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NUMBER

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO

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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

Vol. XVI.

OMAHA, JUNE, 1902.

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EDITORIAL.

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THE CLOSING DAYS of the school year have been marked with the accustomed bustle and hard work. The exercises of the Senior class this year were on a grand scale and required much attention and rehearsal. The Class-day program was based on scenes from the plays and books read during the course of study in the High School, which, with the handsome costumes and a dialogue of "hits" on school life, etc., rendered an enjoyable and very creditable class day exercise. Combined with this, too, was a color drill by seventeen of the girls, one group of whom wore costumes of red, the other, white. The figures made were very fine and showed evidence of systematic drill, while the May-pole dance and final tableau furnished a delightful ending to the drill. Not to be disregarded, too, was the class march and song. The class in costumes passed out in two rows to the center of the stage, and then turning, counter-marched back and forth until the whole stage was a scene of gaily moving costumes. Finally the movement dropped to a standstill as the members arrived at their places. Then at the signal came forth the opening words of the class song:

"Hail to the colors that wave gaily o'er us."

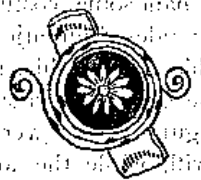
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The march was again resumed after the completing of the song until the stage was once more left free.

On the whole the program was one of the best ever seen among the classes of the Omaha High School, and the members of 1902 may congratulate themselves upon having class teachers who are willing to give so much time and study to the preparing of such an exercise, and upon the fact that they have at least equaled, if not surpassed, all preceding classes in this respect.

— Unlike former classes the present class decided to depend upon its own members for Commencement orations. To that end Professor Waterhouse organized a competitive examination which ended in the selection of the eight boys and girls whose names appear on the program.

Plans are on foot for a class banquet to be given at the Millard Hotel, Saturday, June 14, 1902. The plan is something which has never been developed as yet in the Omaha High School and gives promise of fine results. Great interest is manifested by the Seniors in this function—perhaps the last time they will be together as a class. We hope the plan is continued by future graduating classes of the school. It is undoubtedly one of the finest things a class can do and it deserves the hearty support of every member of any class which takes up the plan.



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Class Poem.

O happy ruler! Who art come
To bid the festal fountains run
To meet your subjects in this wood,
To wish them happiness and good;
Oh gracious prince, whose broad domain
Embraces all Nebraska plain,
Whose fertile valleys, stretching wide,
Lose them in old Cordillera's side,
Whose eastern boundary one can tell
By great Missouri's muddy swell,
Where on the south the swirling Platte
Scarce keeps the hordes of Lincoln back,
Nor less in jagged steep incline
Old Niobrara forms our line.

Thus well secured in peaceful way,
King Senior holds undoubted sway,
O'er lakes of silver, fields of gold,
The laws of peace and justice hold;
In wood or park, by day or night,
Unchallenged waves the red and white;
Oh mighty monarch! ne'er I saw
A fairer realm than Omaha,
Or never in my full four score
Have seen its like, or hope to more;
Thy royal castle, proud and high,
Brushes the rafters of the sky,
And in the first warm rays of light
It beams one dazzling mass of white—
The home, the source of all our might.

'Tis noble, grand, and fit for thee,
But fitter are the deeds we see
Emblazoned on the scroll of fame;
Fine ornaments to royal name,
How oft have seen the imperial brow
Dark clouded by some tale of woe,
Oft seen the trembling culprit stand

Fearful of thy stern iron hand;
Or often felt the flash of fire
Shooting from new enkindled ire.
'Tis not for these that thou are known,
'Tis more for deeds of valor shown.
'Twas, at the most, four years ago
That cares of state you learned to know.
Then in your court confusion reigned,
The lost must be by force regained.
Well knew we all what all should know
What is and was is ever so,
But what will be to time is left;
We spin the thread, by fate 'tis cleft.
How well you spurn each heart can feel,
Each soul inspired by your zeal
Bears witness, for in every year
Proud princes drooped their heads in fear,
And from the ashes sprang the new,
A greater, grander kingdom grew.
The book of ages saw inscribed
Works that no lapse of time can hide,
When oft by foe invaded rights
Made days more black than darkest nights.
When problems that astound the wise
Like scepters in our courts would rise;
When o'er the land was heard the clang
Of base rebellion—motely gang;
And even Nature, looking down,
Dried up her tears and did but frown,
Thy hand, O prince, thy noble will,
Preserved us then, preserves us still.

