

# THE CONGRESS



OCTOBER  
1911

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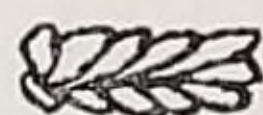
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Olean, New York

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VOLUME VII

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## The Woman in the Case

Mae L. Greene.

Camille Etheridge went whistling down a pretty street in Auburn, glad with the joy of Spring which was permeating all Nature on this beautiful morning. The golden sun was peeping through a sapphire sky and verdant, budding nature scented the whole air. Camille had been here seven years ago and had not entirely forgotten the town. Oh, no! He was going to see an old school-friend of his, a certain Jack Arden, and the best of it was Jack did not know it.

In front of him as he walked along briskly staggered a seemingly old man, pale, thin and emaciated. Just as Camille was almost abreast of him he tottered and fell headlong. Rushing forward Etheridge grasped him in his strong young arms, supporting him, but he saw that he had fainted. Brighton Place was a few rods ahead so thither he directed his steps, bodily carrying the poor creature. He dashed up the hotel steps and in short, terse tones asked for a room immediately, as well as a doctor, and in short order had obtained the one and a good promise of the other. Before Dr. Harton got there, however, the man opened his faded blue eyes, gazed at Camille and then demanded where he was, and the circumstances leading up to his being there. He was soon told, and thanking Etheridge for his aid, he demanded that he be left alone with him.

"Young man, you are a gentleman and like a son I have who would have helped a poor creature like me had he met one in the same condition, and while I thank you, I can do nothing more. But wait—will you take and



treasure the watch of an old man? I say old, for while I am only forty, I seem seventy. I have had it many years and loved it all that time, and young man, I wish that you could learn to love it too. It contains something that I once loved better than my life—so near, my son—never my wife—” but ere he could gasp out more he had died, leaving a dainty gold watch in Camille’s trembling hands. It was a woman’s watch of a make of long ago. He looked at it without opening it and then called the waiting doctor and men to witness the scene. After making arrangements with them for his burial, he resumed his walk, promising to return next day. He did not take up the same merry tune where he had left it, but his full red lips were drawn and thoughtful. About to bound up the steps of the apartment house, Jack Arden himself flung open the door and ran down, bumping into Camille, nearly knocking him over.

“Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir—why Camille Etheridge, you old sneak, what are you doing here in Auburn, not having written me you were coming? How are you, Pard, anyhow?”

“Well, Jack, you look the same old chap, don’t you? I came as a surprise, but got surprised myself,” and once seated in Jack’s den he told the story of the hour’s happening and drew the watch and showed it to Jack. Jack opened it and then leaned back and said:

“Whe—e—ew! Look here boy, isn’t this a stunner?”

“What, the watch? I thought so when he gave it to me!”

And then they both stopped and looked at each other in amazement for there from the case of the watch, looked out a very pretty, very dark little face. The head was tilted backward in a quite haughty manner, and with the eyes half closed and a half smile on her red lips, she was indeed a dainty picture, the long dark lashes making a shadow beneath the eyes. The dress seemed to be black, was not high at the neck, but where it touched the white skin at the throat, reposed a small gold serpent pin, coiled like a figure eight lengthwise, in its mouth a diamond, and



one could tell by the appearance that that body was studded with precious stones. One would imagine that if he looked for a just a moment he would see those thin, delicate, almost transparent nostrils of that piquant face distend with a breath and the dainty throat vibrate.

Both the boys gazed and had they been out doors with hats on, they would have involuntarily doffed them at such a picture. As soon as they could throw off the spell they went out of doors, and, walking around they talked over the happening of six years past. Much had happened during that time and a great deal which was of interest to both and then, there was always the present to discuss.

Next day Jack had an appointment at three o'clock so alone, Camille wandered down to the river's bank to muse and watch it flow, after having gone to Brighton Place as he had promised. He was sitting on a stone seat in a sequestered nook underneath a large rock. It was a beautiful little place and had evidently been worn by the elements. The sand looked so white and glistening that he had a great desire to put his hands in it as when he was a boy. So down in it he sat and was aimlessly digging when his eye was dazzled by something very bright. He picked it up and saw lying in his hand a tiny serpent brooch or pin studded with precious stones, a diamond in its mouth. It was very dainty and so he pinned it on his lapel; the sand had not allowed the gold to tarnish and anyone might think it just a Fraternity pin.

