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1906

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The REGISTER

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2nd Summer
Term
Boyles
College
Monday,
July 2

The REGISTER

Vol. XX.

OMAHA, MAY-JUNE, 1906.

No. 9.

The Dawn of the Twentieth Century

ELSIE JOHNSON, '06.

As a man rises in the early morning to see the world transfigured in the rosy light and to be inspired by the sight to renewed vigor and perseverance, so nations pause a moment at the opening of a century to take a glance at the world to see what of hope, what of inspiration the century is to furnish.

As the world pauses on the threshold of the twentieth century it sees that in the coming years we are to fulfill Lowell's prophecy and have

"One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt
Old systems and the Word."

The old struggle between darkness and light is to go on, but, more and more, light is gaining the ascendancy.

The most striking mark of the twentieth century is the broadening of human sympathies and feeling, the sense of brotherhood and of the unity of the human race.

This idea of universal brotherhood is not of recent origin. Born in the throes of the American Revolution and baptized in the best blood of France, it has been growing in power for a long time. To an immeasurable extent it has been helped by the great inventions of the nineteenth century. Telegraph, railroad and steamboat, all have helped to bring men closer together and to give them a broader outlook. There are now no "hermit" nations, for modern means of communication have brought them all within easy reach. Japan, China, Siam, Africa, stretch out their hands and open their doors to receive the white man and his Christian civilization which they so mercilessly barred out fifty years ago.

Patriotism has come to have a broader significance, no longer can we say with Richelieu, "Beyond the map of France my heart can travel not." Our sympathy no longer stops at the boundaries of our own country; it has grown wide as the universe. We stretch out the hand of brotherhood to suffering Cuba. We step between our brothers in Russia and Japan to intercede for peace. We take upon ourselves the task of uplifting the Philippines. For the first time we are realizing fully the idea that all men are brothers.

This crumbling of national barriers manifests itself in an unwillingness to go to war. When we see two such implacable enemies as France and Germany arbitrating a matter which a century ago would have brought on war, we feel that we are nearing the goal which Tennyson yearned for,—“When the war drum ‘throbs’ no longer, and the battle flags ‘are’ furled. In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”

It may be the crowning achievement of the twentieth century to do away with the international duel, as it was the province of the nineteenth to do away with the private duel.

But in caring for the brother without our gates we have not forgotten those within our borders. Nowhere today does any man ask scornfully, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Everywhere the philanthropist is at work. Frances Willard sacrificed position and ease and spent her lifetime in the effort to save the American people from the vice of drunkenness. Men have labored in behalf of the brothers who have gone astray and have brought it about that prisons are no longer hot-beds of infectious fever.

There is a growing recognition that the influence of environment is stronger than that of heredity. The Juvenile Court is taking children from the streets, inquiring into their mode of living, putting them into better surroundings and giving them a fighting chance by removing the great odds against them. Labor conditions have been much improved as to hours, as to sanitary conditions under which the employee is expected to work, and as to sharing of profits, although this still remains a vast field for twentieth century endeavor.

But perhaps the greatest movement of them all is the movement of organized charity. Human sympathy for sorrow and suffering is finding a great outlet in these concentrated efforts to overcome poverty and vice. The noble work which Jane Addams is carrying on at Hull House is being repeated in settlements all over the country. The Visiting Nurses' Association, the Salvation Army, the societies for the care of orphans, and countless other institutions bear witness to the kindly feeling of man for his neighbor.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century the poets, wild with joy, sang of this spirit of universal brotherhood and confidently awaited its rapid spread over the world. When this did not come a period of great depression naturally followed. But we, at the beginning of the twentieth century, can see that the spirit has grown steadily in spite of many discouragements and in a much firmer tone we can now say with Burns:

"Then come it will as come it may
And come it will for all that
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for all that."

Our Debt to Ireland

EVA MURPHY, '06.

The American nation is made up of branches of all races, of people from all countries, of men from all parts of the world and to each race, country and man does she owe a debt in some way. They have all helped make us the nation that we are, they have all added some trait to our character as a whole.

We were among the first of the countries of the world to open wide our doors and take all men to our bosom, and we have not yet seen the day to rue this policy. Surely it must have been a wise one or we should not be the power that we are or have the prestige we now have.

But no foreigner, whether he be from the icy regions of Norway, the sunny slopes of France, or from balmy Italy, whether he be a thrifty German, a stolid Hollander or a sanguine Swede, has done more for the land of his choice than he who came from the Emerald Isle.

Oppressed and down-trodden in the land of his birth, with no chance to better his condition, physically or mentally, he must needs look for a better home for his posterity. Hearing of this great land of ours, it seemed to him to be the "Land of Promise," and he accordingly set out to seek it. He loves his country above all else, and it is with a heavy heart and flagging step that he leaves his thatched cottage for the vast unknown.

Is it surprising that when one of his environment comes here that at first he takes his place as a common laborer, earning his little wage by the sweat of his brow? The wonder is rather that he should adapt himself so quickly to the better conditions he finds here and take advantage of every opportunity to advance himself and his children. Yet even as one of the common herd he has rendered great service to his adopted country. He has dug our canals, built our railroads, developed our mines and constructed our sky-scrapers.

His attention was called most naturally to the government of the new land in which he found himself. He wonders if it is here, as in his home land, the synonym for oppression, quickly finds out otherwise and so takes an active interest in politics. He has that sincere sympathy for mankind which soon leads to a wide knowledge of human nature, the ready wit and humor which draws men's hearts and makes him many friends, and he is in fact a born leader of men, so we find him taking his place as state legislator, congressman or president, seven of the race having filled the presidential chair.

These qualities have made him the orator that he is, and there are indeed few Irishmen who have not kissed the "Blarney Stone," and so are able to win people to their views. Displaying this ability we find such men as Blaine and Patrick Henry, exerting a mighty influence on our government and history.

This same quick sympathy for all mankind has made this a race of teachers. From the slender, blue-eyed lass who takes up the burdens of a country school to such men as Superintendent Maxwell of the New York public schools and President Harper of Chicago University, we find Irish instructors and our schools could not be in better charge, for they are performing their duty faithfully and well.

And not only are the members of this race exerting an educational influence through the schools, but in many a newspaper office and publishing house you will find Irish editors perched high on their stools, intent on their mission of being an agent of good in the world.

Because of the romantic and imaginative strains in the Irish blood, the race has produced its poetry and we Americans owe it a debt for that produced in our land.

