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VOL. XV April 1901 No. 8



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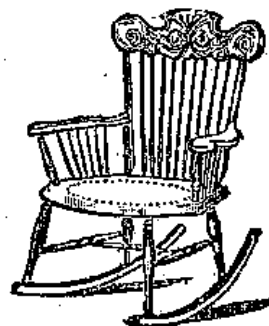
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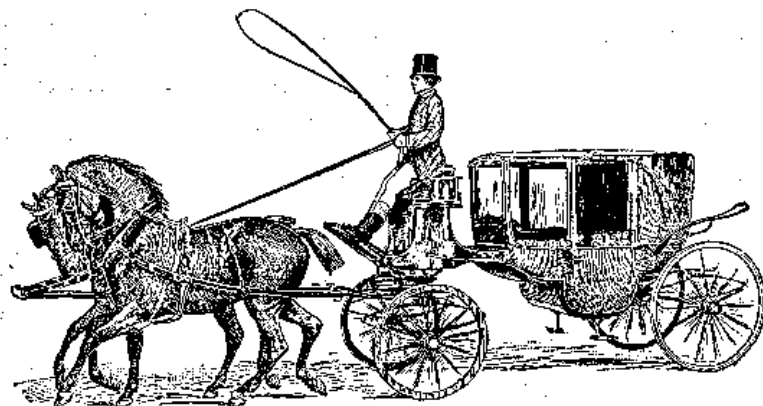
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Editorial

IT HAS BECOME the custom for the girls of the High school to take charge of one number of the REGISTER every

year. About six weeks ago the staff for this number was chosen. Its members have since been busy writing and collecting material. Now we submit the results of our labors to our readers. If you do not like it we beg you to remember that we are only girls, and if you do like it, please to remember that we are girls.

ONE BRIGHT MEMBER of the staff proposed that the boys and girls should have the chance to improve their minds by some study which she thought they would enjoy. Accordingly she handed in some original puzzles. Another member of the staff contributed some riddles. These are not so hard that they cannot be guessed with a little thought, but nevertheless the answers will be printed in the next number of the REGISTER.

THE EDITOR IS GRATEFUL to all who have helped her so faithfully, and wishes especially to thank those who took part in the competition for the cover design. Several designs were handed in. One excelled in thought and in the lettering, and another in the general effect, and so the question of deciding which one was the best was very difficult. Each of the artists may feel that her design was worthy to be the cover of the girls' number of the REGISTER.



The Old to the New.

There never can be another first class to come into the Omaha High School, and it is not surprising that the class which entered in 1871 was the proudest class these walls can ever see. We were so proud, indeed, that when we first marched up the hill we could see nothing but the glorious blue above us and the infinite hills in the distance, things most in harmony with our exalted mood. Possibly the force of contrast may have added something to the impressiveness. The temporary "High School" from which we came stood on the lowest ground in Omaha, at Fourteenth and Jackson streets. It was an old ramshackle, two-story building, with its rickety stairway on the outside. From our standpoint, therefore, this old building, which is now trying to hide behind its modern successor, was a wonderful thing.

We were not, as you are, lords of all we survey up here. The High School occupied but two rooms of this building. The janitor and his family had a most comfortable and commodious home in the basement; all of the rooms on the first floor and nearly all on the second floor were filled by the lower grades of the Central school.

In the physics rooms, for instance, was the finest primary department in the city, and from 42 a large eighth grade class gazed with longing eyes at the superior High School students, who went into 31.

Across the east end of 43 was a fairly

good stage with a drop curtain and a few flats. Many a brilliant performance was given upon this stage, for Prof. Nightingale himself was its manager and personally supervised all exhibitions. On the great bare floor of this room there were daily exercises in a "calisthenics," if you please, under the able direction of sweet-voiced Miss Barrett. We were the proud possessors of dumb bells and clubs and wands, and with these we frequently contested for prizes, which are still counted among our dearest treasures.

But the gayest time in 43 was the noon hour—a generous hour then—when we danced away the dull cares of the morning and prepared to enter the three hours' work of the afternoon with renewed zest.

The High School proper—or improper, according to your point of view—was in room 31, with the adjacent 25 for a recitation room. At first there were only two teachers and about thirty students. Under Prof. Beals we learned to "amo" with English accent and Romance fervor, and all the known and unknown quantities from a to z.