Many hours he spent alone thereafter and many times Jack was with him. One day in June as they both sat chatting, a girl in white dashed by them, racing with a little water spaniel. There was no one in sight as far as the eye could reach and evidently she sincerely thought she was unobserved. As she came back again she dropped down on the sand, panting and laughing alternately, at the little damp dog racing madly around and barking in little excited barks as he careered about.

"Well, Curly, don't you ever tire? I'm simply exhausted." She threw one more stick out on the blue deep and instantly he was after it. Then she got up and started



toward the place where the two boys were ensconced. She was a dainty figure as she came along, swinging a white parasol edged with a wide black band.

Her dress was of white with black trimming, and as a final cap in black came her hair (for she was hatless.) It was black as jet, wavy and done in a loose coil at her neck. Her recent exercise had caused every tendril that could possibly disengage itself to lie in damp curls all over her dainty head. Her eyes were as dark as her hair and half closed as her head was thrown back slightly. Both the boys caught their breath as they looked at her. The thoughts of both flew at once to the face in the watch, for this seemed the original. On she came and walked right up to them ere she saw them. Then she stopped, frank amazement on her face, but no fright. Both boys started to their feet and doffed their hats. As they did so, the pin on Camille's lapel flashed out a challenge, and as she caught sight of it, she leaned a little forward and then all color left her cheeks and lips and she was trembling violently.

"Oh, sir, where did you get that pin? Where did you find it, for you must have found it?" She stood like a crushed rose leaf, fluttering, colorless. Her dark eyes flashed with a frightened, appealing jet black darkness from her blanched little face.

"Why, Miss, I found that pin but a few days ago. Have you ever seen it before, that it should cause you such evident distress?"

"Saw it? Yes! I once owned that pin and by right, I own it still! There is no other pin like that on earth! It came from the Orient many years ago, and up to one year ago has been worn at my throat since I was ten years old! Wear it, but dare not take that pin from off that lapel! I warn you now, don't you take it off!"

This torrent of words had flowed so fast from her lips and so violently as to crowd each other over those pretty lips, she seemed to be exhausted, and ere either boy had recovered enough from this stunning speech to speak, this dark witch had fled and gone too far to call or follow.



Camille and Jack simply looked at each other in blank astonishment, and then without a word, wended their way to Jack's room. Once there, they took off their hats. Jack came over to look at the pin. They both had an inane desire to unclasp the pin, but were held back by the speech of that strange, unknown dark little girl. Two months passed and the boys had not seen the little "Gypsy Girl," as they both styled her.

October had come and the pretty little town of Auburn was witnessing a rain of vari-colored leaves and the walks were covered with a carpet of color.

Jack was taking Camille to a little party at his chum's house where even less than a dozen young folks were assembled for a pleasant evening together. Soon Jack's friend came and asked them if there was anyone in the crowd whom they did not know.

"Yes," they both exclaimed, "the dark girl sitting over there dreaming."

"Good, there are others who do not know her, so this will be a good time to introduce you all to her." So saying he made them all in turn acquainted with pretty Inez Von Bulow. Once again as she saw Camille she paled (for as this was informal and no one was in dress suit, he was clad in the suit the lapel of which held the serpent pin.) Soon the three were chatting merrily, but finally Jack excused himself and crossed the room, leaving Inez and Camille alone.

"Miss Von Bulow, I hated to broach the subject of our first meeting and this pin to-night, but I am only human and so, in consequence my native curiosity is well nigh consuming me and so now I'm going to ask you to tell me why it caused you such evident distress on that memorable day and tell you that you may have it, since it's yours," about to unclasp it as he spoke.

"Oh, don't unclasp it, I beg of you!" with a slight touch on his arm. "I'll tell you about it and then you'll see why you should not take it off," and she made a little impulsive gesture.