In art they shine as in every sphere of life. In the beautiful statue of the Goddess of Liberty, high up on the dome of the capitol at Washington, and the noble statue of Lincoln in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and innumerable other famous works of sculpture we may see the genius of eminent sculptors of the race.

They are not at all backward in their work in science and we should be duly thankful as we reap the benefits of their researches.

Hand in hand with their scientific discoveries go their inventions. Many are the examples which might be given here, but it is sufficient to say that a race which is so anxious to leave its native country when that race is such a patriotic one is bound to produce its inventors for it has been truly said that "Necessity is the Mother of Invention," and perhaps there are not many people who realize that we owe to them the first steamboat, the first reaper and the first electric telegraph in the world!

But in our wars! What a shining light the Irishmen have been there, and what a brilliant part they have taken!

They are all great lovers of independence and liberty, and haters of degradation of any form. Having been unable in their own home to successfully cope with the gigantic power of England, they were all the more ready to take up arms against her in our Revolutionary War. In any land, at any time, in any war, in which Liberty and Freedom are the stakes, there will you find an Irish brigade well to the front of the ranks in the thick of the fight, doing valiant and needed service. And not only in the rank and file of the army, but among the highest officers they are to be found.

In any fair history of our own wars there will be found names without number of Irishmen who sacrificed their lives in the cause of Liberty. From the first general to fall in the Revolutionary War to the "Father of the Navy"; from the dashing Phil Sheridan, who made the fast ride and won the day in the Shenandoah Valley, to General Meade, who showed his mettle at Gettysburg, we have examples of the military genius of the race, and of some of the men who have done this, our country, a great service.

Then surely, when in future time an impartial historian shall try to parcel out to each race its share of the mighty and ever-accumulating debt which America owes to her adopted sons, not least shall be the share of those who came from "Green Ireland."

Our Military Problem—A Suggestion

CLEMENT CLASE.

"Give up your armies and navies, let us have peace!" This is the petition of the peace advocate—and what would we not give to see it granted? But until human nature is changed, and radically changed, war is ever a possibility, a factor that must be reckoned with in all a

nation's plans. We are well aware of the suddenness with which a war cloud may form on the horizon, sweep over the land and burst upon the heads of an unprepared people.

But a few years ago this land was stirred to the heart by the plea for help that came from a defenseless island at our doors. An awful disaster, a blow at our flag, ignites the smouldering sentiment. The nation, eager for vengeance and keen for action, demands war, and at the same moment opens its purse to the need. From its chosen head goes out a call for volunteers. The regulars are mobilized, and from every corner of the land is heard the tramp of marching men hastening on their double errand of mercy for the weak and death for the oppressor. It is a glorious spectacle, a magnificent demonstration, that should fill us with pride for our land.

The United States, standing foremost in world politics, is a great nation, occupying a position that is enviable, but at the same time one that exposes it to all the entanglements and disputes to which a world-power is liable. This position it cannot or at least will not give up. What has happened will happen again; at some future day another alarm will sound and once more will we be called upon to match the brute strength of this nation with that of another on the field of battle. This time it will not be a senile monarchy, tottering with age and decay, that we shall have to meet, but a powerful empire, boasting a mighty army, backed by tremendous resources of wealth and commerce.

What will be the result?

What would have been the result in 1898?

The confusion, the military pandemonium, the absurd tangle of red tape and ignorance and graft that ensued after the magnificent response to McKinley's proclamation—what would have been its result? What would have happened after the little body of regulars had been sent to the front, during the time when the militia in each state was deciding whether it ought to go to war or not, during the time when the great mob of clerks and farmers, laborers and students, was being whipped into shape and being shown how to hold a gun, march and pitch a tent? We all very well know what would have happened. The inevitable reverses might not have lasted long, for, after the first brutal hammering of a campaign, our mighty armies of citizens soldiery make the finest fighting machines in the world. But in modern warfare the first short campaign counts for much, and it was because Russia was learning how to shoot and to fight for the first time, that matters went as they did in Manchuria. We cannot afford to pay the price she did for experience, yet we must some day face the same conditions she did, and the question is—how shall we do it?

Briefly, the problem is this. Out of a regular force of less than sixty thousand men, together with a national guard of about one hundred thousand men, which may be augmented by a reserve force containing every able-bodied man in the United States between the age of eighteen and forty-five years, we are required to form, on a moment's notice, an army capable of meeting on equal terms the standing mili-

tary forces of from half a million to a million men that are maintained by European nations.

At first thought the simplest and most direct method of meeting the situation would be the enlargement of our regular army to a size proportionate to our wealth and population. At first thought, but not on second, for our people are far too wise to fasten about their necks the millstone that is fast hurrying Europe into bankruptcy.

Again, we might increase the National Guard to several times its present size. But to this plan also there are serious objections. Militia duty takes much of a young man's time, and in peace offers little in return. It would be difficult to secure many more men unless the money value of their time was given them, and if it were, the government would not be sure, even then, that it was getting what it wished. Many men who help swell the paper strength of the militia and who would gladly take government pay for armory drill, find it hard to tear themselves away from their firesides when the call for real war comes. The government found this out, to its cost, during the Spanish war.

Simpler than either of these plans, and with none of their drawbacks, is the one which provides for the training of the reserve militia, which includes every man in the United States, with but few exceptions.

Marksmanship is one of the deciding factors in modern battles. The side whose individual soldiers are accustomed to scoring bulls-eyes on a thousand yard range, will be the side the god of war favors. Rifle practice cannot well be indulged in after the beginning of hostilities. This last plan provides for the establishment of rifle ranges in the vicinity of every city of size in the country, the issuance, under bond, of government rifles and ammunition to all properly organized rifle clubs, and the establishment of a system of cash prizes and rewards for various grades of proficiency. Such a scheme would afford training to thousands of men who could not spare the time for armory drill; in hour of need, with but little further instruction, they would make, under proper leadership, splendid troops. Nowadays the soldier does not need much parade-ground training—it is the man with the gun and the officer with the brain that counts.

Another provision is compulsory drill, under direct supervision of the government, in all the colleges and larger high schools. Examine the results attained by four years of drill here in our own High school, and try to imagine what it would mean if each year every school in the land was giving to the country a group of young men as well founded in the rudiments of tactics and the principles of discipline, and who were, in addition, skilled sharpshooters.

The expense of the whole undertaking, from the erection of ranges to the detailing of officers for duty, might be easily covered by an appropriation no larger than that just made by Congress for one mammoth battleship, a world-beater, but whose efficiency when completed will be doubtful.

