetter, Max
Chambers, Willard	Manchester, Frank Paul
Chisam, Arthur J.	Mathews, Alfred P.
Clarke, Louis Samuel	Nosladek, Joseph
Coffman, Thos. J. H.	Potter, Aubrey
Cortelyou, Spencer V.	Robison, Robert L.
Cuscaden, Frederic A.	Romigh, J. Victor
Everts, Charles P.	Rood, Elmer S.
Fonda, William B.	Rosicky, John G.
Glann, Milton H.	Schwartzlander, Joseph S.
Groh, Abe R.	Soderholm, Edward
Helquest, N. O. A.	Swenson, John S.
Johnston, Wylie	Wharton, Gerald A.

Programme Graduating Exercises.

PART I.

March	Garde du Corps	R. B. Hall
	DIMMICK'S ORCHESTRA.	
Essay	Some Movements in American Fiction	
	MISS EDITH JACKSON.	
Original Poem	The Birth of the Water Lily	
	MISS MARION REED.	
Piano Duet, March	Characteristique, Op. 121, No. 1, Franz Schubert	
	MISS NANCY DORSEY.	
	MISS VICTORIA KILLIAN.	
Oration	Sources of National Power	
	MR. GERALD WHARTON.	
ESSAY	Mrs. Socrates	
	MISS GRACE PORTER.	
Medley	Selection	F. Beyer
	DIMMICK'S ORCHESTRA.	

PART II.

Oration	The American Spirit of Fair Play	
	MR. CHARLES EVERTS.	
Essay	The Heroine of the Novel	
	MISS MARY WOOD JOHNSON.	
Piano Solo	Ye Boston Tea Party	Pryor
	MR. FREDERIC CUSCADEN.	
Essay	Matthew Arnold as Seen in His Essays	
	MISS LOUISE MCNAIR.	
Oration	A Defense of the Classics	
	MR. JOHN SWENSON.	
Waltz		Geier
March	America Forever	
	DIMMICK'S ORCHESTRA.	
Presentation of Diplomas and Address to Graduates		
	R. C. JORDAN, President Board of Education.	
	The Knabe Grand Piano furnished by A. Hospe.	

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Earl J. Kelsey	Johanna vom Maasfeldo	Georgia Valentine
Anna T. Adams	Rowena Morso	Suzanne A. Walker
S. DeWitt Beals	Antoinette Ogden	Janet M. Wallace
Nathan Bornstein	Maria Okey	Myrtle I. Wheeler
William E. Brook	Susan Paxson	John E. Wigman
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A Dream.

I.

I slept one summer night and dreamed
Of love, and peace, and happiness.
I dreamed that things were what they seemed,
That Love in all its holyness
Gave us the happiest content,
That pleasure came but seldom went.

II.

I dreamed that man to man was just,
That suffering no longer crushed
The weak and helpless in the dust.
Alas! When 'ere our hope is flushed
By what true happiness we deem,
We wake to find it but a dream.

III.

My soul cries out: "Is't ever thus?
Doss man live but for toil and strife?
Is suffering all that's left to us,
Or may we ease man's wretched life?"
No sound I hear, no happy theme;
Pleasure is but an empty dream.

—Carl Heinrich.

Drudgery as an Aid to Culture.

MISS HALLIE HARDIN.

Nearly everyone at some time considers himself a drudge and if any one were to say to him that this very drudgery—housekeeping, clerking or teaching, perhaps—will be the means of his culture, the idea would be treated with scorn. Drudgery means to us limitation, coarseness, incessant worry and physical discomforts; but it should assume a far different aspect. We should consider it a divine ordinance and a necessity, for labor is God's method of education. The earth was not always as it is now, but it was by constant drudgery that it has assumed its present form. All of the different stages of civilization have been affected by hard labor. Could we dispense with drudgery then?

We should consider work as one of the best moulders of character. It disciplines attention, industry, obedience, accuracy,

courage before difficulties and temperance. Labor is the law of our being. We cannot enjoy unless we work. It is the living principle that pushes onward both nations and individuals. All that is great in men comes through work. When the Emperor Severus lay on his death-bed at York, his final watchword to his soldiers was, "Laboremus," (we must labor); and nothing but constant toil maintained the power and extended the authority of the Roman generals. High school and college give some opportunities to cultivate the qualities necessary to culture. Labor develops dexterity in a special calling, and in consequence, we have the fruits of the combined efforts of the head and hand in our musicians, painters, sculptors and writers. Not only is this the case in a special calling, but it also develops fitness and ability in general affairs; and labor of the brain gives us our newspapers, books and inventions.

Drudgery is an honor and a glory. The truth of this statement is illustrated by a great many noted people. The great and famous do not escape drudgery. "Genius is patience," says Sir Isaac Newton. "My imagination would never serve me as it has but for the habit of commonplace, patient, toiling drudgery, attention. Charles Dickens said: "Bacon, Michael Angelo and Titian did not gain distinction by accident, but by sheer industry and hard labor." These are only a mere fraction of those who have become famous by drudgery.

Probably there is no tendency so great in human nature as that toward indolence, and yet there is nothing so degrading to nations as well as to individuals. The indolent man never made his mark in the world and never will. Sloth never overcame a difficulty nor climbed to the heights that tower above the clouds. Sloth never gave to the world a thought that caused the pain of great souls. Civilization with its many privileges is the product of toil. "It is the diligent head and hand alone that maketh rich in self culture, growth in wisdom and business."

The results of labor are many. Happiness is one; for when we have accomplished anything under great difficulties, we feel much more content than if there were no self denial, no physical or mental labor. We are made more useful to others; for "facility comes through drudgery." Knowledge only comes by labor, that is true knowledge. "What comes easily goes easily." What we get by our own diligence and drudgery becomes a permanent possession of which no one can rob us. Facts acquired thus will re-

main when mere imparted knowledge fades away. The daily task, whatever it is, is a prime factor of education. Power is only in the possession of the workers; for strength is gained by overcoming resistance.

Drudgery is a remedial measure. It not only keeps the body healthy and strong but also purifies and strengthens the mental powers. For only the stagnant water is foul and useless, and not the limpid flowing stream. A brain which is not in active use will not respond to the demands which may at some time be made upon it.

How can culture come from drudgery, you ask? Culture takes leisure and implies college and close study, aided by the library, magazines and periodicals; but our own active effort is the essential thing, no facilities, no books and no amount of lessons will allow us to dispense with it. Emerson even advocates manual labor as an aid to culture, and says: "A man should have a farm or a mechanical craft for his culture." Most of the early writers were men engaged in active employment. Chaucer was first a soldier, and after a comptroller of petty customs. The great writers of the Elizabethan reign were not literary men, according to the modern acceptance of the term, but men of action trained in business. Spencer acted as secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland; Shakespeare was the manager of a theatre; Milton was a teacher; Dante was at one time chemist and druggist, and Macaulay wrote his "Lays of Ancient Rome" in the war office, while holding the post of Secretary of War. Application to business teaches method most effectually, and the highest working qualities are best trained by active contact with others. Determination and concentration are two essentials of culture. Emerson says, "He only is a well-made man who has a good determination." And the object of culture is not to train this away, but increase it and destroy all impediments to its full development.

Success in all the affairs of life can only come from absolute concentration, and allowing nothing to swerve us from the ultimate aim of our ambition. Newton's reply to the inquiry how he had been able to achieve his discoveries was, "By always intending my mind." Nothing is denied to well directed labor; nothing is to be obtained without it. Striving for perfection in little things will give culture.

Culture has its advantages and rewards. It gives a wide range of sympathies; puts a man among his equals and superiors; destroys

exaggeration and narrow conceit; creates courage and gives power.

When we look upon the achievements of those who have blessed the world by the production of their cultivated talents, we should "build altars" to this culture won by drudgery, and say:

"Blest work! If ever thou wert curse of God,
What must his blessing be!

A Sketch.

They were sitting in a dim corner on the first landing of the stair case. A soft intoxicating scent of roses filled the air, and the mellow light enhanced the girl's beauty. From below floated up the strains of an exquisite waltz. She was a dashing little figure, with a daring gleam in the grey eyes, that sparkled from beneath her blue-black curls. He was fair, younger than she perhaps, with his light hair carefully plastered down. Despite his six feet there was something undeniably boyish in the curve of the lips. The figure was slender, almost effeminate. "I make love to 'em all," he boasted. The waltz ceased, a hush followed, and some one was singing an old love song. His hand clasped her warm white one. She sighed.

"Tell me why?" said he.

"Really?" she asked—"then nobody loves me."

"Oh don't say that," said he—and she—

"Oh, Jack, darling! This is so sudden."

His mild blue eyes opened wide for an instant. The hand withdrew from her's. He thought they'd better go down.

She (Five minutes later to her dearest friend): "Don't you dare to tell, dear—but Jack proposed, and now we're engaged, the darling."

