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# The Register

*Volume Nineteen*

*Number Nine*



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MAY 22 NUMBER

Nineteen Hundred and Five



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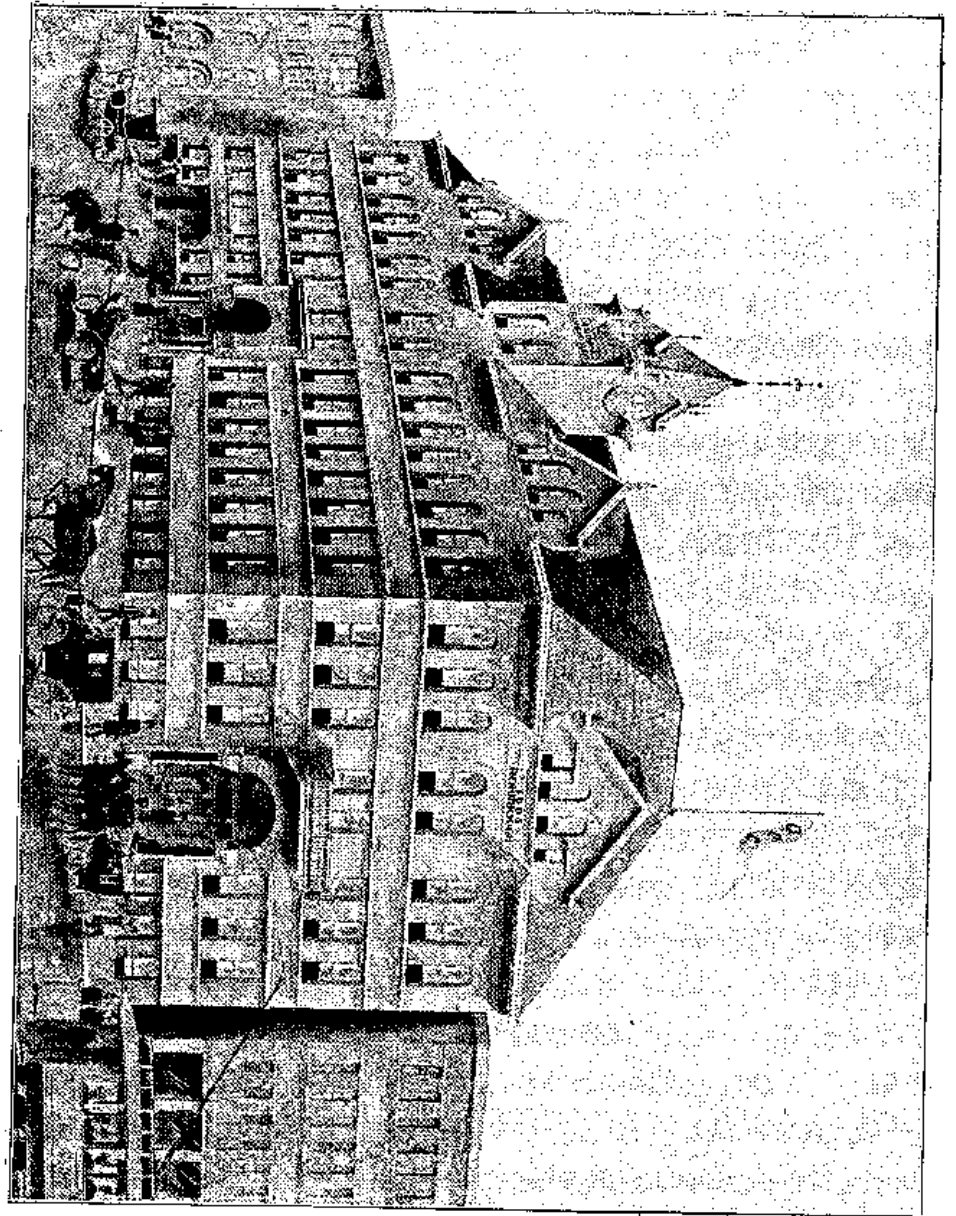
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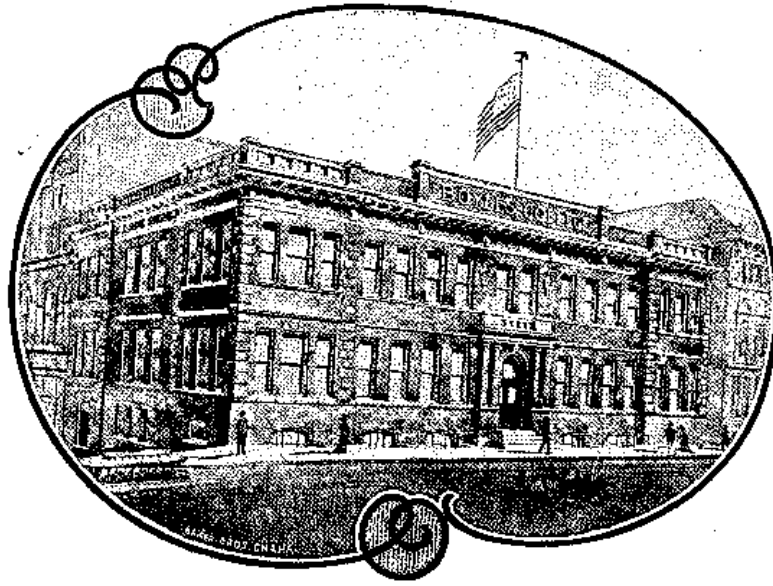
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# High School Register.