Congress has other matters to engage its attention; we are, after all, in some ways a nation of fatalists—and war seems such a remote

possibility. We may sleep on, secure in the belief that armies can be created as in our fathers' times, when every man was a hunter; but some day there will be an awakening, and we will come dazedly to our senses, to find that it is too late either to plan or to act. We must plan now and we must act now, and then in the hour of peril there will spring from factory, shop and home an army of wide-awake, fearless, intelligent men, with enough military training to enable them skillfully to defend their land and make every shot tell.

A sharp war, a short war, and again success to the old flag!

The Flight of Pegasus

SARAH MARTIN.

While Greece was still young Minerva, after catching and taming the winged Pegasus, gave him to the Muses, who made him the steed of the poets.

In the early days of England, when the language was still new, beautiful Pegasus descended to earth to allow a youth to mount him. But the air here was so different from that of his sunny southern home that the poor horse could raise his rider just high enough to let him see the beauties of the May time, to hear the twitter of the birds, and see the upturned faces of the daisies. He saw the people going nither and thither, busy with their own affairs; a wonderful procession, the nun with her dainty ways, the knight with his stained surcoat, and the monk with his love for good eatables, and he hovered near enough to hear the tales with which they beguiled their journey.

After this merry ride to Canterbury, Chaucer dismounted, but forgot to tether his steed, and Pegasus, relieved of his rider, stretched his broad pinions, ascended into the air, and for a century was seen in England no more.

Many years after this wonderful ride a youth wandered down from the north and in front of a hexagonal tower in London saw the snowy Pegasus tethered. Attracted by the beauty of the horse the lad untied him and climbed upon his back. A little more used to the weight of the air in England, Pegasus was able to lift this rider higher. Above the streets on London Shakespeare rode and was able to see not only the men and their actions but the motives for those actions, and among the throng his eye was attracted to the stalwart figure of Macbeth and the hunchback, Richard Third.

Then, tired of these haunts, the winged steed carried him up and away to sunny Italy, where he saw in the moonlight Romeo standing on the hempen ladder courting his lady-love, Juliet, and in Venice saw Shylock rushing through the streets calling for his daughter and his lost ducats.

The beautiful steed carried this youth beyond the land of human knowledge to the kingdom of the fairies, where he had so lately carried Spenser. Here the fairy queen, Titania, drugged by the juice of a sweet flower was lavishing her caresses and attentions on a fool with an asses head.

But soon after this beautiful ride with the youth Shakespeare another rider found Pegasus, but on mounting him he forgot to loosen the rope of didacticism with which he had been tied, so the gallant steed was hampered and could not fly with much freedom. In spite of this he carried the rider first to the country where the birds were singing and the flowers were blooming and then to the magic wood of Comus. But here that throng of didacticism so troubled the poor horse that he stumbled frequently, finally fell, and throwing his rider to the earth left him to wander on foot for many years. At last, however, he returned and Milton, old and feeble, mounted him and:

"pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time;
The living Throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

Now the poor horse fell upon evil days. He beat his shining wings vainly in the attempt to free his feet from the mire of the world. He no longer flew with broad free movement, but beat his wings in a slow, regular stroke. This motion pleased his riders, who knew nothing of the broader view.

For a century and a half he remained near the salons and courts. But he longed for the babble of the brooks and the clear country air, so at the first rumbling of the approaching strife, when the crash of the falling Bastille was heard, he threw these ignoble riders headlong and flew away, gladly to submit himself to a new seat of men who were ready for higher flights.

Never had he worked so hard, and never had he so enjoyed his work. Keats he lifted to a world of beauty. He carried Child Harold on a pilgrimage through Europe. He bore Shelley to the clear atmosphere of an ideal world. With Wordsworth he would have mounted so high that he would have met with joys unknown on earth, but the rider hobbled him by a theory which would not let him soar. Ah, what glorious days were these! Never was the earth so fair, never was the sun so bright, shedding its radiance into every nook and corner of the world, and mortals never sung songs so joyous as those of these riders.

By and by, however, that joy was lost. The cries of the mob near the guillotine and the crash of Napoleon's cannon as he marched on in his bloody career, reached England. Pegasus dropped his wings, and now some riders guided him to lands to which he was totally unaccustomed. No longer in the fields of nature, but into the realm of art, he carried Rosetti, who saw the Blessed Damozel:

"Her eyes were deeper than the depth,
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven."

Oftimes the riders became utterly downhearted and their smiles became frowns and their songs hopeless dirges for a lost world.

But another group now seized the loosened rein. Tennyson and Browning were lifted to a higher plane, where faith in man was again possible. The former rode him with slow measured beat of king, the latter, too anxious for the vision, hurried him so that he flew at a rapid irregular pace. This tired Pegasus made the songs of the rider so harsh that only those who have seen the full glory of the vision wish to listen:

At last a woman, putting aside the timidity of her sex, dared to mount the steed. Feeling the delicate touch of her hand and the light weight of her body, Pegasus lifted Mrs. Browning to heights from whence she sang her perfect love to all the world.

When these riders had dropped the rein there was none to take it, and sadly, with many a pitying glance at a world too busy in its search for wealth to care for the higher air, Pegasus departed.

Never has the world so needed Pegasus as she does today, never have the affairs of life and its trials so robbed her of the appreciation of her beauty. Let us hope that soon, very soon, a rider will come who will teach us to see the beauties of the sunset, to appreciate the lessons to be found in the smell of the flowers and the babble of the brooks; and above all one whom Pegasus will enable to gain for the world such a high ideal of the brotherhood of man as will settle many of the vexing problems of today.

Jane Addams, a Type of the Modern Philanthropist

IRENE LARMON, '06.

From the beginning of time there have been good Samaritans, ready to feed the hungry, clothe the poor, to give of themselves and theirs to the needy. But not until the twentieth century has philanthropy, in its most dignified sense, given of its true worth to humanity. At last we understand that "'tis not what we give, but what we share," and that to be of real aid to our countrymen we must not attempt to help them condescendingly from above, but sympathetically from their own level.

If anyone is making a success of this modern philanthropy, it is Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago. And the reason that she has come to be the head of America's leading social settlement is because she believes in the cause to which she has given her life. Fits and starts of slumming, or a few coins thrown to a ragged, hungry child does not satisfy her sense of duty to mankind. Sincerely does she believe that every living soul has a personality to be revered; the possibilities of a happy, useful life. And so it is to those whose lives have been burdened with poverty, and rendered obscure through lack of advantages, that she has come, without creeds or formulas, to give of herself and her possessions to the last.

