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JUNIOR ISSUE

MARCH



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# *The* CONGRESS

OLEAN, NEW YORK

Volume I

MARCH

Number 5

## AT EAGLE PASS.

It was on a cold wet morning in October when a young, athletic man sprang from the end of a freight train which was pulling into Sampson, a railroad center. He was a young chap of about nineteen or twenty with brown hair and eyes. His usually fair complexion was covered with layer upon layer of dust from his ride. He was of slim stature and his agility revealed itself as he leaped to the ground and looked around for detectives. It was Jack Emery, called Slim by his chums.

He had left his home town on account of being accused of having betrayed to the Freeport High School the signals of the Wellsboro Football Team, of which he was left end. He had, in fact, been at Bill's, the home of one of the members of the Freeport team, but on business purposes only. One of his rivals for his place on the team had seen him leave the house. A few days later came a letter from the Captain of the Freeport Football Team, stating that the signals of Wellsboro were known and they had better change them as Freeport played Wellsboro a week hence.

Slim's rival immediately reported that he had seen him leave Bill's home on the night when the signals were supposedly given out. But he forgot to state why he, the rival, had been in Freeport on the same night.

Slim admitted that he had been to Bill's house, but made no further explanation. The next day he noticed the coolness of the students in the classrooms. After school that night when he entered the dressing room he noticed that none of the fellows had dressed for practice, and when he started to undress they turned and walked out, leaving him alone. Now he knew the reason for their coolness towards him that day.



He arose and started to find his chum, Charlie Dunham, and when he found him he told Charlie of the walk-out of the team. Charlie told him he would stick to him and try to find out who was responsible for this and for him not to worry. But Slim could not get rid of the guilty feeling and went to his room.

His mother was dead; as his father was a traveling salesman and not home very much, Slim boarded with an old lady who had been a great friend of his mother.

He entered his room and sat down in despair, but soon jumped up with a new light in his eyes. He picked up the picture of his dead mother and placed it in his pocket, gathered up all the money that he had, wrote a note to Mrs. Freeman, took a long look at the cozy room and closed the door.

Making his way to the railroad yards, he sat down on a pile of ties. As it was growing dusky he commenced to wonder where he would sleep that night. Finally a freight train came along, he clambered down from the ties and watched his chance, reached a grab iron and clambered aboard. He spent the night aboard the freight train and it was from this train he had jumped off.

In the meantime Captain Roseel of Freeport had heard of the accusations of Slim and had started to find out who had betrayed Wellsboro's signals. It took him but a short time, but too late to apprehend Slim, who was traveling away as fast as the train could carry him.

Let us return to Slim, who on seeing no one about, started off in quest of something to eat. After he had obtained something, he set out in quest of work. By nightfall he was no better off. As he walked slowly down some of the tracks he heard the sounder of a telegraph instrument. He inquired his way to the chief dispatcher's office. Upon entering he asked for the dispatcher and asked him for a position, stating his experience as an operator which he had learned at the tower at home. The dispatcher told him that he did not need any operators at present and could not use him. As Slim turned away, the dispatcher saw the look of disappointment sweep over his face. He called Slim back and gave him a test of sending and receiving. Slim had sent and received at the tower and knew how to do it. The dispatcher glanced at a letter which lay on his desk and then told Slim that he could make use of him.



He wrote out a pass to Eagle Pass and gave Slim orders to relieve the operator the next day. Slim spent the night in a box car and took the train specified on his pass and in a few hours was at Eagle Pass Tower. The relieved operator told him of his duties and left on the train which brought Slim there.

Eagle Pass Tower was on one of the divides in the mountains through the railroad ran, and was the only switch either side for twenty miles. The switch was only a spur which ran into a blind gully and was used by the freight trains in waiting for the passenger trains to pass. It was not much of a tower as its name denotes, but a low, squat building with two rooms, one for a living room and office, the other for a bed room.

It may be stated that this tower had a reputation for its loneliness and more operators had worked here than at any other tower on the road.

In a few days Slim became accustomed to his duties and his immediate surroundings. His supplies were brought weekly by a local freight crew who usually met a passenger train at this point. The men on this liked this boy from the start owing to his sun-shiny nature. One of them brought him a small rifle and some cartridges for him to shoot at targets during his spare time. They also brought him magazines and papers every time they came through.

He often thought of the time when he was a favorite among his school chums; now to have this humiliating thing befall him. But he shook his head and put these thoughts away. As the Irish freight conductor often said, "He married his job." In the meantime, he had written to his father telling him where he was and why he had left. His father wrote back and tried to get him to return, and told who had betrayed the signals, but Slim would not give up as he had started now and would finish.

Soon after his arrival here, winter commenced to come on and Slim had to keep a fire going continually, obtaining his fuel from the trains which stopped there. He experienced some trouble all winter caused by the heavy snows breaking the wires down and several times he was cut off from all outside communication by having the wires down on



both sides of him. But when he could hear the huge rotaries roaring down in the gulch he knew that he would not be cut off much longer.

When spring began to approach he felt like giving up his job and going back to school and out for track, as he had always done, but this was impossible so he gave it up.

One night he had an experience of unusual importance. It happened that Slim was restless and could not sleep. He was supposed to be awake and report when the Fast Mail west bound passed, and when the Limited, east bound, No. 96, passed. He usually slept until nearly time for them. They had been running on time until 96 had to set a car off at a side station west of Eagle Pass and thereby lost 15 minutes. Before this, he had called in to see how they were running. Receiving the report "on time," he paid no more attention after that.

The dispatcher gave the two sections of 95 the advantage of the lost 15 minutes. Not long after the second section lost 15 minutes and if it kept on according to its last instructions, it would hold 96 15 minutes longer, but as 96 was the superior train this could not be done. So the dispatcher gave the following order:

"Engine No. 9876 train 2d section 95 take siding at Troy and remain till engine No. 6789 train 96 passes and then proceed."

Also "Engine No. 8977 train 1st section 95 take siding at Norwood and remain till engine No. 6789 train 96 passes and then proceed."