"I am a Spaniard, as you undoubtedly know. Long ago I had an old Indian nurse, that is, a native woman of India, who was my mother's nurse before me. Old Ziska was a very good nurse and loved her charges passionately, though with a sometimes jealous love. Poor, old soul died just two years ago. It was she who brought this pin from the Orient and inside it is the fluid of a certain very poisonous herb which she herself brewed and had placed there. Near the clasp is a concealed secret spring which, if touched, causes that fluid to exude from the mouth of the snake just underneath this largest stone. Just one drop of that herb juice will send one to their Heaven, or "along the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire! How you have managed to put it on without at least a drop of that liquid death touching you, when one experienced in its use died at its mandate, is a mystery to me."

Just then Mervin, the host, came up and said:

"Come Inez, it is time for some music," so off he led her to the center of the room, where he handed her a guitar, placed a chair for her and announced that she would give them some good music.

Inez took the guitar lovingly, sat down and leaning backward she broke out into a gay little Spanish lilt. Then it changed and she sang "Senora" as only a woman of feeling could sing it, and then a sad, sad old Spanish ballad which was vibrating with loneliness, death and heart hunger. Gradually the head with its dark, little crown went back with the characteristic of the girl face in Camille's watch and like that one the eyes were meditatively half closed. Both boys noted the striking likeness and each glanced at the other.

When she had finished the eyes of all were wet and she herself seemed wrought up to a superlative pitch of nervous excitement, and immediately took her leave. Camille accompanied her home and asked her if she wanted the pin.

"No, not yet," she said, "for I know not what might happen if I did, for I am out of sorts lately and have a temper too hot and a heart too impulsive to trust myself



with a liquid death. And then, as by a sudden inexplicable impulse, she told him the story of her mother's life and sadness. Quaintly and sweetly she told it thus:

"When Iola Fernandez was 19 years old, she met, loved and married Franz Von Bulow. Spaniard met Teuton and became one. She was a delicate, dainty, hot-tempered, impulsive but sweet little maid, and he was a fair, blue-eyed, good-natured Teuton who truly, faithfully and with a whole souled love, idolized the little Spaniard. They lived so happily for ten years that they thought every bird sang for them, every flower bloomed for them, and that every passing zephyr breathed forth its Summer essence for their express delight. Soon two children came to bless the home. First a fair-haired boy, the father's image; then a girl after the mother's own heart.

"My old nurse, Ziska, still lived with Mother as she had in childhood, and in the mind of this girl, so susceptible to love and superstition, she had instilled both superstition and love for her withered old self. She gave her the serpent pin, which I received after her death, and had kept until I was 19, when I lost it down on the beach.

"But a change came; Old Ziska became angered with my father, on account of some trivial thing and influenced Mother in a moment of choler to take her youngest child and flee with her. Not long after that, however, old Ziska, on placing that deadly pin on Iola, dropped a drop of the death-dealing fluid accidentally on herself, thus leaving poor Iola and her 12-year-old daughter practically alone. Giving me to an Aunt, my mother killed herself with the same instrument in an hour of struggle with desperation, heart-hunger and lonesomeness. Thus was I left alone in the world, ignorant of my dear Father's whereabouts, and my only Brother!"

The story was pathetic, and too full for words from either one, so with just a handclasp, as full of sympathy as words, they parted that night.

After his wife left, Franz was well nigh crazed with grief and before one night had passed his light brown hair was as white as the driven snow. He put the young son



in the care of an old chum of his and started on a world-wide search for the lost wife. First the lad's name was changed to Jack, his middle appellation, and given a splendid education by his guardian, Mr. Arden. He was just one year out of school when his old guardian died. On and on went the grieving man and having at last found himself too weak to search, was returning to his son whom he had not seen for a goodly number of years, and had died in the very town of Auburn ere he reached Jack, and just as Camille could come to make his journey across the river Jordan more easy.

Many evenings since the one when Inez and Camille had parted wordless, both boys had spent at Inez's residence and when either one was down hearted it was Inez with her guitar and marvelous voice who soothed them. A deep bond of love seemed to have sprung up between Inez and Jack, and they with Camille sat looking over Inez's treasures and what she termed "her family." She picked up a photo of a fair haired lad of about a year old and said:

"This is my little brother, but I don't know where he is. Oh, would that I might know where my poor father and dear little Franz is tonight. That part of my birth-right is denied me."

"Why, Inez Von Bulow! That is my own silly self you've been kissing, for I have the counterpart in my room! Why, Inez, you're my sister, don't you see?" incoherently shouted Jack.