It has been said that philanthropy finds its origin in sympathy. Miss Addams can remember no time in her life when she did not have a sympathetic feeling for the unfortunate. Her sympathy does not,

however, lie with theoretical studies of the social problem, but with the every day experience, with all sorts and conditions of people. Whether they be old, or young, native or foreigner with whom she has to deal, Miss Addams is able to understand and appreciate each one. The foreign immigrants have especially aroused her interest. Her heart goes out to the old women, who, still clinging to their European customs and dress, are unable to accustom themselves to American methods and habits. What would most of us do to make their lives happy? Why, we would, as far as possible, give them what interests us, what we enjoy, give these people modern methods, they, who can never enjoy anything but the primitive! Look at Miss Addams' way of dealing with them. She had a Labor Museum fitted up, and invited some of the foreign women of the neighborhood to Hull House. How their patient, tired faces brightened, when they saw the spinning frames, peculiar to their own country. Here was something they could do! At last there was something they could teach even their American hostesses, and more even than that, make their sons and daughters proud of them! Such a simple but effective way of making them happy, and at the same time bringing them into democratic unity.

However, Miss Addams' feeling for these people is more than sympathy. Her study of human nature is so complete; her mind is so broad, and her love so deep, that she knows well what it means to "Love her neighbor as herself." Brotherhood she offers to those who will accept it, brotherhood so true, so unaffected, that she never abandons anyone, merely because he does not think or sympathize as she does. She simply accepts humanity as it is, and helps upward those who need her help.

Twere well for the world were Miss Addams to give but her interest, sympathy and fellowship, but since in addition, her compassion for the world takes a practical and immediate form, it is well indeed! Through her interest and belief in humanity, she desires to make men fit for life. For those who desire it, Hull House has classes for the learning of every trade. For those who love art, there are beautiful and elevating pictures. For those who care nothing for sermons, morality and lessons of life are taught through plays. Miss Addams deprives them of no pleasures, she simply gives them the best of what they enjoy, gradually leading them to more useful and nobler lives. That all people hate charity, her sympathy plainly tells her. And so, instead of securing money and clothing for them, she spends her time in teaching them to enjoy life by their own exertions; to be brothers to their kind; helpful, not helpless. What a blessing she bestows upon our country, by increasing the number of useful, thrifty laborers, and lessening the number of idle, shiftless, don't-care paupers.

What an understanding this woman has of humanity! What a beautiful life she lives among the lowly, giving of her talents, her culture, and her love to mankind! I have heard of two pictures representing "Rock of Ages." The first is that of a woman, with eyes turned upward, clinging safely to the cross, above the deep waters. A most beautiful picture of faith! But the more beautiful, and decidedly more typical of Jane Addams, is the second painting. With

an arm thrown firmly around the base of the cross, the woman of this picture is drawing a fellow creature up and away from the treacherous waves. With unselfish love and devotion, Miss Addams' life has been spent in lifting upward, ever upward, down-trodden humanity. Without hope of fame, without desire of glory, has she done her wondrous work. To make others happy, to do her share in bettering the world, has been reward enough for her, and yet one of the brightest names in history, one of the dearest names to American people will be that of Jane Addams.

Caesar's Soliloquy

FLORENCE PAINE.

Cæsar: Methinks the people want me not as king,
Else wherefore did they shout when I refused
The crown that Antony had offered me?
Three times they shouted as I put it by;
Three times my hands were loathe to give it up;
But still, I dared not keep it, else the crowd
That clapped and hissed me as I were an actor,
A common actor, I, victorious Cæsar,
Might then have slain me in the market place,
And yet, they made no threatening move toward me
When I plucked ope my doublet, offering them
My throat to cut. I would I had not done that,
My disappointment should not have been perceived
By them, the common herd who like me not.
And then, my illness came upon me and
I swooned. Alas! that they should see my weakness!
And yet, it won me pardon for my deed
Of rashness, for when I was myself again
I said, if aught I did had been amiss,
To lay it to my illness—and they did.
Some wenches cried, "Alas, good soul! Forgive him!"
And then I came away with Antony.
I would we had not met that Cassius,
I like him not because he thinks too much.
Such men are dangerous; but then,
I fear him not, for I, am I not Cæsar?
What said that dreamer in the street today?
"Beware the Ides of March." And why should I?
But let me think not of him. They shall see
If Cæsar fear the clamorous rabblement.

A Memory of Camp

After many days of patient waiting and many hours spent in prayer and supplication to the weather prophet, visitors day dawned with a clear sky and the sunshine which usually accompanies the same. All the night before had the amateur Pantorium at camp C. F. Manderson pressed and cleaned our essential and ornamental wearing apparel, and on the morning in question the only remaining thing to be done was to shine our boots and clean the camp until it shone. While in the midst of these arduous tasks word came from the front that the train bearing our families, sweethearts, and longed-for indigestibles was approaching.

And then the fun began. Married men and those others sportively inclined, squeezed into their white ducks (trousers, you understand), and everyone, from the highest to the lowest, rushed wildly hither and thither, putting the finishing touches on everything in sight. Captain Stogsdall, not to be outdone by his officers, spotted out in a magnificent white uniform.

Now, imagine yourself at the station. A few impatient soldier-boys at the top of the hill report a puff of smoke in the distance, and immediately all is excitement. The train rolls in and our friends and relatives hastily disembark. To the music of the band and amidst the crowd of pushing family seekers, the cadets sheepishly allow their fond and anxious mothers to salute them with a paternal kiss. With this as a starter much of the rest must be imagined. All day long did father and son, or friend and friend, fill themselves and each other to the limit, both with grub and social repartee. So engrossed was everyone that little notice was taken of the fire crackers which over-jubilant celebrators exploded at intervals, accompanied by the ever-ready response, "The band did it."

Dress parade, with all its ceremony and stirring music, was ably carried out by the battalion, and the time came all too soon for our visitors to leave. With aching hearts we conducted our home folks to the station. With aching hearts, yea, with hearts which wept inwardly, did we linger for a quarter of an hour about the sides of the cars and listen to the brakeman's heart-rending "All aboard." A soldier's farewell is indeed a touching incident in the life of any man.

But now the whistle blows and they're off in a bunch. Three hundred sore and weary High school boys return to camp to spend two more days in their little burg.