His chum (in half an hour): "I say, old boy, let me congratulate you."

And Jack swore.

M. R.

The Seniors look upon that English speech
And cry, "Oh, Burke! Burke! Burke!"
To all dull ears does an echo reach
And murmur, "Work! Work! Work!"

Courses of Study.

OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

Grades...	Half Year.	Latin, German or French and English Course.	Classical Course	English Course	Manual Training Course
IX	1	Latin Lessons Algebra English Physiology	Latin Lessons Algebra English Physiology	English Algebra Physiology Elementary Science	Manual Training Algebra Physiology English
	2	Latin Les. and Caesar Algebra English Greek History	Latin Les. and Caesar Algebra English Greek History	English Algebra Botany Greek History	Manual Training Algebra Botany English
X	1	Caesar Geometry English Roman History	Caesar Geometry Greek Lessons Roman History	English Geometry Zoology Roman History	Manual Training English Geometry Zoology
	2	Caesar and Cicero Geom. and Arithmetic English Mediaeval History	Caesar and Cicero Geometry and Arith. Greek Lessons English History	English Geometry and Arith. Mediaeval History Physics	Manual Training English Geom. and Arith. Physics
XI	1	Cicero Algebra English French History	Cicero Algebra Anabasis English	English Algebra Chemistry French Hist. (or Geol'y)	English Algebra Chemistry General History
	2	Cicero and Virgil Geometry English English History	Cicero and Virgil Geometry English Anabasis	English Geometry Chemistry English History	English Geometry Chemistry General History
XII	1	Virgil English Physics and Chemistry American History	Virgil English Iliad American History	English Trigonometry, etc. American History Physics	English Trigonometry, etc. American History Physics
	2	Virgil and Horace English Physics and Chemistry Civil Government	Virgil and Horace English Iliad Civil Government	English Civil Government Physics Political Economy	English Civil Government Physics Political Economy

Applied Mathematics.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,

"You must set this matter right;

What time did the Senior leave,

Who sent up his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father, dear,

And his love for it was great;

He took his leave and went away

Before a quarter of eight."

The a twinkle came to her bright blue eyes;

And her dimple deeper grew;

Tis surely no sin to tell him that

For a quarter of eight is two.

A Biography of the Earth.

BY GEORGIA HAINLEP.

The universal prying and digging of scholars into mythology with all its fanciful mysteries of heaven and earth, into majestic ruins of vast cities, once throbbing with life, now dumb and silent, and in musty old manuscripts of past generations has brought to light many incidents in the childhood of our race. But it was left to science, that grand and noble study, to separate truth from fiction, and by tracing back on a basis of observed facts, prove that the processes now going on must have had a beginning and in time tend to a final and helpless equilibrium.

Many thousands upon thousands of years ago, the sun as it whirled through space swifter than any cannon ball that ever cut the keen air amid the shout and din of battle, cast off from itself a chaotic mass of nebula. This desolate child, hurled into darkness amid all the elements of the universe, was as lone and forsaken as a young babe in the depths of a tropical forest, exposed to the dangers of wild beasts.

Imagine our earth child as it first appeared in the mighty universe. It was a seething, hissing mass of explosive gases, around which profound darkness and gloom hovered. As this whirled and swayed part of its intense heat radiated, forming a more dense center. Vast oceans of steam entirely enveloped it. Then amid terrible electrical explosions and awful rumblings, its oceans descended in torrents of rain upon its surface.

How wonderful, how innumerable, were the effects of that first rainfall. It was the life, the soul, the unbounded future of our earth child.

Thus the earth remained for almost an inconceivable length of time. Ages and ages passed slowly away, during which the solutions in its watery covering formed into the first layer of stratified rock. Terrible earthquake throes then sunk this downward and wrinkled it up into huge folds, between which the waters subsided leaving the ridges of land exposed. So arose the first dry land.

"The mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad, bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky,
So high as heaved, the timed hills, so low
Down sank a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious beds of waters."

Then the earth appeared to be a world of bare, rocky peaks and verdurless valleys, here active volcanoes with their heaps of scoriæ and scarcely cooled lava currents, there vast mud flats recently upheaved from the bottom of the waters, nowhere a blade of grass or a clinging lichen.

But the day must have been when the first living thing appeared for the first time upon the earth. How precious was this little spark of life. Think how watchful were the eyes of the Creator and how carefully and tenderly he cared for this first faint breath of life in the bosom of the earth child. That this gentle heave of the child's bosom was that of a plant has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. It must have been of low and humble organization suited to the miniature and unfinished conditions of the earth.

To start with the beginning of life and trace it through all its different stages until it finally reached an advanced development would be too tedious. We will only take a glance over one of its great eras, that of the Carboniferous.

As the ages wore on, the continents were slowly lifted out of the waters, and the great continental plateaus were changed from coral seas into swampy flats. On this low land, comparable with the "sylvas" of South America, flourished the wondrous vegetation of the coal period. Lofty trees standing with their bare scaly arms outstretched, beautiful broad palms, graceful ferns hanging over the edge of rocks, between the leaves of which the little green eyes of poisonous reptiles appeared, soft golden mosses, clinging vines and rippling waters. This was the scene which had no living soul to drink in its beauty and no sweet song of birds to break the long drawn silence. If the child had remained forever young, what a silent, beautiful world it would have been, but it did not remain thus. It passed through long, long ages of time during which the plant and animal life were developing into what we find today in nature. Birds of beautiful plumage that sing the sweetest of songs, flowers and foliage of the most delicate structure and most beautiful colors, out-shining those of the rain-bow. These were offset by grand, tall trees, spreading their leafy branches out to afford cool, refreshing shade to man and beast.

"Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow," said Byron as he laid his hand on the ocean's main. He imagined that in the "deep and dark blue ocean" only could be discerned the image of eternity. Had Byron known that solid continents crumbled away

like the Coliseum of Rome, a deeper tinge would have shaded his melancholy. So, as the Creator has made such a preparation for the coming of man, should we not try to live good and noble lives, to help carry on the great phenomena of life.

The time will come in the far distant future, when the mother sun will reclaim her child, not to foster and tend it as a fond mother should, but to throw her mighty arms of fire about it and blot out its existence forever.

Emerson.

Emerson holds a position in American literature that is unique. He is *the* essay writer, *the* true philosopher of our country. His essays are not meant for the careless and thoughtless, by such they are called dry, but to the earnest, thoughtful mind they appeal with irresistible force. His essays are usually written in abstract style, and though the most practical thoughts are expressed, this fact proves an obstacle to many undeveloped minds whose powers of perception are not keen enough to pierce the obscurity that veils so many rich and brilliant thoughts. Emerson possessed the power of condensation almost to the extreme. He would have made a very poor writer for "space."

The beauty of style that marks his works is probably not the result of effort so much as of his natural poetic genius. He wrote for thought and not for style. Emerson had as great an influence on public thought in America as any other writer of this century. His career was not that of the average popular leader, however, no bursts of enthusiasm followed the publication of his work, but slowly and steadily, as his brilliant ideas came before the people, he was lifted upon the highest throne of popular honor—that of true admiration and love.

Clouds.

Translated from the German by JOHN S. SWENSON.

Here and there light clouds are flying, 'neath Heaven, so light and so free,
High over earth and humanity; high over billowy sea.
You see them now glitter and float on, as higher by wind they are whirled,
White banners of peace they are glittering high over a blood-bedecked world.
O'er men and o'er animals cast they cool shades when by hot sun oppressed,
The Father thereover is loving; He gives what his children is best.
Then comes so refreshing the showers and fall over verdure-clad land.
Rain comes from above like a blessing from God and His almighty hand.
They float between earth and the heavens; like angel protectors they stand,
Up high to the stars cast they glances, as well as below on the land.
They never have permanent dwelling; from north pole to south pole they go,
In tears do they breathe forth their short lives; in pearl drops to earth do they flow.



SMALL, 1st Base
CORTREYON, Left Field
NEWMAN, Substitue
DICKINSON, 3rd Base
TRACY, Pitcher
BUWELL, Manager
MARTIN, Catcher
HUGHES, Centre Field
OSCADORN, 1st Base
CLARK, Right Field
KNIGHT (Capt), Short Stop

The Students' Debt.

MISS VICTORIA KULLIAN.

Every debt requires payment. One of the great laws of nature is that man shall render something in return for what he receives. The business world demands value for value received, and counts the man dishonest that does not pay his debts. The social world, too, asks recompense from the individual for benefits received, and he is dishonorable, indeed, who receives benefits and renders none in return.

The student's debt is a great debt of honor. It is so great, there are so many creditors, that it will take him a lifetime to pay it. Its character is such that it does not admit of mere pecuniary recompense, but requires a higher one, which can be made only by the student himself. Every true student will pay his debt. If he would be honest in his own estimation, if he would prove himself worthy of his opportunities, he will certainly pay a debt through which has been secured to him the greatest of all benefits.