"But your name—it is Jack!"

"Yes, but my whole cognomen is Francis Jack, and then he told her the story of their father, his fruitless life-long search and the guardianship. She in turn told of the mother and her broken-hearted death. They went on looking at the pictures and at last she showed them her mother's. Both boys jumped as if shot, and Jack seemed mad with joy.

Camille Etheridge, give me that watch! Why man, it's my mother's, and here you are wearing it. That's her picture you've been wearing! Give it me! For there on



pasteboard smiled up the same sweet, dark, haughty, tip-tilted face. Showing it to Inez he then snatched her and waltzed her around the room madly. All at once he stopped dead still and the happy face sobered and paled and he turned to Camille, who felt interested but as though he was not of right in the picture of joy.

"Oh, Camille, that man who gave you that watch was my father—and he's dead! Oh, Inez, he's head. Dead! Oh, Camille, boy, thank Heaven that you were good to him when I, his own son, could not be at his side. Sister, Dear, you and I must live for each other now."

"Now, Jack, I've been forced to be present at this reuniting, which I well realize should be for you two alone, yet glad I am to know that I was of any help in the reuniting. But Jack, I want to ask if I may have the right, with your sister's consent, to try to get her to live for me too? I might as well say here and now, that I love her."

This was too much, and Inez broke into tears, that should have passed those poor little pent up portals long ere this.

"Yes, you may come, for tomorrow I must claim my pin; it cannot harm me now."

"Thanks, Inez dear; may its coils not mean Death to us, but eternal life, joy and happiness."

Thus today Ziska's serpent and its fluid is merely an emblem of a love welding of the Deity of Lovers.





## The Merry Creeblings

The house had been vacant for seventeen months and had become an item of despair, although it was a comfortable little place. The agent, upon entering the office, saluted Mr. Reese, saying:

"Well, sir, I have rented the house."

"About time," responded Mr. Reese. "Who's the tenant?"

The agent looked a trifle uneasy.

"She is a very nice looking young widow. She looks neat and trim; would keep things up, I'm sure. Extraordinary name, Mrs. Stephen R. Creevling," he said. "I could not get references as to her care of property because she moved here from Utica, but as I say, she doesn't look like one that would let things run down, and her financial references are first-class."

"What's the out to it, Lynne?" demanded the landlord, who had learned his agent's ways. "There's an out to it somewhere; what is wrong with this woman?"

"Nothing; not one thing," said the agent, earnestly. "She's all right, but you are opposed to children, Mr. Reese—"

"And she has children?" inquired Mr. Reese. "They are more destructive than flood or earthquake. How many?"

"I understand, Mr. Reese, that she has six," answered the agent.

"Six!" thundered Mr. Reese. "I don't propose turning that place into an orphan asylum. I am going there to get rid of her."

He stalked away, leaving his agent crestfallen and angry.

Mr. Reese walked rapidly toward the newly-tenanted house. Going up to the front door, he knocked resoundingly.



A slender, girlish figure answered the summons. Her eyes were so smiling that Mr. Reese modified the tone which was prepared to correspond with his knock.

"Mrs. Creevling, I am your landlord."

"Oh, please come in, Mr. Reese," said the youthful person. "Mother will be glad to meet you. I am not Mrs. Creevling. I am her eldest daughter, Eleanor."

Mr. Reese entered and Mrs. Creevling appeared in response to Eleanor's musical call.

"Very glad to meet you, Mr. Reese," she said, and her face dimpled when she smiled just as her daughter's did.

"We are so comfortable in our new home so we are not going to ask for one repair your agent suggested."

Just as she had finished speaking, a small girl tilted into the room, a taffeta bow standing erect on her downy yellow hair. She dashed over to Eleanor and looked at Mr. Reese, then she giggled in a friendly way.

"Say good morning to Mr. Reese properly, Poppet," said Eleanor, and the beautiful child went over and offered him her dimpled hand with a certainty of being welcome. This Mr. Reese was told, was the youngest of the Creevlings, and then Mrs. Creevling called Nan, and Polly and Ned.

The landlord was about to express his purpose for coming there when the three lively children came bounding in.

