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JANUARY, 1899.

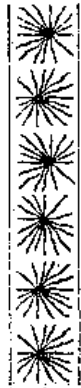
No. iv.

The High School Register

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INTERESTS - OF - THE
OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL



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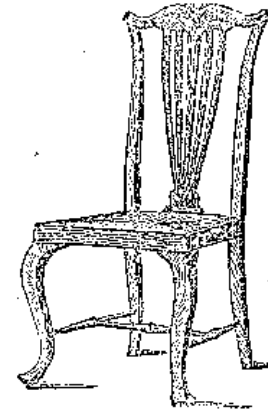
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High School Register.

VOL. XIII.

OMAHA, NEB., JAN. 1899.

NO. 4.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

BY G. PATTERSON.

John, agent at the town of B—, had but one assistant, Clyde, a young man of eighteen, bright, straightforward and frank. He was a fine looking boy and liked by all in the village, although they knew nothing of him except that he kept his aged mother and was always with her after his work was finished. For his business ability and extreme honesty he was promoted; and he and his mother left B—.

John's friends were not of the best character, and one especially—John's bosom companion—was a very low fellow, known among his friends as Brick. This Brick was John's confidant, his most intimate friend, and he told him everything.

One evening Brick came up to the office and said: "Come on old fellow an' git a drink; I hev somethin' o' powerful 'portance to tell ye, an' ye must help me out, fer n'one else kin." Brick and John left the office and went down to Sloo's saloon. Soon Sloo heard John and Brick talking about something very confidentially, and as all else was still, and he couldn't well help himself, he listened, and heard through the partly open door: "Now John you see I stole that seventy-five dollars out er your safe, an' if ye don't help me out I'll squeal on ye fer not a keepin' your door locked; now if ye can think of some way to help me out so as the blame o' that thing won't stay by me, I'll be mum on ye."

Some time passed before the bartender heard another sound. Then all of a sudden he heard John slap his hands together and say excitedly: "Well, I'll tell ye what old boy, ye know that young upstart of a Clyde; well he's goin' to leave town tomorrow, him an' his ma, transferred ye know, and in th' afternoon Mr. A—'s comin' to check up th' office. Now ef ye kin git that er money this evenin', I'll hide it in his room an' then the blame'll fall onto him, an' he'll git bounced, an' all that! See?"

Brick thought some time and then said: "Come on, that's a fine scheme; I'm agreed." They then got up and left the saloon. Brick to get the money and John back to his office.

During this dialogue Sloo's heart sank; his blood was on fire. What could he do? Nothing. Thoughts of that innocent boy wrapped up in a crime he had nothing to do with; the mother's grief at her pride, her joy, her all, being accused of such a crime, made the rough old bartender's heart soften. His blood curdled in his veins at the thought of such men as these, planning the ruin of a noble boy's life. He must do something to prove the boy's innocence.

The next day came and the money was safely hidden. Clyde and his mother left by the morning train; Clyde to take up his new office, and his mother to settle in a new home. On the afternoon train came Mr. K—. He found the shortage and asked John about it. John said he didn't know anything about it,

but, since he came to think of it, Clyde had been looking queer for two or three days and seemed in a hurry to get off, and, now he remembered of having heard Clyde say that he would be back in a few days to take something he had left.

Detectives were obtained and Clyde's office was thoroughly searched, when at last the missing money was found. Surely that was proof enough of his guilt.

John told everyone he saw about it and soon it was spread all over the village. Mr. K—— telegraphed ahead for them to watch Clyde and hold him there until he came.

When Sloo heard all of this it was more than he could stand. In a short time Clyde would be arrested and accused of a crime he was entirely innocent of. Sloo stopped but a moment, threw on his coat, pulled down the blinds, locked the door and rushed to the chief of detective's office.

When Sloo arrived the chief was very busy and he was coolly received, but this did not enter into his noble heart; he came straight to the point and said: "Sir, that er boy ain't guilty o' stealin' that money."

"What!" Cried the chief in surprise, who had not paid much attention to his rough looking customer. "What did you say?"

"Sir, I said that er boy ain't guilty o' stealin' that money."

The chief stopped his work and said: "How do you know?"

