

Social Life at Omaha High School Takes on Great Holiday Activity



In a Cozy Corner



Between the Dances



Filling in Programs

THE holiday season means more to the school boys and girls than to any one else. Christmas day is the children's day, but the rest of the usual fortnight's vacation belongs to the school set. The high school students have planned a gay round of pleasure with a few days left for impromptu affairs, such as jolly skating parties and coasting or bobbed parties. Dancing is a favorite pastime with the young people and some elaborate affairs are planned by different clubs and societies which take the place of the tattered Greek letter fraternities and societies at the high school. Two large masquerade dancing parties were given dur-

ing the holidays by the young people. One of these is not a high school society, but most of the young men belong to the club are high school cadets. The young women of the club are scattered in the different schools of the city. This is the Junior Dancing club, which meets every second Friday during the winter at Chambers' restaurant. The masquerade party given Thursday the 22nd was the largest and most elaborate affair that the club will give during the year.

The Senior Prom last Monday evening, given by members of the senior class of the Omaha High school at Chambers' academy, was enjoyed immensely by the students. The class pennants and colors

resources and if he begins by indolence and idleness, the first year is apt to be the last. A little social life stimulates the student to be proficient in his studies in order that he may hold the esteem of his classmates.

Recently a well known Omaha man was heard to give this advice to a son who is not at all keen about school or studies.

"Have as good a time as you can, my son. If you wish to please me you will

try to win honors in athletics and become popular with your classmates, and I will give you all of the funds that I can."

A friend of the father remarked that this was unusual advice, and not a word had been said about studies. The father replied that a boy was not eligible for athletic honors unless he kept up with his studies and the boy or girl who is popular with his school friends is not the one who

Selections from the Story Teller's Collection

Prompting the Old Man.
PROPOS of divorce, Judge Simon L. Hughes of Denver said at a recent dinner:
 "A marriage likely to end in divorce was celebrated last week in Circleville. A minister told me about it.
 "An oldish man—70 or so—was led rather unwillingly to the altar by a widow of about 65.
 "He was a slow-witted old fellow, and the minister couldn't get him to repeat the responses properly. Finally, in despair, the minister said:
 "'Look here, my friend, I really can't marry you unless you do what you are told.'
 "The aged bridegroom still remained stupid and silent, and the bride, losing all patience with him, shook him roughly by the arm and hissed:
 "'Go on, you old fool! Say it after him just as if you were mocking him.'
 "The minister said:
 "'How do you do, sir?'
 "'Say, senator, you remember me? I'm Jones-Jones of Springfield, you know. I met you down there. Remember how full we got together?'
 "I do not," replied the senator icily.
 "They pushed Jones away, but soon he was back.
 "'Hello, senator!' he shouted. 'Don't you remember that time down in St. Louis we went out and made a night of it? Jones of Springfield, you know.'
 "They shoved Jones away again and somebody standing near the senator asked:
 "'Who's your friend?'
 "'I don't know who he is, but he seems to be in on reminiscences.'—Saturday Evening Post.

Why Southern Trains Are Late.
 Scratch a southerner and you will find a knightly soul, might be said to be one of the morals of the Chicago Record-Herald story below—the second moral is more reasonably obvious.
 "What is the reason," began the irritated traveler from the north, "that the trains in this part of the country are always behind time? I have never seen one yet that ran according to schedule."
 "That, sah," replied the dignified Georgian, "is a matter that is easily explained. It is due to southern chivalry."
 "Southern chivalry? Where does that come in?"
 "You see, sah, the trains are always late in this country because they wait for the ladies. God bless them!"

Profanity by Agreement.
 Bishop Olmsted of Denver tells a story illustrative of the fact that clergymen must keep very much farther away from even than the ordinary man.
 The bishop was once talking in Olmsted-

ville with an old fisherman about a neighboring divine.
 "A very good man," the bishop said.
 "A good man, yes," assented the old fisherman. "He swears a good bit for a preacher, though."
 "Swears?" exclaimed Bishop Olmsted. "I can't believe that."
 "But I heard him," said the old fisherman, obstinately. "I sat beside him at our Thanksgiving treat, you know, sir. We both of us were hawking away at a turkey leg. His got away from him. It slid across the table towards me and a lot of cranberry sauce was splattered about."
 "I said to him, sympathetic like, for I could see he was worked up:
 "These legs are damn tough, ain't they, sir?"
 "He answered back, quick as a flash:
 "'Yes, George, they certainly are.'
 "'Now, if that ain't swearing,' concluded the old fisherman, "what is it?"—Kansas City Star.