VOL. XIX

OMAHA, MAY, 1905.

No. 9

## The Prize Picture

IRENE JAYNES, '07.

It was a soft, balmy day in May and all the boulevards of Paris were thronged with gay carriages filled with brightly dressed people. The parks were crowded with little children, some with their nurses, some without, and all the different types of men and women one meets in Paris. Here is the nurse maid talking with her friend, the policeman, forgetting her charge, who toddles around in gleeful liberty, dodging the carriages that are moving in and out along the drives continually. But here on an obscure little bench, almost hidden from sight along one of these flowery paths, is a little old man—old it seems at first glance, but at second not really old, only with the appearance of being so on account of his long gray hair and his back being bent over as if with continued stooping. His clothes are shabby, unbrushed and wrinkled—his whole appearance is unkempt. In his eyes there is a far-away look somewhat suggestive of an artistic temperament. Ah! thereby hangs a tale.

Pierre Valette had been born in France—in dear, sunny France. His mother had been a poor struggling artist who had never succeeded, but had finally married and gone to America.

Pierre's father had died when the lad was about seven and Pierre and his mother lived for years in a dingy tenement house in New York, the mother supporting them both by sewing, until at last she, poor woman, passed from her trials and hardships to a happier home.

Pierre meanwhile had grown to be quite a boy and had inherited his mother's passion for art. From his childhood the goal of all his hopes and ambitions was to go to Paris to study and succeed. Succeed? Of course succeed. How could it be otherwise? He would paint pictures that would set the world on fire or melt the hearts of men as they gazed. From that time he worked with but one ambition—Paris and his art.

The years flew by and Pierre Valette drank deeply of the joys and sorrows of life. At sixty-three he had partially gained his hopes, for at last he was in Paris, added to the list of struggling artists.

At first his hopes were high, for he knew he would succeed. But now he realized that he could not live on hopes, and on this bright May day he was gloomy and downcast. His rent would

fall due in a few days and Monsieur le Roi politely insisted on payment. Of course he hated to inconvenience Monsieur Valette, but he found he needed the money, etc., etc. But of course Pierre thought this state of affairs would not last long, for in three weeks came the exhibition of the salon. His picture, could it, would it win? He was in turn hopeful and downcast. There was but one thing—his eyes; would they hold out?

As he was thus meditating he looked up to see a young girl of about twenty-two seated beside him. Pierre never knew how it happened, but he found himself talking to her, telling her his hopes and fears of his picture winning the prize of three thousand francs—fifteen thousand dollars.

Janet Barker said little, but finding that the poor old man for whom her heart ached had a small studio in the same building that hers was, resolved to see more of him, to encourage and help him if she could. She herself was a prospering young artist whose landscapes were the wonder of the artists' circles in Paris.

The next day she climbed from her studio to a much tinier one on the fifth floor and timidly rapped on the door. Pierre opened it with a look in his eyes of one who has just awakened from a dream. Janet went in, seeing with a quick glance around the room the general disorder and then her eye lighted on the chief object, the easel with the canvas on it—the picture in which lay all Pierre's hopes. The realization of the pathos of the thing came to her as a shock. It was bad, pitifully bad, and yet in it lay all the hopes of the old man's life. To him it meant success and fame,

to her it showed the work of months which counted for naught.

She came to a realization at last that he was waiting for her to speak, but what could she say? Surely she could not be the one to tell him brutally that it was not good, and yet she could not say it was good because its ultimate truth would then be much harder to bear.

"It's good," she murmured, "very good, but"—she did not finish her sentence, for after Pierre heard the first words he turned to the picture, satisfied, gazing at in enraptured.

Quick tears sprang to the girl's eyes as he talked on, asking how she liked this tone and that tone, not noticing that she did not reply. He carefully explained to her how, when it was finished, the pink of the sky would blend into lavender, how the shadows of the setting sun would harmonize with the green of the grass, until Janet in despair at the hopelessness of his happiness said she must go.

The following days passed quickly and each morning Janet, before going to her own tasks, stopped at the tiny studio with a cheerful smile, hiding her own anxiety and usually with some dainty brought from the restaurant across the street, for Pierre, absorbed in his work, often forgot about his meals and, more often still, it was a question of money. He had but a little left and it must last until he got the prize.