"Well, I'll tell ye boss, 'cause if anybody is so mean as to play such a dirty trick as that'n on a poor boy as good as that'n ought'a be told on. Well, ye see boss, 'twas this way: John, the agent, and that er Brick, ye knows 'im, came in to get a drink, an' I overheard some

o' their conversation. I tell ye boss, it was planned fer that er John to lay the blame o' that money on that poor, good, honest boy."

The chief listened attentively to Sloo while he told his story, so earnestly and full of feeling that he could not help believing it. When he had finished and was ready to go, the chief took both of the bartender's rough hands in his and said: "Sloo, you are a noble man; I admire you. I cannot thank you enough for what you have done for Clyde, although you do not know that he is my nephew. You have saved my dearest and only sister's life, for had she heard that her son had been accused of such a crime it would have killed her. Thank you, Sloo, thank you, and may God bless you. Good-bye."



SLEEP SONG.

Visions light caress thy sleeping;
Slumber on, slumber on.

Give no thought to care and weeping;
Rest thee, rest thee.

I will watch and guard thy resting;
Slumber on, slumber on.

In thy drowsy pillow nesting;
Rest thee, rest thee.

I invoke God's watching tender;
Slumber on, slumber on.

He will ever thee remember;
Rest thee, rest thee on.

ETHEL GRIFFITH.



There are meters of accent,
And meters of tone,
But best of all meters,
Is to meter alone.—Ex.



The maiden may not go to war,
That boon is not allowed her,
But oft at home she's seen and faced,
A puff of smokeless powder.—Ex

A WAGER OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

HARVEY R. HOBART, JR.

"Say, what does one of 'em 'er things cost?"

"Do you mean a bicycle?"

"Yes."

"Oh, different prices. This one cost one hundred dollars."

In the little Nebraska town of Cedarville one warm June morning, a tall, broad-shouldered, plain-dressed man might have been seen unloading some wheat in front of Johnson Brothers' large elevator. An hour later he had received his one thousand dollars pay for the wheat of a week's hauling, and was standing on the sidewalk in front of the market place.

Two boys stood near by and each had by his side a new bicycle. The two boys were myself and chum, Frank Brown, the village banker's son. Farmer Burns (for that was the name given him by the boys) seeing us talking came over beside us and began conversation with me as above.

"One hundred dollars? That's a heap of a price ain't it?"

"No, not for a good wheel."

"How long would it take you to go across Nebraska and back?"

"About seven days."

"Seven days? You can't do it."

"Oh yes we can."

"What? I'll bet five hundred dollars you can't."

"I'll take you up," said Frank.

The money having been duly deposited at the town marshal's office, we made preparations that afternoon and started next morning, Saturday, at six o'clock.

The first four days were traveled without any mishap. We had traveled at end of fourth day, as registered by cy-

clometer, three hundred and eighty miles. We we were just eight miles from Dunbar. We came to a small farm house and as we turned to ride up the lane for a drink of water I punctured my tire on something which it was to see.

We stayed all night. Next day we found three hedge thorns in the tire. We started to mend it when Frank made the terrible discovery that we hadn't any plugs. Hoping to find some in the next village we tied it up with a piece of rag, and by pumping it up about every 20 minutes we finally arrived in town. Here we found a locksmith who did bicycle repairing. After about five hours' delay he finally made the tire to hold wind, and we were off again. We rode until nine o'clock and reached the western boundary at Louisville.

Next day we turned our faces toward home. A shorter way was suggested to us by a man, which way we accepted. In the middle of the forenoon we struck a peach orchard. We had left our wheels by the fence and were tasting a couple peaches when a short, heavy-set man emerged from the bushes.

He wore a star on his coat, and stepping up he said, "I place you under arrest."

"What do you mean?"

"For stealing peaches."

"We only ate a couple."

"Oh yes, I've had me eye on ye for a week, that's a good excuse but it won't work."

We were put in jail and delayed all day. The farmer, in the meantime, discovering our wheels by the fence, brought them to town, and by these we convincing him we were not the culprits, and so we were released. The little constable only said, "I'll be gol darned."

We ate supper and rode all night, the

cyclometer registered ninety miles for the night. About morning we struck the sandy Platte bottoms and walked ten miles.

About noon we were descending a steep hill when Frank struck a large hog, which ran across the road, and he took a header. It knocked the breath out of him. When we examined everything we found nothing damaged but a bruised shoulder and a bent fork.