The education the student receives at school has, of course, its practical value, but is the source of much greater benefit to him. It tends to the development, not alone of his intellect, but of that which is higher than intellect—his character. The student comes to understand that it is not a question of how much knowledge he possesses, but of how truly that knowledge possesses him. He finds that by means of the intellect truth is to be discerned, and he is inspired to seek it through life. He comes to realize that he, too, must have an aim, a place in the world of thought and action, and that he must progress and make the most of himself so that he may fill that place, whatever it may be, worthily. Though the training he received at school is but a beginning, it is for this very beginning that the student feels so much indebted. He has been guided, as it were, to the portal of the golden Temple of Truth; he has in his possession keys with which he may unlock the doors of this great temple; it remains for him but to advance and enter farther and farther within.

The student owes a great part of his debt to the age in which he lives—an age that makes it possible, through the various means it offers, for everyone to acquire at least something of an education; an age that has preserved for the student the best of all the ages

that have gone before; but on the other hand, an age that offers problems of its own, and requires that the student think and labor in it for its progress. He must interest himself, not passively, but actively, in the spread of culture and the advancement of learning. Every person contributes in some measure to the good or evil that is about him, and the student must ever bear in mind the true dignity of *his* ministry.

The state and the city, too, have a great claim on the student in the payment of his debt. He can make recompense by performing faithfully the duties that devolve upon him as a citizen of the state, the city and the country in which he lives. That continuous, thoughtful care that every man gives to his private affairs, the state and the city have a right to claim for *their* affairs from every worthy citizen. He must devote attention to the honest and economical administration of public affairs; strive for equal laws and exact justice among men, and seek a public policy that shall promote alike the interests of the citizen and the greatness of the nation. Instead of passively tolerating the evils that exist in our form of government, he should feel a responsibility upon himself to do what *he* can to make these evils less. There is progress in republican government as well as in other things. It is still, as Prince Albert once said, "on trial." As society advances, new problems arise to be solved, new evils to be avoided, which deserve the attention of every thoughtful citizen.

But how is the student to pay the individuals that have aided him in getting his education? How is he to pay all that he owes to those who have imparted knowledge to him, and set before him high ideals and lofty aims? He can seldom make direct returns to the individuals from whom he has received benefits, but he can pay, and he must pay, to other individuals. The student must help others to be as far advanced as himself, and teach them to aspire to the highest. This is a divine field of labor. It is man's nature to seek what he *believes* is the highest—be it wealth, be it power, be it greatness of character. He must be brought to see what really is the highest so that he may leave the unworthy and follow the worthy.

As the character of the student's debt does not permit him to estimate its greatness in a certain number of dollars and cents, so in its payment there is no limitation to the amount he may pay. He must pay all that he can. "Benefit," says Emerson, "is the end of nature." He is great who confers the most benefits."

The payment of his debt is the student's duty, but it is a joyful duty. In paying it he secures to himself the truest happiness, and finds that in conferring benefits upon others he but ennobles himself. Just as much as he fails to perform his duty, just so much he imprisons his own mind and soul within himself. Let every student pledge his honor to the payment of his universal debt, by entering into this solemn obligation:

In the daily course of my life, I promise to pay the World for inestimable value received, like value, in the best way that I can and as much as I can.

Among the Shades.

Scene: The River Styx, on the shore of which is Charon, a boatman. Enter, a youth.

Charon—A sad figure for one so young.

Youth—Can rest be found here?

C.—What! Art thou, so young, already tired of earth?

Y.—Yea, but I was not always so.

C.—What, pray, brought thee to this unhappy place?

Y.—'Tis a long story, but hear me.

C.—My ears are large.

Y.—My name is Polloi. I lived happily until my fourteenth year.

C.—What sorrow then?

Y.—Behold! I went to the high school, my limbs waxed long and my head large.

C.—Ay, but tell me thy tale of woe.

Y.—Yea, the day of my woe began when I decided to take the classical course. For in the second year I did take the study of Greek.

C.—Shades of Moses!

Y.—And I did study and toil and sigh, "all is confusion."

C.—Thou speakest the truth. I used to know that language myself.

Y.—And when the third year came we took passage with one Cyrus. But our pilot was a wicked foreigner named Xenophon, and that name is accursed by all students unto this day.

C.—Ay, I remember him. I landed him in that part of Hades where the thermometer is 500 degrees in the shade.

Y.—But in our Senior year came the culmination of evils. There we tarried with one Homer.

C.—Yea, I was compelled to carry him across for nothing, as the poor blind beggar could not pay his passage.

Y.—He was a singer of the Trojan wars, a father of those gentlemen who today use a hand organ and monkey. But his poetry excelled all other—in difficulty, and it struck despair to my mind. His poetry is full of beautiful expressions, which we were told that we must learn to appreciate.

C.—Ay, he attempted to repeat them to me on his passage, but I knocked him sensible with yonder paddle. What wore they?

Y.—He said that Hephaistus had a "dog-faced mother," and of a certain man, "spare whiskers bloomed upon his chin."

C.—Enough, enough, I shall be compelled to again use the paddle.

A Bunch of Forget-Me-Nots.

Translated from the French by JESSAMINE HOUSTON.

So young, hardly seventeen, and so pretty, although delicate and pale, with her yellow hair disheveled and her blue eyes wet with tears, like two little wet skies, the mad-girl was seated upon a stone bench in the large courtyard of the asylum.

Around her the winter sunshine whitened the high walls, throwing his sheet of silvery light upon the flag-stones and on the gravel, where a few scarce trees, black and dried, seemed to be stretching themselves and cutting with their skeletons the patches of light. A light breeze passed, more fresh than cold, here and there a twittering of the sparrows. If there had been a few leaves on the branches one might have believed that April had returned. January has these glimpses of spring.

But the poor mad-girl did not notice the illusions of spring. She was seated upon the very edge of the bench, her head a little bent, pressing against her lips a bunch of forget-me-nots, upon which her tears fell one by one.

The surgeon, who was showing me through the place of insanity and sadness, told me that I could approach the child and speak to her. Truly, she could not be wicked, so sad and so weak. At the noise of my footsteps she raised her head quickly and looked contentedly into my face with her soft eyes, where joy had dried her tears, as the sun drinks the dew.

"You come to seek me," she said, clasping her hands in an attitude of prayer. "You came to take me away immediately. Oh, I am so happy. I must go from here, do you see? This very day, before tonight. It has been such a long time since I have gone to speak to him, to console him, he must be so weary, he must suffer so, all alone."

"Whom, then, do you wish to go to meet?" I asked.

"Him," she replied.

"Your lover, your betrothed, perhaps?"

"Oh, no! The betrothed of Jean. He has been expecting me every day for six months."

"And where does he expect to meet you?"

"Why, where he is, at the cemetery, in his grave." I looked at her astonished, pityingly.

"Oh, yes" said she, "you do not understand, either. You believe that when life is done, all is finished, that one no longer thinks, that one no longer moves when one is buried, that the dead are dead, indeed. It is not true, Monsieur. You do not know these things; it is because you have never placed your ear at the opening of a tomb to listen to what is taking place within. I, also, before what happened to me, like you, did not know that the dead still live. I wish you no evil for your ignorance; you cannot know what I know."

She stopped a moment, kissed the little bunch of blue flowers and very slowly continued.

"One time I had gone to the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, all alone, to carry a wreath to a school friend, who had died. I had put the offering at the railing and was going away. There was in the air, under the blue sky and the clouds, a great deal of brightness, and in places a little shade. Between the graves the bright rays went, came, ran away from each other and returned like the children who played and ran after each other. It was so soft, so pure, so beautiful that I felt happy in the midst of sadness—happy and almost cheerful.

