

E. Kennedy

The High School Register.

Vol. I.

OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL, JANUARY 6, 1887.

No. 3

NOTES.

—The military company will soon be provided with uniform caps—army style.

—The continued cold weather during the holidays seemed to have a bad effect on the scholars, judging from the number present on Monday last.

—The department of geology has been supplied with a set of specimens of the earth and rock taken out of the oil well at various depths, down to the coal.

—The zoology and commercial arithmetic classes of the ninth grade, were organized the first of the week. A large majority of the scholars preferred book keeping.

—We heard one of the girls in a first year Latin class expatiating on the merits of the new Latin texts. She seemed to consider them a very delightful change from the Leigaton. "They are so easy, you know."

—Two of our young gentlemen went hunting, during the cold weather last week, but the temperature was such that they built a fire out in the woods and spent the time keeping warm, thus sparing the lives of many innocent animals.

—Last month, during the examinations, a skeleton was hung in one of the physiology rooms, temporarily. Some boy or boys happened to be aware of the fact, and put the arms in a position resembling a young man on parting with his best girl. A teacher found the bony gentleman in this shape, and placed the arms in an attitude more becoming a dignified skeleton.

—The Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Grades held some very excellent exercises in the Ninth Grade study room on the afternoon of Thursday, December 23d. The programme comprised instrumental music, singing, recitations, dialogues, and the reading of selections and essays, all of which were executed in a very creditable manner. This is the second entertainment of the kind that has been given by them during the last term, the other being held before Thanksgiving.

—The proposed meeting of the two literary societies on the last Thursday of last term was postponed, for the reason that everyone was tired and preferred to remain at home. It is intended to hold it on the first Friday of the new year.

—It is our opinion that if the School Board would furnish some rough paper for the scholars to scribble upon, a great deal could be saved, as the legal cap has to be used for that purpose, now. The paper can be obtained at a low price, and it would be more satisfactory to the scholars, who do a great deal of figuring and work with the lead pencil.

—The girls who frequent the lunch room at the north end of the second floor are usually a jolly crowd, and a couple of weeks ago they held a banquet which surpassed all their former efforts. For the benefit of those who may wish to prepare a similar feast, we take the liberty of reproducing their bill of fare:

MENU.

Sandwiches and Cakes.
Saratoga Potatoes.
Cream Cakes, Doughnuts and Cookies.
Dates and Candy.

Although small, the party was a genial one, and many jokes passed around the circle. Perhaps it might be suggested that the janitor with his broom would pronounce the young ladies too generous with their good things.

The Senior Literary Society.

This society, at the last meeting of the term, carried out a programme comprising selections from the Eleventh Grade Treasury, a literary paper which shows promise of success. The intervals in the reading were filled in with music, in the form of two piano duets by Misses Young and Hefley and Misses Wood and Robinson, together with a solo by Miss Carrie House.

—For a souvenir of the High School students should step in at Chase & Eddy's stationery store, 113 South 16th street. They have imported from Aberdeen, Scotland, a large number of little articles made of sycamore wood, penholders, boxes, pin-cushions, etc., all bearing an exquisite engraving of the High School building. They were made to order.

Ninth Grade Exercises.

On the event of the closing of the fall term of school the ninth grade gave a very creditable entertainment, on December 17th, under the direction of Miss Sheldon. The programme comprised singing, instrumental music, and the reading of a collection of compositions.

Music—Miss Stephens.

"The Garner." Part I. Read by Miss Osborne.
"In the Malne Woods," by Ethelwynne Kennedy.

"Imprisonment for Debt," by C. Rosewater.

"In the Country," by Hallie Osborne.

"A Mississippi Chowder," by May Cassidy.
Song, with piano accompaniment, by Miss Birkhauser.

"The Garner." Part II. Read by A. Beil.

"History of a Leaf," by F. H. Riddell.

"How a Week was Spent," by Paul Ludington.