We had now about 150 miles to ride in one day. No further adventure happened to us, and after riding all day and night we arrived at the town marshal's office at 5:45 on Saturday morning.

Farmer Burns and a large part of the population were out to meet us. We had arrived fifteen minutes ahead of time after riding 673 miles in six days, twenty-three hours and fifteen minutes.



OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

DWIGHT PIERCE, Junior Class, 1901.

Man abuses hundreds of thousands of his best friends unknowingly. We ought to treat our little friends, the birds, better than we do. We should practice with them the maxim, "Do unto others as you would be done by." If we knew what they did for us they would be treated better, even if looked at from a business standpoint. As a business nation we must do everything in a business way, and study birds from a business standpoint. Too many birds are killed every year. In consequence insects multiply so rapidly that they do much damage. There is more equality between birds and insects in countries unfrequented by man than where man lives, and also less damage done by insects.

We have in Nebraska four hundred and sixteen of the seven hundred and

eighty-eight birds found in the United States, a larger proportion than any other state in the Union. Each of these, excepting three, do more good than harm; and these three, the English Sparrow, the Great Horned Owl and the Blue Jay are rascals, although they almost pay for their keeping.

The Quail is hunted more than any other bird and yet is the most reliable of them all. It does good wherever it goes and is becoming scarcer every year. Two of the farmer's most destructive enemies are the chinch bug and the Colorado potato beetle. It is estimated that the chinch bug does \$75,000,000 damage yearly to the small grains. These two insects are disagreeable food to most birds, but they form the Quail's principle diet. One Quail was accidentally killed early in the morning and upon examination its crop was found to contain from eleven to twelve hundred chinch bugs, this showing that they were killed that morning. It is estimated that the Quail is worth from \$2.50 to \$5.00 to a farmer. Quite expensive food.

The Robin is another friend that is molested by those whom it benefits the most—the fruit growers. If a man had a fruit farm with lots of apple trees, and the trees were kept free from canker worms all the year round by a Robin and its family, that man would kill that Robin if it took one cherry off his trees. Such is the gratitude of some men. It is estimated that the Robin eats sixteen quarts of insects in one year, and nine are canker worms. On an average of one or two quarts of cherries are eaten. Are not these few cherries paid for in the canker worms?

To show you how much the birds do in respect to insects, it has been calcu-

lated that allowing 21 birds to the acre in Nebraska and taking the average amount of food (insect) per day it would take 12,500 bushels of insects to give birds a square meal.

Even the little Snow birds that we see flitting about have their errand in life. They make their food of seeds of the most injurious weeds.

Some people say that birds have become so numerous in one place that they cannot get food, and to prevent their starving, kill them. But birds have wings and if they can't get food will go to some other place. There is no need to collect eggs to study birds. Every one of those eggs represents a future bird. A great wrong is done to the birds by the women. They persist in asking for birds on their hats, consequently the birds are killed to meet this demand. Rev. Williams said the other day "that women are unwittingly the cruellest persons on earth." Do they know that in three southern states in one year 400,000 White Cranes and Aigrets were killed for their feathers. Do they know that it takes 2,000 Aigrets to make one pound of feathers? There is no harm in wearing feathers that have been plucked.

Statistics tell us that there is \$10,000,000 damage done in Nebraska every single year by insects. Now if we can increase the birds one per cent. we will decrease the insects 100,000 per year. But if no eggs were taken or birds were killed in a year, we would make a still greater decrease in insects. Let us look around us more after this, for, as Rev. Williams said, "We will never understand God until we understand nature. I think that the place to begin is with birds. Get your attention drawn to them and you will get lots of amuse-

ment and instruction." Rabbi Franklin said: "Birds make the world more beautiful and happy." Protecting the birds we will be moved to protect the higher things. We never know what is around us until we look to see.



"THE YOUNG MAN WAITED."

In a room below the young man sat,
With an anxious face and a white cravat,
With a throbbing heart and a silken hat,
And various other things like that,
Which he had accumulated.
And the girl of his heart was up above,
Surrounded by hat, and gum, and glove,
And a thousand things that women love,
But no man knoweth the name thereof.
And the young man sat and waited.