Mr. John H. Kellom, the saint of our calendar, taught us to analyze and parse "Pope's Essay on Man," and opened to us the beautiful mysteries of Milton and Shakespeare. Chemistry, with its disturbing elements, was not in our curriculum, and physiology was modestly unobtrusive. The writer still retains the thrill of the dramatic moment when the first rabbit was brought into this building to be "dedicated," or "dessicated," as we insisted upon calling it.

The students in 31 were seated according to rank. The number ones had the back seats. Thence we were gradually lowered in dignity until we were

immediately under the kindly, watchful eyes at the desk. Always on the back seat was the father of Fanny Kenniston of the class of 1900 and the mother of Edwin Woodbridge of 1904, while down in the front seats was an illustrious company, whose names it will not be safe to give without the special permission of Henry Estabrook or Charles Redick or John Creighton and others.

Many tales of great interest might be told about those good old days. Some of them you are repeating in your experiences, and others emphasize the change that has taken place. One of the former may be interesting to you.

A golden-haired cherub, whom we called "Tote," came often to school with her "big" sister. The petting and spoiling she got from the students was always received with a most amusingly serene indifference. It was a superb "matter of course" to her dimpled majesty that we should be her willing slaves. This sentiment unites the old and the new, for you are still her willing subjects—in another capacity.

We had a paper in the old days which is entitled to mention, because it still lives and has a name suggestive of both old and new High School purposes—"Excelsior." We had no library, however, and our books were not furnished by a too generous board. The present library was then the principal's office, somewhat more inviting in appearance, but far less popular.

There were many other differences, internal and external, between the first High School and that of today. We were more democratic; snobbery had not become a fine art, consequently we were happier. The surroundings and conveniences were vastly different. If we were fortunate enough to live at a north

or south distance; a forlorn little street car brought us to Eighteenth street, and we climbed the hill in mud such as you never dreamed of. West of us was the rolling sweep of the prairie; down in the hollow at Twenty-fifth street we gathered wild strawberries for our lunch; a great arm of the woods reached up from Farnam street to our back door and flung the sweets of wild plum and grape blossoms into our open windows.

If these are not differences enough, ask your fathers and mothers to fill in the details, they can do it better than

I. F.

Women of Worth.

The pages of European history, just before the date 1800, are filled with many famous names. It was the age of Napoleon, of Queen Louise, of Chateaubriand and Goethe. But on these pages there stands out in prominent relief the names of three French women, the most brilliant of their times, Queen Hortense, Madame Recamier and Madame de Stael, three women famous for their intellect, culture and refinement. Their acquaintance was sought for by other great minds, for whom they were an inspiration. Their influence on the history, literature and politics of their times was great. These three who exerted such an influence upon their times were not unknown to each other, but were well acquainted, a close friendship existing between Mme. de Stael and Mme. Recamier.

Hortense, daughter of Josephine and the queen of Holland, was very accomplished. She possessed talent for music and showed it in the composition of her songs, which were then popular in France. Had she not been famous as a queen, she would have been famous as

a composer. She was also an artist and was fond of sketching from nature. She had the power of instructing and delighting and always had in her company distinguished painters and poets. Her conversation was vivacious, for she knew just the right place for the right word.

Mme. Récamier is noted not so much for what she accomplished by her intellect, but for what she inspired and encouraged others to accomplish. With her accomplishments and mental powers were united loveliness of person and character. She worshiped genius and she herself was essential to genius, constantly inspiring others and using her high position to aid others. She had such excellent judgment and was so intelligent as to be companionable to the brightest minds of France. She enjoyed philosophy with Ballanche, science with Ampere, politics, history and poetry with Chateaubriand. She read Tacitus and Mignet and collected historical matter for Chateaubriand. Distinguished men and women met at her home. Here came the Duke de Montmorency, Sir Humphrey Alexander von Humboldt, Gerard and here Lamartine read his "meditations." Among her friends were Sainte Beuve, George, grand duke of Mecklenburg, General Bernadotte, afterwards King Charles XIV of Sweden, and Ballanche.

Mme. de Stael, after Napoleon, was the most conspicuous person of her day. Endowed with talent and inheriting strong qualities, she began her education under the careful eye of her mother. Having shown a wonderful intellect when young, she was urged to study things beyond her age, so that at eleven her powers of conversation were stupendous. She early wrote sketches and

read them before the gatherings in her mother's salon, where she also conversed with educational men.