'Tis thus, my lord, from actions done
I took the courage and begun,
For old as I and wrinkled brow
Scarce hope for recognition now,
But lest the earth her own reclaim,
I plead for a forgotten name,
And e'er my faltering words may fail,
Hear, noble prince, a noble tale.
Young Albert Mar, who now is gone,
Who lives not, only in this song,
Was honored once among you all,
And none there were but who would call

Him friend, or, from the war's alarm,
Wish other shelter than his arm.
He stood in favor then, oh king,
As proof, my lord, you gave this ring,
Which, when returned however soon,
Is token of a granted boon.
Then listen to this story through,
Ere I return this ring to you.
Seven times the sun has crossed his zone
Since you so nearly lost the throne,
When those you trusted more than woe
In secret planned your overthrow,
And would have wrought their deep design,
Has severed the old established line.
When you, by promptness and by tact,
Were able to check them in the act.
The traitors all were punished well,
But there was good with evil fell.
Young Mar, so ran the base report,
Had stolen from your royal court,
And by his office at your gate
For gold had left unguarded state.
Such charge the flushing lad denied.
But plain, confusion sought to hide
Emotions deeper in his breast,
True he was gone, but not the rest,
So stubborn motive all too late,
And pledge of silence sealed his fate.
By your tribunal was condemned,
Torn from his country, home and friend:
Doomed to live on foreign soil
And to die, unless by toil
He prove him true, nor cease to roam
Till mingled victory doth escort him home.
The sentence passed, he turned to go,
All hushed and still the throng below
Gazed on the lad so pale, so straight.
He turns! He seems to hesitate.
His eye beneath a darkened brow
Flashed fire. Ah! it softens now;
For, by the Earl of Riverview,
As pale as ever lily grew,
A maiden sat. In vain she tried
A sob, a struggling tear to hide.

She dare not look; one silent groan
Was all, and then she seemed as stone.
A forward step, a look of pain,
A quiver shook his mighty frame,
But then he stopped, once more does turn,
But now the look, how cruel, stern,
Unhesitatingly he steps
Straight to the outer battlements.
The drawbridge falls and Mar is gone,
For once, stern justice, thou dost wrong.
This much you all remember well,
The rest is left for me to tell.

That night he walked, and all day long,
Till dark and strangeness barred the way,
And hunger crying loud within
Bade him seek some friendly inn.
Some farther on a flickering light
Peeped through the now fast falling night
And barely showed the dreary spot
Where stood a yet more dreary cot,
And near a woman, withered, old,
Stood shivering there as with the cold,
Some heavy sticks together tied
Lay as they fell there by her side.
He picked them up, she followed in,
Nor spoke a friendly word to him
Till both before new kindled blaze
Were seated and had fixed their gaze
Upon the kettle steaming fast,
As if it knew the day's repast
Already had been long delayed.
" 'Tis not a few miles thou has made,
I take it, stranger, nor art done;
Nay, as I see, but just begun.
But peace. On yonder clump of bay
Cans't find the rest till better day;
Or, if it please not, I may show
The only road that's safe to go."
"Thanks, mother, here with easy mind
I'll rest, nor can I leave behind
This shelter till some happier day
Shall bid me journey on my way,
And by some service I have paid

A royal kindness humbly made,
For I am bound by all that's best
To find out victory 'ere I rest,
To lead her to my native shore
And clear the name of Albert Mar."
Slow passed the year o'er Albert's head,
And like a peasant in his shed,
For noble Mar and withered dame
Counted the seasons as they came,
Till last, time gave him leave to go
Forth on the hilly path of woe.
So as the sun first blazing red
Peeped o'er the bluffs, he rose,
Impatient like the horse that knows
The race about to start. "Be still,"
She said, "I like thy mien and will
Advice bestow. But journey on
Until you see yon rising sun
Sink in the golden hill of west;
You'll find an inn. Trust to the rest."