It had been decided for the art competition that three critics should go to the studio of each contestant and decide on the merits of his or her picture, and in most of the studios were those who hoped either to get the prize or to get their pictures on the line at the Louvre.

Janet herself had worked for weeks on the delicate picture of Dawn and the two art masters to whom she had shown it had pronounced it a wonderful piece of workmanship, with an unusually good chance for success.

It was the morning of the day on which the critics were to come and Pierre and Janet were before the finished picture. (They always called it "The Picture.") Pierre gazed with proud eyes, perfectly satisfied with every detail, and Janet stood silent with a little lump in her throat. It was pathetic; the little old man with his very soul wrapped up in his picture, confident of success, and the girl, seeing with her clear eyes the hopelessness of it all.

The work of the last few days had told plainly on Pierre. His face was pale and there was a strange cloudiness in his eyes as though he did not see distinctly. Presently he turned to Janet and asked her if she would put the curtain aside that he might have a better view—it was so dark he could not see. Janet looked at him in surprise. The bright sunlight flooded the room and she could not understand what he meant.

"Why," she said, "it is bright and sunny. What do you mean?"

It was Pierre's turn to be surprised.

"Indeed, you are mistaken; I can scarcely see the picture at all. A flash of understanding came to the girl. He was going blind from overwork. Blind! blind! What should she do? Her thought were interrupted by his again repeating:

"But I can't see my picture. What —"

Suddenly a dull comprehension began to show in his face. He realized the truth—he was blind. He groped his

way to the picture and laid his cheek against it, exclaiming:

"But, thank God, thank God, I finished it first; it will win; it cannot help but win."

A quick resolve came to Janet. It must win—it should win. She led the old man to the couch, made him comfortable and told him to rest—his eyes would feel better if he would sleep and rest them. Pierre submitted passively, murmuring all the time: "I will win. I will win. Thank God, it is finished."

Janet sat by him until, at last, worn out, he fell asleep and then she rose swiftly and, seizing the palette and brushes, applied colors with deft fingers, glancing frequently toward the couch, fearful of being detected. Once the sleeper stirred and called her and Janet was at his side in an instant, but when he again fell asleep she returned to her work with feverish energy. Finally after two hours' work she stepped back to examine the picture. It was as if a cloudy day had been made bright and full of color by the coming of the sun. The transformation of the picture was marvelous. It breathed life in every touch. It was done—she was satisfied. It was far better than her own, on which she had spent hours of painstaking care and which she now had resolved not to enter for the prize.

She heard Pierre waken and saw his unseeing eyes fixed on her with a kind of shock. He asked the time and she told him it was one o'clock in the afternoon, and almost time for the critics to come. She helped him up, aided him to wash, combed his hair and brushed his clothes. Then she put the room in order and finally went down to her own room, coming back with a tray on which was

a dainty lunch. After she and Pierre had eaten their lunch she read to him for a while, but he sat inattentive, his whole mind on his picture.

Soon they heard heavy steps on the stairs. Pierre seemed calm, but Janet trembled with excitement. What would they say? Would they say it was worthy of the prize?

When a loud rap sounded on the door she opened it to find three men with kindly faces before whom she quaked as she realized how much lay in their decision.

They asked if this was the studio of Pierre Valette and if his picture was ready. Janet answered for him, saying that Monsieur's picture was ready and explaining that he had had trouble with his eyes and his sight had become affected, but it was probably only temporary. Then she showed them the picture. The men tried to conceal their surprise, but Janet saw it and her heart beat quickly with joy. They said little,

merely that the decision would be made next day.

The next day was bright and sunny—all nature seemed poyful. Pierre was nervous with ill-concealed excitement, but Janet stayed with him, neglecting her own work. At last, late in the afternoon, came the postman's ring. Janet opened the door and fairly embraced the poor man in her eagerness. He unconcernedly dropped an innocent looking envelope in her hands, not realizing what it might mean to the anxiously awaiting pair.

Janet opened it with eager fingers and out dropped a small slip with these words on it, "The prize of three thousand francs has been awarded to Monsieur Valette. If he would kindly call at Carson & Fairbanks at 158 Rue de Grand he would receive the money."

When Janet had finished reading she turned to Pierre, tears were streaming down his withered cheeks and, skipping quietly out of the room, she left the old man alone in the early twilight with his joy.

π

## Manual Training

First Prize.—RALPH RAPP '05.

Second Prize.—ARTHUR STORY '07.

Many different aspects of the subject, "Manual Training," present themselves, but in this essay we shall confine ourselves to briefly reviewing it, discussing its object and its attainments. On account of the enforced brevity we shall be unable to discuss as much in detail as we might wish, but shall rather take a general view of it.

Manual training is not an innovation. It is not a theory embracing some entirely new principle. It is, on the other hand, a natural outgrowth of our age. The age is industrial, not literary. Ger-

many realizes this since she has recently dropped 50 per cent of her Latin and has established great technical schools. If we are to keep abreast of the times and train the rising generation to keep abreast of the times we must include manual training in the courses of studies of our secondary schools. Our education must be democratic, not exclusive.