You will scarce believe the things I tell,
But the truth thereof I know full well,
Though how, need not be stated.
But I swear to you that the maiden took
A sort of half breed, thin stove hook,
And heating it well with gas jet there,
She thrust it into her head—or hair;
Then she took a something off the bed,
And hooked it onto her hair—or head,
And she piled it high and she piled it higher,
And drove it home with staples of wire—
And the young man anxiously waited.

Then she took a thing called a puff,
And some very peculiar whitish stuff,
And using about a half a peck,
She spread it over her face and neck,
(Deceit was a thing she hated)
Till she looked as fair as the fairest flower,
Or a pound of lard or a sack of flour—
And the young man wearily waited.

She took a garment of awful shape,
And it wasn't a cloak nor yet a cape,
But it looked like a piece of ancient mail,
Or an instrument from a Russian jail,
And then with a fearful groan and gasp
She squeezed herself in its deathly clasp—
So fair and yet so fated;
And then with a move like—I don't know
what,
She tied it on with a double knot—
And the young man woefully waited.

Then she put on a dozen different things,
A mixture of buttons, and hooks, and strings,
Till she strongly resembled a notion store,
Then taking some seventeen pins or more,
She thrust them into her ruby lips,
And stuck them around from neck to hips.
And never once hesitated;
And the maiden didn't know, perhaps,
That the young man below had had seven
naps—
And that now he sleepily waited.

And then she had to put on her hat,
Ah, ma! A trying ordeal was that;
She tried it high, she tried it low,
And every way that the thing would go
Only made her more agitated;
And it wouldn't go right and it caught her
hair,
And she wanted to hire a man to swear,
But, alas! The only man lingering there
Was the man who wildly waited.

And then before she could take her leave,
She had to pump up her monstrous sleeve,
With a little dab here and a little pat there,
And a touch or two to her golden hair,
And then around the room with the utmost
care,
She thoughtfully circulated.
Then she seized her gloves and a chamois
skin,
Some breath perfume and a long stick pin,
A bon bon box, a cloak, and some
Eau de cologne, and some chewing gum,
Her opera glass and sealskin muff,
And a fan, and a heap of other stuff,
And then she hurried down, but ere she
spoke,
Something about the maiden broke;
So she hurried back to the winding stair,
And the young man looked in wild despair,
And then evaporated.

"FULCRUM" ARMOUR'S INSTITUTE.



The Glenwood Phonograph remarks:
"A young lady living in the country
swallowed a penny one day last week
and sent in haste for a physician. The
doctor not only got the penny, but
made the lady cough up two dollars
besides."

A DAY AT CAMP CUBA LIBRE.

NOYES B. SPAFARD,
Corporal Co. C., 3rd Nebraska Volunteers.

If you had been at Jacksonville, Fla.,
last summer, in the latter part of July
or August, and got up early enough,
that is to say, *before* the birds, and
taken a seven mile spin on your
wheel over a fine bicycle path to Pan-
ama Park, you would have found your-
self finally riding by the side of a rail-
road track. Tall pine trees on each side
of you when suddenly, on rounding a
curve you come in sight of a white can-
vas city. It is the camp of the the 161st
Regiment Indiana Volunteer Infantry.
A little farther down the track you ride
between two camps, those of the 2nd
Volunteer Cavalry (better known, per-
haps, as Torrey's Rough Riders), and
the 3rd Nebraska.

About this time the eastern sky is
getting rosy and you go over to the 3rd
Nebraska's camp. You are stopped at
the boundary of the camp by an alert
sentinal, who commands you to halt
and asks what you want, and upon
learning that you are a visitor to camp,
he politely directs you to the guard
tent. There you explain to the officer
of the guard that you have come to
spend the day "from reville to taps"
with the Nebraska soldiers. He passes
you through the lines and you are at
last in the camp.

No one is stirring except the cooks,
who are getting breakfast ready, and
not a blue coat is in sight. "How quiet
it is," you think, "and just then you see
a sleepy looking figure emerge from a
tent and go out toward regimental head-
quarters, rubbing his eyes and finishing
his "toilet" as he goes. He has a
trumpet slung over his shoulder, for
he is the "orderly trumpeter" for to-

day. Suddenly you hear over toward
the left and to the front the short, sharp,
quick notes of "first call." It comes
from the headquarters of the 3rd
Division of the 7th Army Corps. And
it means that another day has begun.
You may set your watch by this call if
you care to—it is 4:45 a. m. Hark!
Here it comes again, way off to the left
where the 2nd Mississippi camp is.
Again, this time over to the right, in the
161st Indiana. Again, this time across
the railroad in the Cavalry camp, and
now clear and sharp comes the call in
our own camp.