As the writer pens these lines by the light of a single candle his clock and the noiseless condition of the camp about him gives him authority to repeat the words of the sentinel, "Twelve o'clock and all is well." No fatalities are reported to have resulted from the large doses of luxury which poured in upon us so suddenly and, if appearances are not deceitful, visitors' day at Tekamah will go down in the annals of history as a record-breaking season of pleasure and general satisfaction; a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

A CADET.

A School-Day Idyll

A school maid on a summer's day
Went into the library to study, they say.

She was a Freshman girl so sweet,
And no other maiden with her could compete.

Beneath her shadowy pompadour
Was all the beauty that boys adore.

Study she thought was lots of fun;
She was content her lessons to con.

But what she saw right after drill
Made her poor heart with longing fill.

Her study ceased and a vague unrest,
And a nameless longing filled her breast.

For into the room there strode a youth,
A handsome young man, to tell the truth.

He was a Senior, great and grand,
Who over one company did command.

But the maiden, who had never been told,
Didn't know he was so proud and bold.

Right opposite her he took a seat,
And made her heart still faster beat.

He fumbled about in his books, and then
Found he had forgotten to bring his pen.

He smiled with his sweetest Senior smile
And asked if he couldn't use her's for a while.

She trembled, she blushed, and she then turned pale,
But she gave him the pen,—or there'd be no tale.

And when her eyes on her book were bent
His on her face were fixed, intent.

And when he steadily his work perused,
She glanced at him and mused and mused.

He finished his writing, returned her pen,
And when he thanked her he smiled again.

Alas that smile went to her heart,
And wounded it like Cupid's dart!

Then he turned to go and said, "Good-day."
(The maiden would fain have said, "Please stay.")

But all must learn either soon or late,
That no one can control his fate.

And so out of the room he did go,
And left our maiden in spirits low.

And when at home she was that night,
His picture hovered before her sight.

And he at his home could not help but think
Of one Freshman girl whose cheeks were pink.

But he was a Senior and very proud,
And not long in his mind were such thoughts allowed.

Already now 'twas the first of June,
And Commencement day was coming soon.

Ere long he left these High school halls,
The next fall to look upon college walls.

But the innocent maiden, not knowing of this,
Filled her vacation with dreams of bliss.

Alas, in September when she came back,
She found of her Senior no trace or track!

But the haughty Senior ne'er quite forgot,
And wished that different had been his lot.

His college sweetheart was cold and proud,
And though to her his love he avowed;

Still never could he quite forget
The girl whom he in the library met.

And she, our sweet little High school lass,
Walked to school each day with one of her class.

But often she thought of a manly form,
Her Senior in captain's uniform.

But she studied her Latin and English again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas for maiden! Alas for youth!
Who did not know this one sad truth,—

'Tis the best advice that ever was penned,—
"In the library don't borrow or lend."

P. R., '07.



When in the course of High School events it becomes necessary for the editor-in-chief to dissolve the bonds of duty which have connected him with the rest of THE REGISTER staff, and to assume, among the powers at camp, the separate position of Quartermaster, to which the laws of military precedence and the orders of the commandant entitle him, a decent respect to the opinions of the subscribers requires that they should be enlightened as to the separation.

Prudence, indeed, will dictate that staffs, long established, should not be changed for light and transient reasons, such as a temporary sojourn at camp. But when the body of the cadets decided to encamp at Tekamah, it was the editor's right and his duty as quartermaster to throw off his editorial yoke and provide temporary editors for this issue of THE REGISTER. Such was the course pursued by the editor, and such was, also, the necessity which constrained him to put in his place the assistant editor and the editor-elect.

If, therefore, the candid world of subscribers find aught in this issue—which is, at one and the same time, the May and the June issues—which they think should be censured, we beg no blame will be attached to the editor, unless for his choice of assistants.

We, the acting staff of THE REGISTER, assembled, do solemnly publish and declare, in all modesty, that this issue is, without exception, the best that human intelligence and ingenuity could produce under the peculiar exigencies of the occasion and in the allotted time. And for support of this declaration, with firm reliance upon the protection of the omnipotent(?) faculty, we mutually pledge ourselves to defend this issue against all undue criticisms, unasked-for slanders and any defamations of any character whatsoever.

THE REGISTER STAFF.

* * *

With this number of THE REGISTER we lay aside our editorial cares and yield the sceptre of authority to the next REGISTER staff.

To them we bequeath THE REGISTER room, the tables where our editor was accustomed to write his editorials, where our business manager counted his money, where a staff editor often sat coining words for his column in THE REGISTER, the shelves piled high with the weighty volumes of THE REGISTER of 1906, to which the new staff will turn in troubled moments to enlarge their knowledge and thus maintain the

**A Last
Word**

reputation of THE REGISTER. For them may the pleasures of editorship outweigh its woes. When the time comes for them to separate, may they look back upon a year of unqualified success, as we do.

Commencement is here, the school year has reached its close. For the Seniors it means departure from a course which they have followed for four long years. Oftimes moments of hardship have come to them, yet on commencement night, with all its glory, joy is mingled with sadness at the thought of separation from our old companions and surroundings. We have been under constant guidance during these many years, but now we will be thrown upon our own resources and we must learn to be men and women. Let us remember what we have learned, the principles which have been taught us throughout our High School life and chief among them is the principle of persistent effort.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."



The Senior banquet will be held on the evening of June 16th at the Commercial club rooms.

The Alumni will give a reception to the class of 1906 of the Omaha High school at Chambers academy Monday evening, June 18th. After the reception a dance will be held.

About seventy young people enjoyed a pleasant evening at Chambers' May 19th, when the Phi Lambda Epsilon gave their large annual dance. The hall was tastily trimmed in the colors of the fraternity, red, gold and white.

During spring vacation Allan Tukey entertained the members of the Alpha Theta Mu at cards.

An unusual dance was given at Chambers' on April 20 by some of the High school boys. It was a matinee dance, and though the afternoon was hot, everyone enjoyed themselves greatly.

Miss Grace Rohrbough entertained the members of A Company at her home, 1330 South Thirtieth avenue, Monday evening, June 12.

Miss Margaret Phillippi held a reception to the members of D Company and the captains and their sponsors on Tuesday evening, June 13.

Miss Alice Carey McGrew gave an enjoyable box party at the Burwood to the captains and their sponsors Friday evening, May 25.