In order to be effective as an educational means manual training must be taught collectively with other studies. The boy must not alienate finding the volume of a sphere and calculating the

amount of lead required to cast a ball. He must associate his mathematics with manual training. It is by this means that manual training is elevated from a mere apprenticeship and becomes the instrument of rounding out a boy into a broad-minded, liberal-thinking man.

Let us visit a manual training class to see with what spirit manual training is received by the boys. We see, perhaps, twenty boys in jumpers and jackets and caps. The air is filled with the pleasing noise of the lathes and a subdued bustle radiates from the eager boys. There is a boy standing at the grindstone sharpening a plane iron. He must get just so much of a bevel and have it just so much concave, else he cannot hope to have a good working plane. Here is a boy intently studying a working drawing, figuring out how he is to make the pattern which he has in mind. Evidently he is a little puzzled over the drawing, as he has gone to the instructor to have it made clear. Over at that lathe we see a boy carefully turning an intricate pattern. His hand is steady and every little while he tests his pattern with his callipers to see whether it is conforming with his drawing. He says that if the pattern is incorrect even so much as a sixty-fourth of an inch it will be useless for casting purposes. As we walk around the room among the boys we become aware of a subtle spirit of mutual interest between them. Here is democracy in its true form. The sons of the banker, merchant, manufacturer and laborer are working together in perfect concurrence.

As we leave the class we ponder on the results of manual training as we have just observed them. Accuracy, patience and self-control, those prime requisites of good school work, occupy a prominent place. The spirit of democracy is a very important result and especially is it of value in after life when it is of immense benefit in solving the perplexing social questions with which we must deal. If space permitted we might mention the ambition which it inspires in a boy to make some original

piece of work, the tendency which it has to develop a theorist into a practical man. Suffice it to say, however, that the general result of manual training is to make the boy more careful in doing small things; to make him more charitably inclined to his fellow men, to make him more liberal minded, with a broader perspective; and to make him a more useful citizen to his fellow men.

It is with the realization of the vast and peculiarly beneficent importance of these results that municipalities have voted large sums of money for the introduction of manual training. Among the first to recognize it was Omaha. From the very beginning it was popular and under the guidance of Mr. Wigman it has enjoyed a healthy growth. Exhibits at the Trans-Mississippi and St. Louis expositions have taken gold medals in competition with exhibits of other schools far better equipped. If we are to sustain the splendid reputation that the manual training department of Omaha High School now enjoys it is imperative that the department be enlarged and improved. The congestion of the manual training classes demands it and the necessity of a four years' course advises it.

There are two plans by which we may achieve this improvement. We shall not attempt to choose between them, but will state briefly a few of the advantages and objections of each. The first plan lies in the erection of a separate manual training building embracing a drawing room, lathe room, bench room, foundry and machine shops. In many ways this would be an ideal solution. We would have the very latest improvements and altogether a fine manual training equipment. Still it would destroy the plan of the High School, which is for a centralized building. There would arise much confusion incident to the change of classes from one building to another and the cost would be considerable. Moreover, it would not relieve to any appreciable extent the present congestion of the school in general.

The second plan lies in the erection

or rather completion of one of the wings which is planned for the new building. By relieving the congestion of the rest of the school this would allow for the expansion of the manual training department in the old building. The basement could be fitted out for a foundry, a forge room and a machine shop, while the lathe room, bench room and drawing room could be located on the higher floors. It is true that there are some disadvantages to this plan also. The light would not be what it should be and there would be some unavoidable disagreeabilities in fitting an equipment to an old building which was primarily designed for other purposes. Still the unity of the High School would be preserved and the congestion of the whole school relieved.

By either of these plans Omaha would have an enviable manual training department. Let the friends of education vote the bonds and we shall have a manual training department which will be a credit to Omaha and to the west.

*Ralph Rapp.*

### Domestic Science

First Prize—NETTIE MARTIN '05.  
Second Prize—HULDA ANDERSON '06.

To the average High School girl this euphonious title suggests nothing more or less than a faint and fleeting vision of pots and kettles. The round of existence for most of us is so taken up with understanding that "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres" or in climbing over the "pons assinorum," that little or no time is left for making the acquaintance of that dearest spot on earth—the pantry—unless, perhaps, we steal down to devour some of its hidden treasures. But so far from knowing how to manufacture those tempting concoctions that win the heart of man, we have only the vaguest idea that somehow or somewhere they come into existence.