Mr. Reese felt his ire thaw as Ned, with straightforward friendliness marched up and offered his brown square hand, with a beaming smile. And Nan and Polly did the same without a trace of shyness.

"We like it very well, sir," said Ned, volunteering the information before Mr. Reese had asked, then turning to his mother, he asked her if he might show him the top floor.

"You see, sir," Ned went on as his mother nodded, "my older brother and I want to rig up a theatre in the top floor front. Eleanor writes plays and we act them."



We would take them all out and put everything as it is now if we ever moved out. Would you mind going up with us while I show you?"

Mr. Reese found himself not only going with the lad but going with so much satisfaction that his hand dropped on Ned's shoulder. And a thrill went all up his left arm, into his heart, warming it with an entire new sensation as Poppet slapped her soft hand into his and hopped along beside him. The landlord glanced around to see if Eleanor was following him and she was with Nan and Polly affectionately dragging her down. Mr. Reese resolved to postpone his business until another time and then—plainly it would be too late. He blushed, realizing how little they suspected that he had come to them, an ogre in disguise, prepared to cast them out.

Upstairs in the top story Mr. Reese listened with scant attention to Ned's theatrical plans. Fair Eleanor stood by the window, leaning against the broad sill on which Poppet stood resting her flaxen head against her sister's brown one, her arms around her neck holding her fast. The sun streamed in over them and Mr. Reese thought he had never seen so lovely a picture. Sweetly unconscious the young girl stood, listening attentively with visible pride to Ned's plans. "Any man would be devout with such a girl in his house!" thought the landlord, and said "Yes" where Ned's remark required "No."

"I'm afraid I bore you, Mr. Reese," he said, stopping short.

"Indeed you don't, Ned," said Mr. Reese truthfully. "I am greatly interested, but something else came into my mind that moment. I beg your pardon. I'll tell you something though. You go ahead and do exactly what you want to do and it will be all right with me; I'll trust you."

"You're a brick, Mr. Reese. Honest, I won't do one thing that mother doesn't approve of, and we'll set it all back if we move."

"I'm sure I hope you will stay here a long time," said the landlord.



"We'll invite you to our show, Mr. Reese," he said. "Eleanor is great at acting."

Mr. Reese departed shortly, promising to call again in response to Mrs. Creevling's cordial invitation seconded by Eleanor's frank urging.

When he had shut the door behind him the merry Creevling's crowned him with their praises, a sextette of various notes.

"He is as nice as he can be—rather young, too," said Eleanor thoughtfully.

"To think of our getting such a landlord, when so many are disagreeable and object to children," cried Mrs. Creevling happily. "We will ask him to tea soon, Eleanor. I like him."

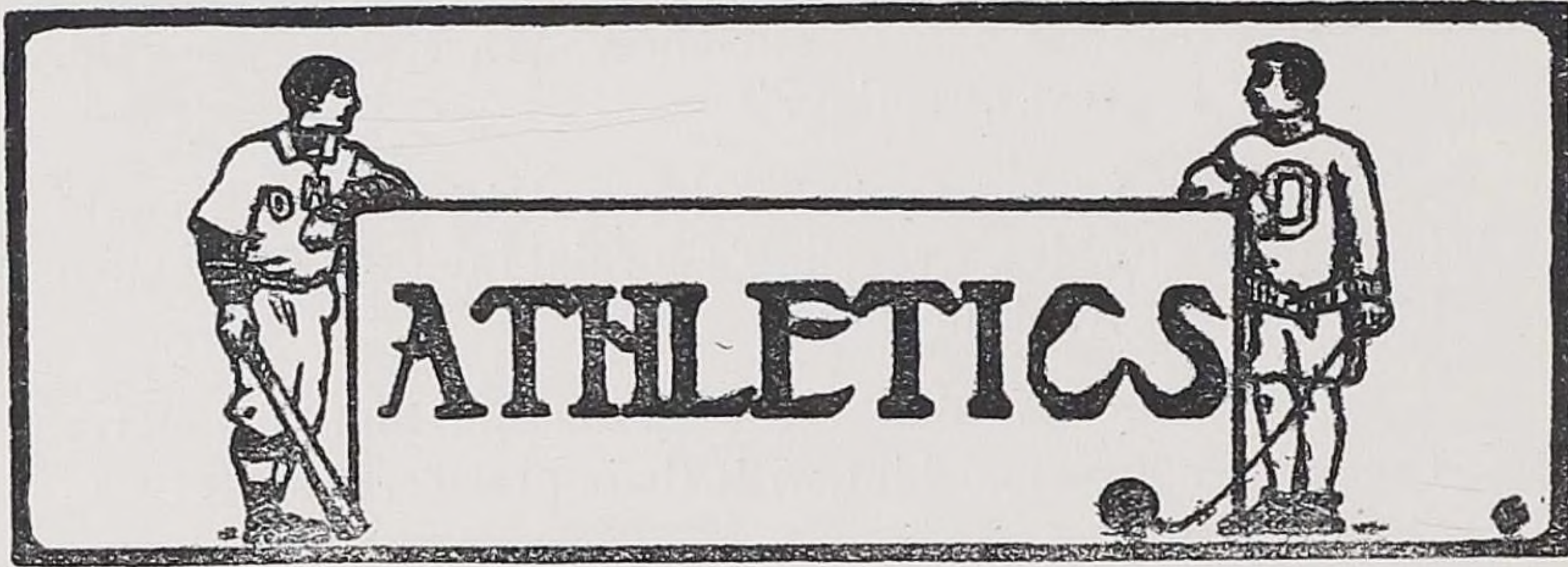
Mr. Reese went on his way back to the office. Before him went a slender girlish figure, the sunlight resting on its soft head.

