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Vol. XVI
No. 9

*High
School
Register*



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OMAHA

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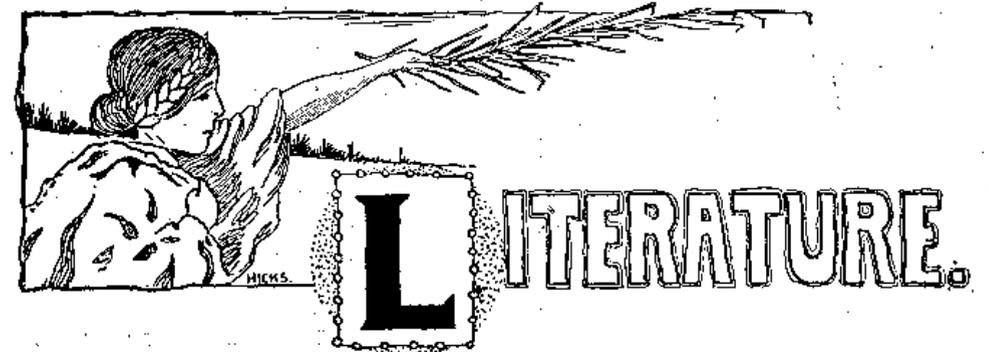
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THE PRANKS OF LITTLE RICHARD.

Poor little Richard was in disgrace again. He must be punished—but how? The neighbors thought it was fast becoming a case of "spare the rod and spoil the child" in the Warwick family, but kind old Mr. Warwick seemed to realize what a dark future was probably in store for the mischievous little lad of nine.

His mother had died the summer before, and on Mary, the only daughter, a beautiful girl of fifteen, fell the care of the family. The other two children were almost men now and away at college. "That little torment, Dick," as he was more widely known,

was always in some scrape from the time he was able to creep, but his mischief was nearly always done in such a spirit of fun, no one had the heart to scold.

Then when Dick was sick so long and the doctor shook his head so solemnly, no one thought of him as anything but the dearest little boy and longed for some of his pranks to assure them that he was himself again.

Alas! Dick was never to grow as other little boys, for that terrible disease known as creeping paralysis was slowly claiming our boy, so slowly in fact that no one but the kind old father

could believe the doctor's warnings, and when other boys were punished, Dick was shielded by his father. As a result, he became the terror of the whole neighborhood and no one believed that he was ailing, and predicted all sorts of future for him.

Today he had to be punished, for had he not dug up all of the young cabbage plants and sold them! That was bad enough, but the use he put the money to was worse—he had bought cigarettes, and still worse, lied about it.

Now it so happened that Alice Armstrong, a friend and neighbor of Mary's, was a witness to all this, and now was her opportunity to get even with Dick for the tricks he had played upon her; so she lost no time in telling Mary, and Mary lost no time in locking the young man up in the sitting room. The house had been enlarged at some time or other and what is now the sitting room had once done duty as a dining room, so that it was possible to reach the kitchen by going through the pantry.

Dick had found a way to pick the lock, so that when his father or Mary went about with the sitting room key in their pocket, feeling that they had their prisoner safe, Dick could easily escape through the pantry. He was just preparing to try this when Alice came rushing into the kitchen with "Oh, Mary, I've so much to do today. Cousin James of Omaha will be here on the morning train and you know that means to get up a big dinner, for

that is the only way we can entertain city folks."

"I'll bake your pies for you," said Mary.

"Oh, thank you, you dear girl; but I hate to have you do it, when you've got that little scamp to take care of."

Dick heard all this through the pantry door, and immediately gave up the idea of escape, and sat down to wait patiently for those pies. He had already conceived a plan for revenge. He had just finished gumming the leaves together of the last magazine and slipped the mucilage bottle back in its place when he heard Mary come into the pantry and say, "My, those pies are just done to a turn, and while that boy is behaving himself, I'll slip upstairs and do a little primping, for I most know Alice will want me to meet her cousin.