Private John's Office.
 "When I first decided to allow the people of Tulepe to use my name as a candidate for congress I went out to a neighboring parish to speak," said Private John Allen to some friends at the old Metropolitan hotel in Washington.
 "An old darky came up to greet me after the meeting," "Marse Allen," he said, "I've powerful glad to see you. I've known yo' since you was a baby. Knew yo' peppy long befo' you-a-ud was born, too. He used ter hold de same office wuz you now. I members how he held dat same office for years an' years."
 "What office do you mean, uncler?" I asked, as I never knew pop held any office.
 "'Why de office of candidate, Marse John; yo' peppy was candidate fo' many years.'"—National Monthly.

Parson Was Well Posted.
 Senator Tillman at a recent banquet told this story:
 "The pastor of a Tallapoosa church," he began, "said rather pointedly from the pulpit one Sunday morning:
 "'Ah suty an' refixed to see Bruddah Calhoun White in church once mo'. Ah's glad Bruddah Calhoun has saw de error of his ways at last, fo' dere is no' joy obah one sinah dat repenteth de' obah de ninety an' ninge.'"
 "But at this point Brother Calhoun White interrupted, angrily:
 "'Oh, sah, be from his sent, 'de ninety an' nine needn't crow. Ah could tell some things about de ninety an' nine of Ah wanted ter.'"—Washington Star.

Something Happened.
 According to Everybody's, a witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:
 "Well, Ole and I was walking down the track and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track and I heard a whistle, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole, but I walked along, and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on and

Habits of the Presidents

(continued from Page One.)
 Quincy Adams, who was uncomfortable when he attracted popular attention, rose early in warm weather and bathed before sunrise in the Potomac, something that probably no other president ever did. When he ceremoniously began the digging for the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in 1828 the crowd cheered on seeing how well he handled the spade.

Jackson, like Washington, had led a life of hardship and much physical activity, but he was five years older than Washington on coming to the presidency and by that time a less active man. He showed himself on foot in public at Washington and gave an audacious enemy a chance to tweak his nose. He also made the long land journey from the capital to his home in Tennessee, and it must have been upon one of these trips that a foolish fellow at Cumberland asked an impudent question about the irregularity of his marriage, to which Jackson responded with a sternly repressive glance and the answer that his questioner seemed to be a very bold man. Jackson, however, was not one of the specially active presidents.

Van Buren was not an outdoor person of special lover of physical exercise, though he liked to get away to his quiet Kinderhook, where he could move about undisturbed by staring crowds. There is a pleasant description of him in old age long after his retirement from the presidency as walking the streets of New York with his son John, small, quick, white haired and clear eyed, with the activity of a much younger man.

From Harrison to Pierce the presidents were mostly oldish and not especially active men. Tyler, like the other Virginians, came on a plantation, rode on horseback, but he had long been occupied with indoor activities.

Taylor entered upon the presidency at 65, soon after he had finished a hard campaign in Mexico. His life had been passed at frontier army posts and in fighting the Indians, and upon assuming the presidency he had more things to learn about civil government than any of his predecessors. The change from camp to court was not the best thing for a man of his age, else perhaps he would not have yielded to bilious colic, six months after his inauguration.

Pierson was fifteen years younger than the man whom he succeeded, too heavy in body and too sedentary by habit for great physical activity. Pierce was young and active, a gallant figure, his admirers thought, who moved freely about Washington and left the presidency so well in body that he traveled seven years in Europe. He was fond of the open air, and it was while on a long drive in the White Mountains with Pierce that Nathaniel Hawthorne in 1864 was seized with his fatal illness.

Buchanan was not an active man physically, though he liked to lounge about his farm, Wheatlands, near Lancaster, Pa., and enjoyed the unconventional outdoor life of Bedford Springs.

Lincoln had been all his life a rider on horseback, but was never light but an awkward cavalier. In spite of warnings that his life was in danger he used to walk at midnight with a single companion from the War department to the White House, and sometimes took exercise in the White House grounds after midnight.

It was this habit that led to an early plan to kidnap him, and a man who afterward lived for years in New York told an acquaintance in the confederate army that he had lain several nights in the shrubbery of the White House grounds hoping for an opportunity to seize Lincoln unaware. He must have had accomplices near at hand, for only a giant could easily have overcome Lincoln even in his middle fifties.

In spite of the fact that the assassination of Lincoln had made every one feel that the president could safely go about on foot, Grant was sometimes seen walking the streets of Washington. An unfriendly observer described him as a shabby and slovenly looking man in an unbuttoned frock coat walking along Pennsylvania avenue.

Grant's life had been much of the time one of physical hardship, but he was not a very active man physically. He liked a good horse and always had one at Washington.

By this time the actual office work of the presidency had become most exacting, so that the duties of the White House almost to fight for physical existence. Hayes, who gave personal attention to many details, was much disturbed by his lack of opportunity for outdoor exercise.