The agent looked up as he entered, but only said: "Well?"

"You get the commission, Lynne," said Mr. Reese.







### Football.

At the beginning of school in the fall all eyes and attention were turned toward our football team, to judge whether it will be able to meet and defeat the best teams in New York state; whether it will make a name for Olean High School, and who is going to fill the places of those whom we have lost by graduation. This year the team plays Lafayette H. S. of Buffalo, considered by authorities the strongest high school team in Western and Central New York; Elmira Free Academy is also on the schedule, a team which is considered the champion of Western New York. Then we have Jamestown, Bradford, Warren, Masten Park and Technical High School of Buffalo. In a word Olean will play a schedule never before attempted in the history of the school.

Captain Lundberg's call for candidates brought out nine of last year's team: Sheahan, Faulkner, Coughlin, Shiffler, Corsett, Dietrich, Ray and West. Besides the old men twenty-five new men reported. Very little change has been made in the playing rules this year, which means that the open style of play will be used entirely. At present, according to Captain Lundberg, the team will probably line up as follows: Center, Taylor and Ray; right guard, Dierich and Wormer; left guard, Beckwith and Kriffin; right tackle, Schiffler; left tackle, Corsett and West; left end, Coughlin and Dietrich; right end, Bishop and Johnson; left halfback, Corsett and West; fullback, Faulkner; right halfback, Sheahan; quarter, Faulkner and Lundberg.



Manager Faulkner's schedule to date is as follows:

- Sept. 23—Friendship H. S. at Olean.
- Sept. 30—Bolivar H. S. at Olean.
- Oct. 7—Lafayette H. S. at Buffalo.
- Oct. 14—Bradford H. S. at Bradford.
- Oct. 21—Elmira Free Academy at Elmira.
- Oct. 28—Jamestown H. S. at Jamestown.
- Nov. 4—Warren H. S. at Warren.
- Nov. 7—Bradford H. S. at Bradford.
- Nov. 11—Jamestown H. S. at Olean.
- Nov. 18—Springville Griffith Institute at Olean.
- Nov. 25—Masten Park (pending.)
- Nov. 30—Technical H. S. of Buffalo at Olean.

#### Athletic Association.

On Thursday evening a meeting of the Athletic Association was called and presided over by George Lundberg. An election of officers was held for the year and George West was elected president; Lawrence Kelsey, vice, and John Sheahan, secretary and treasurer. Timothy Coughlin was elected manager of basket ball, and Edward Coleman, manager of track.