When she grew into womanhood she took an active interest in politics, writing on the subject and handling political problems with great ease. She also wrote on literature and philosophy. Her mind displayed enormous powers of comprehension and amazing richness of ideas. Her writings influenced the literature and politics of that time.

Her life is full of events, and having lived in that age of inquiet when Napoleon was supreme, she was exiled for opposing him. During her exile she traveled, especially in Germany, where she received great honors and met Schiller, Goethe, Heine and Queen Louise of Prussia. In her travels she met Byron and they always remained friends. When she returned to Paris her salon was the rallying place for the brightest intellects of France. Here such men as Tallyrand, Chateaubriand were here guests.

Thus, long before the age of education for women, these three women became distinguished for their intellect, and are examples for girls of these times of educational advantages to become women of worth whom the world loves to honor.

ALICE RANCE.

A View of School Life.

To him who in the love of knowledge holds
Communion with his ever-present teacher, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of authority, and she glides
Into his private affairs in a simple
And unconcerned way, that steals out
their

Meaning ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of examination hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of low grades, like 70's and 80's,
Of flunks, and reports, and unsympathetic parents,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth unto thy teacher and complain,
While from deep within comes a still,
small voice,
"Too much play. If thou changeth not thy ways"

The all-beholding sun in all its course
Shall never see thee in the court room
or the senate;

Nor yet in the old school house where
sat

Thine uncouth form with many tears,
nor even in the embrace

Of the office shall exist thy image."

And yet,

Of all that tread the globe, only a handful

Get better grades than thou. Take the wings of Pegasus,

Pierce the confused history of the Past,
Or lose thyself in the future where rolls

The class of 1902, and listens for
No sound save its own bright remarks—

Yet the 70's are there. And many in those

Solitudes since first the flight of years
began

Have gotten even less than thou.

The gay will laugh when thou art gone,
The long procession of dry lessons plod on,

And each one as before—fall in love

With his favorite across the aisle; yet all these

Shall have the rules read to them, and shall hear

The injunction, "Faces to the front, please."

So live,
That when the summons comes to deliver
Thine oration, thou go not like dumb-driven cattle,
But sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust,
Refuse, and believe that the day
After commencement thou canst wrap
The drapery of thy couch
About thee and lie down to pleasant dreams.

Mrs. Peabody's Predicament.

"Jabez, ain't you going to hang that meat rack this morning? You know you said you would, and you have put it off long enough. But I can't depend on your promises, any how."

This was the rather tart remark which greeted Jabez Peabody as he passed the kitchen door one bright, sunshiny morning. He started guiltily and acted for a moment as if he were going to come back, but on second thought he said: "No, Mandy; I'm not going to do it this morning. That hay must be done, as it looks like rain. You must wait and I'll fix it the day its raining when I can't do outdoor work."

"Oh, yes!" sharply replied his wife, "that's the way with all you men folks. You expect your home to be always just so, but if you are asked to help the least bit, why, something of your work must be done. Well, that rack has to be put up today, if I do it myself, and that's all there is about it."

Jabez smiled, "Better not try it, Mirandy. You're pretty hefty and it would be too hard for you."

"I don't thank you for telling me so," and with this last remark Mrs. Peabody turned and went into the house, while

her husband went on to his work.

"Well, of all the mean things, that is the meanest! I'll show your father that I'm not too 'hefty' to put up that rack, and it'll go up now, too," she said to Alvira, her grown daughter, who was washing the breakfast dishes.

"Alviry, you get me some large nails—spikes'll do—and a hammer. I'll go right now and put it up."

"But, mother—" commenced Alvira. "Alviry Peabody, what do you mean by talking back to me? Go at once and do as I tell you."

When Alvira brought her the things, as she started down cellar, she said:

"Now, you peel those potatoes, and don't you let me catch you leaning on the gate talking to that Tom Moore."

When she got down in the cellar, she looked around for a suitable place to hang the rack. It stood in one corner where Jabez and the hired man had left it when they were cleaning up the cellar a few days before. It was a clumsy affair and would be hard to put up, but Mrs. Peabody was a very determined woman.

"Ah! there's just the place," she said, "just over the pork barrel. It'll be handy, and out of the way, too."

Mrs. Peabody looked around and found a bench and placed it near the barrel and placed her rack handy, and took her hammer and nails and tried to climb upon the barrel. She had to make several attempts before she succeeded.