Now look around. On every side
soldiers are seen dressing and shaking
out blankets and suddenly you jump for
the band, just behind you, has started
on its daily march around the camp.
As it goes "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie,"
"Hot Time," and "Marching Through
Georgia" are heard in quick succession.
Now the march ceases and the music
stops and the band is seen in front of
Col. Bryan's tent and at a signal from
the leader the inspiring strains of the
"Star Spangled Banner" ring out and
the regimental colors are put in place,
the piece finished, the band marches
off. Now your hands are clapped to
your ears, for twenty-four trumpeters
are playing "I Can't Get 'Em Up" as if
their lives depended on making all the
noise they can.

A glance at the companies again
shows most of them with quite a crowd
at one end of the company street. They
seem to be waiting for something, and
the are, for now the "Assembly" rings
out, the 1st sergeant's command "fall
in," the men answer to their names, are
dismissed and reveille is over.

Everyone sees that his haversack is
handy with his cup, plate, knife, fork

and spoon in it, and then each tent must
be cleaned up and also the ground
around it. The rubbish is placed in a
pile in the middle of the street and the
"Company Fatigue" squad carry it off.
Then "Mess" is sounded down by the
kitchen and the boys grab their "eatin'
kit," and form in line at the cook tent.
As they pass by the cook and his assist-
ants serve out bacon, beans, coffee,
bread, potatoes, and sometimes oatmeal
or rice, and now every soldier is busy
eating.

Breakfast is soon over and at 6 p. m.
the orderly trumpeter is sounding,
"Come to drill, come to drill, come to
drill, come to drill just as quick as you
can," and the assembly with its inevit-
able roll call follows. Now the captain
takes command and marches the com-
pany to the drill grounds. "My," you
exclaim, "I always thought the soldiers
had to wear *neat blue* clothes," for here
they go in brown leggins, brown canvas
trousers, no coats, blue flannel shirts
and slouch hats. But wait! When you
see them drill you will understand why
the boys don't wear their good (?)
clothes for drill. Now over to the drill
ground and watch the boys drill. "Ex-
tended Order" is what they are practic-
ing and as the lines of blue and brown
rush forward, halt and fall flat in the
sand, charge through bushes, palmetto
shrubs, over (or under—any way to get
past) wire fences, you see that they are
not out for show, but for work. So
they go on, "Form for attack!" "Ad-
vance by rushes!" "As skirmishers!" and
at last the orderly trumpeter comes out
and blows the call which nearly 2600
ears are anxiously awaiting for, "Recall,"
and back they come, dusty, dirty, sweaty
and tired.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE REGISTER

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Editorial.

WITH this issue, the first for the year 1899, a change has been made in the management of the REGISTER. Mr. Doane Powell has withdrawn from his position as editor, on account of outside duties and studies. Mr. Davison has also retired. Mr. Chas. Prichard of the class of 1900 has taken the position of business manager.

IN THIS issue is an article on "Our Feathered Friends." It is the substance of a lecture delivered by Professor Bruner of the State University before the Nebraska Humane Society at its last meeting, held in the city hall. He showed in what ways, and to what extent, birds are the benefactors of man, and pleaded that their destruction be spared. This article should be read and borne in mind by all.

THE CLASS of 1902 convened shortly before Christmas and elected part of their class officers. 1902 has shown much enterprise and hustle in this matter. The members of this class do not seem to be in such a rush as to do their business hurriedly but have used much deliberation. The REGISTER congratulates them on this method of proceeding, and providing they always hold to their way no class trouble will result. It is easier to do things right than to do wrong and then try to repair.

THE NEXT entertainment that will be held in the school is the 'Cadet Officers' Club Musicale. This will be given on the afternoon of February 10th. A program of twelve pieces will be rendered

by the best talent in the city. The musicale is deserving of a large patronage, not only from its high musical value but also from the support that is owed to the batallion. One can not afford to miss such a rare entertainment especially when the admission price is so low as fifteen cents. It is the duty of every student to attend. Let us see if this cannot be the best attended musicale ever given.