This caused 1st 95 to be on one side of the pass and 2d 95 to be on the other side. Slim heard these orders as they passed over the wire but listened in a haphazard way and returned to his reading.

Things soon came to a climax. First 95 passed and Slim reported it past. Either the operator at Troy did not remember his annulment order of 2d 95 or was not aware of its loss of 15 minutes. Anyway, 2d 95 passed Troy and was reported by and started over the divide. At Norwood, 96 had also started over the divide when Troy reported 2d 95 past and Norwood had reported 96 passed. Then the dispatcher seeing someone had blundered, reached for his key and tried to reach Eagle Pass, his only hope of saving these two trainloads of humanity from crashing together.



He threw his instrument open and rapidly sent out the call of EP EP EP. Again and again he sent the call, but no answering IIII came back. He became aware that the wire was dead. He arose to his feet, turned a greenish-white and staggered into the other office. One of the men ran in to see what was wrong, glanced at the sheet and saw the reason; 96 and 2d 95 were going together head-on between Troy and Norwood unless Eagle Pass could be reached. He tried the wire and found it dead at the first touch. They sent for the lineman and sent him out to find the break. They also called the wrecker and had its crew in readiness.

In the meantime, as Slim sat in his little office he noticed 96 headlight as it flashed through the divide. As he sat there watching it, he chanced to look out the other window, where he saw 2d 95 passing through a gulch. A look of startled alarm spread over his face. He remembered these orders which he had chanced to overhear. He rushed to his instrument to try to get Sampson, but at the first tick he knew the wires were dead. He was the only man who could prevent this coming wreck.

His hand reached for the semaphore levers. As his hand came in contact with them he turned and looked at the picture of his dead mother which hung above his instruments, and he recalled her dying words, "Do your duty regardless of consequences to yourself."

Hastily he pulled the levers, throwing the arms into position. When the engineer on 96 saw the block against him, when he already had his clearance rights over the road, he angrily gave the whistle cord two jerks, signifying the signal had been seen. The conductor came down the track on the dead run and came storming into the tower to give Slim a "tongue lashing" for flagging him when he had superior rights. He had just got started when he heard the whistle of 2d 95 as she signified she had seen the signal and stopped.

The conductor saw now why he was flagged. Such excitement! The engineer of 2d 95 stopped and turning to his fireman said, "The kid has prevented a head-on," and he clambered down from his cabin and walked shakily towards the tower. In a short time the trains had passed and the passengers slept on, unaware of the danger which they had just passed.



In the meantime the lineman had found the break and when Slim tried to get Sampson and report that 96 and 2d 95 had passed, he could do so. As he lifted his eyes from the instrument, he looked into the eyes of his dead mother in the picture above and they seemed to shine with pride.

DONALD HERRON, '17.

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### THE WINNING RUN.

"I wish that summer would come," said Bob Blake to his friend, James Black, as the two boys watched the snow slowly flutter to the ground.

"It will not be very long before we can play ball," replied James, stretching himself and at the same time casting a side glance at the calendar.

The two boys had been in Harvard for two years and had made a great record for themselves both in baseball and in football.

Spring came at last and the earth began to put on her mantle of green again. The warm rays of the sun soon made the baseball diamond dry enough to play on.

"I wonder what that crowd of boys are looking at?" asked Bob in amazement, as the two boys were coming one morning from their study hall.

"Probably it is a notice about baseball," replied James. The two boys walked very hurriedly toward the place of excitement.

"What is all this commotion about?" inquired James as the two boys reached the group of boys.

"Captain Warren has just posted a notice that he expects all men who expect to make the baseball team to meet him tomorrow," replied a muscular-built lad whom the boys recognized as John Ward.

After leaving the merry crowd of boys, James and Bob went to their room.

"I guess my old suit will fit me this year," said Bob as he began to hastily look over the contents of his trunk.

"I am going to see how my suit is," replied James, moving toward his trunk.



The next day when the two boys reached the diamond they found many fellows there with their suits and other baseball articles.

"I am glad to see you fellows again this year," said Captain Warren as the two boys came on the diamond.

"We are going to try hard to retain our old positions again," replied both boys in one breath.

There were enough students out for practice to make up two teams. Both teams showed by their playing the first afternoon that it would require a great amount of practice to whip them into shape.

Practice continued under the coaching of John Ward for about three weeks. During this time many of the candidates were dropped from the list because they did not show by their practice that they were gaining ground. After another week of intense practice, Coach Ward announced to Captain Warren that the team would be ready for the game with Colgate the following Saturday. Both James and Bob made the team, James playing centerfield and Bob playing first base.

Saturday came at last and the team journeyed to Colgate where they won by a score of two to one.

The weeks went by very quickly and the Harvard team had played many games, losing only three. The only difficult game remaining to be played was with Yale. This game was to be played the following Saturday.

Saturday proved to be a very warm day. About noon the Yale team, accompanied by a number of rooters, arrived at Harvard. Many people from the surrounding towns came to see this game. About three o'clock in the afternoon the grandstands and bleachers were nearly filled.

The Yale team, dressed in blue suits, now appeared on the diamond followed by the Harvard team dressed in gray suits. After a few minutes practice, the umpire said, "Play ball," and the Harvard team took the field.

During the first four innings Yale made two runs. With two men on bases each inning Harvard was unable to score. The game proceeded with Yale still in the lead.

In the last half of the eighth inning, Burns, the Yale pitcher, walked three men. Now was Harvard's chance to win. With three men on bases and two down James came to bat.



"Strike one," said the umpire and Burns began to smile.

"Strike two," said the umpire, and the Harvard rooters began to grow uneasy.

Burns threw the next ball easy, thinking that James would not strike at it. James hit the ball with all his might and it went over the centerfield fence.

With the score four to two in Harvard's favor, Yale made a home run. The next two men struck out. Brown, the Harvard pitcher, now became rattled at the shouting of the Yale rooters and walked two men.

Slade, the next man up for Yale, was a heavy slugger, and the Yale rooters cheered as he came to bat. He hit a long fly into deep center and James, after running back to the fence, jumped into the air and caught the ball in his right hand. The Harvard rooters carried James into the dressing rooms on their shoulders for he had won the most important game of the season.