Robert D. Laughlin.....	Editor-in-Chief
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Athletics .....	George West
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Literary Critic .....	Mary B. Shea

With this issue Congress begins its seventh successful year a official adjuster of the affairs of this school. It is our aim to make this year the most successful, in every respect, of our history. There have been practically no changes in the Staff, and we have learned much in the past year and hope to profit by the experience. We have said that it is our aim to make this a banner year, but in order to do this we must have your support. We cannot run this paper on faith no matter how strong it is. We need money and the least every one can do is to subscribe. We would hate to publish the number of subscriptions we have received so far out of five hundred students because this paper goes to other schools, and they would stamp us as a fine bunch of pikers. We ought to have at least four hundred subscriptions, and—well, to put it mildly—we haven't.

We wish to apologize for part of this issue. That is the cuts. We intended to have new ones throughout, and have them ordered, but we have not received them yet. We hope by next month, however, to show some classy stuff from the pen of our Staff artist.



A matter that has been troubling us for some time has been set at rest at last. We present the following clipping from "Life" knowing that it will strike a soft spot in most of your hearts, especially those who begin a subject and expect to buy books second-hand only to be informed that "We are not using the old text-book this year." Why on earth, if a text-book is good enough for one year's class isn't it good enough for the next? We are no shark on the subject of the merits of various text-books, but this particular phase of the question seems quite simple. Down in the grades where we had our text-books furnished it was all right if the authorities saw fit to change them every year, but we notice they didn't. I remember using the same arithmetic from the first grade up to the seventh. Up here in the High School, however we seem to be easy meat for every book agent that comes to town. This fickleness of public opinion gets mighty monotonous on our pocketbooks. Here is the clipping:

"The laws governing the use of text-books in our public schools are perfectly simple and easy to understand by anybody—except perhaps by the pupils. They are roughly as follows:

"Text-books should be used as short a time as possible. The oftener they are changed the more profit there is in the business.

"A text-book should be written by some man who is prominent in a large school system—with the help, of course, of the publisher's staff. The book is then sure, regardless of its merit, to be used by the system in which the author is mixed up. This will help its sale in other places.

"As mathematics and grammar are both fixed studies, governed by permanent laws, the text-books dealing with them should be changed oftener than any other, except geographies. Why? Because they are more necessary.

"The more text-books on every subject there are in every school the harder it will be for the pupils and the more money in it for the publishers. Therefore all schools should have as many text-books as the principal can be persuaded to buy."





### AVON.

The first meeting of the Avon Society was held Thursday, in room 104, and election of officers ensued. Almena Bradley was installed as temporary chairman Agnes Allen was elected President; Gertrude liver, Vice-President, and Almena Bradley, Secretary.

Miss Moulten was appointed critic, and the committee for supervision of strict attendance and usefulness chosen as follows: Mae Greene, Clara Luther and Emily Stowell.

Two meetings have ensued on Wednesdays the first half hour and interest seems apparent and good attendance means interest in "The Taming of the Shrew."

### WAYSIDE.

"Wayside" has reorganized this year with a large membership, and it is hoped that it may be a success in every way. A meeting was held soon after school opened and the following officers were elected: President, May Greene; Vice-President, Florence Waldorff; Secretary, Gertrude liver; Treasurer, Helen LeStrange; Business Manager, Jessie Swift. There should be much interest taken and each one should do her part to make Wayside a success this coming year.





O, you Senior privileges! ?? What? When? Where?

O, the poor dears are hept in by the Parke's fencing!

Things must have looked pretty serious at Allegany the night a farmer urged McDuffie and Zimmerman to buy their winter's supply of vegetables.

Pinkie M. enjoys only two letters (K. D.) that is, only two come a day.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars." How sage!  
But, say, it isn't any fake  
That S. H. A's a cage.

Who would have thought that L. Allen would aspire to be a Bishop?

The Muse of poetry has been worked overtime in S. H. A. lately. And the results!!

Zimmerman's grocery was entered Sunday evening, Sept. 10th, and several bottles of grape juice and root beer are missing. The Nabisco box was entered, also. No reward offered for capture of thief or thieves as Earl Z. is already on trial.

Tennyson revised:

For men may come and men may go,  
But "Bob and Alice" go on forever.

Esther C. to Clara L-t-r (at choir practice)—There's only one (hymn?—him) for us, isn't there?

Ethel B. says "Al(1) is "S(c)ham(el)" in this world.



Granger's "Smiling" face is with us again.