Mrs. Peabody should have examined that barrel before she got upon it, because, although two of the barrels in the cellar were almost alike, their contents were very different. But she seemed to be self-confident, and when the top creaked and groaned as she began to drive the first nail, she said: "Oh, well, I

don't care if you do go down; I won't go far," and she thought of the tightly packed hams with which the barrel was filled. By the time she had driven the third nail the barrel top was sagging considerably, but she commenced to drive the fourth without a particle of fear. But she never finished it, because she missed the head of the nail, and the clanging blow caused her to lose her balance and the top gave way and down she went into—what? Not the pork barrel, surely, but some slimy, slippery substance, which clung to her garments and dragged her down and down until her feet touched the bottom.

At first Mrs. Peabody was too astonished to speak, then her anger burst forth. "Well, I'll be flambergasted! Here, if those fool men haven't been down here and changed the places of the pork barrel and soft soap barrel. Well, well, why was man ever created, any how? To have no more sense than that! Alviry Alviry! come here at once! Alviry! Alvir-e-e! Why, where in the world is that girl? Out hanging over the gate gabbing with that idling, good-for-nothing Tom Moore, I warrant. My, oh my! here's this dress and these—well, it's time you were coming. What's the latest news from Tom Moore's?"

"I wasn't talking to him; I was peeling the potatoes on the doorstep, and didn't hear you. But what's the matter? Where are you?"

"Where be I? Why, use your eyes and look for me. Look in the soap barrel."

"In the soap barrel! Why, mother, how did you get there?" and to Mrs. Peabody's astonishment and indignation Alvira sat down on the steps and burst out laughing.

"Alviry, what do you mean, making

fun of me in that way? You go to the field and get your pa and John to help me out of here. Now, mind you, hurry.

"But, mother, I can't help laughing, you look so funny," and with this explanation Alvira ran upstairs, still laughing. While she was gone Mrs. Peabody tried to get out of the barrel, but the more she tried the angrier she got and the more soap clung to her. By the time she heard voices she was in a pretty mood.

Alvira had not told the men what had happened, only when she got to the cellar door she said: "An accident has happened to mother down cellar." Jabez started down cellar, with John close behind, but Alvira stayed at the door.

Jabez could not see anything at first, so he said, "Where be ye, any how, Mirandy? What are ye doing over there in the corner? Are ye hurt? Well, I yum!" and if Mrs. Peabody was astonished at her daughter, what did she think of her husband and John when they both sat down on the steps and laughed and laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks.

"Jabez Peabody, what do you mean setting such an example before our child? Did you ever get hurt when you fell into a mud puddle? My land, but it's funny, ain't it?" and they laughed louder than ever.

At length they were able to control their faces at least, but they shook with laughter whenever the opportunity offered to escape Mrs. Peabody's keen eyesight.

"Well, mother, how we are going to get you out is the next question. You're mighty useful and we don't want you turned into soft soap, although that's useful, too."

"Alviry, you set that there bench up

as close to the barrel as you can. Jabez, you come to this side and take this arm, and, John, you come and take this one. Then when you get me to the top, let me rest my knee on the edge of the barrel, while Alviry scrapes the soap off somewhat."

This was all easier said than done. Mrs. Peabody was very heavy and the soap clung to her skirts and held her down as if it were a number of hands. But, at last, after much effort, they got her up so that her knee rested on the top of the barrel, and Alvira was scraping the soap off her, when, without any warning, Mrs. Peabody lost her hold and slipped back into the barrel. All three of the others stood back and commenced to laugh again.

"That's right! There you go again, like a lot of geese. Cackle away; it's so funny!"

The men took hold of her again and finally got her upon the edge of the barrel again, and held her there while Alvira scraped off all the soap that she could, and then the men helped her down onto the bench. She then told Alvira to get her some fresh clothes, saying:

"Here's my brand new calico dress, skirts, shoes and every stitch I've got on ruined. This cellar floor all in a terrible mess and I don't know how much soap wasted. It's all over everything, at any rate. Now, I'll have to wash and clean up this cellar tomorrow, when I always have my hands full with the baking. You men clear out now and laugh until your sides split."

From the sounds which she heard she judged that they had followed her advice. When she came out at length, she met her husband with the hatchet and some nails, and he said: "Well, Mirandy, I'm going to put up the rack for fear of something worse than that happening. But, mother, really, you ought to have seen yourself in that barrel."

VAY RICHEY, 1901



BASE BALL.

