

Faculty Boyles' Commercial and Shorthand College



MISS NELLIE CRANDALL—SHORTHAND INSTRUCTOR.



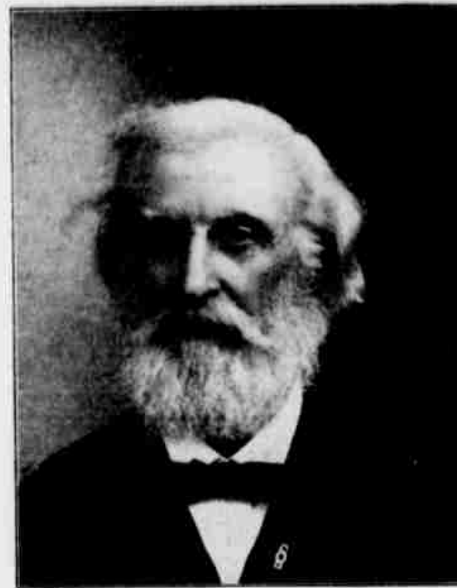
V. W. BOYLES, M. ACC'TS.



H. B. BOYLES, PRINCIPAL.



MRS. H. B. BOYLES, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL.



W. H. LARKIN, M. ACC'TS, DEAN.

Spring Term, April Second



T. K. D. MADDISON—SHORTHAND INSTRUCTOR.



MISS ORA TRAMBLIE—SHORTHAND INSTRUCTOR.

In western commercial circles there is heard constant comment on the astonishing success of BOYLES' COMMERCIAL AND SHORTHAND COLLEGE. The progress of this institution has been most remarkable. Three hundred and twenty students have been enrolled during the past year. This record is not approached by any other school of its age in the country. The school is but twenty-eight months old. When it was started but one room was occupied, with one instructor and one typewriter. Now the institution occupies ten rooms, the handsomest and most commodious in the city—forty typewriters are in constant use and all the desks are occupied by bright young men and women. The best young people of the state patronize this school. The reason is clear. It is the favorite of the business element and it is from this school that the business houses of Omaha and other cities of the state secure their stenographers, bookkeepers and trained assistants. The list of young people graduated and given lucrative positions is growing daily. It is open to inspection and affords the prospective student the best evidence of the genuine worth of the institution. The methods of the instruction are well adapted to the individual cases under the charge of the faculty. Every one is given the best instruction possible and progress is certain.

Success of the College.

The success of the college can be traced primarily to the foresight of the management. It is not sufficient, in the estimation of the instructors of this institution, that their graduates shall merely be able to write and read shorthand, but they insist on giving each and every student a thorough training in the incidental lines of business which naturally go with that of a shorthand writer. For instance, it is essential to the success of the average stenographer that

they be familiar with typewriting, mimeographing, indexing, letter-filing, letter-press copying, manifold, business correspondence, spelling, punctuation, penmanship and an easy familiarity with the English language. These various branches are taught and thoroughly taught. It is the experience of the manager that the great difficulties confronting the average stenographer are not so much those touching the practical use of shorthand, but more in the incidental features of the work. These side-lights are covered in the incidental branches taught in this college. Students should remember the importance of good penmanship and other branches of the business course in connection with the work of stenography. The average graduate will find after securing a position that there will be as many calls upon his knowledge in the incidental branches as upon the main one of writing shorthand. The reasons for this are clear. A position as stenographer brings one in contact with business men who have a multiplicity of duties to perform. A stenographer may be thoroughly capable of taking dictation and yet not be a success because of inability to dispose of the incidental work of the position. An investment in a shorthand course is perfectly safe because it guarantees a good position, steady income and possibilities for advancement not possessed by any other profession.

A stenographer who is careless and spells and punctuates indifferently cannot hope to acquire success in this line. Business men require fidelity to small things first. Young persons should keep these points well in mind in their studies. A business course at this college includes thorough drilling in the following branches: Bookkeeping, business practice, business arithmetic, business correspondence, rapid calculation, commercial law, penmanship, spelling, business customs, office drill and banking, lectures on banking law and business ethics.

The graduate of this school enters business with a knowledge of what to do and

how to do it. He knows the ways of business. He does not have to grope, halt or depend upon the uncertain knowledge of others. How far he can go depends upon himself. His training is equal to anything he may undertake.