IT IS surprising that a school of our size has no Mandolin Club. In former years we have had mandolin clubs and good ones. Lack of material can be no ground for excuse, as there is undoubtedly as good if not better talent now in school than for many years past. Such an organization would be a great benefit to the school as there are places on every programme that can in no manner be so satisfactorily filled as by a good Mandolin Club. Only a little push on the part of those interested in music will be necessary to remedy this defect.

A MEETING of delegates from Lincoln, Beatrice, York, North Platte, Omaha, Ashland and several other schools, was held during the holiday week. The object of this meeting was to organize an association of Nebraska schools with a view to the schools that are members sending a track team to compete in an annual field day, to be held May 13, 1899, in connection with the exercises of the State University. Prof. Bernstein of our school was elected president and Prof. Shedd of Lincoln was made secretary and treasurer. This is an organization that has long been needed. The REGISTER hopes that the school

will recognize the importance of being well represented in this meet and will make proper preparations for this day.

NOW THAT the athletic spirit in the High School has risen to a high notch, it must not be allowed to sink in the period extending from football season to baseball season. While it is true that the success of our football team this past year has awakened this feeling, football is only one branch of athletics. It is time we were beginning to think about the material for track and baseball teams. Now that we are members of a High School Association that is to hold an annual field day, it becomes necessary for us to see that we are properly represented. We are the largest and oldest school in this Association; being the largest school, we have the most material from which to draw. We also have the material that will win if they will properly go about the work and train faithfully. Do not think we can lie idle until two or three weeks before the meet and then carry off all honors. It takes just as much time and work as anything else does. From the field days we have held in years past, and the records that have been made, especially when very little training has been done, we can easily see what good, hard and conscientious training will do. Prof. Bernstein, Mr. Davison, Hughes and Prichard compose a committee to work up this matter of a track team and with the cooperation of the school a first class team can be put on the track.

"There are many ways to Rome," quoth he,
"Though I can't help but confess
That Roman lessons are soonest reached
By means of the pony express.—Ez.



At the last meeting of the Athletic Association several matters came before the association, first was the report of the manager, Mr. Davison. The report was laid on the table until the next meeting. Then the election of officers was held. Mr. Prichard was elected president of the association, and Mr. Roberts secretary and treasurer. Mr. Englehard was elected captain of the base ball team and Mr. Herbert Whipple was elected manager of the football team. With these officers the school expects athletics to make a rapid stride to the front.

The University of Pennsylvania has held its first preliminary baseball practice of the season. It consisted of ten minutes practice in fielding, grounders and ended with a short run.

The athletic outlook in the Omaha High School for the year of 1899, is extremely promising; brighter than it has been for many years. The great success of the foot ball team seems to have aroused the dormant interest and vigor of the students and all who are the least interested in athletics, are talking of track meets, base ball and field day.

Track athletics demands first attention. This branch of athletics has been much neglected in the Omaha High School, the first track team is yet to be organized. Why delay longer? We have within the walls of the O. H. S. the material for a track team that would equal, if not excel, any in the Trans-Mississippi. Almost every High School is represented by a track team, as well as foot-ball and base ball teams. We

do not lack the ball teams but we do lack the track team. Now that a large number of the boys are taking active gymnastic training and we are to have a park at our disposal next year, why not give this much neglected branch a surprise? Start early, place the matter in the hands of a committee and get them to rustling and let us have a track team that will be an honor to the school and one that will maintain the high athletic standard of the foot-ball team.

The O. H. S. will, of course, be expected to put a base ball team in the field and, as in preceding years, we must have a team that will do honor to the school. Davison, Tracy, Dickinson and Clarke are left from last year's team, so there will be plenty of chance for new men and we should have an abundance of material to pick from.

The delay in choosing a captain is a mistake. This should be attended to at once and the right man chosen. He could busy himself looking up new material and selecting promising men to fill vacant places. We must and will have a good team and considering everything the outlook is most promising. Let those who intend to try for the team hand their names to the captain and commence to place themselves in condition and as soon as the weather will permit, commence outdoor practice.