With lighter heart he took the road,
And soon behind his late abode
Was left to fill up memory;
Nor seemed he hardly gone at all
When shades of night began to fall,
And in his heart there stole a fear
Lest promised end should not appear.
But, no, base thought, by lonely stream
The anxious traveler saw a gleam,
But e'er he reached the little inn
There came a most unfriendly din.
The sound of crashing glass heard,
And mumblings of half-stifled word,
As if the demons of the air
Met to decide their troubles there.
He hurried up; quick came his breath,
For there, midway 'tween life and death,
The host against three robbers fought,
And would have struggled all for naught,
But Mar, as tiger on his prey,
Flung him at the unequal fray.
That moment and the din increased,
Another while and all had ceased.

For once they felt his mighty grasp,
Were glad to leave unfinished task;
And Mar, victorious, stood alone
With quickened breath, until a groan
Called him to where the fallen lay
Half fainting from the evil day.
"My son," he whispered, "do not go
And leave me here alone with woe."
"I'll stay, good sir," young Mar replied,
"Can ne'er be said I left the side
Of one distressed, though duty bid
Me seek the place where victory's hid."
"Good lad, 'tis well, but stay the year,
I'll show the road you need not fear."
And so in long monotonous whirl
Each bud of morning did unfurl
Until again the generous boy,
Now full of hope and vigor's joy,
Along the path toward the west
Was plodding on his noble quest.
How green the fields, how sweet the air,

And all in nature seemed more fair
Than ever he had seen before
Since forced to leave his native door.
So with his thoughts and peace of mind,
And to a rockier country came,
Where lakes innumerable without a name
Reflected the bold mountain's side.
There sporting trout would dart and hide,
And in the trees which bordered round
The wild birds made their joyous sound;
And even winds were dead with fear
Lest they disturb the mountain's tear.
By one of these a winding road
Led up to some great lord's abode.
Thither the wanderer wound his way,
His thoughts went back to a better day.
What happened there no need relate,
Sufficeth that by castle gate
He met a maiden seeming sweet,
Who blushing had come to greet
The weary Mar, for by the dress
His rank and breeding she could guess,
E'en though two years of constant wear
Left many a spot and ragged tear.
"Art welcome, stranger, for with all
I see thou needst a friendly hall.

My father, could he leave the bed,
Had bid you welcome in my stead,
But since misfortune has him fast,
His pardon I would crave to ask.
But, come, he would some words with you;
Here is the door, pray enter through."
(See how the fickle god of chance
Will place us in strange circumstance,
Will give to us a seeming prize,
Unmasked is evil in disguise).
So Albert Mar was given care
The chief of that great castle fair,

Its wealth and inmate and defense,
To honor trusted and good sense,
Nor doubt I that the pretty maid
By him was easy to persuade.
But Albert Mar, like tempered steel,
Bore his great office with a zeal.
His heart was full and barred the door,
Nor was there room for any more
Who came to knock, and better so,
For when the time that he should go
Came round again, the thankful lord
Dismissed him with a kindly word,
And for his service gave the key
That opens the bonds of victory.
Armed thus with hope and thoughts of home
Once more time found him all alone,
Now on the high road, which, 'twas said,
Straight to the haunted castle led.
There went young Mar, but half afraid
Such lonely ruins to invade;
Yet like a tower, which oft vibrates
But never falls, so straight he takes
His course until numerous ways
Cross and recross in a great maze,
Leading to rooms and caverns dark,
Like the deep shades of woody park,
Confuse his mind and he is lost.
A year has gone, the very day
That Mar so hapless lost his way
Has come again, but see you not
Two figures from that lonely spot
Come forth, one bent and withered old.
The other whom he hath a hold is victory.
So came the goddess hand in hand
With mortal to your native land,