M. GEISE, '17.

---

### THE TRIALS OF A STUDENT.

Not H 2 O, but 2 O H, (Olean High)  
The chemistry is dry  
As water from the briny surf  
Which swells within my eye.  
The physics were so drastic too,  
I couldn't stand the potion,  
So racked my head with language dead,  
To show extreme devotion.  
I said I'd try to study French  
And say the parlez-vous,  
But found I had to take up arms  
And fight the German too.  
The Anglo-Saxon beat the Dutch;  
The Latin, it was Pagan;  
I bought a "pony" to get on,  
But ran o'er Billy Fagan.  
I studied grammar every night  
And read historic lore;  
I knew how Alex used to fight



## THE CONGRESS

9

Through fields of blood and gore.  
The Scottish lass who leads my class  
Thinks I have missed my calling,  
Believes my intellect opaque,  
My ignorance appalling.  
Though Mr. Pierce is not so fierce,  
And looks as meek as Moses,  
His searching eye could see a fly,  
And all my fault discloses.  
The chapel guys, to make us wise,  
Would preach us into heaven;  
But how to rise, I can't devise,  
Amid this High School leaven.  
The path to glory's mighty steep;  
I'm almost tired of climbing;  
I take my pen, and stop to weep,  
Amid my doleful rhyming.  
My mother said I didn't work,  
My father called me lazy;  
The teacher said I needed pluck,  
And I went nearly crazy.  
They say that I must earn my bread  
And straightway go to teaching;  
I'd rather be a tinker's mule  
Or learn the art of preaching.  
I tried to play the hookey game,  
But father caught me napping;  
I had to own the stinging corn,  
And got an awful slapping.  
Perhaps I yet shall win the game,  
Or climb up Jacob's ladder;  
For when my foolish pranks have failed,  
I'm wiser if I'm sadder.  
The poets all were very great,  
When dead and gone to glory;  
Who knows but that will be my fate,  
When life repeats its story?  
If I should fail to graduate,  
Which I would much deplore,  
I'll marry "Johnnie on the spot,"  
And go to keeping store.

E. R. Y., '17.



## A JUNIOR-SENIOR BASKET BALL GAME.

It was the first big game of the girls' basket ball team and the armory seats were crowded, but as I looked up at the many faces, the absence of the seniors was conspicuous. Only a few brave and hopeful ones had come.

The teams were quickly in their places and the game began. The tall, titian-haired center of the seniors quietly reached for the ball, but the shorter junior, more agile and quicker, sent the ball toward the junior basket. A pushing little senior guard grasped the ball and looked up, walking along still grasping the ball, for a grateful vote of thanks from her compatriots. The whistle blew. "Travelling." The crest-fallen crew silently watched the juniors pitch a foul.

Determination settled on the face of the aforesaid center as she again stretched her great height for the ball and with a mighty effort hit it. A feeble cheer drifted down from a few senior throats on the balcony. The haughty hearts of the Seniors were greatly encouraged.

Hard and swift playing brought the ball into the hands of a junior guard. The seniors made a few feeble attempts to stop the swift passage of the ball to the junior basket. The mighty yells from the juniors added more gloom to the faces of the seniors. One of the forwards of the seniors took her place, looking like a hen who had lost her last chick.

At the end of the first half the seniors were entirely defeated in spirit. They sulkily withdrew to a corner and turned up their noses, when a laugh came from those juniors who didn't know the first thing about basket ball as heard from a senior at the beginning of the game. After shedding their woes on each other's shoulders they felt quite cheered.

The whistle blew. The seniors took their places with their usual self-conscious airs. The second half of the game began with a mishap. A rotund senior landed on the ball which collapsed with a loud groan. The game was delayed while the ball was blown up.

The Juniors had steadfastly plodded away until they had several more baskets to their credit. By some way or other the ball was at the senior's end. Their forwards had waked up and were doing something, for hadn't Somebody



smiled down at them from the balcony? A tall sky-scraper of a senior reached up and dropped the ball into the basket. Self-satisfied grins appeared at that end of the floor.

The senior center hit the junior center's nose instead of the ball, and the game was again delayed while that angered member was repaired. Of course accidents will happen!

From that time on the score of the juniors mounted and the anger and mortification of the seniors with it. One by one, small, discouraged figures slunk from the balcony, so that at the close of the game there was not one senior left to cheer her defeated friends.

---

### A FAMILY MIX-UP.

I had been courting a widow for several months and in due time I married her. This widow had a beautiful daughter. I brought my father over to see my family, and he fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. Then my step-daughter became my step-mother, and my father became my son-in-law and also my wife's son-in-law. After a while a son entered my father's home. I was then my brother's grand-father. Later a daughter arrived at my home. Of course my father was my daughter's grandfather, but he was also her brother-in-law. Then my mother by marriage was my daughter's step-sister and also her grandmother.

After several years, my daughter and my father's son, unknown to each other, eloped and were married. Before their marriage, my father's son was my daughter's uncle, but now he was my daughter's husband. Then my mother was my daughter's mother-in-law and my father was my daughter's father-in-law. My brother, who was also my grandson was now my son-in-law. After getting so deeply involved in my family pedigree, I soaked my head in a bucket of water and afterwards thought the matter over; and I wish you could do likewise.

---

### Weith in English Class.

Teacher—Weith, define an anecdote.

Weith—An anecdote is a short tale.

Teacher—Correct, now give an example of an anecdote.

Weith—A rabbit has four legs and an anecdote.



## NAN'S BIRTHDAY.

"Nan, where's your books?" demanded Mrs. O'Malley, as her sixteen-year-old daughter, Nancy, entered the kitchen.

"I—I didn't bring any home," faltered Nan. "I thought"—

"How often must I tell you to bring them books o' yourn home?" asked Mrs. O'Malley. "Go back to school an' fetch 'em."