"Then as I passed near a tomb upon which grew a great many flowers, I had a desire to pick one. It was not a sacrilege, was it? I reached out my arms. I stopped, trembling all over. There, under the stone, some one had spoken, spoken in a soft voice. Oh! I did not deceive myself. I heard well enough. That voice said in a plaintive and hopeful tone: 'Jean, is it you, at last?' I bent down to listen, it murmured again, that voice, 'Oh, Jean, is it you,

at last? Answer.' At first I was greatly afraid, but now I am no longer afraid. I felt only a great tenderness and pity. I raised my eyes and read the name, Robert E. Daniel, on the plate, and I saw that he died at the age of twenty. I understood all. The one whom people believed to be sleeping in that tomb and was not sleeping, had had a sweetheart, whose name was Jean, who promised to come to the cemetery and see him and did not come. He waited always for her. Each time he heard a footstep crossing the ground he asked, 'Is that you?' But no one answered. I answered him. He must have suffered so much anguish there, in the night, in the cold, in the narrow stiffness of the coffin. Was I wrong in wishing to console him a little? I spoke to him and I lied. 'Yes,' I said to him, in putting my mouth as close to the stone as I could, 'It is I, it is I, your Jean.' I was uneasy on account of my voice. He might, perhaps, recognize my deceit. He would not believe it was Jean who was there. But without doubt, through the thickness of the marble, the sound did not come as clearly, a little indistinct, changed, because I heard a long and profound sigh of relief. He believed, he believed—and we both began to talk, softly and tenderly. You can easily fancy that at the beginning of the conversation I said nothing but vague things which might suit any love affair or any betrothal. Above all I let him speak, reflecting upon the least words, noting the details, in order to recompose the story and to be able to speak in my turn longer, as some one who understands the situation perfectly. It would have been a great sorrow to him if he had discovered my falsehood. Finally at the end of an hour, I knew all that which was necessary to know. Had I been Jean herself, I could not have answered him more appropriately. I stayed there until they closed the cemetery gates, and the next day returned. For three months, every day, we spoke soft and endearing words to each other; we recalled that spring morning when we first met, the first smile, the first concealed pressure of the hand, while his mother and mine walked before us, chatting with each other and seeing nothing. How many times in the evening he had come to the gate of the little garden. Then we talked through the wood as now we talked through the stone, and often he passed to me, through the keyhole a paper upon which was written verses that he had composed. Then our parents were willing that we should be happy. But death was not willing. Robert became ill. We told each other our troubles and vain hopes during the long illness, but those little

memories themselves were sweet to us. Alas! One day when I was starting out to the cemetery to take Robert a bunch of forget-me-nots, which he had asked for—they were the flowers he preferred, since he was dead—my mother entered my room with two men whom I did not know. They took me, carried me away and put me here. It is a great deal more sad than at the cemetery and although I seem to be dead myself, we can no longer talk to each other, Robert and I, because our tombs are too far apart."

She stopped and sobbed. When she raised her head she saw without doubt that I had not come to take her away.

"At least," she said to me, "would you wish to undertake an errand for me to Robert? He is at Pere Lachaise. I told you that before. The place is not difficult to find. It is to the left of a broad avenue. You knock twice upon the stone, because sometimes he sleeps. It is the signal agreed upon between us. You tell him that Jean—Jean, do you hear?—is going on a voyage with her mother, but she will return in a week or two, that he must not be sad nor worry himself, because she loves him always. You tell him, also, that you were to bring him a bouquet, and you place it upon the metal plate of marble, in the middle. That will please him."

I took the bouquet and left her. The story is finished. However, there remains something to be said, at the risk of seeming to you a little foolish. It is that I fulfilled the errand.

Jones was dead, and a bulletin stating that George S. Jones, Esq., had departed this life for Heaven at 12 m. was posted by a sympathetic family on the door. A passing wag, full of mischief, placed the following notice on a telegraph blank, under that of the family.

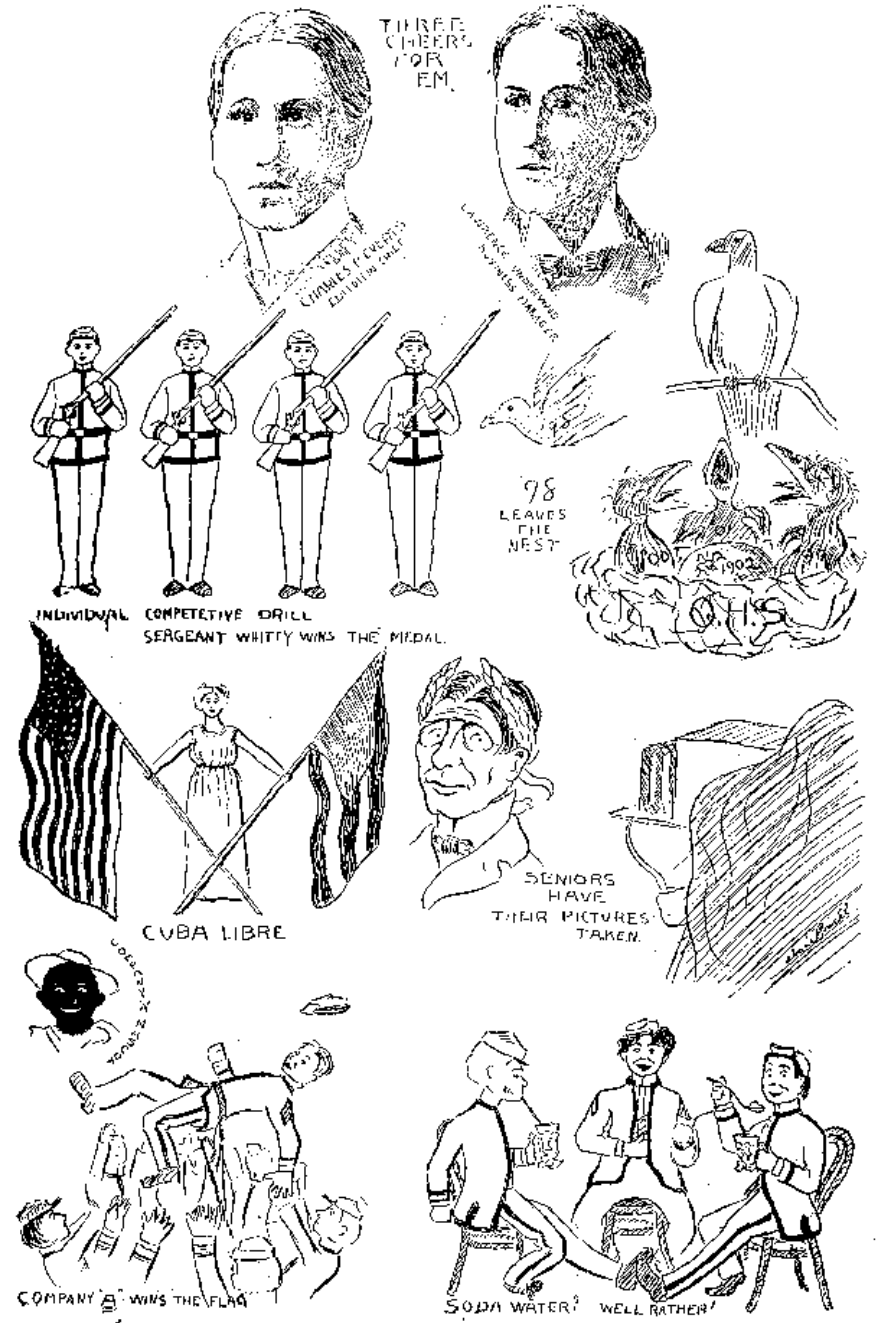
HEAVEN, 12:30 p. m.

Jones not yet arrived. Excitement intense.

Husband—"Good-by, dear. Should I be detained at the office this evening I'll send you a note by messenger."

Prudent wife—"Don't go to the expense. I've already taken it out of your breast pocket."

"I wish it would stop raining," sighed a St. Petersburg gentleman; and he was promptly arrested for having referred to the Czar as "it."





A Winner.

Parades? Well, rather!

Three cheers for the new officers!

What's the matter with the new leggings.

Company D extinguished itself in the Decoration Day parade.

Why didn't some one of the Companies fire the salute over the grave? The cadets should not be ignored that way.

A great many Company Z girls invested their hopes in "Aubrey's babies." Though Company C did fine, the dear girls were disappointed.

The Captain pro tem of Company C was presented with a fine wreath of roses and carnations by some kindly disposed lady at Hanscom Park.

The Fourth Annual Competitive Drill was held Friday, May 27, in the new baseball park, before a large and appreciative audience. The companies were conveyed to the grounds in street cars after making a short parade. The battalion marched about the park and finally opened ranks and was inspected by the judges. The companies then drilled in the following order, D, B, A, C. All the companies drilled excellently and showed a material improvement over the work of last year. Company A captured the flag with B a close second. Captain Clarke was presented with a handsome sword. In the individual drill the lack of sufficient judges proved rather unsatisfactory. Sergeant Witty, of Company D, won the medal with Dumont of C close at his heels. Company Z was out in large force and cheered the boys on.

"What are you crying for, my boy?"

"I got licked by the teacher."

"Well' it does no good to cry."

"Huh! how can you expect a boy that's whaled not to blubber?"



The fifth division Senior rhetorical were given Tuesday, May 31. The program was thoroughly Scotch in character from the beautiful Scotch flag on the wall to the minutest detail of the recitations and songs. Miss Bowen sang two very sweet songs in Scotch dialect, which were greatly appreciated. Miss Jaynes read a paper on the Scotch literature. Mr. Potter recited a poem on Burns, and Miss Killian read an interesting essay. There were two piano solos by Misses Kerr and Hancock and an interesting Scotch recitation.