Many enthusiasts look upon this condition of affairs as being truly deplorable. Education, they say, is all very well; it

raises up lofty ideals and praiseworthy ambitions, but it is one sided. For the average woman it possesses nothing of real practical worth. Certain it is that our education might receive this just censure. Much time is given to subjects which to all intents and purposes will not aid us, directly, in the every day concerns of life. We build up a vast labyrinth of idealism and wander child-like through its mazes, oblivious of many of the sterner aspects of existence. All this is highly enjoyable, but our training to be perfect must be comprehensive; it must cultivate both the real and the ideal. We cannot hope to build a structure that will put to scorn the slights of fortune and the trials of life unless our foundation is firm. And what in every woman's life forms so large a part of this foundation as a thorough knowledge of domestic science? Whether she reigns as the mistress of the palace or the queen of the cottage, her work is the same. She must make home the fairest spot on earth for those who are dear to her.

For the accomplishment of this end I think we will all admit that she needs an education as comprehensive as it is within her power to acquire, but the times further demand that she must understand perfectly every intrinsic detail of her establishment. She must have a practical knowledge of laundry work, dressmaking and the culinary art.

Give a woman the best products of the market, give her the best tools to work with and unless she has a knowledge of cookery she will ruin your digestion and your bank account. Sound health, happiness and a long life cannot be built on the insecure foundations of muddy coffee, soggy potatoes and heavy bread. No matter how saintly and loving the housewife, if she is a poor cook her noble qualities of character are at a discount. What artist finds it in his heart to ascend to aetherial realms of loveliness on the wings of a half cooked breakfast. What statesman has ever had the courage to attempt to solve the world's problems when his better seven-eighths had failed to solve the question of domestic science?

### The Senior Contest

On April 21 occurred the annual Senior Contest. The Reds, under the leadership of Raymond Hayward, defeated the Whites led by William Robertson. The program was as follows: Instrumental music, Dora Stevens, red; Georgia Ellsberry, white; white won. Essay, Constance Buddenburg, red; Imogene McCaig, white; white won. Debate, Arthur Procter, red; Carl Van Sant, white; red won. Oration, Charles Brome, red; James McCulloch, white; white won. Vocal music, Addison Mould, red; George Long, white; red won; Margaret Whitney, red; Florence DeGraff, white; white won. In the recitation Julia Nagl, a pupil of Miss Fitch, won for the reds over Maud Huston who spoke for the whites. The original poem was won by Elizabeth Rolofson, white, over Marian Funkhouser, red. The burlesque was won by the fine production presented by the reds. Besides this the red side won on tickets and posters making their total 11½ points, while 7½ points was the total of the whites. Nearly \$4.00 was cleared which will be used for adding to the beauties of the new building.

The czar to his newly born sonsky,  
In the bank put a great sum of monsky;  
When asked why he gave  
Such a sum to his babe,  
He replied, "That's my great Fresh  
Heir Fundsky."  
—Ex.

The census embraces 7,000,000 women. How would you like to be the census?—Ex.

A yacht can stand on a tack in silence, but a man isn't built like a yacht.—Ex.

The delicate organism of the body can only be properly supplied with the strength required for its maintenance by well prepared and nourishing food.

What mind, be it ever so lofty, does not thrill with delight, as in fancy it rambles among the dead fact and enjoys once again the joys of Thanksgiving and Christmas, half of whose pleasures were the sumptuous dinners? What sagacious man of 40 does not wilt into smiles as the aroma of those doughnuts that mother used to make comes floating back to him from the realms of boyhood.

Many persons of some little judgment feel that a knowledge of domestic science is all very well for the girl in ordinary circumstances, but that it is unnecessary for the daughter of wealthy parents. No greater mistake is conceivable. If the mistress of the home is not acquainted with every department of her work, she can hardly expect to get the best returns from her servants. Knowledge is power, and where a woman possesses it she inspires respect and confidence. Add to this a kindness of manner in the management of her household and the servant girl problem will have solved itself. Therefore, considering that a thorough knowledge of domestic science is the great cornerstone in the education of the average woman, that it makes home, more truly homelike, teaches the culinary arts and all the details of housekeeping, aids woman in the management of her servants and makes life for those in the home more truly divine by making it more truly human, I make bold to say that no girl, no matter what her circumstances or condition in life may be, can afford to neglect this most essential part of her education.

*Nettie Martin.*

Said the shoe to the stocking,  
"I'll wear a hole in you."  
Said the stocking to the shoe,  
"I'll be darned if you do."  
—Ex.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,  
Snore and you sleep alone.—Ex.

# High School Register

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## A Sermon

THERE ARE few of us who, in the affairs of life, do not fall short of our hopes and plans. Ambitions are seldom more than partially fulfilled and ideals are never realized. The arrows, though launched with all our strength and skill, always fall a trifle short of the mark. It is the common and inevitable fate of all who have aspirations worthy the name to meet with disappointment.

But in realizing this there is no philosophy of despair. We have not always the wisdom which might make our hopes worthy of fulfillment and besides many of us may strive for the same place which but one may hold. The lesson of the fact to us is that we must aim high to accomplish much. If we cannot attain all we desire we should labor for the greatest objects in order that we may attain as much as possible.