Base ball practice is held every afternoon. Especial attention is being paid to batting. We will probably be weak in pitching, but intend to bat hard enough to make up. In a few days the practice will be held on larger grounds in order that all positions may have a chance to work.

Only a few of the old players are back—Griffith, Hays, Engelhard and Lehmer—but a number of the new men are very promising. The candidates are Burns, Truelson, French, Schaffnit, Torjason, Robertson, Gross, Cuscaden, Sterrick, Robinson, Cherrington, Cathers, Altschuler, Pierce, Sutherland and Hillis, all being in constant practice. Truelson is the most promising pitcher since Tracy is out of school, while Schaffnit will probably wear the mask. Burns will probably make the team if his good work continues. The team will never be definitely selected, but the best men of all the candidates will be selected for each game.

As the O. H. S. is in a league with Lincoln and York, the team will put forth every effort to win the championship.

CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

The Cross Country club made the first run of the season Wednesday evening, April 10. Owing to many outside attractions the attendance was very small. They met at H. Lehmer's and having put on their track suits started

north on the Florence boulevard. The night was perfect and the club were in high spirits and they looked very much like a group of hilarious ghosts in their white suits.

The first two miles passed off smoothly. Several people on wheels turned to watch the novel sight; a large mastiff looking on was seized with a desire to inspect them more closely and selected Sutherland as a good beginning. It required but a moment for Sutherland to grasp the situation, and with one mighty whoop he sprinted up the road. He was later found by the rest of the club about half a mile up the road, pale and trembling and perched in the top of a large maple. After a great deal of effort he was persuaded to climb down and the run went on.

In passing through Miller's park one of the boys fell over a small pine tree onto a soft bed of dry sand burrs. This caused some delay, making it necessary for the club to take a short cut home; but behold! when they returned to the house Noyes Spafford was missing! Great was the consternation, and with one accord the members started out in search of him. Soon a great shout went up; he had been found, gracefully dangling on a barbed wire fence. No serious injuries were received, and the first run was looked upon by all who participated as being a great success.

The runs are undertaken every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening if the weather permits.

Every one who desires to join the Cross Country club may do so by handing their names to Webster Sutherland or Herman Lehmer. All who intend to work on the track team should join the

club, and any one desiring to spend a delightful evening should become a member, as it probably does more than any other sport to tone up the body and put it in a healthy condition.

A. A.

A meeting of the A. A. was held Thursday, April 4, in 43 for the discussion of spring athletics. In order to awaken greater interest in base ball and to develop much latent talent it was decided to continue the class base ball teams. Last year Mr. Wigman presented a beautiful bat as a trophy to be contended for. The senior team were the winners and received the bat. This year all teams have an equal chance, and it is expected that some very fine playing will be brought forth.

The captains of the teams will be elected by last year's teams and the managers were appointed as follows: H. Altschuler, '04; Ben Cherrington, '03; M. Arnold, '02; Warren Hillis, '01. Harry Reed was elected the student representative of the O. H. S. on the state board of control. All students who were members of the A. A. last team and have not paid their dues for this term must either do so immediately or forfeit their A. A. buttons.

TRACK NOTES.

The annual field meet is rapidly approaching and nothing has been done toward working up a track team except the election of H. Lehmer as captain and of Harry Reed as manager.

Very few of last year's team are in school this year and in order to make a fair showing every one must turn out and do his best.

Lincoln has her team well organized and some preliminaries have been held.

Lincoln has held the pennant for three years, which is quite long enough, and it is now Omaha's turn. Let every boy work to support the purple and white and bring the Omaha High School to first place in the state. M. B. W.

Night Schools of Omaha.

The old saying, "Where there's a will there's a way," is well exemplified in the night schools of Omaha, which are made up of those who are so thirsty for knowledge that, when their day's work is done, they steal from their hours of sleep the time for study.

At present there are two night schools in this city, one at Commenius and one at Cass school. They are public institutions, supported in the same manner as our day schools, the students paying no tuition, and being given the use of text books. There is no limit of age, however, as in the day schools, and here the woman of seventy cons her "A, B, C's" and unravels the mysteries of figures side by side with the child of nine.

The establishment of night schools, which for five months in the year, are in session from half-past seven until half-past nine every night with the exception of Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, is an undeniable advantage to those who are unable to attend the day sessions with their more fortunate brothers and sisters. And, while the attendance is not now so large as it is hoped it will be in the future, the number of people that gather nightly in the Cass school testifies to the fact that night schools are appreciated. The attendance, too, is very irregular, owing to the fact that all being compelled to toil during the day to gain a livelihood are often required to work overtime at night, which necessitates their absence from school.