The sixth division gave a very original and entertaining program on May 20, in the form of a "College Day." The front walls and platform of the Senior study room were turned into a college room by the use of college flags, posters and tennis racquets on the walls, and a chafing dish table and a divan with its multitude of pillows. The blackboards were profusely adorned with pictures of pretty college girls and stalwart youths. The special hit of the program was called a "Taste of College Life," when dainty squares of the well known student dish called "fudge," were distributed through the audience.

The entire program passed off without a flaw. Lack of space forbids us to dwell on the particular merits of each number on the program, which was as follows:

Piano Solo.....	Claudia Urian
Recitation.....	Edith Spencer
Mandolin Solo.....	Frank Potter
Reading.....	Marion Reed
College Life.....	Faith Potter

INTERMISSION.

College Athletics.....	Spencer Cortelyou
Violin and Piano Duet.....	Wallace Lyman
	Charles Engel
Recitation.....	Gertrude Macomber
Piano Solo.....	Bessie Chambers
Colleges to which '98, will send representatives.....	Lila Towar

The class election of the Juniors took place Friday, May 27, with a large representation of the class. The balloting was close and excitement immense. Lawrence Underwood was made president, Ethel Morrison, vice-president, Phoebe Smith, secretary and William Wherry, treasurer. It is expected that the class will be successful in its Senior year and may walk in the footsteps of its honored predecessors under the leadership of its new officers.

Senior Oratorical Contest.

A large audience filled the Freshman Study Room on Friday, May 13, to hear the six Senior orators contest for forensic honors. The decorations were flags, bunting and class colors. The music consisted of a piano duet, by Prof. Light and Mrs. Leviston, and a vocal solo, by Miss Helen Burnham. The contest was divided into two divisions, between the three girl contestants, Misses Spencer, Burgess and Everingham, and between the three boys, Messrs. Rood, Heinrich and Swenson. The speeches of all showed careful study in the composition and excellent skill in delivery. The two bouquets of class colored carnations were won by Miss Everingham and Mr. Swenson, Rev. S. Wright Butler making a very witty presentation speech on behalf of the judges.

Class History.

FIRST HALF—ANTRON E. ANDERSON.

'Twas with bold steps the class of '98 made their way to the high school four toilsome years ago; now each one leaves it with a tear in his eye, a sheepskin in his hand and a little store of knowledge in his head. Not mentioning little toils and troubles, their path has been a "primrose path," and now they depart from the bower of learning with garlands of triumph on their heads.

The history of the first years is brief, but eventful. Harry Carter was the first class president, and very successfully he guided the class through its critical period. Though his stature overawed no one, still he had the respect of all, and with his little book of parliamentary rules under the table he was not at a loss how to deal in any emergency.

The interest and excitement manifested in the freshmen class meetings has scarcely been equaled in later ones. With open-

mouthed astonishment the class listened to harangues and debates by the class politician, who has since distinguished himself, and also the class editor, Guy Munsel, whose wide freshmen experience made him a formidable opponent, and he acted wisely who consulted the editor before forming an opinion, for many writhed under his harsh attacks.

The most bitterly contested question was that of a class picnic. Several meetings were required to settle it and each one vied with the other for the most novel plan. A plan was finally adopted and accordingly the class took to the woods, where they spent an enjoyable time in out door sports. The girls won many encouraging remarks for their fleet-footedness, and rumors were abroad that the boys would be compelled to surrender many laurels to the girls in the coming "Field Days." Here we find a precedent for rumors without foundation which are so common today.

That the class is generous is no rumor. See with what liberality and good will each one contributed his mite of .01 of an eagle to the fund for which a gorgeous red cloth was bought to ornament the rusty music box in 43. With pride every one gazed upon it and in honor of it they tore the garnet from its folds and this placed beside white, the emblem of purity, formed the class colors.

Among other features of the class is the success of their plays. While freshmen they gave a play which brought so much glory upon the participants, so much praise upon the class, that in the second year there was great danger of the whole class going on the stage. Under these circumstances, as a matter of course, Fred Cuscaden, the "star actor," was elected class president, and but for his restraining influence, perhaps not entirely unselfish, it might have been necessary to enlarge the little stage in 31 to accommodate one hundred instead of half a dozen actors. However, it is unnecessary to say that every play has been an improvement on the one preceeding and the Senior play was the climax of high school talent.

After the stage craze had subided somewhat there was no longer any need for an eminent actor for the presidency and in the middle of the sophomore year Mr. Cuscaden surrendered the chair to Mr. Fonda. In this term the school received the sad news that Mr. Lewis had accepted a position in the east. He left in the latter part of the year and for a time the scholars felt like a tribe without a chief, until Mr. Leviston had gained their allegiance.

SECOND HALF—FAITH POTTER.

In the fall of '96, when we again assembled, we knew and felt that our title was no longer "Sophomore" but "Junior." This station in life was duly appreciated by the class of '98, for during the whole year we "lived and moved" a class.

We had fortunately elected our officers for the Junior year at the end of our Sophomore life, with Charles Everts, president, and were, therefore, prepared to start on our future career. Soon after school opened a class meeting was held for the consideration of our play and first social. This social, which was celebrated December 11th, was acknowledged by all as a grand success, and the play, "Monsieur," was admirably acted. There was only one month in this happy year when our class did not hold a meeting either for business or for a program. In February officers were elected for the last term, Lynn Robison, president; Edith Jackson, vice president; Edith Burgess, secretary; Louise McNair, treasurer. One of the most exciting meetings held under this new administration was on April 10, when Miss Georgia Haislip, Charles Everts and Fred Duhrsen competed for the final oratorical contest. Miss Haislip won, and we all remember what honor she brought our class.

But "Juniors wouldn't be Juniors" if they didn't do something to annoy the Seniors. A crowd of '98 boys went off with the football and some keys, and as a result the contest was sharp and long. Then followed the "Mascot Battle," which was caused by the Seniors hanging the Junior mascot (price 25c) from the ceiling. One brave '98 scaled the ladder, then another, until at length the mascot was brought down triumphantly, but no sooner done than a furious conflict ensued, and up and down the halls the battle raged; even teachers were hot-headed. At length the mascot was broken, bringing joy to the Seniors because it was broken and joy to the Juniors because the Seniors did not get it.

In the last year of our O. H. S. life we have been ably governed by our president, Gerald Wharton. This year has been full of events and interesting undertakings. When we look back over it we realize what advantages and improvements in the course we have enjoyed. The stereopticon lectures have been very instructive, and the one given by Miss McHugh on the Passion Play especially so. We have had our socials both successful in respect to pleasure and finance. The plays were exceptionally good and somewhat out of the usual style.

The class meetings have been mostly on business and very exciting. The rhetorical this year have been managed on a plan which has doubtless proved of the greatest success and pleasure. The programs given have all been good and thoroughly enjoyable.

Was there ever a class which had more class spirit? We are certainly all purely for '98. Some might say that the honors which we have received have made us too proud. But no! Our honors cannot be too highly felt, for they are most extraordinary. Ever may '98 be loyal to the garnet and white.



PSHAW!

She always has a smile for me, and although we are together a great deal, she never seems to tire of me. Can it be that she really loves me? She always pays me much attention, and I have heard that attention was a sure sign of love. I wonder if she would marry me—marry? Well, well what foolishness. Thinking of marriage when I don't know whether or not she cares two straws for me. But I am bound to win her. How shall I go at the task? I will begin by hints—no, no, that would never do. I must tell her in plain language of my great love for her. Say that without her, life would be nothing. Yes, that sounds like the correct thing. I'll do it this very day. Afternoon finds him at her door. He suggests a walk to some shady retreat and she consents. So far so good, he thinks to himself. Arrived at the nice spot, they sit down in the cool shade to rest. "Oh! but I feel lazy today," she exclaims. "I feel a little that way myself," he answers. But there is not much truth in the statement, for he is in a state of nervous excitement over the task before him. How shall I begin?—If I only could get started I would be all right. I must come closer to her. She looks so peaceful I hardly have the heart to disturb her. But I must speak, now or never.

"Elsie, my darl—" Pshaw! my hat blew off and spoiled it all.

The American Biz-mark—\$.

A Floating Debt—The Spanish Navy.

“O, passi gravorio”—O pass the gravy.

The Cannibal's Motto—“First come, first served.”

Copper is so cheap now-a-days that common cents don't count for much.

As in all other things the Class of '98 will be original with a most unique class day.

The modern ocean greyhounds must be of some relation to the proverbial “sea-dog.”

The High School Seniors claim an A. D. T. in Misses Aust, Drage and Tompsett.

Every man that lives long enough is sure to be famous for longevity if nothing else.

Teacher—“Name six animals of the Torrid Zone.”

Johnny—“Four lions and two tigers.”

“Quaeque polo posita est glaciale proxima serpens”—And each serpent played polo on the nearest glacier.