"But mother," pleaded Nan, "the girls poke fun at me for studying so hard, and besides, Mabel Arnolds is having a party tonight, and she wants me to come, and so I thought"—

"Oh! what a wicked child to argue with her own mother, who is tryin' so hard to edicate her—an' her as will be sivin-teen in three days. But then, as I always uster say to Mr. O'Malley, 'Tim,' I says, says I, 'that girl 'll come to no good end. Why, in bad manners, I never seen her equal. An' the way she sasses her mother, her own mother, who is tryin' so hard to—edi'"—

A sob, accompanied by the banging of the screen door, interrupted this outburst.

Ten minutes later, Nancy O'Malley, her eyes red with weeping, might have been seen leaving the Harrington High School with an armful of books.

Upon turning a corner, she found herself face to face with Mabel Arnolds, who cried:

"Be sure and come over early, Nan. The 'bunch' is going to be there, and we'll have a jolly time."

"I'm sorry Mabel, but I don't think I'll be there," said Nan slowly.

"Won't be there, and after you promised me faithfully that"—here her eyes fell upon the books beneath Nan's arm, and she demanded, "And why won't you be there?"

Nan flushed a deep crimson, as her friend fixed her piercing gaze upon the books. Then, with the words, "Oh, I don't feel very well," was off.

Mabel looked after her fleeting figure thoughtfully. "Poor Nan," she murmured, "she never has any pleasure. It's continual study for her. Oh! I'd love to tell Mrs. O'Malley what a hateful woman she is—and I will," she added determinedly, and then she too ran off.



The postman had not visited the O'Malley home since the death of Mr. O'Malley. Mrs. O'Malley deemed it a waste of time to write letters, and did not permit Nan to do so, as "it might produce a tindincy to niglect your studies."

So imagine the surprise of Mrs. O'Malley, when, three days after the afore-mentioned episode, upon answering the postman's ring, she found a letter awaiting her.

For a while she peered at it suspiciously over her broad-rimmed spectacles. Then, mustering up courage, she opened it cautiously.

The letter, written in a bold, girlish hand, read as follows:

"My Dear Mrs. O'Malley:—

"The intention of this letter is to impress upon your mind that you are a cruel, heartless, unfeeling woman, to make Nan study so much.

"I am sure your mother didn't make you study all the time, else you would not be so ignorant as to fail to see that which is clear to us all—that Nan is wasting away under the strain of constant study.

"If you do not relent, within a short time, you will have a daughter, as well as a husband for whom to wear mourning.

"Yours respectfully,

"MABEL ARNOLDS."

"Well of all things!" gasped Mrs. O'Malley, when she had finished the perusal of the letter. "I'll learn that young minx to interfere with me an' mine. And to think—she called me cruel, me as is tryin' to give my darter a good edication. An' she said I was ignerant too. Well, that part o' it's true," she added meditatively. "Ma niver thought on book larnin', an' so I didn't have no kind o' edication. Pears like that young un' knew what she was sayin' after all. An' Nan has looked kin' o' fagged out lately. Well, as Tim uster say, "'Tis niver too late to mind one's ways." And with determination written on every line of her face, she bustled into the kitchen.

That afternoon, when Nan entered the house, with the usual armful of books, she was greeted by her mother's harsh voice saying, "Nan O'Malley, whatever possessed you to bring all o' them books home? How often must I tell you—"



"Why, mother, I thought—" began Nan.

"Niver mind what you thought. Crack them nuts, while I stir this fudge, to keep it from burnin'. Thank goodness the cream's done. Lan' sakes, I declare that cake's burnin', an' it's just bin in the oven about ten minutes. I called up Mabel Arnold's mother, an' told her to send Mabel over around siven. We're gona sort o' celebrate, you know. Don't stand there starin', Nan. Do you mean to say you've forgotten 'tis your birthday? Run up an' change your dress, so's you can lend a hand at frostin' this cake."

One moment Nan stared at her mother incredulously—then, with a happy laugh, she leaped up the staircase, two steps at a time.

A moment later, Mrs. O'Malley heard her softly singing, and a tender smile, flitting across her face, softened her harsh features.

"Oh, well, as Tim uster say, book larnin' ain't everythin'," she murmured.

A. LINN.

### A Parody on a "Greek Story."

The beautiful water nymph, Marion Wilde, while gazing, one day into a pool of clear water, perceived the face of a handsome young man. She reached in to seize it, and found it to be none other than the picture of Herman Peckham of Obi. Greatly overjoyed with her discovery, the fair one began the search for the owner. Her efforts were at last rewarded with success for she found him in room 106 in the Olean High school, and they immediately became fast friends. However Herman declared that he fell into the Sea of Love and that Miss Wilde taking advantage of the fact that it was leap year, fished him out. Nevertheless both seemed satisfied with their fate.

Jovial  
Ubiquitous  
Natty  
Industrious  
Obnoxious  
Rigid  
Successful

vs.

Silly  
Exaggerators  
Numskulls  
Ignorant  
Obscure  
Ridiculous  
Scapegoats



## ODDS.

"Play Ball!" The appearance of that veteran umpire, Patrick O'Rourke, at his position behind the plate brought an outburst of applause from the crowded grandstand and bleachers. The game for the championship of the North Carolina League was on!

All that summer Raleigh and Charlotte had run neck to neck, with first place alternating between them. Now with but one game remaining to be played the two teams were tied. The deciding game was to take place at Charlotte and an enthusiastic delegation, including the governor, had accompanied the Raleigh club to the cotton-mill city. It was an ideal summer afternoon and since it was Saturday nearly every merchant and factory-man in Charlotte had closed his doors that his employees might see "the Senators get walloped."

Manager "Burky" McDonald of the Charlottes was in a quandary. Two members of his pitching staff were in the hospital, another had been called home by the death of his father, while the fourth had pitched a double-header the previous day and was of course in no condition to work. Only a young recruit, who had joined the team at Durham a few days before, was available. But this Bristol, as he was called, though not yet twenty years old was a giant. Moreover he was a south-paw and, as Raleigh was generally weak against left-handed pitchers, this was at least one consolation to the perplexed pilot.