The mere choice of a goal will not insure our accomplishment, however. It

is because the greatness of the prize stimulates us to greater efforts that we should all aim high. Our end is unworthy unless it calls forth the best there is in us and none but a sluggard will attempt only what is easily done. We should aim as high as our vision can reach and then willingly bear the toil in order that we may accomplish. Our only excuse for being in the world is a desire to better it. Our only justification for remaining lies in noble effort to attain such a desire.

One of the most striking marks of a truly great man is confidence. Not confidence in commonplace affairs, but confidence for mighty deeds. But such confidence is not merely a self realization of powers; it is assurance born of highest aims and resolution for unceasing toil. Great men are confident because they know that they will do all that lies in their ability to do, and with that they are content.

That it is better to fail greatly than to succeed a little is true, but whether we believe that or not we all must realize that we cannot do more than we attempt. We do not know what powers may lie hidden in us, and we should never be wanting in courage. He who attempts great things and does his best will do much. The working principle of true success must always be, "Believe in yourself!"

...

## A Parable

ONCE UPON a time in the merry month of May, in the early morning, a student with his compendiums and epitomes duly encased in imitation leather was betaking himself to school. As he was turning to leave the parental threshold his father thus addressed him: "'Tis a fine day for outdoor exercise, my son. Thou hast said that thy studies are all progressing well. Why shouldst thou not remain at home today and mow the lawn?"

The son turned upon his father with a holy look in his childlike orbs and answered: "Oh, my father, how canst thou speak so? I know too well that it were better for me if I did it not. My body pines for rest, but my mind is athirst for knowledge and I will follow the path of duty."

So speaking, he hurried on. As he went he filled his lungs with the clear, pure air and looked longingly upon the empty lots with their verdant growth of young, sturdy weeds and his soul was filled with a great desire. His breast swelled with emotion and at last, unable to walk further, he sat him down upon the curbstone. Long he struggled with himself and at last he carefully secreted

his bundle of knowledge in a clump of weeds and began the long journey to the willows that weep by the river. Many times he looked back at the spot where his books were hidden with truefelt sighs of regret. He bethought him of the pleasant class rooms with their delicious spring time warmth and comfort, of the lessons so considerately assigned and so easily learned, of the text books with all the charm of familiarity and the teachers with their patient liberality, and he sighed to return to them. But the spring time called and not be denied.

He played upon the mossy, muddy brink of the river with others of his kind all afternoon. Indeed, our hero outstayed them all and enjoyed his happiness fully an hour more than they. When he arrived at his father's house he was late to dinner and his hair still clung clammy and damp upon his temples. But all the cleverness derived from a high school education was racked for excuses and right cheerfully did he deceive his father's understanding. On full many a day after this did he repeat this irrepressible conflict, always with the same conscience-stricken regret that he was forced to submit to the call of the waters. Excuses he manufactured with unlimited ingenuity.

But as the days drew on there came a time of finalities. Then he spent his days hurrying anxiously from one teacher to another, plying them with questions, doing them unnumbered kindnesses, and his nights in absorbing learning with feverish impotence far into the "we sma'" hours of the morning. Tests—those terrible five-handed monsters—at last seized hold upon him. They inquired of him the date of Washington's death and he could only answer that the skylark had sung right joyfully. They threat-



eneed him with mathematical formulae and he shrank in terror. They asked him many questions and his brain could only answer that the water rippled gently.

And when it was all over he learned with weary disgust that he had flunked. He wondered in dull amazement why. He felt that in the last few weeks he had worked with wonderful zeal—and so he had. When his mood changed he wildly shrieked against the cruel hand of fate. Then at last a wicked, evil light of joy came into his eyes. He recalled how this teacher had refused him a privilege on a certain day. How that one had severely reproved him for little acts of folly and in his heart he knew why he had failed. His teachers were against him. They hated him. Their sole ambition, the one thought of their waking and sleeping hours, was to ruin him. He wildly cursed them as a race of fiends. And when his anger had cooled and vacation had passed he went back again and with the return of spring inspired by the memory of the last school year—he did it all again.

### Organizations

Now that the school year is drawing to a close it is interesting to look back and notice the work done by the various literary societies this year. All of them have worked hard and with a few exceptions each one has had a closed program every two weeks. In nearly all cases some special topic has been the subject of each program, covering a wide range of work.

The Pleiades have enjoyed several programs which treated of life among nations not so well known to us, such as Russia, Japan and Italy. In contrast to

this are the Hawthorne programs, which were mainly on poets. The Elaines had several interesting programs on famous women, poets, queens, etc. At the meeting of the Lininger Travel club the time was profitably spent in studying foreign countries. The Priscilla Aldens, as their name would imply, have bent their energies upon the study of Colonial life in America, which has proved to be most delightful.

The boys' societies, of course, have presented still another phase of study—that of debating, and their proficiency in this is shown by the number of debates won by Omaha this year, notably those with Lincoln and Beatrice.