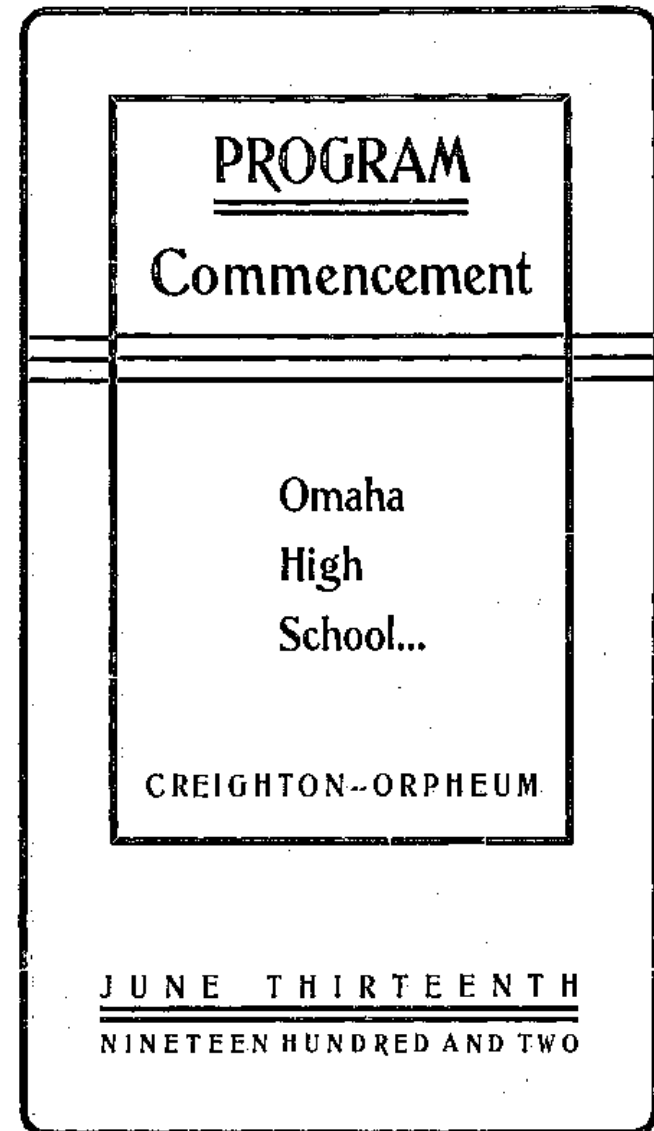
With given promises there to dwell
Till some unworthy act compel
Her leave, once more resume
Her home in the desert ruin.
But first she comes to justly claim
Due honor to the hero's name.
'Tis all she asks, not so with him,
Who hath so slowly wandered in.
He has the signet, see, 'tis here,
I claim its worth without a fear,
For he it known both wide and far
Before you stands young Albert Mar.
The boon I ask is easily paid,
Confirm my suit with yon fair maid;
Here is the ring.

King—Nobles, lords and subjects, hail
The new made Prince of Everdale.

Chorus—Hail Prince of Everdale.

King—And now, my good and noble son,
I say thy bride is fairly won.
The Earl of Riverview may claim
He hath a son of princely name,
But I claim for my own part
I have a son of princely heart,
Full worthy of the hardest task
That ever court of mortal ask.
Henceforth it goes as my decree
That all shall search for victory,
For easier now she will be found
Since thou can guide us o'er the ground.
Of kindness we will seek to raise,
First, through low and humble ways
And then by dauntless valor in the right
We'll follow thy unerring flight.
Then, third, the mountain we'll ascend,
And rise above temptation uncertained.
And last, in the most lonely light
Of perseverance we'll presume the right
Until like thee we truly claim
"Due honor in the hero's name."

WALTER STANDEVEN, Class Poet.



CLASS OF 1902

BOYS

Arnold, Marion	Grootshell, Albert C.	Porter, Carl
Barrett, Howard	Heimrod, Albert	Powell, Percy
Duchanan, Wilson	Hicks, Leslie G.	Smith, Watson B.
Christie, Ralph	Holland, Walter	Speiby, Creighton
Clark, Thomas B.	Hughes, Clarence	Sidwell, Lawrence T.
Cochran, Edward	Kelkenney, Arthur	Smith, Harry L.
Coryell, William H.	Kelly, Harry	Smith, Watson B.
Crowley, James H.	McKinley, Arthur	Standeven, Walter
Drefold, Oscar	Marsh, Earle	Stenberg, Ervie
Foster, Harold	Miller, Elmer	Stubbendorf, Herbert
Fox, Graydon	Moore, Clyde	Stubbs, Gilbert
Friedman, Samuel	Morsman, L. W.	Sutherland, Webster J.
Fuller, Jay	Nelson, Charles	Torjuson, Bert
Goldsmith, Walter B.	Nilsson, Henry	Wareham, Howard D.
Gordon, Alfred W.	Patten, William	West, William
Griffith, Lawrence J.	Phelps, William	Wigington, Clarence