About one hundred persons of all nationalities, old and young, black and white, assemble in the Cass school night after night, to secure that learning which has hitherto been denied them.

The efforts of these people to learn is sometimes painful, and many pathetic incidents occur. On one occasion the teacher had assigned a lesson which was rather difficult for them. The next day, when she was examining the work one old colored woman said to her: "I couldn't get that lesson last night, mum, but tonight after I got through with my day's work I sat down and tried real hard and pretty soon I got it."

In the beginning class sits an old colored woman, nearing the seventieth milestone of life, wearied with her hard day's labor; her hands rough with the toil of years; her aged fingers slowly and painfully struggling to fashion the letters of the alphabet. Beside her sits an old colored man of three score years or more; his eyes riveted on the dirty page of a primer before him; determination printed on his countenance. Across the aisle sits a little dirty-faced, ragged newsboy. All day long he tramps the street crying, "Here's yer Bee or Herald—two cents." At night he plunges into the multiplication table to master its difficulties. Behind him sits a little cash girl; her head drooping wearily on her hand; her sleepy eyes roaming over the words in her spelling book.

The higher classes are far less interesting than the beginning classes. They are for the most part composed of comparatively young boys and girls, who have attended day school in their earlier years and who are now forced to work during the day to add toward the support of an aged father or mother, and who spend their nights in acquiring ad-

ditional learning. The studies pursued in these classes are reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history. Here particular attention is given to the study of arithmetic and the work done corresponds to that of the seventh and eighth grades. In one of these classes a middle-aged man who has been for many years a successful merchant in this city, is studying arithmetic. In another is a young foreigner, who is learning the English language. He speaks fluently Spanish, French and German, and reads Latin well. Though he has been in this country only seven months and has attended night school only since October, he has made wonderful progress, having been so well educated in his own language and country.

Although the pupils are to some extent organized into classes a great deal of individual work must necessarily be done, especially in the beginning classes. But little attention is paid to prescribed methods and systems.

If an old man cannot study by himself he is allowed to study in a whisper, and when a reading lesson is in the progress of preparation there is an incessant hum of accents.

It is during a reading lesson in the beginning class that the nationality of the various members is betrayed. The same sentence in the mouths of the different readers sounds like so many different sentences.

In speaking of her pupils one teacher said, "They imagine they will be perfectly contented when they have learned to read and write," but when they have mastered these rudiments they will place their aims higher and higher.

BERTHA M. KLOPP.

A trip of five or six weeks in the mountains of Colorado is being planned for a small company of boys in the months of July and August. For information inquire of the editors or of Mr. Waterhouse.



THE SENIOR CONTEST.

On Friday afternoon, April 12th, the great senior contest was held. The large rooms, 43 and 31, were filled with interested spectators who expected to hear something good, since the white side was in charge of a girl.

Mr. Burdette Lewis was first on the program on the affirmative side of the debate, "Resolved, That our present educational system is undemocratic." He very soon convinced the audience that there was nothing whatever to be said but on his side of the question. But lo, there came Mr. Warren S. Hillis, who promptly annihilated every argument of Mr. Lewis, so that there was nothing at all left of the question. Then Mr. Lewis in his rebuttal said that Mr. Hillis was all wrong, and did it to such good purpose that the judges declared him the victor.

On account of the illness of Miss Cora Holmes, who was to give the vocal solo for the Green, no points were counted, but Miss Rose Shane's beautiful solo, "Kathleen Mavourneen," added to the excellence if not to the points of the Whites. No one has been able to ascertain whether or not the illness of Miss Holmes was caused by fright.

Then Mr. Arthur Jorgensen set forth in glowing terms his ideas of "Oratory," and Mr. Harry Reed his ideas of "Liberty." Probably the judge considered both Mr. Reed's oration and the spirit of liberty best, for Mr. Reed modestly won the reward.

Then followed a few minutes of inter-

mission, which were spent in hustling the poor unlucky performers up or down stairs, as the case might be.

Miss Millicent Stebbins read her essay, "The Green or the White," as the first member on the program of the second part. The good points of the Green and the White were so nearly equal that she was undecided as to which was really the best, but the judges settled that point for her. The essay on the White side, "The Do's and the Don'ts," was written by Miss Elizabeth Majors, but on account of her illness was read by Miss May Welsh.