For the first time the societies composed of girls of the outgoing class will not leave the school when the class graduates, for this year both the Elaine and Pleiades societies have admitted freshmen members and have thus become permanent organizations. We hope all these societies will have as bright a future as they have had a past and that the good fortune which has attended them will follow them in the future.

### Music

Music, that great, mysterious something that has stirred and controlled the varied emotions of mankind from time immemorial. What is it? From whence does it derive its magnetic power? Literally, 'tis naught but the harmonized rhythm of the tongue or hands. But what is more effectual than it, in rousing the soul to a perfect uncontrollable frenzy, in touching the innermost passions of the human heart, or in lulling to restful calm the poor, soul burdened down with a cup of sorrow drained to the dregs? To the sound of music the new born infant is

welcomed into the world. To the sound of music the last quenched spark of human greatness is lowered to its last resting place. The wild, untutored child of nature goes unconcernedly to his death, chanting the tribal death song. 'Twas music that once brought fright and loathsome horror to the terrorized countenance, as the awful demon-like chant of triumph of the insane Indian at his deadly work, burst on the listening ear. And far back in past ages the stirring sound of martial music has lured to his death the soldier on the battlefield; the great resonant war drums of the African tribes, calling to arms the villages for miles around; the wild and weird music of the Orient, rousing from his midday slumber the desert Arab, warning him of the coming enemy; the bagpipe of the Scottish hills, lining the mountain cairns with rugged clansmen; the war cry of the Mohawk echoing and re-echoing through the sounding forest, or the mighty hymn of praise, swelling from the numberless throats of Cromwell's Roundheads awakening in them the highest pitch of fanaticism. And still in modern times the clear, sweet note of the bugle ringing over the battlefield, calling the troops to be charge. And in like manner it always has and will be an important factor in ruling the destinies of all generations, for future ages will hunt in vain for a charm proof against its siren magic.

*Carl Rench, '07.*

Another school year is drawing to a close. We may look back upon its pleasant memories and sigh in our desire to live them once again. But on turning again to the future we forget the past and our sighs are lost in the noise made

by the rush of the world in its eagerness for advancement in commerce and civilization. It is a blessing that we may be able to look forward to the posterity and let the past be past, but occasionally it is equally beneficial to look back over the battles we have fought, thus profiting by our defeats and strengthening our victories; to see how much we have developed in every branch of our character and where we have left vacancies which we might have filled with the energy used to develop other branches of less usefulness. So let us look each over the year that has just passed and see how much we have accomplished in music, and how much more we have left undone. Several societies have organized choruses, among which are the Elaine, the German society and the Hawthorne. These choruses have been doing splendid work. Their songs have been to the meetings of their respective societies a means of relaxation from the literary part of their programs.

The Glee club gave a program at Unity church February 22, assisted by Miss Florence De Graff, Miss Emily Cleve, Miss Helen Sadilek and Mr. Jo F. Barton. A very appreciative audience attended. Miss Emily Cleve and Mr. Barton carried off the laurels of the evening. Miss Cleve received a double encore and Mr. Barton as much, but was unable to respond on account of the absence of music.

The Octette has been busy singing for societies of the school and for entertainments outside of the school in different parts of the city. The orchestra has progressed very rapidly under Mr. Stanley Letovsky's leadership, despite the lack of instrumentation, and has played for programs both within and without the school.

For one musicale given in the city six numbers out of eleven were rendered by High School talent.

One of the most interesting features in the musical line given during the year was the musical burlesque given in the Senior contest by the red side. It displayed the good taste and voices of the participants.

We observe how the school has shown its development throughout the city.

Why can we not send some of our talent across the state and let the world beyond the walls of our city be benefited by our advancement in this art?

### Wellesley College

BUELAH BUCKLEY, '09.

Wellesley is truly the "College Beautiful." With its broad, spacious campus and its many fine buildings, it is an ideal surrounding for the four years of a girl's college life. The entrance to the college grounds is guarded by a quaint little stone lodge. As we turn in at the gate we see only what looks like a great park, with the towers of Stone hall rising through the trees.

Driving along the pretty winding road with its tall shade trees on either side, the campus stretches out before us. Here on our left is a big barn-like structure, the scene of many frolics. Here were held the clandestine freshman class meeting, the sophomore prom, and the junior play. Farther on, at the left, is Stone hall, a very large building, but not the largest that Wellesley can boast. Here and there from the different hills (for Wellesley, like Rome, is built on seven hills), the different college buildings stand guard over the beautiful campus.

Through the trees we catch a glimpse of the rippling blue waters of Lake Waban, the scene of such happy times in the Wellesley girl's life.

At last we drive up to College hall, the pride of Wellesley girls' heart, as well it may be. This immense building, an eighth of a mile long, resembles a large hotel. In it are numberless recitation rooms and many student rooms, besides halls, lecture halls, offices and parlors. It is built with a rotunda in the center, banked with huge palms, and the marble floors and columns and many statues give it the appearance of some fine public building. On recitation days this hall presents a busy sight, with its crowds of girls passing to and fro, and the hustle and bustle of the "strenuous" life which the girls lead.