“Come again, Mr. NeVergo,” said the bored young lady, “on some Saturday night, and stay the rest of the week.”

The two little guards in the Senior picture, from their position in the foreground appear the largest people in the group.

A shoemaker has a card in his window, reading: “Any respectable man, woman or child can have a fit in this store.”

Omaha is a great place for vegetables. Their size here is often enormous. A short time ago three policemen were found asleep on one beet.

“I believe I have the floor, Mr. Chairman,” said a frowsy headed man at a debaiting society. “Just where a mop ought to be,” murmured his antagonist.

Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren or Bulwer? Warren wrote “Now and Then,” Bulwer wrote “Night and Morning,” but Dickens wrote “All the Year Round.”

Jean—Why do you never speak to Mr. Outre? He is uncouth but I feel sure he is a diamond in the rough.

Katharine—So do I, That's why I'm cutting him.

She—“Be careful, the man in the moon is looking.”

He—“That's all right, dear; he's full and won't notice us.”

The grain elevator is a sort of magazine of cereal stories.

“Friends, Romans, fellow-countrymen, lend me your ears,” said Brutus, and then, as the tradition goes, he added, as a cabbage from the audience fell at his feet, “No, not your heads, your ears.”

The High School Cadet Company “A,” was treated very nicely the other day by Mr. Kuhn, the druggist, 15th and Douglas. He set up fine ice cream sodas to each member of the flag company. Three cheers for Kuhn!

Cusmo—“I'm sending out a message boy for some good old wine.”

Banks—“Don't go to that expense. It will be cheaper and it will be old enough when he gets here with it.”

He had lent his stylographic pen to direct an envelope.

“She—“Oh, doesn't it write beautifully? I declare, I'm in love with the pen.”

He—“I'm in love with the holder.” She saw the “point.”

“My wife,” said the tall, lantern-jawed man, “is as womanly a woman as you can find; but she can hammer nails like lightning.” “Wonderful!” sang the chorus. “Lightning,” the tall, lantern-jawed man continued, “seldom strikes twice in the same place.”

Down on 15th and Douglas Sts., there is a store, which although it is not very large is the very best place in the city for every summer drink imaginable. Icy-cool, refreshing drinks, such as are put up in no other place in town. There is always some attraction there in the shape of music. Just the place where the High School students go. Why do they go there? Because they get the best.

“Yes,” said the principal of the ladies' seminary to the proud parent, “you ought to be happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, the members of which appear to be devoted to one another.” “Large family! Devoted!” gasped the old gentleman in amazement. “What on earth do you mean, ma'am?” “Why, yes, indeed,” said the principal, beaming through her glasses. “No fewer than eleven of Kate's brothers have been here this winter to take her to the theater, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes tomorrow.”

The following took place on the Wabash Railroad, which is noted for slow speed and poorly laid tracks. An inquisitive traveler was interviewing the conductor. The train had stopped for no visible reason.

Traveler—"What is the trouble?"
Conductor—"They had to stop to get some cattle out of the track."

A half hour later the train stopped again.

Traveler—"What is the trouble this time?"

Conductor—"Those cattle have caught up and are in the way again."

Traveler—"I noticed on entering the car that the cow-catcher was placed on the rear platform. Why is that?"

Conductor—"That is to prevent the cattle from chewing the rear steps off."

Traveler—"How does it happen that this jolting has ceased and we are riding so smoothly now?"

Conductor—"We're off the track."

School Personals.

Aubrey Potter goes to Amherst.

Wallace Lyman wants to go to Yale.

Phoebe Smith will visit in Kentucky.

Faith Potter will go to Smith College.

Dorothy Young will attend Bryn Maur.

Agnes Emerson hopes to go to Wellesley.

Lynn Robison will go to Princeton or Yale.

Ann Arbor will glory in Miss Edith Burgess.

Herberta Jaynes expects to go to Wellesley.

Grace Porter will visit this summer in Indiana.

George Bidwell will go to Princeton next year.

Brace Fonda will go into business of some kind.

Heinrich will settle down to some hard literary work.

Miss Jensen will spend part of the summer in Detroit.

Albert Dickinson may do some surveying in Colorado.

Celia Ressler will go to Lake Forest Seminary, Illinois.

Miss McNair will ably defend the honor of '98 at Vassar.

Abraham Groh intends to enter the Colorado Mining College.

Chicago University will be the place to which Nancy Dorsey will go.

Chisam will operate a magic lantern in a Cuban lecturing tour. He wants to go on the stage.

Louis Clarke will go into a railroad career, commencing as telegraph operator on the Union Pacific.

Miss Corinne Paulson will spend her vacation in Chicago, where she will study music under Dr. Emil Liebling.

Charlie Everts will spend the summer surveying in North Dakota, after which he will attend Minnesota University.

Gerald Wharton is in the Fine Arts Building at the Exposition for the summer. Next year he will probably go to Yale.

Lawrence Underwood, Brace Fonda and Frank Manchester, have been appointed special guards in the Government Building at the Exposition.

Friends of Miss Jessie Lawrence will be pleased to know of the publication of the march, "The Omaha Boys," dedicated to the Guards and Rifles.

This is the summer in which the majority of Omaha people will stay at home. Nothing better can be found in the country than that which we have at our doors.

John Swenson recently passed the highest examination among two hundred civil service candidates for mail carrier. John may occupy this position for a while, but will soon enter the State University.

The following persons expect to go to the State University at Lincoln: Messrs. Frank Manchester, John Swenson, Alfred Matthews, Victor Romigh, and Misses Winifred Everingham, Marion Reed and Gertrude Macomber.

Cadet Promotions.

The following promotions, appointments and assignments of Cadet Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers is hereby announced to take effect from this date:

STAFF.

Quartermaster—Harold Homan.

Sergeant Major—Noyes B. Spafard.

Adjutant—Frank Hughes.

Quartermaster Sergeant—William J. Fairchild.

COMPANY A.

Claude De Long, Captain; Lawrence Underwood, First Lieutenant; George Hoerner, Second Lieutenant; Doane Powell, First Sergeant; Fred Allen, Second Sergeant; Harvey Hobart, Third Sergeant; Richard Harris, Fourth Sergeant; Louis Cortelyou, Fifth Sergeant; Grayson Moore, First Corporal; Clarence Potter, Second Corporal; Clarence Owen, Third Corporal; James Godfrey, Fourth Corporal; George Tellesen, Lance Corporal.

COMPANY B.

Otis Alvison, Captain; John Moriarty, First Lieutenant; Nathan Post, Second Lieutenant; Albert Hancock, First Sergeant; George Wolters, Second Sergeant; Dwight Pierce, Third Sergeant; Harry Higgins, Fourth Sergeant; Fred Shearer, Fifth Sergeant; Adolphus Shank, First Corporal; Clarence Romigh, Second Corporal; Gay Hardy, Third Corporal; George Sanderson, Fourth Corporal; Fred Thurston, Lance Corporal.

COMPANY C.

Newton Buckley, Captain; Sherman Smith, First Lieutenant; Fred Sweeley, Second Lieutenant; Herbert Cole, First Sergeant;

Milton Rogers & Son.

Refrigerators.....

**Alaska
Yukon
Chilkoot**

Hardwood. Filled with Mineral Wool and Charcoal. Perfect Circulation. Pure Dry, Cold Air. Air-Tight Locks, Movable Flues and Drain Pipes. All sizes and styles from \$4.50 up.

GARDEN HOSE.

The Best Warranted Brands
Comet, Oxford, Carbon, Double Diamond.
Prices from 10c per foot up.

**RELIABLE
AND
QUICK-MEAL**

Gasoline Oil Stoves

Improved 1898 Giant Blue Flame Burners. No Smoke, No Odor. Costs one-third less than gas for fuel. All sizes and styles from \$2 up. Every stove warranted.

Lawn Mowers

The **Garland and Pennsylvania** have no superiors. Lightest running. Most durable. Prices from \$2.50 up.

Corner 14th and Farnam Sts.

Commencement.

What, then?

Manhood, what then?

College or business, or a profession; in any case the bread and butter question.

We rob the bread and butter question of half its terrors by selling good clothing for less than it is ever sold outside of here.

Clothing with us means Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Suits, Overcoats; anything that a young man wears.

Do you know this pushing store of ours?

Nebraska Clothing Co
OMAHA

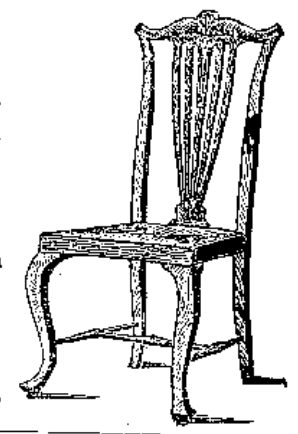
Dr. G. W. Wertz

Is prepared to do all Dental Work in a scientific and . . . satisfactory manner . . . All the Latest Improvements both in Mechanical and Operative Dentistry employed.