After these Miss Alice Towne, leader of the Whites, and Miss Allene McEachron played the piano so beautifully that it was a wonder how the judges could decide it to be anything but a tie. Miss Anna Carter recited "Farmer Whipple, Bachelor," and Miss Mary Higgins told in an appropriate childlike manner the bear story, "At Alec Made Up All Hisself All Lone," which brought down the house, figuratively. Alec was the winner this time and brought two more points to the White side.

This closed the contest, the White side winning with a count of 7 to 4 points.

Then all adjourned to the lower hall, where Mr. Waterhouse mounted the rostrum (a chair set on top of the table) and announced the outcome of the contest and read the names of the honor pupils. The class standard was unusually high this year, over thirty pupils having an average of over 90 per cent for the whole course. They were:

Then came the event of the afternoon, the auction of the posters by the "famous auctioneer," Mr. Emil Conrad. Mr. Conrad is usually a very silent young

gentleman and does not like to talk at all. But whatever his private tastes may be, he sacrificed them all and made a very fine auctioneer. The audience evidently appreciated his efforts, because the bidding grew very exciting at times, the posters selling from 20 cents to \$2. Miss Florence Jordan's poster of the two sunbonnet babies brought the highest price—\$2. The sale of posters netted the class \$15 additional to that from the sale of tickets.

In all, the class of 1901 gained \$150, which will be spent on class day. Surely, we will have a class day worthy of this brilliant class. And what does the majority of the High school the most good, the contest was won by the girls' side. Surely, now, the girls have proven that they are able to manage such an entertainment.

M. W.

WEBSTER ORATORICAL SOCIETY.

The W. O. S. had a very interesting meeting Friday, April 19, 1901. Mr. Durkee delivered an oration, which was followed by a debate, "Resolved, That Webster was an ideal statesman." Mr. Robertson took the affirmative and defeated Mr. Remington by three and one-half per cent. Mr. Waterhouse gave an encouraging talk on the ability and growth of the society. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Burdette Lewis for his talk on the art of debating. A short business meeting was held, during which Mr. Neal's resignation of the vice presidency and forfeiture of his membership was accepted. Mr. Weidenfeld was then elected vice president, and the president appointed Thomas Allen as reporter to the official organ, namely, THE REGISTER.

HONOR PUPILS OF THE CLASS OF 1901.

Stebbins, Millicent	97.53
Heaford, Edwin	96.57
Lounsbury, Edith	96.15
Towne, Alice	95.40



PUPILS ABOVE 90 PER CENT.

Timms, Lillian	94.89
Johnson, Ruth L.	94.29
McEachron, Allene	94.14
Klopp, Bertha	94.06
Sterling, Pearl	93.64
Carey, Nellie G.	93.64
Kroom, Ellen	93.43
Bartos, Anna	93.35
Grym, Martha	93.29
Hillis, Warren	93.25
Peterson, Frank	93.17
Harris, Mary	93.14
Stirling, Mabel	93.00
Candec, Fred	92.90
Shanc, Rose	92.71
Comstock, Lorraine	92.62
Wille, Mary	92.43
Pickard, Hattie	92.10
Conrad, Emil	92.07
Bell, Frances	92.07
Lewis, Burdette	91.90
Sansom, Daisy	91.64
De Moss, Nannette	91.42
Cooper, Amy	90.93
Roach, Katherine	90.61
Jorgensen, Arthur	90.53
Yeats, Susie	90.16
Parker, Channing	90.11
Norton, Eva	90.10
Crawford, Alice	90.07
Goetz, Elsie	90.00
Reed, Harry	90.00

Miss Susie Yeats' name was unintentionally left out of the list at the first reading.



A question of a junior: What do the purple and the white stand for?

"What kind of an element is oxygen?"
"Benevolent" (bivalent).

Frequently heard in the chemical laboratory: All the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this little hand.

A senior girl's lament: O where, O where, have my little gloves gone?

"Was Jefferson a loose constructionist or—" "He was tight."

Which is it, Lewis? O Jupiter! O Hercules! or O Heavens!

In physics class: The period of osculation is independent of the gravity.

First ninth grade boy: "Say, they say that new boy in the next seat took first prize in arithmetic in the school he came from." Second ninth grade boy: "Naw; he's a real nice feller."

Teacher calling the role in a beginning German class:

Teacher—"Fraulein Baker."

Fraulein Baker—"Present."