Now was Dick's chance. He slipped into the pantry and proceeded to mix together some powdered sugar and epsom salts. Then he carefully sprinkled it over the pies as he had seen Mary do many a time, wishing all the time that he might see "Cousin James'" face when he tasted that pie. There was just time enough left for him to run over and draw a few mud pictures on Alice's nicely scrubbed porch before Mary came to release him. The pantry door locked, and he was back in his sitting room when Mary unlocked the other door, saying, "Well, Dick, how did you manage to keep quiet so long. It certainly does you good to be locked up once in a

while and now I'll dust a little sugar over those pies and you may help me carry them over to Alice's. Well, if I didn't put that sugar on before I went upstairs, and I have no recollection of it at all. Come, Dick, you take one and I'll take the other. Now,

Dick, who do you suppose daubed that mud on Alice's porch. It's a good thing I had you locked up. There is something happened in this neighborhood at last that you did not do."

MILDRED SERVISS.

A LEAFLET FROM MY JOURNAL

While at a dinner last evening we heard that there was to be a moonlight excursion up Pike's Peak, and as uncle was not feeling well, we decided to give up the trip on burros, and take this one in its place. So we retired early, to get about two hour's sleep, and were awakened about twelve a. m. On being called, Tant and I sprang up and dressed hurriedly. We found several other very pleasant people going from the hotel. We waited long for the extra car, which was to carry us to the cog railroad. It came about 2 a. m. with just standing room for us. Two cars containing each fifty persons went ahead.

I never saw a more perfect moonlight night. The rocks stood out from the dark background of pines, cut sharply against the silvery sky. A stream white and glistening in the moonlight, lighted up the weird and dark scenery, plashing over and under and around great boulders, forming picturesque falls.

The scenery grew more rugged and severe as we neared the top, until after an hour and a half of steady climbing we stood on the summit of Pike's

Peak, fourteen thousand one hundred and forty-seven feet above sea level. Authentic lore of this monument of the continent dates from November 13, 1806, when Major Jebulon M. Pike, a gallant soldier and daring adventurer, then hearing a small exploring party of United States soldiers, sighted the mountain's whitened crest, when many miles distant on the plains. It cost him ten days' marching to reach its base and after vigorous attempts to scale it.

Pike abandoned the project with the declaration that no human being could ascend to its pinnacle.

That was long ago. There have been many wonders since.

The Manitou and Pike's Peak railroad, known as the Cog Wheel Route, was completed in the autumn of 1890. The road is within a fraction of nine miles in length, and in this distance overcomes one and one-half verticle miles. The mean grade is sixteen per cent, the maximum twenty per cent, a rise of one foot in four, and the sharpest curves are sixteen degrees. (Tickets, five dollars.)

We no sooner left the train than we

found we needed all our wraps, for the thermometer was standing just above freezing point.

The first thing we did was to enter the building and warm ourselves by the fire and send postals to our friends. This is said to be the highest post-office and telegraph station in all the world.

The summit appeared like a vast wilderness of broken rocks, as if some large Titanic building had been in operation, the material collected, and the project then abandoned. Everything was as clear as in daylight, while below the mountain tops rising above the mist, appeared like small islands, and above the moon, more beautiful than I had ever seen it, wandering among the few fleecy clouds in the skies and shedding a soft weird light over it all.

Turning from the moonlight, we saw the beautiful coloring of the eastern sky, so different from the western just described. Here all the deepest and most beautiful tints were announcing the approach of the sun, and as it slowly rose up over the prairies on one side, the moon sank quietly behind the mountains on the other.

We had reached the summit at about

a quarter of four and our train left at about six.

Coming down, the conductor pointed out several things to us. Here also were queer shaped rocks, having received names according to their forms, as Ace of Diamonds, and Gigantic Rock. These rocks seemed to be poised on edge, just waiting until the proper moment to lose their balance and with a mighty thud, crush some tiny train, made by man, slowly creeping up among Nature's grandest spots.

Echo Falls was an enchanting bit of Woodland scenery.

Having a personal acquaintance with an officer of the road, we were permitted to stand on the back platform, a favor which enabled us to see much better.

Not far from Echo Falls we reached the prettiest view of the trip, for framed by the mountains on either side of the gorge lay little Manitou, and a bit further on, the gateway of the Garden of the Gods, and beyond that, the vast Misa.

Reached home about half past seven. So ended our memorable moonlight trip up Pike's Peak.

GLADYS HAINES.

HADES.

My Great and Powerful Brother:

I have had several reports of late from the boatman Charon, who in turn heard them from Mercury, that a certain Aesculapius whose father is your son Apollo has been raising the dead.