It is of first importance that ambitious students be prepared when the call comes to fill responsible positions. If you are not prepared you will not be accepted. The business world has no sympathy with timid and irresolute persons. What is desired is persons of ambition and determination to do well what they undertake. It requires trained minds to perform these services. Which class are you in?

Young people who are not employed now should immediately learn to do something well that business men require done.

Students from Out of Town.

Omaha offers distinct advantages in many ways to those coming here to attend college, for both business and pleasure. The opportunities in Omaha are more numerous than in any city of similar population in the west. In a business way, there are innumerable wholesale institutions, large railway headquarters and many places where young people may expect employment after having concluded their course. Socially, Omaha is a delightful city. Its churches are numerous, and the percentage of church-going people is unusually large for its population. The park system has been perfected until it is second to none in the west, and every opportunity is offered visitors for recreation after business hours. Within two blocks of the school can be found the public library, which is one of the largest institutions of its kind in the west, the Young Men's Christian association, the city hall and the county court house.

School Rooms.

The rooms are well lighted and the ventilation perfect. The school rooms are provided with an electric motor ventilation, keeping every portion supplied with pure, fresh air. The building is fireproof and the premises absolutely safe.

The spring term of this most popular school begins April second. Students are admitted at any time, however, as the instruction is individual.



H. M. MARQUIS, COMMERCIAL LAW.



MISS MAE SMITH, INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH.

Stories About Preachers

A pet monkey belonging to a son of Rev. W. G. Herbert, pastor of the Caroline Street Methodist church of Baltimore, got into the study of the clergyman the other evening, opened a volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica and tore out sixteen pages of the article on Darwin's "Origin of Species." Then it turned to Butler's Analogy, and it was examining it with great apparent delight when the clergyman returned and put a stop to the proceedings.

"Rev. Father Enright," says the Philadelphia Record, "has a class in his Sunday school at Bernice, Sullivan county, some of whom are perversely slow in imbibing the teachings of the catechism. On a late occasion he asked the first boy, 'How many Gods are there?' The lad promptly responded, 'Three,' and the good father boxed his ears. 'Now,' said the angry urchin, 'I wouldn't tell you if I knew where there was a whole field full!' Father Enright hastily made his way to the other end of the class, where evidently something had happened to amuse them."

It is well known that the Chinese language is one of the most difficult to master, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly, and for us to attempt this task after we have finished our school years is excessively trying and difficult; and certainly the mistakes one hears of as being made by those who begin to talk and, worse still, preach in a language they fondly imagine they have mastered are ludicrous in the extreme. I heard of a clergyman who was preaching to a Chinese congregation in the vernacular. "Come to God, oh, my friends; come to God," he cried (or thought he did), and was considerably surprised to find some of the congregation with broad grins on their faces, while others were frowning blackly.

Great was the good man's consternation when he found he had been saying, "Call the pigs, oh, my friends; call the pigs." His mistake, I believe, was due entirely to putting the accent on the wrong syllables, which altered the whole sense of the words. The Chinese seem to regard a foreigner speaking Chinese like Dr. Johnson regarded women preaching. "It is like a dog standing on its hind legs," said the learned doctor. "You are not struck with admiration at how well he does it, but you are surprised he can do it at all."

Pen Pictures of War

One of the war correspondents of a London paper, in the course of a private letter to a friend, gives some vivid pictures of the realities of war under modern conditions: "As regards my own feelings in a fight it is very hard to describe; I know when the thing is all over and I am all right I feel much happier. Any man who has been in a modern fight, where men are being knocked over all around, and says he likes it is a liar. In former days it must have been different. The enemy could be seen, the smoke could be seen and rifles had to be reloaded after every shot. At 1,000 yards you were in comparative safety. The infantry, after receiving one volley, would charge, knowing that until the enemy had loaded again each man was practically safe. "Nowadays that is all changed. Nothing is seen, no man, no smoke. The only thing seen is the dust thrown up by the bullets like a rainstorm on the surface of a lake, the artillery throwing shells and the shells bursting. In contrast to this is the noise, which is infernal; with occasional lulls it sounds as if a million kettledrums were being played—a constant tra-ra-ra, with the boom, boom of the big guns and the harsher sound of the pumping of the Maxims, Hotchkiss, Maxim-Nordenfeldts and

machine guns in general. The discord is appalling, as every gun has a different sound and each shell going through the air hums or whistles according to its breed. After a time you can tell what is coming or, if it is one of your own, what is going. "The most terrifying of the enemy's guns is a sort of Hotchkiss, which fires about five rounds at a time and throws a one-pound shell, which bursts. You are safe