But it is not all work, by any means, though Wellesley, like all other colleges, has her share of that. Many and varied are the kinds of fun which are the Wellesley girls' share—the country ball, which the girls attend in the roles of country swains and maidens; the colonial ball, where our dainty great grandmothers merrily dance; May day, a happy time when every one is a child again, and then, too, the little teas and spreads in your own room when your friends have been the favored recipients of a box from home.

But the two good times of which Wellesley is proudest are Float day and Tree day. Early in the spring Lake Waban is crowded with little row boats and one may see the crews practicing. When Float day, in June, arrives the campus around the lake is hung with gay colored Japanese lanterns which give the appearance of a veritable fairyland. The rowing takes place at night and crowds

of people line the shore to watch the pretty sight. After the exhibition the crews all come together in the form of a star at the center of the lake, while the mandolin club is carried out to them and soon music is wafted to the shore.

Tree day, the other festival, in June, is most interesting to the seniors and freshmen, as they take the important parts. All the classes are in costume and a theme is worked out in the beautiful dancing.

All year long, beginning early in November, the girls have been trained for this in the secrecy of the gym., so that when they dance on the green campus and the freshmen divulge their class flower, color and song, it is a pleasant surprise to everyone.

This year the girls enjoyed an extra amount of fun at the time of the presidential campaign, for a miniature campaign, with its rallies, stump speeches and parades, was carried on within the sacred precincts of the college.

Each day brings something new and beautiful in this life and even a freshman cannot fail to realize how much her college does mean and will mean to her.

### Locals

The year is nearly ended and the time for saying "farewell" is almost here. For the Seniors, "farewell to the dear O. H. S. forever, never to enter its doors again as a student." For the Junior, "farewell to the difficulties of Juniors and greetings to the glories of the Seniors." For the Sophs., "farewell to childhood, the path of glory lies in the Junior." For the Freshman, "farewell to the hardships and privations of the Fresh. and hurrah for the prospect of cheering other new

freshmen in the way we were cheered."

The sweet tooth of the Omahans has certainly cultivated recently by the numerous candy booths, fudge parties, etc. Although not good for the students and their pocketbooks, it is certainly good for the doctors and the societies for whose benefit the sales were given.

Over one hundred pupils went to Lincoln May 19th and were given a fine time by the Lincolnites, more especially the students of the University. Although Lincoln and Omaha track teams were not allowed to compete, "because the smaller teams would stand no show beside us," yet the field day exercises were enjoyed very much by all and great skill was shown in the different exercises. The Y. W. C. A. gave a reception in their rooms for the girls and the Y. M. C. A. gave one for the boys. The visitors from the O. H. S. never felt so proud of their magnificent High School as when the Chancellor Andrews, in chapel, gave it such high praise, when he said that the Omaha High School was one of the best, if not the best in the state. Are we not all proud of it?

The fates certainly must be against us in debating these latter days, for we have not been ahead. But still we hope and know this streak of ill-luck will not last and we will soon have the same glory in debating that has been ours.

*CAMP!!!! One week!!!!*

Elmer Umsted, a former O. H. S. student, has set up a studio for teaching the piano.

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(Will monstrosities never cease)?

What's the difference between a whisper and a front seat?

Ans.—None.

Wise Soph.—The Romans must have been great athletes to jump over such buildings as the Pantheon.

Miss Sullivan—I don't understand you.

Wise Soph.—Why, the book says they vaulted the roofs.

How much is Words worth?

Why, a Coleridge, of course.

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A young theologian named Fiddle Refused to accept his degree. He said, "It's enough to be Fiddle, Without being Fiddle D. D."

Very well, now you have 9328 things to do.

A canner exceedingly canny, One morning remarked to his granny, "A canner can can all that goods that he can,

But he can't can a can, can he granny?

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Dr. Senter—I'm a little short — of platinum.

Captains! Remember, we can quote you a special price on drinks for your company. Beaton Drug Co.

Walter Hoffman, in 9 B German—The boy clum up the tree.

As Curt was going out one eye

His father questioned, "Whither?"

And Curt, not wishing to deceive,

With blushes, answered, "With her."

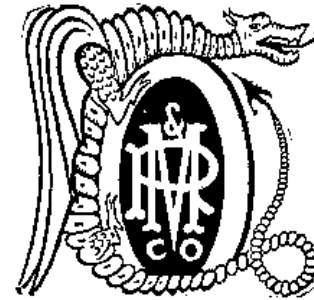
Herr Rood (Trans. in German)—I am one of the beautifulest creatures with which you have adorned the world.

Sears—Say, Homer, what is that building they are putting up a Twentieth and Farnam.

H. C.—Oh, that's an automobile garage.

Zer Zer Freeze, our latest Soda creation. Beaton Drug Co.

Capt. Olney (to left guide)—Take a little longer and shorter step.



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