Locals

The greatest event of the year and one of the greatest of the four years was the fair given by the Senior class on May 12th. The financial success of this undertaking was so great that this class succeeded in making one hundred and twenty-five dollars more than any other class has made in the history of the High school. The financial success was even excelled by the social success, since it was an important event to all High school students and their parents. Excepting the ticket selling, the greatest money-making device was the play known as "A Box of Monkeys," given in Room 204. This performance was generally termed the Senior play, and it was one of which any Senior class might well be proud. A great share of the success of the play is due to the "trainers," Misses Florence McHugh and Bowen. The troupe of actors have now won their reputations in the acting line. Those taking part were Ethel Eldredge, Ruth Harding, Helen Sholes, Clement Chase and Sam Slaughter. The great attraction in the main hall was the minstrel show. This was the greatest mirth-provoking performance of the fair. One would have thought that the actors were "sure 'nuf" minstrels, and it was only with difficulty that they could be recognized as Messrs. McCague, Arthur Potter, Clark and Koch. Alternating with the minstrel show, the "Adventures of Mary Jane" were enacted in shadow pantomime. Miss Mould played the title role, while Mr. Millard took the part of Benjamin, her valiant lover. Mr. Kenneth Patterson made the cruelest of fathers, and Mr. Webster was Mary Jane's rejected lover, Lord Mortimer. As the shadows were thrown upon the sheet Miss Cochran read the story. In a Gypsy tent in the center of the lower hall the superstitious ones had an opportunity to learn their futures from Misses Clark and Lessel. The Art and Pennant booth attracted much attention. It was in the form of a Greek temple. Japanese ideas were carried out in the ice and cake booth, while the miscellaneous, apron and candy booths were decorated in the class colors, cream and gold. For the music lovers, programs were given in the library. The beautiful decorations throughout the building were due to Mr. Colling, who had charge of all of the decorating. The net proceeds of the Fair amounted to four hundred and eighty dollars. One hundred dollars of this amount is to help pay the expense of the class banquet. With the remaining amount the class has bought a beautiful collection of pictures which have been hung in Room 204. The walls of this room have now been decorated entirely by the class of 1906. The successful management of the Fair is due to Miss McHugh, as general supervisor; Mr. Percival, as chairman of the general committee, and Mr. French, as president of the class. The class owes much thanks to the janitors, who took a personal interest in the outcome of the undertaking, and to Mr. Parker, the engineer, who did all of the wiring for the electric lights, thus making it possible to have evening performances.

The class to be graduated this year is the largest that has ever been graduated from the Omaha High school. It numbers one hundred and ninety.

The baccalaureate sermon was preached to the graduates on June 10th by Rev. Mr. Hummon of the Kountze Memorial church.

Another honor has come to O. H. S. through one of its graduates. In the contest for the '09 class song at Wellesley Miss Margaret Whitney of O. H. S. class '05, won the first place. This song will be '09's song for their entire four years.

The election of next year's REGISTER staff was unusually interesting, since the system of electing has been changed. The Stock company has been dissolved, and each person holding an advance subscription was entitled to a vote. THE REGISTER will be on a much more democratic basis than before. The election resulted as follows: Editor-in-Chief, Margaret Kennedy; Assistant, Myra Breckenridge; Business Manager, Harry Ryan; Assistant, David Oberg. Margaret Kennedy is the first girl to hold this position. The school will watch with interest the outcome.

Organization Notes

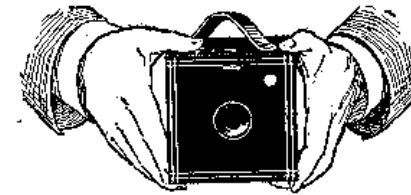
The annual open programme of the Elaine Society was given in Room 204 May 25, '06. It was unanimously conceded to be one of the very best given by the literary societies in the Omaha High school during this year.

The numbers were as follows: "Silver Heels," O. H. S. Band; Vocal, "The Dawn," Hazel Smith; Recitation, Eorantha McGavock; "The Gloaming," O. H. S. Octette; Japanese Fan Drill, Elaine girls. The selection by the Octette and the drill by twelve brightly costumed Japanese were made very effective by the electrical illumination.

The open programme of the Margaret Fuller Society proved to be one of much enjoyment. The programme opened with a solo by Mr. Ellis. Myra Breckenridge played a piano solo. Rosina Mandelberg amused her audience by an original poem entitled "At the Box Office," in which she described the process a High School girl goes through when she procures tickets to the theatre from the man at the box office. Elizabeth Hamling sang "Awake, My Love." Caroline Conklin played a violin solo. Becky Sharp was recited by Grace Rohrbough. Charming Marie was charmingly sung by Marguerite Riggs at the close of the program.

On May 25th the societies met for the last time this year. These societies will reorganize next year, as all the societies organized by the class of 1906 are perpetual organizations.

THE BENNETT COMPANY



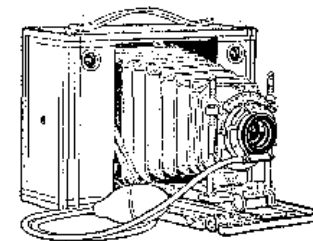
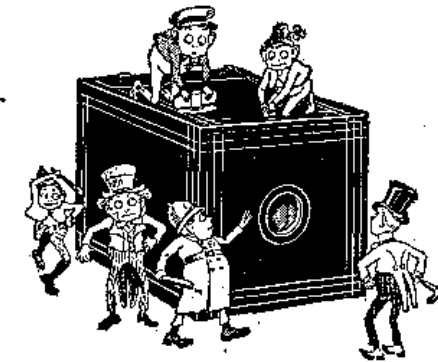
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Add to the charm of
Sunset days by buying a
Folding Brownie Camera



2¼ x 3¼	\$5.00
3¼ x 4¼	9.00
STEREO BROWNIE	12.00

SOUNDINGS

LAMENT OF JUNIOR.

I wish I were a Senior,
 No school for them this week.
 Oh wouldn't that be blissful?
 Oh wouldn't that be sweet?
 But since I am a Junior
 Daily to school I go,
 Trying to learn just all I can(?)
 And bluffing where I don't know.

When a person is poisoned with arsenic black spots appear on him!
 The ever pleasing Doctor Senter has contributed the following for the amusement of the public: "Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out." "This is a thick, thin solution of an insoluble salt."

The following are also echoes from the Chemistry room: Harry Koch: "I need another double-barreled rubber cork." "Kelp was a great inventor." "In post-mortem examinations people breath on white porcelain to see if they have been poisoned with arsenic. This is the Marsh's test."