GIRLS

Anderson, Maude E.	Gavin, Ellen	Peterson, Emily W.
Babbitt, Hattie	Gilkey, Pearl	Phelps, June
Banker, Mildred	Glennan, Loretta	Rance, Alice M.
Beckett, Alma	Gore, Lucy T.	Rector, Alda M.
Bedwell, Mary E.	Grieb, Rosa	Rector, Maude
Benedict, Lois M.	Grimes, Florence	Riddell, Jeanne
Blake, Grace L.	Hammond, Ruth	Roe, Blanche
Blanchard, Jennie	Hartman, Hildur	Roe, Charlotte
Blixt, Josephine	Hiller, Minnie	Ryan, Marie
Borglum, Harriet M.	Hodge, May	Sachs, Nellie E.
Bourke, Mary E.	Hooton, Fay D.	Schreiber, Emma
Brinker, Nell L.	Hukill, Alta M.	Sharrar, Ada
Brown, Mary L.	Jensen, Edna	Slater, Mildred
Chambers, Florence P.	Jessen, Rubie A.	Smith, Anna V.
Chapman, Sadie	Karr, Mabel L.	Somers, May
Cloud, Myrtle	Kelley, May	Spellman, Margaret
Coleman, Nellie G.	Kling, Mae	Sprague, Nelle B.
Congdon, Laura M.	Knight, Bertha M. D.	Stearns, Mary L.
Connell, Marion	Lester, Pearl A.	Stewart, Alletta
Connelly, Nellie	McIntosh, Frederica	Stringfellow, Mary
Cunningham, Ann	McNamara, Mary A.	Taylor, Bessie
Dallas, Mary	Manger, Marie A.	Thomas, Gertrude
Damon, Edna L.	Miller, Leila	Thompson, Ruth M.
Dellecker, Zola	Mindlin, Stella	Towns, Fay
Deverall, Florence	Moorhead, Bessie	Townsend, Bessie H.
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Ellett, Cecil K.	Neber, Mollie C.	White, Louise L.
Ellsworth, Emma M.	Newson, Victoria M.	Wigington, Jennie
Emery, Jennie	Noel, Ella	Wilson, Celta A.
Fedde, Margaret	Northrup, Claire	Wilson, Roberta
Fisner, Mabel S.	Parker, Mabel	Winegard, Lenora
French, Daisy L.	Partridge, Ethel	Wright, Edith J.

PROGRAM

1. Overture. "Bridal Rose".....C. Lavallee
2. Invocation Rev. Robert Yost
3. Awarding of Certificates to Cadet Officers.....
.....Supt. C. G. Pearse
4. Popular Selection, "Blaze Away"Maurice Smith
5. The Announcement of Class Honors.....
.....Prin. A. H. Waterhouse
6. Oration. "Our Neighbors".....William H. Phelps
7. Oration. "The Twentieth Century Knight"....
.....Ruth Hammond
8. Oration. "True Womanhood".....Laura Congdon
9. Scene Champetre.....O. H. Violin Quartette
10. Oration. "The Young Negro, a Factor of the
Future".....Lillian Dickinson
11. Essay. "Orators and Oratory".....Mae King
12. Oration. "America's Opportunity".....
.....Watson B. Smith
13. Blue Danube Waltz.....O. H. Violin Quartette
14. Oration. "What Shall We Do With Her".....
.....Minnie Hiller
15. Oration. "Does It Pay?"Alta Hukill
16. Address to Class.....Vice Pres. N. M. Howard
17. Concert Waltz, "Irene".....C. W. Bennett
18. Presentation of Diplomas.....N. M. Howard

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Class History.

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While wandering into the far depths of the forest, I fell upon this curious and fantastic box, inscribed: "Relics of the Class of 1902." Would your majesty care to have me open it and from its contents glean the history of our past four years of struggle?

Upon the top I find a dainty little slipper which tells a soulful story of woe. It stands for heavy burdens borne, of many a shameful kick and thrust by unscrupulous foe; of long slides on the Y. W. floor; of quick springs and slips of the Lincolnites, and finally of its exit, heel and toe, under the crushing edict of superior powers.

Beneath it lies a banner which tells another tale. The grand halls of the new building are thrown open. The Senior fair proclaims to the world the contest of the red and white! For once red sinks out of sight, and the white banner triumphantly waves alone.