"A Visit to the Garden of the Gods," by A. Montmorency.

"A Day's Fishing," by Frank Harris.

"Omaha by Night," by John Riley.

Music—Miss Blackmore.

"The Garner." Part III. Read by Walter Miner.

"A Trip to Boston," by Kittle Morse.

"Life of Major Black."—A Cat Tale.

"At Banbese Lake," by Emily Cully.

"A Ride in a Churn," by E. Batdorf.

Song, with piano accompaniment, Miss French.

"The Garner." Part IV. Read by Miss Burgland.

Music—Miss Ringer.

The hour of two arrived before the programme was completed, and the last two selections were postponed.

The singing and piano solos were all that could be desired, and the compositions were exceptionally well written and interesting. "The History of a Leaf" was noticeable for its smoothness and beauty of diction, and "A Day's Fishing" was very humorous, in addition to its other good qualities. All the subjects chosen were treated in a manner worthy of professionals.

—A pack of cards, gilt or plain bevel, ragged edge or plain, printed handsomely with name and address for 75 cents, at Chase & Eddy's, 113 South 16th street.

—A box of elegant writing paper, 70 lb. cream stock, and envelopes, for 25 cents at Chase & Eddy's, 113 South 16th street.

The Register.

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JANUARY 6, 1887.

SEVERAL excellent compositions have been received at the REGISTER office for publication. The writers display literary talent in an astonishing degree. We will publish several of the best.

WE have heard that some of our young lady readers complain because the REGISTER contains little to interest the fair sex. Now, we have been complaining of the same thing ourselves. We know all about the eleven, the military company, or the gymnasium, because the members of those organizations furnish us all the information that we desire. But it is much more difficult to publish news calculated to attract the attention of the more important portion of mankind, because the young ladies themselves, with few but honorable exceptions, give us very little help. Here, at least, there is room for reform.

THERE is some talk of erecting a new school house on the High School square. If this is done, we hope that the building will not be placed in the northwestern corner of the yard. That corner has for some time been used as a ball-ground, and latterly as a drill ground. If it should be built upon, the boys would be deprived of the only place where they can conveniently meet to practice their athletic sports. The loss of the ball-ground would be a serious blow at the interests of the school, for mental development without physical health is almost impossible, and a dusty gymnasium is a poor substitute for the open air.

At the recent discovery of coal near the river bottoms, specimens of the coal were sent for chemical analysis to the Smelting works and also to Creighton College. It is to be supposed that the High School laboratory was ignored either because it had not the same

facilities for analysis, or that its reputation in the chemical department is not so widespread. Since the High School laboratory is much better fitted, we must think that it was left out only because the Thanksgiving vacation was at hand and the schools closed.

There may, however, be another reason for this neglect. Our own educational institution is a plain "School," the other adds "College" to its name. But this defect may be easily remedied. Henceforth our readers may be pleased to receive the "OMAHA UNIVERSITY REGISTER" every half month.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

A Private Camping Excursion.

PART II.

The next morning, which was Thursday, the boys were up and had their breakfast before half-past seven. Jimmie Roberts was to take Wal and the box down to the wharf, in the buggy, and Guy, Johnny and Herb were to go down on the street car, with a satchel or bundle apiece. Everything went on nicely, and the boys found themselves on the boat by half-past eight, and their baggage piled up in a dark corner, where it would not be conspicuous, nor attract the attention of the freight agent. It was rather early in the season for excursions, and there were not many passengers on the boat, so the boys had no trouble in making themselves at home.

At Alexandria, about ten miles below Washington, the steamboat stopped and took on a few more excursionists. Alexandria has seen her best days, and looks like she was in her last sleep. The river bank is lined with large warehouses, which have an old-fashioned and aged appearance, and the other buildings of the town look like their days of usefulness were over.