"Hard water is water containing hard particles of lime stone."

We notice that he laughs best who laughs when Doc laughs.

A Freshie was heard to say, "I like Manual Training best because we have such a nice jolly teacher." That's you, Mr. Wigman.

"I've turned highwayman," said the sofa.

"How's that?" said the chair.

"I held up a couple last night."—Exchange.

Olive: "Do they take the votes by ayes and nos?"

M. K.: "No, by mouth."

Miss Florence: "The best court fool is down in 101." Now what did she mean?

Prof. Chatalain (of Miss Bowen): "If this class makes so much noise that little girl will come in again."

Madge Bullard on exam. paper explaining in Med. History: "Oh, you know what I mean."

Miss McHugh: "Thackery had trouble with his own wife." Strange!

Miss Adams: "I do know a few things."

Miss Sullivan: "His father was an excise man."

L. Sweet: "An ex-ice man?"

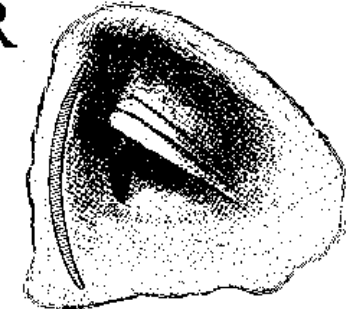
Rosina: "If a man dies or does anything else dishonorable—"

A PRIZE WINNER

In our \$100 Verse Contest

Blind Milton rises from his grave,
 And walks abroad at night,
 And wails and raves about the verse
 He could not see to write
 No wonder his vexed spirit roams
 Across the moors and fens,
 Cause now he sees he might have seen,
 Could he have had the "Toriscus" lens.

—Harriett O. Ivory.



"Toriscus" they curve around the eye.

"Toriscus" Lenses are made and sold only by

COLUMBIAN OPTICAL Co.

211 South 16th Street, OMAHA.

GRADUATION GIFTS

Choice Books Make Lasting Gifts

Every volume in our Book stock has been carefully selected and is well worth reading.

Fine Stationery

A dainty box of Monogram Note Paper is always appreciated by the girl graduate.

Visiting Cards

We give special attention to our engraving department. Your order will not leave our shop unless it is absolutely correct. Our work stands for style, quality and excellence.

MATTHEWS BOOK AND PAPER SHOP.

122 South 15th Street.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

SENIOR ALPHABET.

- A is for Adele, the best of bluffers;
 B is for Belden, the worst of bluffers;
 C is for Cramer, the great football man;
 D is for Dale, who her lessons doth cram(?)
 E is for Editor, who ran off to camp;
 F is for Felker, a good little scamp;
 G is for Grotte, a maiden demure;
 H is for Hommel, a debater for sure(?)
 I is for Irene, a scholar of fame;
 J is for Joy, "Get into the game!"
 K is for Kenneth, so proud of his looks;
 L is for Latenser, so fond of his books(?)
 M is for Marty, the sponsor of D;
 N is for Nothing, the Juniors—oh, Gee!
 O is for Olabell, than whom none is gayer;
 P is for Potter, the fine tennis player.
 Q is for Queerness, a trait of the Fac;
 R is for Ruth, who surely can act;
 S is for Slaughter, in the play he was Ted;
 T is for Terry, quite *Winsome*, 'tis said;
 U is for Us, the best bunch on earth;
 V is for Vigor, which adds to our worth;
 W is for Walter, quite fond of the fern;
 X is for Xylene, we learn of in Chem.;
 Y is for Y's ones, also for Yeast;
 Z is for Zora, the last but not least.

High School Pennants.

Decorate Your Den or Cozy Corner.

Nothing more appropriate than your High school or class pennant, a reminder of the happy school days. On three days notice we can furnish pennants of any high school, college or university in the United States. Prices start at 25c.

SOLD AT MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

Thompson, Belden & Co.

Tel. Douglas 618. Howard, Cor. 16th St. Tel. Douglas 618.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

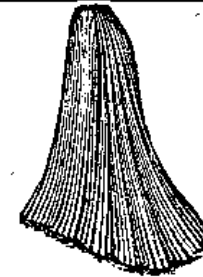


Sanitary, Ice-Saving Refrigerators.

High-priced ice makes it more necessary than ever to have an absolutely reliable and thoroughly insulated ice box.

The Opal, White Enamel, and Peerless are the best-built boxes on the market. We are sole agents. \$7.00 to \$125.00.

Milton Rogers & Sons Co.
 1111 AND FARNAM STREETS



ACCORDION and SUNBURST PLEATING

Tailor-Made Buttons. Ruching. Embroidery.

DYEING AND CLEANING

Complete Garments a Specialty

Let us embroider your white shirt-waist suits; they will be beauties.

THE GOLDMAN PLEATING CO.

Opposite Hayden Bros., over 107 South 16th Street.

Phone Douglas 1936.

Heyn

We will give SPECIAL RATES to all graduates. Ask for them.

The Photographer

East Side—odd numbers—313-15-17 South 15th Street



Signet Rings are becoming more and more popular. We have a beautiful stock and our engraver is the best in this part of the country. We have a stock of other styles. Quality the best. Prices most reasonable. Come in and look them over. Visitors welcome.

MAWHINNEY & RYAN CO., Jewelers and Importers

15TH AND DOUGLAS STREETS. Tel. Douglas 708. OMAHA.

Trussell

115 So. 16th St.
 OMAHA.

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—MOTTO—

"A Pleased Customer is Our Best Advertisement."

**ALL WORK GUARANTEED TO BE
 THE BEST POSSIBLE.**

Show Case Opposite Boston Store.

115 South 16th Street.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

S. FREDERICK
Berger & Co.

Authorities on Style.

Banquet Gowns for the
Sweet Girl Graduate.
Wash Suits, Skirts, Jackets.
Silk and Outing Suits.

Wash and Wool Peter Thompson's
Riding Habits, Waists,
and Skirts.

THE NEW CLOAK SHOP
1517 Farnam Street.



IT IS OUR AMBITION
to establish a reputation
for selling fine clothes—
exclusive in style and fab-
rics—goods that will appeal to
the well dressed man. Our offer-
ings for this summer combine all
these qualities and we can make it
to your advantage to inspect the
line before giving your order for a
suit.

FINE RAIN COAT
A SPECIALTY

Pease Bros. Co.
GOOD CLOTHES
1517 Farnam Street

Ask for WATERLOO

Little Brix of Ice Cream

MADE FROM PURE CREAM

1617 Howard Street

Telephone Douglas 1409

The Satisfactory Way.