In contrast to its purity, I next find this tattered remnant. In Salt Creek it has lain for many a day, and yet it is not well preserved. The dust of many a gridiron has gathered in its folds and its seams are yet overlined with the mud of Lincoln. O faded colors! Dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well; Most reverently do I lay thee aside—most tenderly.

Ah, but what is this? Upon thy breast a treasure—upon thy left breast? Close, close pressed to some fond heart? Ah, a C. T. C. pin! Most valiant breast, again shall thy secret be hidden.

Down, down deep into the very grave of these depths I find the next relic. If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now. Ye all do know this cap. I remember the last time ever Marion had it on. 'Twas on a summer evening, in the fall—that day that Co. Z was sad bereft. See, this place is stained with a rent the wrathful Zola made. Upon this the well beloved Lucy sobbed. 'Tis filled with tears by Fredericka shed! Judge, oh ye gods, how well the whole class loved it! I will bury it again and reach after other relics.

A red and a white Register whose pages testify to the great talent of your subjects. An oration—a glowing flight of fancy, signed by Standeven. A circular upon a subject of great import-

ance. National issues grow insignificant in comparison. To wear or not to wear, that is the question!

Here I find a program of the last Senior hop. It should be bordered with black. And here bound tightly together is a bayonet, a white glove and a tin cup. This broken musket stands for battles fought. This white glove speaks eloquently of service rendered and this battered cup—not all the Weeping Waters could e'er make it bright again. See the white tents pitched in the field! Hear the bugles call! The gallant captains of 1902 march on to victory!

The colors float. The drums beat. The march, march—it is the march of life that is on, my king.

But we must close the casket of the past, for in our hearts alone is enshrined the most glorious emblem of our days. It stands for the grandeur of battles lost and battles won, of endeavor crowned with success, of mighty triumphs over defeats. It stands for all that is, was and shall be! Under the shadow of its mighty wings shall we hide our littleness and in their grand upward sweep shall we be carried to our noblest heights! The statue of the "Winged Victory," my king, is the emblem of what we, the Class of 1902, would be.

MINNIE HILLER, Class Historian.

Class Prophecy.

x

I have searched the future of a number of the court, your majesty, and my observations have been a perfect test of our newly discovered science—geometric astrology.

This, I should explain to your subjects, depends upon the fact that the perpendiculars from the third and seventh houses of the particular horoscope bisect in a constellation which represents the future of the inquiring person.

Marvelous is the vision that has been revealed to me. The glories of the kingdom of the red and white are to be greater than tongue can tell. I can repeat but a few of the wonders I have seen.

I first attempted the horoscope of Will Coryell. I found a single flashing orb surrounded by multitudes of satellites. Surely these latter shining lights must indicate that the ardent admirers among the gentler sex shall continue as now to surround him.

A dog star faithfully follows this brighter one. It must be Heimrod transported thither.

Near this group in the heavens is strange moon-like globe which appeared to have no fixed orbit. Here and there it dashed without purpose, reason, or principle, and this motion made it very difficult of examination.

I made out at last that it was a stellary basket ball, in which Laura and Fredrica, with their followers, are forever engaged in devising new rules for their earthly devotees.

A brilliant comet is next pointed out by my instruments. In its perihelion it seemed almost one with the great sun it approached. In its aphelion it burst rocket-like into a thousand gorgeous flowers. Surely this could represent nothing but the eloquence of Standeven, whose earthly brilliancy has so often dazzled our eyes.

Some gently glowing asteroids were next crossed by the lines. They seemed to minister to the greater planets around which they glided not in eccentric ellipses but in restful curves of grace and beauty. Is it hard to surmise that these are the household augurs of the class? The womanly ones who seek to scale no daring heights of fame but are content to hide from the public eye their nobler gifts of love and service. I need not give the long list of their names. You know them well.

While in artistic contrast to their gentle radiance are the brilliant social lights of the class, the butterfly stars whose design it is to gather the sweets from every pleasure life can offer. This list is also a long one, but heading are Jack and Webster, while just below are the names of Zola, Lucy and Bessie Taylor.

A fixed star which rivaled in brightness all surrounding it seemed, on closer examination, to be curiously lined with books. On the backs of these in letters of gold are the names of Miller, Connell and Hukill.

Three shooting stars with erratic courses are continually disturbed by explosions due to a superabundance of gaseous matter. They represent Kalkenny, Christie and Gordon, whose hot air jokes are still resounding in our midst.