The Potomac suddenly widens at Washington, and gradually grows broader as it approaches Chesapeake Bay. About five or six miles below Alexandria, Mount Vernon is seen on the west bank of the river, just around a bend. The old mansion, with its large portico and stately columns, stands on the top of a tree-covered hill, which slopes suddenly to the water's edge. The grounds and surroundings have been improved and cultivated, so that the place has the appearance of a park.

After leaving Mount Vernon in the distance, the river makes many windings and turnings. Several steamers are passed, the river packets, New

York freighters, and any number of schooners, engaged in the coal traffic and in general freighting. A fresh breeze blew all the way down, and no one could complain of the heat. About noon the four campers thought it was time to inspect the lunch basket, and so a raid in that direction was instituted. Salt water was reached about half-past twelve. At one o'clock Lower Cedar Point came into view. This is a rival summer resort, and on the point could be seen the long row of bathing houses, the dancing pavillion, swings, wheel of fortune, and the various eating houses and lunch stands. The *Armenia* carried the excursionists from Washington and Alexandria to Lower Cedar Point.

About half-past one, as the boat rounded a sharp point, Johnny announced that Colonial Beach was in sight. After considerable pointing and talking, the other boys declared that they could see it also. Later on, the long wharf, hotels, cottages and other buildings, were plainly visible. Soon the boat gave three long whistles, which meant that she desired to make a landing, and if the gentlemen in charge of the wharf would be so kind as to come out and make her lines fast, she would be extremely obliged. The boat slowly, but steadily and surely, glided up to the wharf and, with much creaking of the wharf, rushing of water from the reversed paddle wheels and lots from the officer of the deck, the steamer was at last securely tied to the wharf. The gang plank was shoved out, and our three heroes disembarked, after being duly "guyed" by the boatmen with "tenting on the old camp ground," and other expressions, suitable to the occasion.

Wall and Guy stayed and guarded the household goods, while Johnny and Herb, with two satchels apiece, started out to find a place for settlement. The satchels began to get pretty heavy just as they were met by a colored native, who said he would, in consideration of the sum of 25 cents, transport all their goods and chattels to any spot within, say, two miles, that might be designated by the owners. The weight of the satchels decided the young men to accept the offer, and the baggage was, accordingly, loaded into the colored gentleman's two-wheeled vehicle. The line of march, toward the point, was then taken up. It led by a house, on which several rural carpenters were at work. These knights of the saw and hammer seemed to have a great deal of fun at the expense of "them 'ere city chaps," and laughed at the boys until

they were out of sight. The march was kept up until the procession was stuck in the woods. Johnny said he was mistaken in his idea of the country, so the expressman was paid off and the goods unloaded. Guy and Herb then set out on a voyage of discovery. After exploring the coast for some distance, they discovered a very desirable camping place, near a point. The beach was sandy, and extended back from the water, rising gently, for twenty feet, where the ground was level and covered with grass. There was a large tree, under which the tent could be raised, which would serve as a dining room, and back of these were the thick woods. Going back to where Johnny and Wal were waiting, they loaded themselves, and soon all four, with their outfit, were on the camp ground.

The tent was set up first; and while Wal and Johnny finished the staking, Guy and Herb made a dinner table. This great work was accomplished by driving four forked sticks in the ground and laying small sticks cross-ways. When covered with a canvas the table looked very natural and innocent. The boys worked along at one thing and another for some time. During a lull in operations, Guy announced his desire to take a sea bath, which reminded the other boys that they were of the same mind. The water was found to be shallow near the shore, and the bottom covered with oyster shells, and they had to walk out quite a distance to find deep water and few shells. After the swim, they decided to emigrate the next day, as the place was not suitable for their purposes.

About five o'clock supper seemed next in order. Herb and Guy set out for Burnside's for water, and Wal and Johnny prepared the table, built the fire, and boiled some eggs, which, with some tea and the rest of the noon's lunch, made a meal that would cause no complaint.