And while we are on the subject, why not have a base ball league as well as a foot-ball league. Surely there are any number of enterprising schools that would willingly enter such a league, if some school would but take the initiative. We should get into a league by all means. There is much more satisfaction in saying that the team won the pennant of some league, than saying that it won so many games. Another

thing, a league always provides a certain number of games and arouses much more enthusiasm, beside giving an extra stimulus to the players. Likewise, it brings us in closer contact with other schools, extends our acquaintance and causes greater rivalry between schools, all of which tend to a greater excellence in the game.

Then, as a crowning wreath in the list, a large field day contest. Field days have been rather a minus quantity in the O. H. S. in the past, but it has been due to a lack of interest and enthusiasm on part of the school. In a school the size of ours we should secure entries sufficient for a first-class field day. There is no reason for not having a successful meet, except a lack of interest. True, the management should be left to a committee, but it would be up-hill business unless all co-operate. The athletic spirit seems in the ascendancy at present, and proper events ought to secure a long list of competitors. The same subject also would properly include a tennis tournament, which, with very little trouble would be successful beyond the most optimistic view.

True, the outline seems great, but the conditions are present and we should strike while the iron is hot and leave a record and precedent for coming classes. If athletic sports and games are worth anything, they certainly should be encouraged and our athletic department be raised to as high a standard and perfection, to as pure and noble a basis, as that to which the intellectual and educational departments have reached.

A little push and energy displayed by the present management and athletics can be raised to a height that has had no equal in the Omaha High School. The opportunity is present. The result

rests with the members of the school. Shall we or shall we not reach the highest pinnacle of athletic history in the O. H. S. during the year of 1899? A word to the wise is sufficient. The present members of the school must decide.

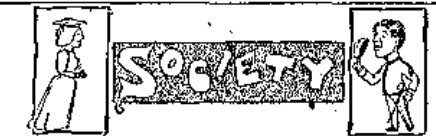


Sergeant Cunningham has been promoted to the vacant lieutenantship in Co. E.

The companies are all working hard with the manual of arms, preparatory to having it well learned before out door drill begins.

Lieutenant Campbell, our ex-commandant, has left for Manila with the Twenty-second infantry. We disliked very much to loose him.

The band is rapidly getting down to work and is making good progress. Under Professor Brook as a leader they will soon take a front place. They will soon be in shape to turn for the Battalion parade and will form quite an addition to the Battalion.



Since the new year began the Junior social is the largest affair yet recorded. During December, however, the Seniors had some class meetings that will surely go down in history as famous pitched battles over parliamentary rules. Speaker Reed himself would have been lost in the "mystic maze" of motions made, amended, tabled, voted upon and re-

considered, not to speak of the attempts made to put into execution every known parliamentary term. '99 is a great class, and has a great project on hand just now, so look out for it.

The first Friday of the year 1899 saw the formation of a "Arcle-Francais," somewhat similar to the one organized two years ago. If anyone at a meeting speaks a word of English he is fined at the rate of one cent a word if a Freshman, two cents if a Sophomore, three if a Junior, and five if a Senior. The following are the officers: Oscar Schleiffer, president; Ethel Morrison, secretary; Edith Stevens, vice president.

Friday, January 13th, the class of 1901 held a program meeting. The program was exceptionally good and the debate was especially good. The recitations were well chosen and well rendered and the music was fine. In fact 1901 is showing its merits, and bringing up its reputa-

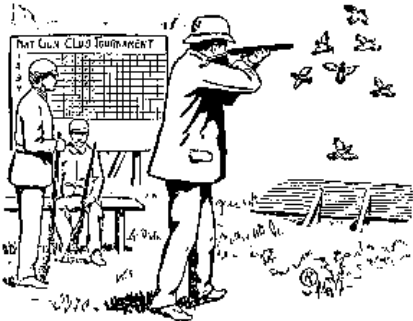
tion. Everyone who attends the meetings of this class admits that it is time profitably spent.

About twenty-five boys from the High School recently joined the Y. M. C. A., and are now taking regular gymnasium work.

Chambers' Academy of Dancing, Creighton Theatre Bldg. Ball Room and Stage. Private Theatricals, Minstrels and Teams Coached. "Balle Arranged." Member of American Society of Professors of Dancing of New York.