Thus far, your majesty may see that the present tendencies of these nobles and ladies give promise that their future will lie in these certain directions, but I have even more striking evidence of the accuracy of this science. Converging on a single point are the lines of Wareham, Moore and Phelps. In debate have they made their greatest success. And now is it not strange that their lines should indicate a peculiarly shaped body which bears a strong resemblance to the famous Barney Stone.

There are numbers of other stars of both greater and lesser magnitude whose story has not been told, but I will not weary your friends with their glory. You have all heard of the "Harmony of the Spheres" and I would now conclude by telling of the wondrous harmony of these spheres of your kingdom.

The celestial leaders, Orpheus and Euterpe, are evidently Thomas Clark and Mary Bedwell. But listen to the harmony produced:

From far in the distance comes the thum, thum of the basket ball star. Then the fixed stars add their clear, high, flute-like notes. Nearer and nearer with the occasional sharp thrill from the butterfly stars and the clarion notes from the star of eloquence. And, finally, with the clash of cymbals, from the bursting stars sweep the full orchestration, revealing that the basis of the rich harmony produced rises from the many stringed instruments whose melody swells from the "Home" stars, and these might well be our guiding stars to happiness.

HARRY KELLY, Class Prophet, '02.

Eighth Competitive Drill.



The annual competitive drill of the High School Cadets took place on the evening of June 10, 1902. A fair attendance was obtained and the drill which took place in extremely favorable weather was of a high standard. The companies gained the following places in the contest for the banner:

- Co. C, Captain Gordon, .90.
- Co. E, Captain Coryell, .85.
- Co. B, Captain Barrett, .81.
- Co. F, Captain Morsman, .80 plus.
- Co. A, Captain Smith, .80.
- Co. D, Captain Kelley, .80.

The drill consisted of twenty-one commands, including three minute manual of arms. Each captain was given five minutes to examine program before drilling his company. Fifteen minutes

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were allotted to each company for drill. The time of the companies was as follows:

- C Company, 11 minutes.
- B Company, 12 minutes.
- D Company, 12½ minutes.
- A Company, 15 minutes.
- E Company, 15 minutes.
- F Company, 15 minutes.

The Thurston Rifles' gold medal was awarded to Sergeant Wallace, "A" Company, for the best drilled cadet in manual of arms. Sergeant Werhner, of "F" Company, captured second place. A new silver medal has been given to cadets subject to same regulations as the gold. Superintendent C. G. Pearse was the donor. This medal is to be given to second best man.

We worked together in the wood,
 We wandered far and wide;
 About the same in class we stood—
 We flunked there side by side.—*Ex.*



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* * *

So great was the interest in the first installment of Helen Keller's autobiography that the entire edition of 960,000 copies of the April *Ladies' Home Journal* was exhausted within one week of publication. A larger edition is now being printed of the May issue of the Magazine.

* * *

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In his recent address on the art of fiction, Gilbert Parker has been saying some very excellent if not strictly original things. Here are some of them:

"A man must know truth to write a fable."

"Fiction can be learned, but cannot be taught."

"No great writer has ever had the idea of founding a 'school' of this or that of idealism, or symbolism, or romanticism, or realism. Really great men have little time for promulgating theories; they get hold of a few principles and by these they live."

"In the art of fiction the individual is thrown on his own innate talent."

"Love and fighting are not necessarily romantic; nor are soup kitchens and divorce courts necessarily realism."

"In the very first chapter of the book the note must be struck which shall recur throughout the book like the motif in an opera."



"There is only one (sic) test for a novel: that it be first and before all a well constructed story; that it deal sincerely with human life and character; that it be eloquent of feeling; that it have insight and revelation; that it preserve idiosyncrasy; but before all, that it be wholesome."