When Bristol walked toward the pitcher's box at the beginning of the game, the Charlotte "fans" at once recognized him as a young high school pitcher, who had appeared against the local team frequently, and a gasp of astonishment and then a wave of anger swept through the stands. How could McDonald be so reckless? Little did they realize the odds the game little manager was playing.

Bristol faced "Midget" O'Connors, Raleigh's clever lead-off man, with a grin. Like a bullet the white pellet shot forth from his hand. It was a ball. Three more such deliveries sent O'Connors to first base amid groans from the stands. "He" was even wild. The next man up laid down a perfect bunt and O'Connors landed safely on second base. Then "Big Joe" Mitchell doubled to left field and the first score of



the game was registered. Two more hits, a base on balls and an error, gave Raleigh three more scores. Charlotte went out in order and the first inning ended: Raleigh 4, Charlotte 0. The "critics" were now ready to give the game to the visitors. But they did not yet know McDonald—or Bristol.

Bristol ascended the mound with the grin still on his face. Harris, the opposing pitcher, was at bat but was soon retired by three pitched balls. Again O'Connors faced the young pitcher and again he was walked. Was it any wonder the enraged spectators roared "take him out?" The next man attempted to bunt but a double-play resulted, pitcher to second to first and Raleigh took the field. Johnson, the leading batsman of the league, was first up for the Charlottites and swatted the first ball pitched to the left field fence for a tripple. The succeeding batter singled and sent Johnson home. The "Reliables" were beginning to hit in their accustomed form. "Lefty" was getting easy and before the inning was completed Charlotte had secured two additional scores and were but one point behind the "Senators."

Raleigh, by good coaching and base-running, obtained two more runs the next inning, but there the scoring ceased. Try as they did McDonald's desperate men could not overcome this margin. Bristol was grinning more than ever now. Man after man he mowed down—partly by his eternal confidence. With the exception of the fifth inning at no time had a Raleigh man reached second base.

During all of this play a tall, dignified gentleman sat with his daughter, an attractive girl about seventeen years of age, in a box directly back of home plate. They both were regular attendants at the home games. Suddenly the girl, who had been unusually quiet for a long time spoke: "Papa, Richard—for Bristol was her brother—must win his game to-day. It means a regular position next year, for you know Mr. McDonald promised him a contract if he held Raleigh." A corpulent gentleman in the adjoining box smiled queerly at these words and Miss Bristol, observing the peculiar expression, wondered who he was and what he meant, not knowing that she would see more of him sooner than she expected.

Finally the "lucky seventh" came around. To a man the Charlotte "fans" arose from their seats to cheer and "root"



for their favorites but it was in vain for Harris pitched but eleven balls that inning. The case looked hopeless.

When the Charlotte players came in from the field after Raleigh had batted in the ninth inning their faces were set and each man stopped to pat the mascot, a little white and black terrier, on his way to the dug-out. "Buster" Matson worked Harris for a base on balls and continued to second when "Jake" Lieb beat out a bunt. The spectators began to have hope but Harris tightened up and struck out "Pop" Matterson, one of the most dangerous hitters of the league and forced the next man to send a little fly to the short-stop. McDonald had almost given up hope of victory when he saw Bristol's look of determination and confidence and he now played his last card and motioned for the youth to take his turn at bat. Again the crowd groaned. Why hadn't the manager put in a pinch hitter? Bristol had not hit safely that afternoon. Three balls and two strikes had been called but "Richie" had not moved a muscle. Harris put all he had on the last ball and Bristol's bat met it on the "nose." Like a rifle shot the ball made for the deepest portion of the field on a direct line. Every man held his breath. As he rounded second base, Bristol saw it hit the fence only a few inches from the top and bound back into the field. The coach was motioning to him wildly, and in reply the boy put every ounce of his strength into use. Now he was on the final stretch. Nearer and nearer he drew to the plate until but a few feet separated him from it. The catcher was already set to receive the ball when the pitcher dived forward. Just as the ball crashed into the extended glove with a dull thud, he slid over the plate. It was a close play and O'Rourke hesitated before giving his decision. But it was only a second before the ringing voice of the umpire called out: "Safe." Bristol was almost sobbing when he arose from the dust and was embraced by those old, experienced men. The crowd went wild and it was ten minutes before the game could be continued. The score was now a tie—6-6.

With renewed energy—and the perpetual grin—Bristol again ascended the mound. He made the hardened Raleigh veterans look foolish. No longer did they ridicule the "dub." Inning after inning passed by but neither team could send a man around the bases.

It was almost dark when Raleigh came to bat in the sixteenth inning. Tubbs, batting for Harris, hit to shortstop



who fumbled. "Midget" O'Connors sacrificed him to second and he took third on an infield out. The next man hit a low fly to left field near the foul line and the fleet Morrison, coming in at full speed, scooped up the ball at his feet. It was a sensational play. Surely it was Charlotte's day! Lamonte was the first to face the new Raleigh pitcher, Montgomery. He struck out. Morrison secured a double, however, and when "Billy" Peterson stepped up to the plate Montgomery was derricked for Hicks, a left-hander. Peterson only gripped his club and swatted the first ball pitched over the short right field fence to take a little journey down Sugar Creek. This was the twentieth time he had turned the trick that summer. The frantic crowd rushed out upon the field but the players succeeded in escaping to the club house before the admiring throng reached them.

That night, when Richard Bristol reached his home, he was met by a stranger—his father's friend and the man whom Gwendolyn had seen at the game—who presented him with a proposition to play with the Mobile, Southern League, team the next season; but it was not until after he had conferred with "Burcky" McDonald that he agreed to Scout Tennison's offer.

Bristol won nineteen games out of twenty-six starts his first year with Mobile while "Billy" Peterson, who had also been advanced, finished fourth in batting with an average of .329. From present indications both of these young men will someday perform for one of the "big" league clubs. Who knows? Stranger things have happened.

R. WALTER.

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My country 'tis for ye,  
Sweet deuted und U. S. for me,  
The hypenated country  
Of these I sing.  
Sweet land of the Kaiserpresident,  
And of the pfennigcent,  
I sing.