His father had bestowed upon him this gift and if he would confine its use to healing alone I would not complain, but when he actually raises the dead, who are rightfully and justly my subjects, I consider it only justice to me, whom you have given to preside over

the dead, to stop him from doing this, for in time by using this power and instructing others in its use, he might deprive Hades of any new inhabitants.

I hope you will consider this appeal, and either stay him with your lightning or take from him this strange and unnatural power, which would, if left unmolested, become a menace even to the gods.

I cannot come in person because of the unusual restlessness of the Hecatonchines, therefore Charon will convey this across the Styx and then Zephyrus will carry it until he meets Mercury, who will probably be abroad on some errand, and will willingly convey it to you.

Your humble brother,

PLUTO.

JO.

"I am disgusted with life," said Freeda, a boarding-school girl, as she threw herself into a large, comfortable arm-chair.

"So am I," said Irene, her companion and room-mate.

"I never did like Florida, and of all places St. John," said Freeda with an expression of disgust on her pretty face.

"And to think we had planned to go to Europe in the spring of '96, and here it is the spring of '95, and we shall never get through this place within a year!" said her friend.

"Oh, girls, have you heard the news?" cried Trix, a school-mate, as she burst into the room all excitement.

"Who?"

"What?"

"Tell us quick."

And rushing to Trix, they plied her with questions until she threw up her hands in dismay.

"Listen," she said, as soon as she could make herself heard, "a new girl has come, and is to room with you

girls because the house is so full."

"Have you seen her?"

"Is she pretty?"

At that moment the tea bell rang, and ended further questioning. At the tables, all eyes were turned upon the new comer. She did not seem to mind the stares, but returned them with her bright, saucy eyes.

"Isn't her hair a beautiful brown?" whispered Freeda to Irene.

"I think she is pretty," whispered Irene.

"I don't like her," returned Freeda.

Such was the conversation during the meal. By the next morning, Freeda had changed her opinion, for both she and her companion liked Jo, the new comer. She was just the person to break the monotony of the place, for she told them that she had been dismissed from a boarding school in Chicago because of her pranks. You would have thought that she would have profited by the experience; but not she, in a week's time she was at them again.

"I hate to be shut up in this place,"

"she said one day, as she gazed with longing eyes upon the freshness of everything without. "I don't believe I get enough to eat," she continued. "Those apples we had for dinner today are the only good things I have tasted since I came here. Oh, girls! See! Look there! You can see the top of the tree bearing those apples. I am going to get some."

"You had better not."

"You will be murdered if you do."

"You don't dare," said Freeda and Irene in turn.

"You dare me?" and without another word, Jo left the room, leaving the girls looking at each other in utter amazement. Before they could realize what the girl was about, she returned with her lap full of rosy apples. How Jo enjoyed that feast! The other girls did not relish it much, for they were too badly frightened. Jo, however, had to pay for her feast. The cook, a woman looking out for everybody's business but her own, saw her stealing the fruit and reported her to the professor. Jo was called before the teachers, and doomed to live on bread and water for a day. As she passed through the hall when leaving the teacher, she met the cook. Angrily shaking her fist at her, she said:

"You will pay for this, old lady."

That evening before dusk, Jo stole from the building, determined to take some enjoyment. Though the path on each side by trees, laden by beautiful blossoms, and though their perfume filled the evening air, Jo did not

notice the beauty, so intense were her thoughts upon a plan of revenge. When at last this was fully formed, she found herself at the edge of the forest, a place forbidden the girls to visit. She was a little afraid to be so far from home, but decided to take the pleasure, for it was seldom offered. Her heart seemed no win touch with nature. The music of the murmuring stream, and the trees as the wind sighed through them, the twitter of the birds as they danced from limb to limb, seeking shelter for the night, all seemed to soothe her angered spirit. As she walked along, admiring the freshness of nature, she suddenly encountered the admiring glance of a young man from the college near by. When his retreating figure was lost to view, she hastened home wondering who he could be.

As soon as she was home, her thoughts were again turned upon revenge. She had planned to get some of the cook's dainties, and above all things a mince pie, which she had seen the cook purposely put in her sight. Heedless of all the girl's warnings, she stole from the room that night. She got the pie in safety, but as she was leaving the pantry, she knocked against something. There seemed to be a shower of pans. Soon the cook faced her, the pie at her feet telling the story.