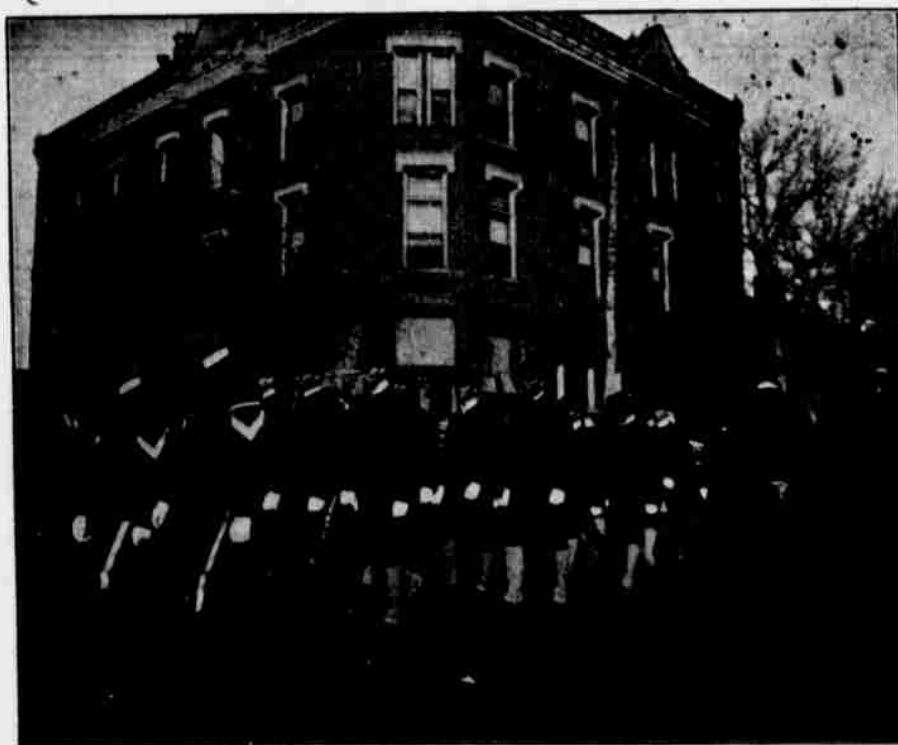
nowhere, as a bullet fired at an object at 800 yards which misses hits and kills at 2,000 or 5,000. It practically means with these rifles that a bullet is never spent until it hits something and remains there. When a bullet strikes you hear nothing; it goes right through a man and probably travels on another 2,000 yards. You hear a grunt or a gurgle and the man collapses and doubles up; sometimes if hit in the

arm or leg he spins around and falls and probably gets up again, as it is only the shock which knocks him down and he hardly feels the bullet. At Modder river I went down with three guns of the Eighteenth battery to within 1,300 yards and saw five men go over, one after the other, but only one killed.

"The worst thing is a bullet wound in the stomach below the navel, which is mortal. The pain is excruciating and they howl like a shot hare; it sounds like a child screaming and is horrible. But you see such a lot of beastly sights and hear such a lot of heartrending sounds that you become accustomed to them and callous. I found a wounded Boer at Magersfontein who was shot—evidently while lying down—through the top of the head above the right ear; the bullet had traveled through his head and out at the back of his jaw on the left side. It had then broken his collarbone and taken a turn, traveled round his ribs and out at his side. He was not pretty to look at, but did not seem much the worse and while I gave him water he explained to me the course of the bullet. Some of the recoveries are perfectly marvelous. I suppose after the thing is over the doctors will publish some of the extraordinary cases which have passed through their hands."

Not All Taffy

Washington Post: "Can you tell me who Ananias was?" asked the old man of the proprietor of the bookstore. "Of course I can," was the reply. "He was the champion liar of the world at one time. Did anyone call you Ananias?" "Yes, sir. Yes, called me Ananias; and darn my buttons if I didn't think he was giving me a bushel of praise. Next man calls me Ananias won't know what house fell on him."



INTERMENT FALLEN FIRST NEBRASKA VOLUNTEER AT YORK, Neb.—Photo by L. A. Adams.