The Creole Ragtime Opera, arranged by Willard E. Chambers, and to be given under the auspices of the All Saints Parish Aid Society, Friday, Feb. 3, 1899, will be the event of the season. The admission will be 50cents. Curtain rises at 8:15. Dancing begins at 10 p. m. sharp.

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to say that all of our old friends and customers already know perfectly well that we do business on business principles. For a dollar invested we always mean to give a full dollar in value. As the largest manufacturers and retailers of fine clothing in the country, we have such facilities as the magnitude of our business naturally gives us to buy material from the mills at the very lowest prices, and to manufacture in our own building and

under our own supervision the best of clothing to the best advantage. If you can buy cheaper clothing than ours it is not as good, and if you can buy as good clothing elsewhere—as we do not say you cannot—it is much higher in price.

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More fudge.
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Doughnutty Powell.
Reed, are you going to Co. "Z?"
Boys in demand—Co. "Z" Hop.
Who is it on the third floor, Bess?
Godfrey still sings his favorite song.
Clayton feels good only on Sundays.
Has the "grip" had a grip on anyone?
Ask Phil Reed what he has a "cinch" on.
Wasn't the V. D. C. room cozy at the Hop.
General Grant put a hat on the other day.
Hon. J. Godfrey took a fall at the Hop.

Say, have you seen Morse play "candles?"

Have you registered on Underwood's collar?

The nurse wants the position of Q. M. for Co. Z.

How many languages do you understand, Otis?

I wonder if Davy was going to hurt little Dusty.

Mr. DeKoltly, how do you say "to can" (be able)?

Have any of the boys complexion food to spare?

If latch keys could talk, what tales they would tell.

Prof. Blake thinks 7th hour is a "Paradise Lost."

Ask Hughes if the first extra came in at the right place.

Miss Adams knows what it is to be short up and down.

Lehmer left the band meeting very suddenly (on request).

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Chambers' assemblies are the popular gatherings of the season.

What was the trouble with Hayes at Madam Yale's lecture.

Mr. Smith (latin): "He pushed on the reins and sat on the traces."

Hobart monkeyed with the band wagon in Chemistry and it played.

Underwood has a sign up, "Hands Off." A little touchy, I suppose.

The Senior was two-steppin the hall,
In company with the belle,
Up stuck a little wax,
Then he didn't do so well.

Company "Z" would look O. K. in those \$4 wool waists Scofield is selling at \$1.05.

That light in Co. "Z's" room at the hop wasn't a shining success, but it knew when to quit.

Principal Leviston was called east Saturday on account of the serious illness of his father.

It seems to be quite a fad to have the class president play the part of Irish servant in the plays.

Mr. Kelsey, "Some of the Seniors may become spiritualists some day and then see Virgil. Nobody else would."

Powell is a doughnut man,
But always eats where'er he can.
He ate the Juniors' mince-meat pie,
Which made all (?) the Junior lassies cry.

Some evening when you wish a pleasant evening's enjoyment, you should, if you dance, go to Chambers' Academy of Dancing. If you don't dance you should go and learn. It will only take a few nights. Try it.

The Juniors enjoyed their Pie and the Seniors seemed to enjoy their Poy—judging from the pile! (Poy is a native dish in Hawaii. In appearance it is very much like the paste used for putting up advertisements on bill boards. They allow it to harden and eat it with their fingers.)

Exchanges.

The "Gulchee Gumee" came in a very attractive cover.

The Pence is a neat paper and possesses merit. Its "Salad" column is good.

The Lafayette, a typical college paper, is a new weekly, coming for the first time. Come again.

The Recorder, Springfield, Mass., contains a good article on "Historic Treaties."

It is a pleasure to look over the *Beach Grove Oracle*, as it contains a number of interesting stories.

The Pennsylvanian comes daily, and much is learned concerning the University of Pennsylvania.

The Nebraskan probably interests us more than others, there being so many of our graduates at Lincoln.

The Crescent is one of the best papers received. It has a very artistic cover and is filled from cover to cover with good articles and cuts. "How a Good Resolution Failed" is a reality with many students.

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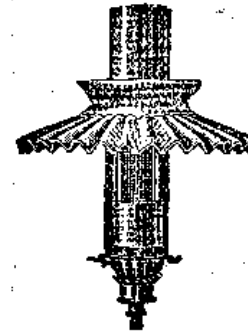
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