It is the satisfactory way in which we turn out all our work that
wins customers and friends for us. When you have any cleaning
or dyeing to be done, why not have the best—you'll get it here.

New Address:

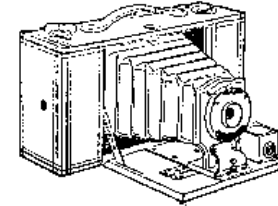
1513 Jones Street.

Tel. Douglas 963.

The PANTORIUM,

Expert Cleaners and Dyers.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.



Kodaks

Photo Supplies and
Amateur Finishing

If you have had your kodak on the shelf over winter, the season is ap-
proaching when you must get it out.

If you have no kodak or need a new one, we have a large assortment,
both old and new models, that will interest you. Never mind the price; we
can suit you.

Our Finishing Department we have spared neither pains nor expense
to put in condition to give the very best service. We deliver our work prompt-
ly and it will be done right.

We invite you to call on us and talk it over.

"AT THE SIGN OF THE KODAK"

The Robert Dempster Co., PHONE Douglas 1279 1215 Farnam St.



High School Pins Every pupil ought to wear one of
our FLAG PINS. Enameled pur-
ple and white. They sell for 25c
and 50c. We also carry a nice line of college pins. Yale, Harvard,
Princeton, Cornell, etc. Spend a few minutes in our store.

1516 Douglas St.

S. W. Lindsay, The Jeweler.



Sandberg's Studio

HIGH-GLASS PHOTOGRAPHS

107 South 16th Street, opposite Hayden's
Telephone Red 2387.

To High School Graduates only

we will make a liberal reduction. Our
celebrated \$5 Panel Photographs at \$3
per dozen.

Art Folders and other sizes

in proportion. Please call at Studio
and investigate.

Now is the time for *Tennis Racquets and Hammocks*

LARGE ASSORTMENT AT

TOWNSEND GUN CO.

1514 Farnam Street.

ARNOLD, FLORIST.

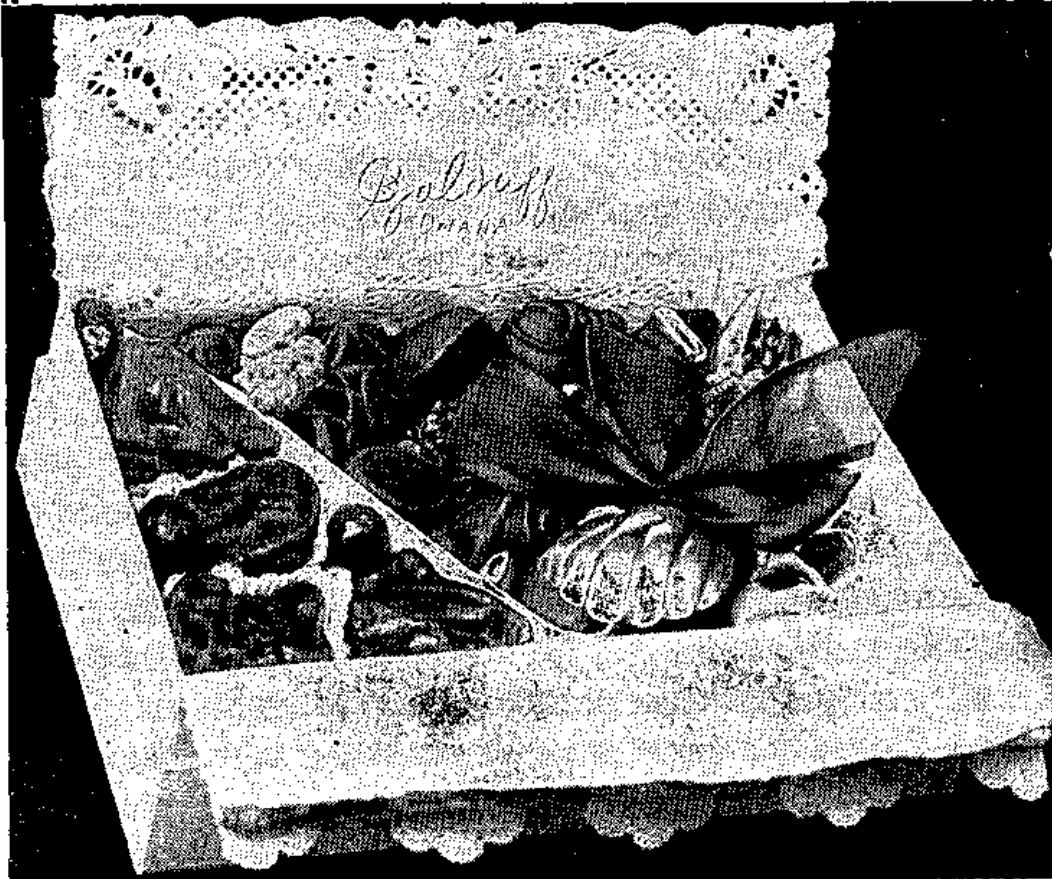
Greenhouses, 1418 N. 18th St.
Telephone Douglas 1031.

Office, 207 South 16th St.
Telephone Douglas 132.

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This one and one-half pound Special Gift Box
Balduff's Gold Medal Chocolate Bon Bons

Sent any place in the United States, express charges paid to your door, for a One Dollar Bill



Balduff's Gold Medal Chocolate Bon Bons have earned an enviable reputation wherever introduced and my purpose in placing this advertisement in O. H. S. REGISTER Magazine is to prove to its readers and their friends who may take advantage of my extremely liberal offer what delicious confections can be sold for so little money.

If from
Balduff
 OMAHA
 Its All Right

These dainty confections have a most pleasing flavor and captivating aroma.

Beyond a shadow of doubt the best and purest candy made. The more you eat the more you want.

If not candy perfection, your money back without a quibble.

The Special Gift Box comes encased in a substantial dust and moisture-proof travel box. Safe delivery guaranteed

A FINAL WORD • Send me a dollar for a trial box of these already famous Gold Medal Chocolate Bon Bons, and you will become a steady customer of mine — no doubt of it.

W. S. Balduff, 1520 Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

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The Bells Jingle it
 just as the Clans shouted it,
 "Douglas! Douglas!"

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 PRINTING
 COMPANY**

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1508 HOWARD ST. TEL. DOUGLAS 644

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