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—Norton—Say, Quigley, I have to go to Salamanca the worst way.

Quigley—Take the Erie.



CONGRESS STAFF

### Associate Editors

Athletics.....	Selden Ostrom, '16
Societies.....	Constance Murdock, '16
Exchanges.....	Arthur Lundberg, '16
Personals.....	Florence Degnan, '16; Ed. Forrest, '17
Alumni.....	Marjorie Blair
Junior High Notes.....	Marion Naylor; Robert Johnson
Short Stories.....	Norman Spindler, '16
BUSINESS MANAGER.....	KIRBY MARTINDALE, '16
Assistant Manager.....	Harry Schnabel, '16

## Regular Staff

### Other Assistants, etc.

Athletics .....	Seldom Boasting
Societies .....	Constance Burdock
Exchanges .....	Art Limberger
Personals .....	Florence Neville
	Edwin For Rest
Junior High Notes .....	Marion Nailher
	Jack Johnson
Short Stories? .....	Mormon Spindheller
Business Mangler.....	Scrubby Nightingale

Out of delicate consideration for the members of the



Regular Staff we have refrained from noting, by means of numerals attached to their names, the year when they will **probably** graduate from the O. H. S.

—————OHS—————

### **Honor to Whom Honor is Due.**

Although some of the things which we say in this issue might lead one to think that we do not like the Seniors, still we want to congratulate them upon their remarkable success in presenting Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" at Havens Theatre on the evenings of February 24th and 25th. It is commonly agreed that the play was the best amateur production ever seen here. We presume that the Seniors, out of (innate) modesty, have turned over to us this issue in order that we may say about the play all the nice things which ought to be said.

It might also be added here that the Junior Class furnished several members of the cast which helped considerably toward the success of the play.

—————OHS—————

### **The March Issue of Congress.**

When Johnson wrote his famous classic, "Rasselas, Prince of Absyinnia," he sat up late two or three evenings and dashed it off at a remarkable speed. In a time of dire need he wrote it in order to pay his mother's funeral expenses. No such demand has been placed upon the Junior Class to account for the feverish haste with which we have been turning out manuscript during the last few days. (The Senior Class is not dead yet, although some may have suspicions to that effect). The actual reason is we have had only a very brief time assigned to us for the preparation of this issue. We earnestly feel that the March Congress should be an issue long to be remembered, especially by the Seniors. We wish to give ample evidence, here and now, of the glory which will surely be ours after the Senior Class "walks the plank," as it were, at the end of the present school year. As long as the gauntlet has been thrown down and we have been challenged to bring forth the present issue, we have gone confidently about our task, knowing that our efforts are certain to meet with your approval.



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# SOCIETIES

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## THE WAYSIDE.

On February twenty-first Wayside met in the Kindergarten room of School I. The hostsesses for the evening were Marguerite Henniger, Lois Jackson, Rowena Raymond, Bernice Rockwell, and Mildred Woodfill. The program consisted of a reading on Mammoth Cave by Irene Whipple, "A Visit in Pittsburg" by Orlena Hornung, and a vocal solo, "In Lilac Time," by Mary Kelsey. Seven new members were initiated.

Wayside was entertained on March 6th by Dorothy Marshall, Gladys Robertson and Anna Cohen, at the home of Miss Marshall. Arrangements were made for a dance to be given in the Knights of Columbus hall on April twenty-sixth. The program was on Colorado. Miss Robbins told about her trip there and Bessie Lovitz read about Denver. Rilla Carmer read an interesting selection about "The Garden of the Gods." The remainder of the evening was spent in games.

Vocal solo—"In Lilac Time" by ..... Phydella Howell

Recitation—"Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address"—by  
Orlena Horning

Recitation—"Freeport Debate"—by ..... Florence Gould

Declamation—"An Old Soldier at the Tomb of

Lincoln"—by ..... Norman Spindler

Selection—"Oh Captain! My Captain!"—by..

O. H. S. Glee Club

On February twenty-fifth rhetoricals were given in honor of Washington's birthday. Before the rhetoricals speeches were given about the Senior class play by Mr. Dodge and Mr. Smith of the faculty and Donald Alderman



and Kirly Martindale of the sact. The rhetoricals were as follows:

Recitation—"An Ode to Washington"—Lois Jackson.

Piano solo—Mildred Lay.

Declamation—"Our National Banner"—Norman Tompkins.

### CLASS NOTES.

The Senior play scored a big success. The play was certainly a credit to the class and reflected credit on the entire school. The Juniors received quite a bit of money from the candy which they sold at the play. The Freshman class sold the largest number of tickets.

### ASSEMBLY NOTES.

On February 14th T. O. Thomas, a graduate of the Tuskegee Normal and the Industrial Institute of Alabama, spoke to the students upon the opportunities of the institution and its prospects.

On March seventh Dr. Ashton spoke to the students on "The Progress of the United States Navy." He was unable to finish his speech that morning, so returned two weeks later and completed it. His speech was instructive as well as interesting.

On the ninth of March, Dr. Thompson, President of the New York State Teachers' Association, spoke before the high school. His subject was "Opportunity."

Friday morning, February eleventh we had rhetoricals. The program was as follows:

Declamation—"Lest We Forget," by . . . . Duane Johnson

Recitation—"Lincoln, A Man of the People" by Irene Fox

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### Odd Remembrances.

Freshie: "I can remember when I was two weeks old, I asked for my milk bottle."

Sophomore: "I can remember when I was three weeks old I asked my mother for a napkin."

Junior: "I can remember when I was six days old I sat up and asked my father for some beef steak and his pipe."

Senior: "All I can rermember is when I was ten years old I asked my mother to come up and sing me to sleep."

A Senior stood on a railroad track,

A Junior was coming nigh,

The Senior stepped off the track

And let the Junior go by.



1917.

**Officers Junior Class.**

Ivers J. Norton, President.

Oviatt Heliker, Vice President.

Louis H. Long, Secretary.

Robert Walter, Treasurer.