"Better go tell the Prof.," were Jo's greetings.

"I intend to," was the decided answer.

"I don't doubt it," said Jo, as she retreated from the room. The next day, as she expected, her diet of bread and water was to be continued a day longer.

She would have a feast that very night, however, for the annual ball of the school was to be held. At last the longlooked-for night came, and Jo, looking her best, entered the ball room. Being an attractive girl, she was soon surrounded by a circle of admirers. Her chief attentions were directed to Willis Murray, the young man she had met in the woods. At the end of the evening, they planned to meet the next evening at the end of the drive.

They met, and also many of the following evenings. On returning one evening, however, she encountered the professor, who demanded of her what she was doing.

"Out for a walk."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"You go into the house, and never leave it without special permission. A girl that disobeys should be expelled."

The next evening, the girl realized that she was a prisoner, for she could not escape to meet her lover. What would he think? She would have revenge.

That night she stole from her room, and entering the professor's study, she smeared his books with ink. The next day she seemed as innocent as any. The professor went to town to buy some new ones, and returned with a stove-pipe hat. This gave Jo another

chance of revenge. If she could not meet her lover she could fight the obstacles in her way. That night she went down stairs to the hat rack, and seizing the professor's new stove-pipe and throwing it on the floor, she trampled on it. On the following day, she appeared innocent. Thinking that a guard would be stationed, and having no particular means of revenge, Jo was good for a week.

At the end of that time, the professor announced that he had just finished a book on "The Modern Boarding-School," and if any wished to read it, they might do so at any time, as his study was always open.

"Ah!" thought Jo, "you will regret having said that." At twelve o'clock that night, when all within were sound asleep, she cautiously crept into the hall, down the stairs, and into the professor's study. Going to his desk, she seized his "Modern Boarding School" and tore it into shreds. Creeping back as cautiously as she had come, she went to bed satisfied with her work.

That night, however, she had a terrible dream. She thought that graduation night had come, and that she had to play the part of a dunce. While the other members of her class were receiving their diplomas, she had to keep marching across the stage with a dunce cap on. The audience hissed at her, and pointed her out as the girl who stole the apples, who disobeyed orders, and who ruined the professor's book. To complete her humiliation, she stumbled and fell. At that mo-

ment, she awoke. The dream seemed to open her eyes to a new and better world. She would turn over a new leaf that she might not suffer any such humiliation. The next morning the college was all excitement. The professor's book was ruined.

He was determined to find out the destroyer, and expel her! Who did it? Who would confess? How would he find out? These were the questions asked among the excited girls as they talked together. Jo intended to confess, but as often as she tried, she failed. The words seemed to die on her lips. She found it was no easy matter to turn from the path she had been trodding so long.

At nine o'clock the girls assembled. To each one the question was put by the professor, "Did you destroy my book?"

As all so far were responding "No," the assemblage became more excited. Jo was on the point of telling every minute, but she seemed to have lost the power of speech. As the question came nearer and nearer, she became more excited. Oh, it was her turn! What would she do? How could she confess?

"Did you destroy my book?"

A long period of silence followed.

Jo felt her face burning, and all eyes upon her. In a pitiful voice she finally stammered, "I did."

She said it in such a way that even the professor was touched with pity; and knowing that she had had a lesson never to be forgotten, he forgave her. He begged her to stay, but she, herself, was not willing. All pleadings were in vain. Knowing that she was disgraced there, and that her lover had long thought her faithless, she determined to go to her old home in Chicago, and lead a different life.

So she did. Her kind deeds were at first few and small, but they grew so rapidly in both numbers and importance that within a few years she was known as one of Chicago's most charitable women. Her friends loved her, while the poor in the slums of the city idolized her. While among these one day, she came upon her old lover, as a doctor. Though he was rather indifferent toward her at first, he was not long so, for the truth was out, as it ever is.

They were both ever after thankful to that fate which had led them to each other in the forest, but more thankful to the one that had lead her into a righteous path, and to him again after a long parting.

Society

The most important event of the month was the unveiling of the statue of the "Winged Victory," given by the seniors to the high school. Speeches were made by Watson Smith, Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Johnson, and the band added to the enjoyment of the afternoon, especially for those who enjoyed a two-step in the halls.

A very enjoyable musicale was given by the violin quartet on May second.