After supper a larger fire was built in front of the tent and a family circle established. The spare pieces of canvas were spread out for rugs, to keep the sandburs where they belonged. A rational conversation was kept up for some time, but it seemed too tame and quiet, and suddenly they broke loose. They would sing, yell, dance, make speeches, and resemble an out-door lunatic asylum to perfection. This outbreak gradually subsided, and a civilized talk was indulged in.

"We can't be so far from water if we expect to have any fun," said Guy. "It seems like it was an all-day's walk up to Burnside's."

"Yes, that's another reason why we can't stay here," said Johnny. "Herb and I will go over to Dickerson's to-morrow and get the boat, so we can move around in the creek."

Later on a motion was made to go to bed, which seemed to strike them favorably, and was carried unanimously,

[To be Continued.]

A Day's Fishing.

As I was walking down to the grocery store, to get something that I had forgotten, as usual, it struck me that a day's fishing would answer the ticket exactly. After returning home with the forgotten article, I went by the postern, (as we boys call slipping out of the gate, unbeknown,) to see my chum. On arriving at my destination, I whistled softly to my chum, who was washing dishes. I guess he remembered that he had forgotten to shake the table cloth, because he appeared at the door just then, and slipped down to the coal house, where I was hiding.

"How would a day's fishing suit, out to Rugby Pond, to-morrow."

"Jest the ticket," said he. (My chum was not up in grammar.)

"All right. Six o'clock, go by the postern," I shouted from about half way down the alley, for I remembered that I was needed at home, when I saw his mother coming out the back door to remind him that he had the dishes to finish, and the baby to rock to sleep. She hated me as a man does a bill collector, just because I put the baby in the refrigerator to get him out of the way, when I was a small boy.

The next morning at four o'clock I was up and ready to set out, and at five set out for my chum's. I began to whistle "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and in about five minutes my chum came out with a coal hod.

"Got the worms," I whispered.

"Dern if I have," he answered. "Baby was as cross as sour vinegar," (he winked at me, and scratched his nose.) "I guess he knew I wanted to get worms, because he didn't go to sleep until nine o'clock, and then Ma trotted me off to bed because she said sleep was good for boys."

"Well come on. Its half past five," said I, "and we wanted to get there by six."

It was a fine morning in spring. There was not a cloud to be seen, the leaves of the trees were fast becoming their natural size, and the grass was growing finely. The lake to which we were going was situated about a mile from the village, in the midst of a large tract of woodland. Upon reaching the

lake we borrowed a boat of Peter, the Hermit, an old man that kept life in his body by selling fish and game. After borrowing the boat we arranged our lines and rowed to our favorite fishing ground. It was warm and sultry when we reached our fishing ground, and this knocked our fishing into a "cocked hat," as the expression is. We kept on fishing for about an hour, when, after catching a minnow, we gave it up as a bad job, and thought we would take a row. So my chum took the oars and succeeded after a few tugs, in getting us into a trough which swamped the boat, and we were treated to an unlooked-for bath. After getting into the boat again, I told him that I would show him how to row, so I took the oars and after a few gallant strokes succeeded in getting it hopelessly aground. In trying to get it out we both got another bath and finally left it to its own reflections, and started homeward with empty hands and hearts. When we reached my chum's house, I agreed to let him have the minnow because he got wetter than I did. He took it and gazed at it sadly, and went into the house from which I soon heard issuing "a wailing and gnashing of teeth." When I reached home I was met by my father, in company with a strap. (I was sorry to see him keeping such bad company.) He ushered me into the coal house, and my chum's was not the only house in town from which issued a sound of lamentation. F. H.

The History of a Leaf.

I am only an old, dried, withered leaf; my once lovely colors are faded. But I am happy as a leaf can be, as I dream of days gone by when I was bright and joyous while waving in the breeze, or, after a refreshing shower, glistening with the shining drops.

When I first awoke in this world, I was but a little bud; no one would have called me a leaf then. But day by day my tiny form expanded, until one fine April morning, I unfolded and entered on my career as a maple leaf.