A Boston woman invited to dinner at the White House during his administration found herself suddenly seized by the president a few minutes before the dinner was announced, rushed violently out of a door, trusted through the conservatories, and back again. She returned breathless and Mrs. Hayes explained that the president frequently took this method of getting a bit of exercise before dinner.

Mr. Cleveland's increasing weight and his intense application to the details of his office made it difficult for him to get

Westerners in New York

When Colonel Robert C. Clowry came to New York from Chicago to assume the presidency of the Western Union Telegraph company, a friend gave him a luncheon at the Lawyers' club. He wanted the colonel to know some New Yorkers and not be lonely during the first period of his residence in the great city. Twenty-four men sat down to the table. Instead of finding himself among strangers, Colonel Clowry met a great many old-time friends. A poll was taken to find out where the guests hailed from. Only one man was born in New York. All the rest, and the list was a miniature "directory of directors," were westerners, part of the vast human toll that New York takes of the rest of the country.

That luncheon was typical of similar gatherings in New York. The one-time stranger within the gates is the rule; the native son is the exception.

While all sections have poured their tribute of youth, brains and energy into the hungry maw of New York, the west has done so to a remarkable degree. The rich blood of a free young region has mingled with the Knickerbocker blue, affording a much-needed replenishment for broken down strains. To eastern conservatism the west has brought the quickening and broadening sense of real democracy.

Turn where you will in the swift march of metropolitan events, and you will find the hardy impress of the westerner.

Many men drop off a coat, when they come to New York. Anxious to stamp themselves as old New Yorkers, it may be, or because they yield more easily to environment than the rugged westerner is supposed to do, they abandon the traits of speech and manner that would distinguish them among their associates, and allow themselves to be merged into Wall street's composite mass.

A striking exception to this rule is Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance society. He is one of the most conspicuous western men in New York, and the one who is most a westerner. Born in Nebraska ten years before it became a state, and spending many of his later years in Colorado and along the Santa Fe trail, after steel rails had converted it into the Santa Fe railroad, he has all of the candor, courage, vigor and democracy of the old frontiersman, with the culture of the born gentleman.

He ranks men above money, and his ambition runs to the accomplishment of big things rather than to the mere accumulation of millions. His Americanism is intense, but his heart is in the great west, and he never tires of telling of its resources and its wonders. In Wall street he is known as a "missionary from the west," because of his constant effort to bring about a better understanding between the east and the west and to wipe out all sectional feeling. He is so modest that he declines to see his name in print, but he has the easy confidence in himself of the true westerner.

It was to gratify his governing ambition that Mr. Morton accepted the presidency of the Equitable Life. To project himself into the turmoil of the insurance scandals, he rejected at least one offer which would have given him a larger income, but which presented no opportunity for constructive work. He came into the situation at a time when the newspaper men who were working on the greatest story of years were suspicious of every one, and it was not surprising that they questioned his motives. They tried him out in many ways and for many days, but they never could get him to distort the truth in any degree.

Long afterward, one of his newspaper friends was telling him how one of the biggest men in Wall street had lied to him about an important deal.

"He was in a difficult position," said Mr. Morton, thoughtfully. "If he had told you the truth, he would have jeopardized not only his own interests, but a lot of other interests that were entrusted to him. I don't know what I would have done if I had been in his place."
 "I know what you wouldn't have done," spoke up the reporter quickly. "You wouldn't have lied about it."
 "No, I wouldn't have lied about it," assented Mr. Morton. "I probably would have said I couldn't talk about it. A man needs a long memory to be a good liar, and my memory is very bad."
 As a matter of fact, he has a marvelous memory.

Not long ago one of his admirers expressed to him the belief that his method of square dealing were being adopted by many men in the financial district, simply because they had become convinced that he had profited by them.

"Josh!" was his brusque reply. "And then he added: 'Any man who is honest because it pays won't be honest very long, and he won't be very honest at any time.'"—Munsey's Magazine.

used to decorate. There is always considerable rivalry between the Junior and senior classes, and the seniors have to give an elaborate party or they will be surpassed by the Junior Prom, which is an event in the life of each student who has the good fortune to become a Junior.

Surpassing all other school affairs for grandeur, is the hop given by the Cadet officers' club, or in school language the "C. O. C. hop." The cadet officers and cadets each invite his favorite girl friend months ahead, and for a few weeks ahead of the hop the cadets are treated royally by the young women.

For it would be a calamity not to be invited to the C. O. C. hop. Military decorations are usually in order at these hops and though the thermometer may register zero each cadet heretically wears white linen trousers with his cadet uniform coat. The cadet officers wear their swords and make the cadets look envious until one of the officers happens to trip on his sword. The students make a remarkably good showing at these elaborate affairs that the club will give at a cadet hop at West Point Military academy.

Christmas eve a party of twenty-four high school students gave a masquerade party. This was an invitation affair and most of the costumes were comic and af-