With the assistance of the Alice Carey vocal quartette and selections by Miss Peterson and Marion Hughes,

a delightful program was presented. All who attended were well satisfied and it is generally agreed that the selections furnished were "the thing."

On May 16 the P. G. S. gave a Magazine programme for the benefit of the cadets' encampment. Advertisements of current magazines were represented and a literary program was rendered. A fern was presented to Mr. Waterhouse. The returns from the entertainment were very substantial, and the cadets are indeed grateful to the P. G. S. for their aid.

Athletics

As our athletic editor did not hand in any notes this month that department will be omitted in this number. Since our last issue the ball team has been very successful, winning three out of four games, but alas, that one was Lincoln, who beat us at Lincoln by a score of 24 to 7, in their usual kind

of weather, the worst possible, and just when we started to get even last Saturday the rain took compassion on them and postponed their defeat. Council Bluffs was done up to the tune of 16 to 0. Bellevue was defeated twice by the score of 12 to 8 and 5 to 1.

Gquibs.

Faith: I want the major's.
Patten is sergeant of police. See
his star.

We like to dance with the daffodils.
Filipinos may desert their homes,
but leave their leggings unprotected—
never.

Birds of a feather.

Flock together.

Give the pig.

To Sterricker. (Yelled at the auc-
tion.)

On the car. Here's the Boston
store.

J. M. T. That's where I get off.

Girls, get the officers to contribute
freely to the mess. Then they won't
have bacon Friday.

Ask Hicks who made that silk flag
in the case.

How much did we make? Well,
three thousand or less.

What little says,

We all have said.

When lights went out

And all seemed dead.

Poor little piggy lit on his sky-
black nose.

Jimmie ate supper and then execut-
ed "As you were."

An Irish recruit in one of the mili-
tary riding schools had the misfortune
to part company with his horse. Ac-
cording to the custom the sergeant
strode up and demanded:

"Did you receive orders to dis-
mount?"

"Oi did, sir."

"From what quarters?"

"From hind quarters," answered the
Paddy with a grin. —Ex.

Three people homeward bound in bliss
From our Spectacular one night;
A little nephew's dismissed,
So two are left and all is right."

Teacher: What caused the death of
Aunt Zola.

Pupil: Iodite of potassium.

Freshie: Did the head get broken
off while the statue was being deliv-
ered?

Miss Valentine: Study both battles
of Bull Run and give the date of each.

Some of Watson's: Fine.

Gadzooks. Odsfish. I'm a burro.
Bow-wow. Bless me 'eart.

Fredrica: Pyramus and Thisbe
acted just as people do now.

There was a young pitcher named
Cox,

Who made his debut in the box;

But the best he could do

Was to strike out a few,

So he—(\$10 reward for and end to
this poem.)

If \$900 will take 350 cadets to camp
at Weeping Water, how far will \$200
take the same number?

Sidwell gets so many compliments
from her he is tired.

"Help! Help" cried the man who
was being robbed.

"Calm yourself," said the highway-
man, "I don't need any help."

Brutus: "How many oysters did
you eat, Caesar?"

Caesar: "Et tu, Brute."

What influence has the moon upon
the tide?

H. S. Girl: "I don't know what
effect it has on the tide, but it has a ten-
dency to make the untied spooney."

Wib has been studying "Good
Housekeeping."

Have You Tried Our New Drink

MOFLE CREMO?

If not, Why not? For Its the Best

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It makes a neat appearance,
As sweet as honey-comb.
You reach down for some money
And enter quick the door;
But after you have purchased,
'Tis then you first feel sore.

They've got a chocolate cake there
That has a pedigree;
Its been in every city
On this side of the sea.

They've got some greasy doughnuts
Fashioned out of stone,
And apple pies and apricots
That walk about alone.

The Swede produced a nickel,
The Irishman a dime,
And this with "Deacon's" fifteen cents
Soon bought a meal divine (?)
They couldn't bear but just one bite—
Threw it behind an old fruit stand—
The Dago has a funeral
On Tuesday—with the band.