Shiffler's favorite bird is sea-gull.

We welcome the smiling! ! faces of our new teachers.

Wanted—Some one to find the "Time" lost, marching into the Assembly Hall.

How "Wise" Margaret Fisher is getting to be. She seems "Ernest," too.

Joan Q. to Bob L.—"The light has been out three nights now down at our house."

Bob—"I wish I had known it. I would have been down every night."

We thought "K" was for "Kindeg" Floss, but we see it is Kenneth.

How much can "Earl Chew?"

How can some of the B. G. S. and Mohegans pick chestnuts after dark?

Bill, "Is Ray" your only light? (Of course not, counting red hair.)

Pinkey's favorite song is "Billy."

Bill Ray seems to "Passmore" time on Laurel avenue now.

Lost, strayed or stolen—Senior privileges.

Now wouldn't it seem funny not to see Bob and Alice as of yore?

Helen Shaner talks broken German. She says my Zimmerman.

Well I know:

It took her a goodly hour,  
To loosely lay those locks  
In dazzling disarrangement so.

(Dedicated to Joan Quinn.)

Corsett is continually singing "All Alone."

Maurice Smith—I guess I'll join the double quartet.

M. Green—Do! Then there will be the "Long" and "Short" of it.



Rules and Regulations of O. H. S. Asylum.  
(Keeper of S. H. A. Take Notice.)

- I. Keep inmates behind locked doors lest they should come to harm.
- II. Keep windows locked lest inmates should prefer sudden death to this one of slow torture.
- III. If any inmate show signs of raving, send him to padded cell 106 immediately.
- IV. If any inmate shows proper signs of gentleness, after filing a record of age, nationality, date of vaccination, etc., etc., he may be watered at the drinking fountain, providing an attendant accompanies him.
- V. After filing record and fulfilling other above conditions an inmate may be allowed to look into the dictionary in the library as an unusual relaxation.
- VI. Strictly enforce the isolation treatment. Do not let anyone sit within twelve feet of another.

S. H. A.

The Seniors who in Study Hall A,  
Have within its walls held sway,  
Are not a Senior class so bold—  
For they're used as only two-year olds.  
You slip in, and sit up straight;  
You slip out, if you are late.  
Mr. Fraim says, in awful drawl:  
"Girls, no talking in the Hall."  
Miss Simons, with accent sweet!?!  
"Keep order at your seats."  
You have to get a slip to drink,  
And again a slip to think!  
When Miss Moulton, with haughty glib—  
Won't let you move even one eye-lid—  
It's because she received her rule,  
From the **head** of our great High School.  
Every door but one, is locked,  
And we know the people's shock—  
If in case of fire the awful rush,  
Would cause at least an awful fuss.  
But then—this is the daily rule of S. H. A. of our  
Good (?) old school.



## IN LATIN IV.

First Student (with handkerchief to nose)—“What makes the air so bad in here?”

Second Student (also with handkerchief to nose)—“Why, we’re studying a dead language.”

There was a young lady, quite jolly,  
Whose writing was awfully scrawly;  
With a queer curly-cue,  
She wrote n for u.  
Got a bean for a beau for her folly.

Miss Beamer (in English III, after a paper on Julius Caesar has been read stating that Caesar wore no beard)—“I read that he had a beard and moustache; now isn’t that funny? The encyclopaedia said that he always kept his moustache and beard clean shaven.” And then she saw the joke.

Mr. Fraim (to delinquent pupil)—“Have you a note-book?”

Pupil—“my head is my note-book.”

Mr. F.—“Oh, get out, that is a blank-book.”

Customer (in News office)—“I would like to get copies of your paper for a week back.”

Clerk—“Don’t you think you’d better get a porous plaster?”

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To quench her awful thirst,  
But when she got there,  
The cupboard was bare;  
The old man had been there first.

Three is a crowd, and there were three,  
The girl, the parlor lamp, and he;  
Two is company, and no doubt,  
That’s why the parlor lamp went out.

There was a young lady named Mae,  
A blithsome young lassie and gay;  
This girl was so tall, that wet feet in the fall  
Would not give her a cold until May.



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H. F. Klee, Ass't Cashier, M. M. Holmes, Ass't Cashier.

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