I cannot tell you of all the happy days of spring, or the long dreamy ones of summer, as I swayed to and fro robed in my delicate green, or when, as autumn days drew near, my green dress turned to crimson. It would take hours and days to tell you all of that. Those days were the longest of the year, but, to me, they seemed the shortest; though I dare say you think the life of a leaf rather dreary.

One day, late in autumn, a great wind came tearing through the branches, and though I clung tightly to the twig from which I grew, I was

torn, with hundreds of my brother and sister leaves, from the dear old mother tree we loved, and found myself turning the most astonishing somersaults over the ground.

In terror I looked about me to see who had been my companions in flight. but alas, I could see none. Just then a friendly gust landed me on the window-sill of an elegant mansion. A beautiful young lady stood idly gazing from the window, watching the leaves and bits of paper which the wind relentlessly tossed hither and thither. As I lay wondering what would happen next, she opened the window and took me in. Very tenderly she unfolded my crumpled edges, and taking a book from the library shelf, laid me carefully between its leaves.

It was very hot and close in the book; very different from the cool, breezy life I led in the open air. But I felt sure she had some other use for me, and would one day relieve me from my cramped position; and sure enough one day she came and shook the book and out I dropped, and to my surprise several other bright-hued leaves dropped also. Then she wove us into a wreath with some pretty immortelles and hung us over the picture of her mother, and there we hang even to this day.

Yes, I am old and withered and dried, and my history is only that of a common leaf and there is nothing remarkable about it. But I am happy because I think that I have been good for something, or I should never have been made.

F. R.

Omaha by Night.

To persons who are accustomed to spend the greater portion of the evening in the city, there is nothing new in that of which I am about to write. But to one who is not accustomed to it, and who thinks there is a certain kind of novelty in the idea of taking a stroll by night through the city, there will, I trust, be found something interesting. There is a vast difference in the appearance of things in general after the lamps are lit. In the day-time the roar and rumble of traffic on the streets drowns all other sounds; men hurry to and fro as if their very lives were depending on their speed; messengers, porters, mechanics and professional men mingle promiscuously together, each intent on his purpose. Occasionally a sight-seer will stop, gaze abstractedly into a store window, or at an imposing structure that commands his admiration for a short time, and then be carried along with the tide of human

as if powerless to resist the impulse that leads him on. But at night all is changed; and instead of the never-ending tide of business men, we meet gaily dressed throngs promenading the streets; some wending their way to places of amusement, others merely out for a stroll, enjoying the crisp night air. And in place of the steady roll of heavily loaded vehicles, we see the flashing to and fro of carriages, cabs and family equipages. The continual passing and repassing of the crowds, the hum of voices, the cry of newsboys and street-venders, manifested under the glare of the electric light, affords a scene that can be better imagined than described. Here, on some prominent corner, an enterprising street fakir, glib of tongue and dexterous of movement, is extolling the virtues of an article which, if we believed half of what was told us, was destined to revolutionize American civilization; and generally about opposite from him is the irrepressible Dago, who tells us in broken English that his "bananos are all ripe," which assertion is probably true, too true, perhaps, as the unwary purchaser soon finds to his disgust. Moving a little further down the street, we gaze into a large room, which is about half filled with a motley crowd of men and boys. These are listening with a poor show of interest, to a pompous looking personage standing on the counter engaged in selling to the highest bidder a various assortment of notions, hardware, silverware, brassware, furniture, and every other commodity known to civilization, and as we move on we hear the voice of the auctioneer, protesting in eloquent speech, against sacrificing this or that article "below actual cost of production." Upon every side is seen or heard something to interest and amuse the person of observing habits. The general confusion and metropolitan air betoken the fact that Omaha is fast growing in size and importance, and one goes home with the impression that for genuine progressiveness it is far ahead of the average and is bound to become, in time, the leading city of the "Great West."

J. R.

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