**Junior High School.**

Immediately after the commencement of the fall term in 1913, Mr. Dye, who is now principal at the Ten Broeck Academy, Franklinville, called a meeting of the students of the Junior High School for the purpose of organizing the class. Here is where that great class—the class of 1917—which has figured so prominently in school activities, originated.

Since we were yet “green”—and some of us think the Seniors still possess that quality—little of any consequence was accomplished. However a baseball team was organized in the spring that “cleaned up” all the clubs of its class in or near Olean. “Bill” Matylas was appointed manager but soon resigned to act as “Matt” Hart’s understudy on the ‘Varsity. “Lukey” Long was the captain.

We wish to thank Miss Fitzgerald and the other pre-academic instructors for the very valuable assistance they so willingly gave us in all our undertakings.

**Freshman Year.**

The class turned out to a man for the election of officers. Here the strength of “woman suffrage” was demonstrated when Genevieve Dye was selected for the presidency. Surely Miss Dye amply proved that she has every quality of an efficient leader, for this was perhaps the most successful year of our brief career.

Our class started with a rush and easily won second prize for rest-rooms at the first annual high school bazaar. Our rivals, the Sophomores—now Seniors—did not have a chance. Their attempt, we are ashamed to say was ludicrous from every stand-point, although it might have passed in a circus as the workmanship of some heathen race.

The “Freshman English Club” was organized this year under the supervision of Miss Maule. Such able minds as Thalia Taylor, Mildred Woodfill and Harold Godden, who



was the president, drew up the constitution and arranged some very delightful programs—both musical and literary.

We can truthfully say, without intending to boast, that as Freshmen we exhibited more class spirit than any of the other classes, with the possible exception of the Junior class, which was under the guidance of Clayton Bissell, now a Kane debating and athletic star.

### **Sophomore Year.**

The first event of any importance during this period was the first municipal Hallowe'en celebration. Our class entered a float and several "freaks" and, although we did not succeed in "copping" any prizes, we at least proved that we were wide awake. What success we did have must be entirely attributed to Mrs. Bockoven, who acted in the capacity of faculty adviser.

Early last spring the second annual bazarr was held in the club house of the Knights of Columbus. It was a great exhibition of what our high school can accomplish when in a "hole" since a large portion of the enormous athletic debt was paid. The class of '17 took an active part in this affair. We had entire charge of refreshments and turned over a considerable sum of money to the treasurer of the fund.

In spite of the numerous obstacles the class of '17 is progressing.

### **Junior Year.**

This year the class organized somewhat earlier than usually. Miss Nele Smith was almost unanimously chosen president but unfortunately she soon found it necessary to resign and our humorist and comedian, "Ike" Norton, was selected to fill the vacancy.

The Junior class entered a float and the usual number of individuals in the second annual Hallowe'en celebration. We certainly did our best to help the athletic association obtain the twenty-five dollars which was offered by the Chamber of Commerce.

Our class is now engaged in the task of putting out this edition of "Congress"—without the "valuable" assistance of the Seniors. Perhaps our upper class men do not realize—or do not care to—that members of the Junior class have done



the majority of the writing for the magazine this year. We are proud to acknowledge that such coming artists as "Ovie" Heliker, Anna Linn, "Feet" Smith, the poet, Bessie Lovitz, Lillian Carmer and other recent contributors will graduate with us. Get busy 1916! Everyone of us is confident that this issue will surpass any previous publication this year and will set a higher standard of our school publication.

Below is a list of the members of the class of 1917, procured by the aid of Miss Larkin and Miss Dye. Look it over. In the meantime, Seniors, please do not get gray-headed (wouldn't it be a shame?) longing for such a record and accept a part of the article—the "knocking"—with the compliments of the Juniors and ———

"Bob" Walter.

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### HIGH SCHOOL BOY.

#### With apologies to Whittier.

I was once a high school boy!  
Blessings on thee, would-be man,  
High School boy, with shoes of tan;  
With thy turned up pantaloons,  
And thy comic opera tunes;  
With thy fresh lip, fresher still,  
Kissed by many a candy pull,  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Neath thy small rim's jaunty grace;  
From my heart I give thee joy,  
I was once a high school boy.  
Fun thou hast,—and while thou can,  
Put sighs and worries under ban!  
Let stem culture's onward stride,  
High school strutting by her side;  
Thou hast all that she is shy,  
In the reach of ear and eye;  
Onward study, inward joy,  
Blessings on thee, high school boy.

S. S.

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#### An Ode to Miss Gillespy.

Did you ever see dimples so numerous,  
Smiles so sweet, a disposition so mild?  
All these we find in 106.



**The 1916 Circus on Parade.**

Quietness reigned in early June

When, like a thunderbolt, fair summer's frown,  
There came the heralded welcome news

That a circus was coming to town.  
To the circus I went with spirits high  
And breathless through the gate I rushed.

But ere I'd possessed myself of a seat,  
By the crowd I was nearly crushed.

First there entered a band, whose leader

Wore a pinched, and hungry face,

But I saw that a life of hardship

Spindler's grin could not efface.

Then there entered the ring big Kirby

With a hand organ by his side,

While Laura behind him pranced, and sang,

"Oh, 'Scrubby,' with me abide."

Next Connie appeared in airy robes

And did on a steed perform,

While not far away stood Lowell,

Blowing his little tin horn.

Then in came a clown with painted face,

Who airy somersaults turned.

In spite of his incongruous attire,

Twas Blaske, I soon discerned.

A Scotchie with bagpipe now appeared—

A lemon whizzed through the air.

"Now you stop!" cried Don, while ducking his head

"Just throw one more, if you dare!"

Then in rushed a prima donna

With voice quite cracked and shrill.

"Christine!" I shrieked and ran from the tent

Crying, "Enough! I've had my fill!"

Without I met a bear with a sign

"Spare me!" in fear I cried.

And then on the sign I read

"Duane—for a cent, he'll give you a ride."

"Ladies and gents—come right this way

Free side show," cried a man.

I approached—"Yes, it is Schnabel," I cried

Soon as his face I did scan.