Teacher—"Fraulein Brown."

Fraulein Brown—"Present."

Teacher—"Fraulein Crawford."

Fraulein Crawford—"My name's not Fraulein; it's Mabel."

"Oh, yes," answered the bluebird, "I'm rather conservative about flying north. You know as soon as people see me they take off their heavy underwear, and that is almost sure to bring on cold weather. Yes."
—Detroit Journal.

Third
Annual
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50 Cents Free

To each lady patron of our Soda Fountain on Saturday, May 4th, we will give free a 50 cent package of "Hudnuts," the swell New Yorkers' Violet Sachet Powder. The kind that is lasting.

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15th and Farnam Streets

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NUTS TO CRACK.

Enigmas:

1. I am composed of 32 letters.
My 3-2-12-15 is ground.
My 1-20-9-27 is an entrance.
My 4-6-11-23 is a light-producing vessel.
My 14-7-5-17-31 is a sifter.
My 25-31-19-26 is to recline.
My 30-24-16-15-8 are hostile incursions.
My 29-21-22 is a common metal.
My 32-10-12 is a male child.
My 18-28 is a form of the verb "to be."
My 13-12 is a much used preposition.
My whole is something every Latin student knows by heart.

2. Well known people at the O. H. S.
Amy Eclwh, Lenl Yeacr, Aalln Timah-nol, Tocur Ticeress, Wenrar Hislil, Rtruah Nejesrogn, Enforec Dojnar.

3. Hidden names of studies:
I saw Paul Celat in church.
Geo. met Ryland down town.
He said John Cabot any way would go.
He said it belonged to his Tory friend.
 4. Some teachers of the O. H. S.
A vessel used on water plus a pronoun.
A liquid plus a dwelling place.
Something that grows among wild grasses.
Something used by a wood chopper plus a forest.
Burdensome loads plus a preposition.
The cry of a domestic fowl plus a preposition and a shrub.
One of the four sides of a room and an article used for trimming.
A kind of tree and a letter.
- B. C., '03.

RIDDLES.

- What three letters change a girl into a woman?
Why is life like this riddle?
What room in the O. H. S. will hold all the scholars?
Who may marry many a wife and yet live single all his life?
Why is sympathy like blind man's buff?
Why is a defeated army like wool?
What do we catch, but never see?

C. R., '02.

A. Donaghue

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Queer Punctuation.—"I received a letter from a Boston girl the other day," remarked Mr. Spudds, "and I noticed that she used a queer sort of punctuation." "How is that?" asked Spatts. "She closed every sentence with a glacial period."—Exchange.

Biggs—Why, old man, you look as tho you had lost your best friend. What's wrong?

Diggs—I fear my good name is forever lost.

Biggs—Your good name! What do you mean?

Diggs—Just what I said. It was on the handle of a \$10 umbrella.—Chicago News.



Balduffs...

Gold Medal
Bon-Bons..

The most delicious confection manufactured. In one-half, one, two, three, five, and ten pound boxes at

60c Per Pound.

W. S. Balduff

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OR A SHIRT WAIST we can supply you. All kinds of warm weather wearables to make life a pleasure. Books for summer reading. Stationery for summer writing.

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BATTALION NOTES.

The competitive drill which took place Thursday evening, April 3, at the Auditorium Exposition gave the captains a good chance to see the weak points in their drill. Company F won the prize, a picture. The companies ranked as follows: Company F, Company D, Company B, Company C and Company A.

In the individual drill Ernest Kelly, Company D, ranked first; Arthur Scribner, Company C, second; and Wilson Buchanan, Company C, and Ralph Badger, Company F, ranked third.

Some new equipments have arrived and it is hoped that the whole battalion will soon be equipped.

The battalion has had two excellent drills, one on Friday, April 19, and the

other on Wednesday, April 24. Commandant Pearse took command and expressed himself as very well satisfied with the result.

As the time for "compet" is approaching every company is striving to present the best appearance and the result is that the companies are looking in much better condition than at this time in previous years.

CADET OFFICERS' CLUB.

We, the members of the Cadet Officers' Club of the Omaha High School, do hereby declare this club in no way connected with the management of the ex-officers' hop which was given on April 26, and that any use of this club's title in connection with said hop was unofficial, as it has been decided to substitute an encampment for the annual hop.

ARTHUR G. SCHREIBER,
HARRY REED,
ARTHUR JAYNES,
RAY E. DUMONT,
Committee.



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