1613-15 DOUGLAS ST.OMAHA.

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& Co.**

Lowest prices and largest stock in
Furniture.
12th and Douglas Streets



J. Carroll Whinnery.

Dentist

Brown Block. Cor. 16th and Douglas.

PHONE 484.

William Kopald, Second Sergeant; Clyde Coy, Third Sergeant; Charles Prichard, Fourth Sergeant; William Bechel, Fifth Sergeant; Ray Dumnot, First Corporal; Arthur Schreiber, Second Corporal; Ben Hamling, Third Corporal; William Harrison, Fourth Corporal; Arthur Wilhelmy, Lance Corporal.

COMPANY D.

Russel Harris, Captain; Chandler Holmes, First Lieutenant; Ralph Libby, Second Lieutenant; Lawrence Whitty, First Sergeant; Paul Robinson, Second Sergeant; George Canfield, Third Sergeant; Louis Gallagher, Fourth Sergeant; Mont Case, Fifth Sergeant; Burr Taylor, First Corporal; Willard Lampe, Second Corporal; George Humphrey, Third Corporal; Samuel Rees, Fourth Corporal; David Fitch, Lance Corporal.

COMPANY E.

Claude Mason, Captain; William Wherry, First Lieutenant; Ed Boyer, Second Lieutenant; Frost Simpson, First Sergeant; Edwin Baird, Second Sergeant; Reid Hanchett, Third Sergeant; Philip Reed, Fourth Sergeant; Robert Foster, Fifth Sergeant; Harry Reed, First Corporal; Fred Kavan, Second Corporal.

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We court it, counsel with it, and give it a large interest in our business. It makes a desirable partner; agrees with every suggestion tending toward modern merchandising. We are showing the most desirable stock of

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ever shown by us. We show goods with pleasure.

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THE HIBBARD,

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We're making a valiant fight against high prices. Any shoe in the stock, any style—patent, leather, enamel, calf, vicci kid, kangaroo or any shade of tan, \$3.50.

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Dr. Chas. Bæstens HAS A ROYAL HARDMAN PIANO

in daily use for nearly ten years, and is so well pleased with the tone and wearing quality, that he purchased another for the use in the study of his wife, Mrs. Frances Baetens, who has just returned from a three years sojourn in Berlin, Germany, where she perfected herself in Piano Playing, Harmony, etc.

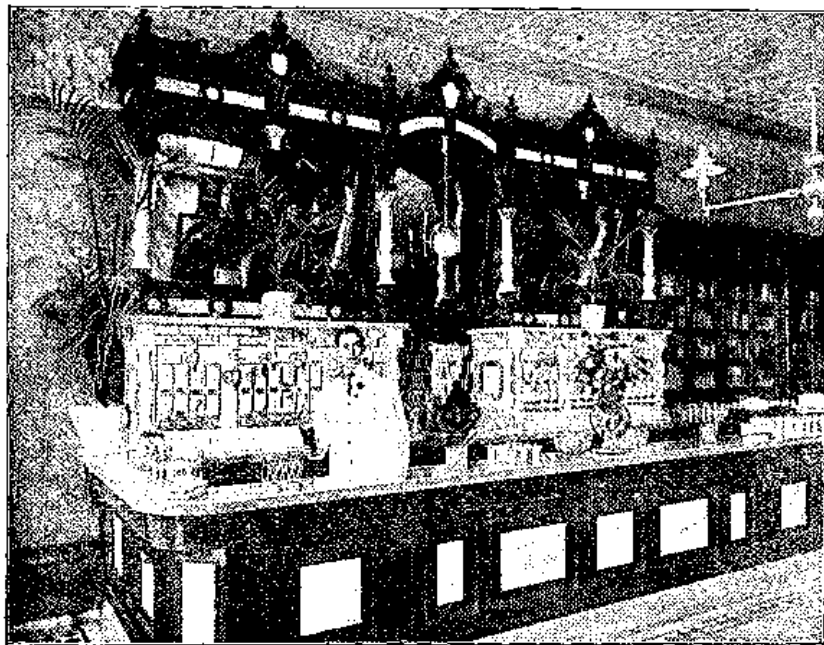
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Ladies' and Gents' Mackintoshes,
Waterproofs, Tents, Awnings, Flags,
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THIS beautiful Onyx structure, conveniently situated on one of the most central corners of the city, is a fertile source of refreshment to many a thirsty citizen. Every kind of temperance drink now known to man is here dispensed, in the highest style of the art. Over 2000 people were served at our recent opening, and everyone pronounced our Soda Water the **Best in Omaha.....**

ANOTHER BIOGRAPH VICTORY

Successful moving picture taken of one of our famous men.

The satisfactory close of a long series of negotiations between the agent of a moving picture concern and Mr. Gerald Wharton will be welcomed with great interest.

Mr. Wharton's native dignity alone kept him from permitting it long ago, but as it was forcibly impressed upon his magnanimous mind that it was a duty to the state and to posterity to leave his face and figure to the world to be preserved forever, he finally gave his consent.

By his own unanimous choice, he was reproduced in the historic position of quelling the storms of a Senior class meeting. At times he pounded the bell furiously, at one time, however, being a little nervous at the sight of the huge camera rattling like an eighteenth century sewing machine, he missed the bell and struck his palm upon the top of the spike for receiving excuses, placing his hand on file, as it were. This little incident caused a look on Wharton's benign face that seriously injured the mechanism of the camera. As great action is required in a moving picture, he was allowed to smile several times.

As Mr. Bryan and Mr. Wharton have now both allowed themselves to be thus graphically reproduced, we expect that the biograph will be materially advertised, and if Admiral Dewey, President McKinley, Frank Knight and a few others could be taken, its success would be assured forever.

Telegraph Briefs.

AMSTERDAM.—[Special cablegram.]—The Dutch have taken Holland

WASHINGTON, D. C.—[BULLDOZER dispatch.]—It is officially reported that the first class battle ship Oregon has been taken by the camera, of course.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.—[Associated Press dispatch.]—The noted socialist and anarchist, Heinrich, has at last been arrested and will probably be sent to Siberia.

HADES.—[Private Telegram.]—Official notice has been given for entire use of Spanish language. Bottomless pit nearly in readiness for Spanish occupancy.

SOUTH OMAHA.—[Associated Press.]—The Cudaby Packing company's pickling department has just issued a Santiago brand of bottled Spaniards.

Obituary.

Omaha is tonight mourning the recent decease of the class of '88, O. H. S. The cause of the death was neither consumption, as claimed by evil minded Juniors, nor heart disease, as stated by sentimental outsiders, but a bad attack of brain fever, brought on by a too close application to study. A post mortem examination revealed a brain of the finest caliber. The funeral service will take place tomorrow at the All Saints Church, where the body will be on exhibition. The class gave itself dead away by willing its body to a medical college.

A COLD-BLOODED MURDER

Outrageous Deed of a Heartless Villain.

The news of a most blood curdling murder was hissed over the private wires of THE BULLDOZER early this morning. The victim of the tragedy is a passage of Virgil's Aeneid, cruelly murdered by a young man named Potter, a resident of this city. The witnesses state that the deed was committed in broad daylight. Mr. Potter immediately on seeing his victim made a stab at it. This being unsuccessful he rushed upon it and struck it fiercely on its principle verb. The assaulted tottered, fell flat upon the earth and gave up the ghost. Potter, however, hacked away at it till it was unrecognizable. Deputy Sheriff Kelsey then arrived and asked for the body of the passage. Potter gave it up.

Potter was then arrested and placed under irons in the seventh hour. He is to be "suspended" at daybreak.

No motive can be assigned for the crime, as it was evident that Potter had never seen the passage before.

Daring Holdup.

A few days ago two masked mice entered a Greek recitation room and succeeded in holding up the whole class—on chairs, desks and window sills. Miss McNair alone escaped by a precipitate flight. The mice were described as well dressed, one very tall and the other short. Miss Snyder has issued a warrant for their arrest.

THE BULLDOZER.

CHAS. P. EVERTS, Editor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
 One Copy.....\$ 1.00
 One Month......75
 One Year..... FREE

THE BULLDOZER HAS
 The largest circulation in Omaha.
 The largest circulation in Nebraska.
 The largest circulation in America.
 The largest circulation on Earth.
 The largest circulation in Hades.
 The largest circulation in Paradise.
 The largest circulation in the Universe.

SOME POPULI.

WE ARE happy to present to the public the second number of THE DAILY BULLDOZER. The first one was published four years ago in similar form by Mr. Waldo Pondray Warren.

THE BULLDOZER lays claim to absolute accuracy and lightning speed in presenting all the late war news. Nothing that has appeared in our late numbers has proven false.