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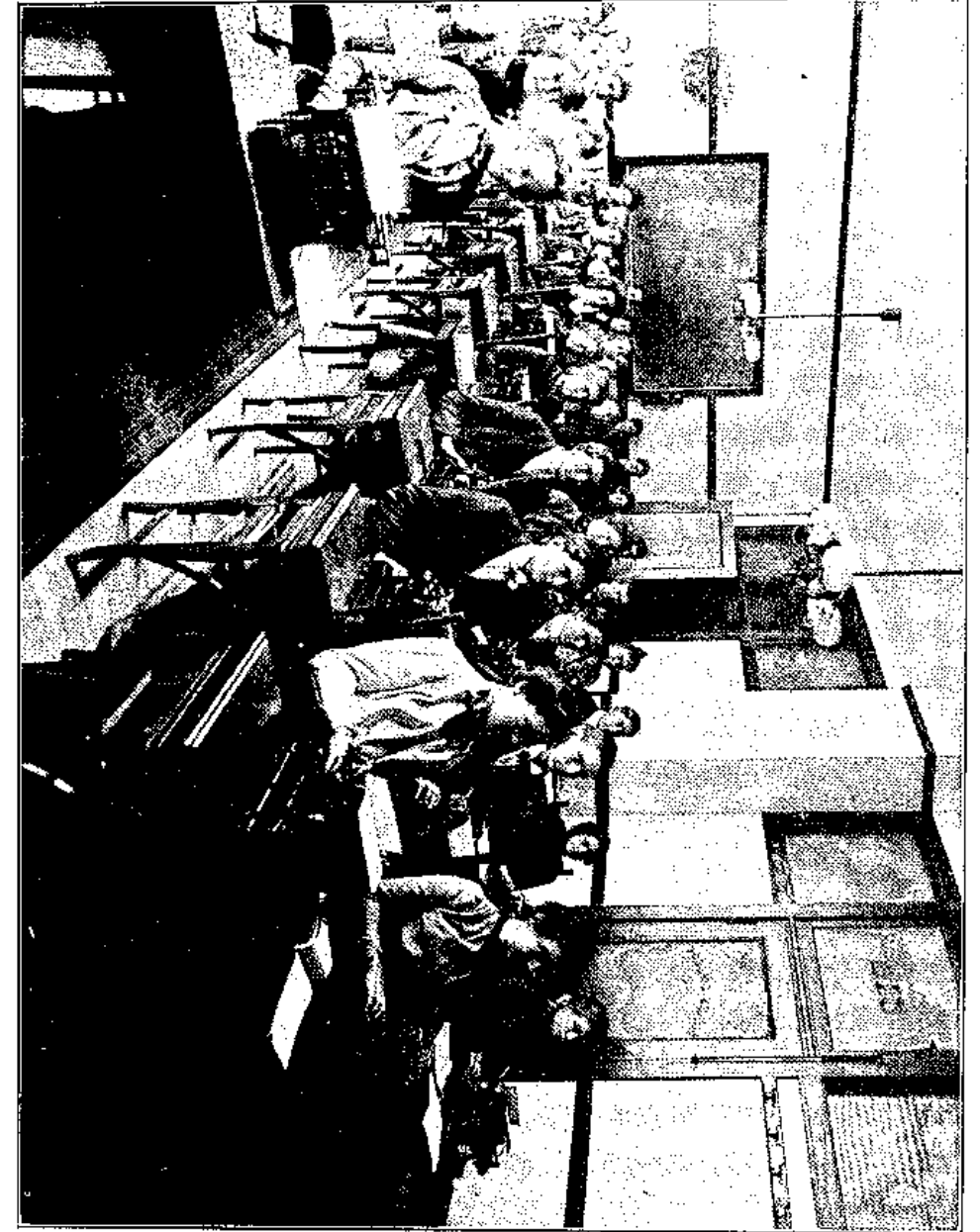
is recognized by business men as being the most thorough and most practical. The following list of students who have accepted positions since Jan. 1, 1902, is an evidence of the school's popularity among business men. Read it carefully. You will find some of your acquaintances in the list.

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 MISS MARGARET LYONS, Combination Fence Works, Council Bluffs.
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 MISS MAYME EDMONDS, Andersen-Millard Carriage Co.
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 MR. WM. AUSTIN, U. P. R. R. Company.
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 MISS ANNA KUHL, Rhombauer Coal Company.
 MISS BERTHA REED, Bradley Implement Co., Council Bluffs.
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 MR. EMIL CARSON, Armour & Company, South Omaha.
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 MISS EMMA LARSON, Swift & Co.
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 MISS BLANCHE M'KILLIP, Washington Mutual Life Insurance Co.
 MISS ELVINA HOWE, Smith-Premier Typewriter Company.
 MISS MARY L. MURRAY, David Cole Oyster Company.
 MISS ETHEL ALPHERSON, Western Tinware Company.
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