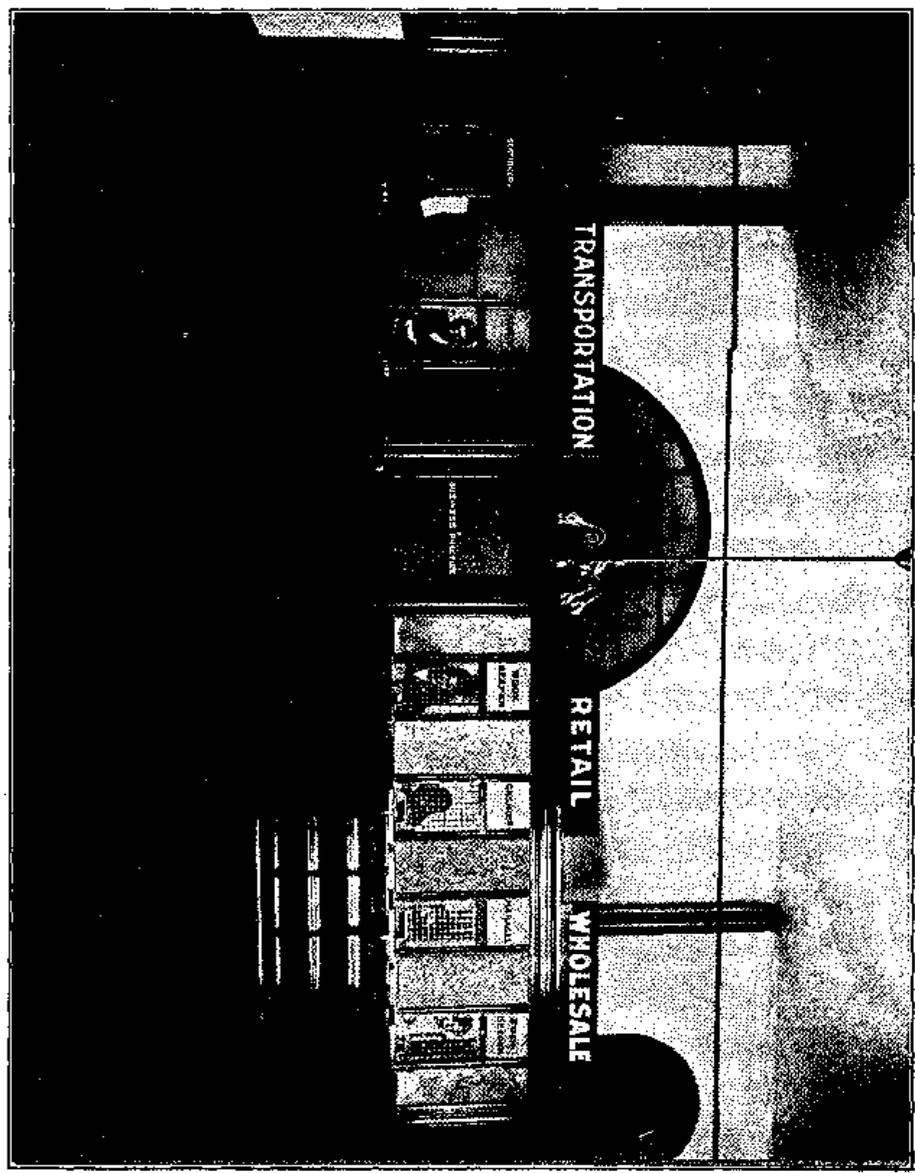
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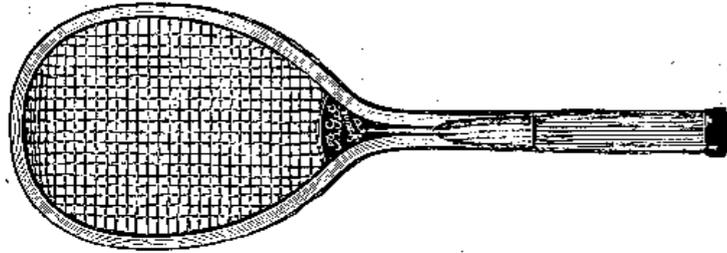
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for graduation dresses to be found in the city. A pleasure for us to show you these pretty fabrics.
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And the Place to Get It.
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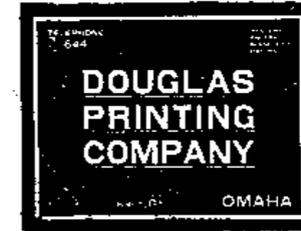
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