THE BULLDOZER has no hesitancy in plainly declaring its political views. We believe that Uncle Samuel is a real good fellow and whoever is elected president—we belong to his party.

IF THERE is anything you don't want, be sure to use a BULLDOZER want ad. It costs nothing to put them in but \$5.00 to take them out.

OF COURSE THE BULLDOZER is on the side of peace at any price. We must have peace if we have to fight to get it.

THE BULLDOZER is happy to announce the complete downfall of our would-be rival, the "School News". The elegant form of the BULLDOZER, its stupendous circulation and above all its regular and prompt appearance, has caused the "News" to give up its struggle for existence, so that in this issue, we are happy to say that "No News is good news."

The Oubau Giant.

Last night a large audience watched with intense enthusiasm the feats of strength and endurance performed by the modern Sampson, Campbell Fair. The first exhibition was the toying with heavy cannon. Fair rapidly threw them about from shoulder to shoulder as easily as a school boy would execute the manual of arms with Company C.'s guns.

After bowing to the thunderous applause, Campbell got a hump on himself and carried on his shoulders a large platform containing all the Republican and Democratic principles.

After looking at his watch Fair announced that he still had time to carry a trunk. This would have been no remarkable feat had there not been an elephant attached to the trunk. Fair put both into a box, which also contained the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, and carried it around on his right shoulder, together with a 5,000 lb. wooden dumbbell in each hand.

A Baloon Collapse.

This morning THE BULLDOZER received at first hand a most amazing story of undoubted truth. Mr. Chisam, the famous adventurer and baloon navigator, told a BULLDOZER reporter the full details of his last ascension in his own baloon. In brief Mr. Chisam stated that he had gone up in the baloon and the baloon burst. After dwelling upon the horrors involved in the collapse of a baloon, Mr. Chisam said that it had burst several months after his trip therein.

Fearful Drouth.

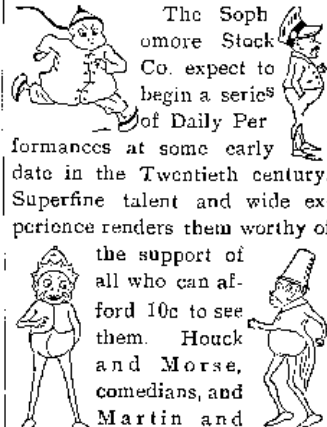
The telegraphic office of THE BULLDOZER is constantly receiving reports from all over Nebraska and the west of the most terrible drouth that the country has ever endured. For the entire months of May and June, Ne-

braska has not felt a drop of rain. The whole state, and particularly Omaha, is suffering from the cloudless, dusty atmosphere. All crops are completely scorched and cattle are dying of thirst. Omaha people are exhausting the resources of the street sprinkler and of the garden hose to alleviate the situation. Any rain-makers will obtain a good situation.

Amusements.

The Sophomore Stock Co. expect to begin a series of Daily Performances at some early date in the Twentieth century. Superfine talent and wide experience renders them worthy of

the support of all who can afford 10c to see them. Houck and Morse, comedians, and Martin and Hutchinson acrobats, are the specialties.



FONDA'S SECURITY LOAN OFFICE.

Money lent at ten percent on all securities.

No cash given on one's REPUTATION!

Unredeemed pledges for sale cheap, such as WATCHES, which taken up stairs will of their own accord run down.

BIBLES, although second hand, are as good as new.

BANJOS, which have lost their head, but otherwise O. K.

WAR NEWS, at second hand; very cheap.

WANT COLUMN.

WANTED—A sword of my own. Address Lynn Robinson, Omaha High School, 2nd floor from top.

WANTED—Somebody to write my valedictorian speech. Wm. B. Fonda.

WANTED—Some anti-fat. Address the "Short Man's Friend." Wallace Lyman.

WANTED—About four feet immediately. Campbell Fair.

WANTED—A genuine Spanish victory. The man who just received a black eye and bloody nose around the corner.

WANTED—Some games. Base Ball Team.

WANTED—Advertising space on top of High School for class colors.—The Seniors.

CLARKE'S DENTAL PARLORS and DRAWING ROOM.



False Teeth Pulled Without pain.

Aching Voids Filled at Short Notice.

Teeth Built Into the Head and Knocked out at Reduced Rates.

Gas Given at ONE CENT a Cubic Foot.



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WHEELS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

Columbia Wheels, Cart Wheels, Wheel Barrows, W. Barrow's Wheels.

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Read our interesting cycle story "Whooling Wet Virginia."

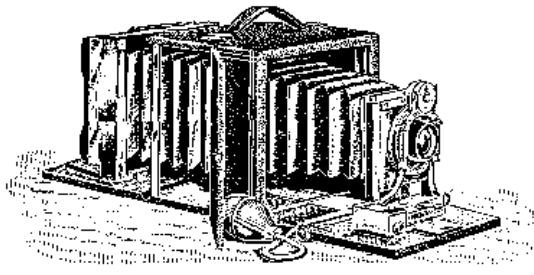


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Pianos tuned by telephone. Heart Strings and Vocal Chords tuned.

Discount on Harmonicas, Jewsharps and Penny Trumpets.



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Fashionable Tailoring

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Two Door West of City Hall.

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"Snow White" Flour

Manufactured from the Celebrated

"JIM RIVER VALLEY WHEAT"

That Valley in South Dakota where the Wheat grows larger, finer, and more perfect than possibly any spot upon the face of the earth—consequently the perfection of flours—"Snow White."

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Jellies
Plum Puddings
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Catsups and
Worcester Sauce
Canned Fruits
and.....
Vegetables
Teas, Coffees
and Spices.

Yours to command,

Courtney & Co.

Groceries and Meats.

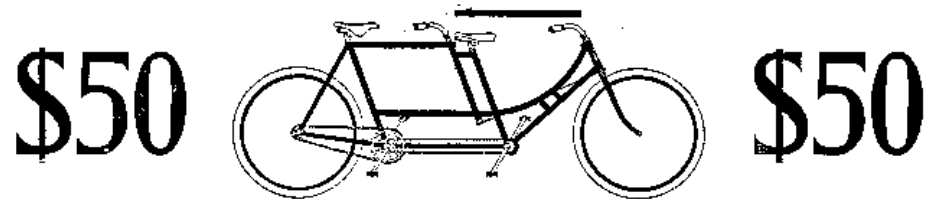
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MARKET, 515

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GROCERY, 647 DAVENPORT STS.

STEARNS 1898 MODEL



You are foolish to think of buying a last year's model when you can get an 1898 Stearns for \$50. Look at some of the features: Internally fastened handle bar post and seat post, self-oiling crank bearings, low drop crank hanger, low frame with flush joints, latest and best improved.

1898 Gendron	\$45.00
1897 Gendron	35.00
Business Wheel	25.00
Alliance	19.00

Second-hand wheels \$7.00 to \$15.00. We are agents for Domestic and Eldridge Sewing Machines.

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JNO. HALPINE, JR.

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One Minute Restaurant,

1511 FARNAM STREET.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

SHORT ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

Omaha Gas Company.....

Corner 13th and Farnam Streets

If you wish to keep.....

CLEAN, COOL, AND COMFORTABLE

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GAS RANGE

Prices \$10.00 and \$12.00.

Water Heaters, \$10.00.

ALL KINDS OF APPLIANCES.

Telephone 177.

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Messengers furnished to run errands, deliver invitations, buy theatre tickets, etc., etc.

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Low Rates
Quick Service.

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 Florist
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Fresh Flowers Always on Hand.

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OMAHA.

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Summer Coal.

ROCK SPRINGS NUT is considered the best and most economical. I sell the genuine, mined by the Union Pacific, \$6.50 a ton.

HANNA NUT is pronounced by many equal to the best, \$5.50 a ton.

The reason these coals are desirable for summer is a little coal makes a quick, hot fire and as quickly moderates.

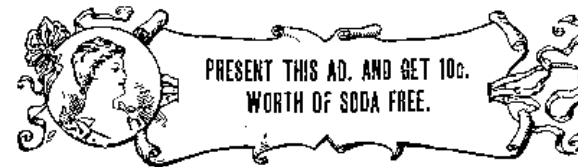
Tom Collins Havens.

PHONE 1007

1508 HOWARD ST.

Ice Cream Soda — Frozen Fruit Phosphate

Our justly famous specials and all up-to-date soda drinks. F. J. Slyder, of Chicago (ten years with Gunther), is in charge of our fountain. We make our own Ice Cream and Syrups; no one can compete with us in quality. Concert every Saturday evening.



Don't forget that we sell Drugs, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Toilet Waters, Fancy Soaps, Paints and Glass, cheaper than any other dealer.

Just received one gross Lambert's Listerine, \$1.00 Bottles, 64c. Also the finest line of up-to-date Pocket-books in the city. Prices cheaper than ever.

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