Beside him there stood two damsels,



They were Marion and Irene,  
"Just come this way," friend Schnabel cried  
"If for the new dances you're keen."  
"The funniest woman" on one tent I read—  
"To see her it sure is a treat."  
I entered and saw—'twas no surprise  
That there on the ground sat Greet.  
"A second Theda Bara"  
This sign now caught my eye.  
In one corner of a tiny tent  
Miss Gould I did espy.  
"The Cigarette Fiend" another sign read,  
I purchased a ticket to see  
And there on a stool sat a man (?) 'twas Curt  
Pert and chipper as usual was he.  
My roving glance soon fell upon  
A sign with letters, glaring,  
Which through the crowds a little lad  
In uniform was bearing.  
"Behold the future Kaiser  
Of Germany" I read  
"Why that is Martin Stegner"  
With wondering mien I said.  
"Tell me," I cried to a maiden tall  
"Are not you the Rhoda I knew,  
When I attended O. H. S.  
Tell me—Oh! tell me true."  
She replied, "I am Eva Tanglefoot,  
The queen of Spain and France.  
Behold the lightness of my step,  
While for you a jig I dance."  
Just then I felt an Indian lay  
His clammy hand on me.  
I looked into the murderous eyes of  
"Sonny" Ostrom?—yes 'twas he.  
"Farewell, farewell, fair world" I cried,  
Tho' the words nearly made me choke.  
The hatchet descended—I felt its cold edge,  
And then—why then,—I awoke.



# Clippings

—Shopper—“Mr. Cleaver, how do you account for the fact that I found a piece of rubber time in one of the sausages I bought here last week?”

Butcher—“My dear madam, that only shows that the motor car is replacing the horse everywhere.”

—Oracle.

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## Jailess Crimes.

Killing time.

Shooting the Chutes.

Stealing bases.

Hanging pictures.

Running over a new song.

Smothering the English language.

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S T A R K S  
H E L I K E R  
C A R M E R

J O N E S  
S U L L I V A N  
D U N C A N  
S C H I F F  
N O R T O N  
T H O R N B E R R Y

C O L E G R O V E  
W A L T E R  
H A N N I F A N  
S M I T H  
S T E V E N S O N

---

We always laugh at teacher's jokes  
No matter what they be;  
Not because they're funny jokes  
But because it's policy.

---

—English teacher—“When did the revival of learning begin?”

Mr. Brightness—“The night before the exams.”



## Junior Class List.

A. Anderson	S. Loftus
O. Anderson	L. Long, Sec'y, Bach.
L. Baker	G. Long, baseball, Bach.
D. Baldwin, Wayside	B. Lovitz, Wayside
M. Baldwin, Wayside	H. McMahon
C. Ball	D. Marshall, Wayside
E. Banfield	F. Meade
C. Brown	T. Miles
J. Boyle	R. McCarthy
L. Carmer, Wayside	R. Garvey
E. Carr	A. Lundberg, football, Moon-
A. Cohen, Wayside	shiner
H. Colgrove, Wayside	D. McGrath
R. Collins	I. Norton, Pres., Moonshiner,
H. Crandall	Glee Club
M. Conley	S. Ostrom, Glee Club, Bach.
C. Cobb	A. O'Keefe
E. Cullather	H. O'Toole
M. Davis	D. Perkins, Wayside
M. Duncan	R. Pyne
L. Dunlavey, Wayside	F. Quigley, football
G. Dye, Wayside	B. Rockwell
H. Dotterweich	M. Reynolds
Z. Ellis	E. Ritzaur, Wayside
L. Erickson	G. Robertson, Wayside
A. Finger	L. Raub, football
G. Fowler	R. Sandburg, Wayside
G. Freaney	B. Sullivan
M. Fox	R. Stevenson
M. Follett	E. Sullivan, football capt.,
L. Geuder	Bach.
H. Godden	N. Smith, Ex-pres.
M. Geise	M. Schushan
W. Hannifan, football	C. Schamel
S. Hasper	Z. Stanton
M. Henninger, Wayside	W. Smith, class poet
O. Heliker, V. P., Bach.	M. Stegner
M. Haugh	I. Schiff, football
P. Howell, Glee Club	H. Thornbury, football
R. Jones, Wayside	T. Taylor, Wayside
M. Klein	L. Taylor, Wayside



A. Linn, Wayside	N. Tompkins, debater, Moon-
M. Lay	shiners
N. LeStrange, Wayside	T. Tuttle, Emanon Pres.
A. Underwood	M. Woodfill, Wayside
G. Vossler	C. Welch
D. Van Schaick, Glee Club	M. Wiedman
R. Walter, Treas, football	N. Watts, "Big boy."

Note—This list may not be entirely accurate, but, since the marks for the January regents have not yet been returned, we hope all mistakes will be excused.

---

#### As We Know Them.

A-avaricious	Jeane Sullivan
B-beautiful	A. Van Name
C-comical	Maggie Sharp
D-dramatic	Mildred Fitzpatrick
E-efficient	Marion Naylor
F-funny	Agnes Clancy
G-good	Margaret Hannon
H-harmless	Bob Smith
I-inquisitive	Ada Scanlon
J-jolly	Miss Fitzgerald
K-kiddish	Shorty—The Janitor
L-lazy	N. Cradduck
M-misused	Ruth Wescott
N-nervy	Harold Morris
O-obedient	L. Rogers
P-pretty	Helen Dye
Q-quiet	R. Warner
R-reserved	Dorothea Rogers
S-studious	K. Lehmann
T-talkative	N. Davis
U-useful	Mary Kent
V-vain	Mildred Cheesman
W-winning	R. Dugan
X-xcusable	This
Y-young	J. Smith
Z-zealous lover	Robert Johnson

---

—Compare the Seniors with a caboose on a freight train. Then stop and compare the Juniors with the locomotive on the same train. Think it over, Seniors.



# *Exchanges*

Congress acknowledges with thanks the following:

THE SPOKESMAN, Erie High School. You have a very neat paper. Special mention must be made of your cuts.

THE D. F. H. S. OBSERVER, Dobbs Ferry High School. You have a good cover design, but your paper is lacking in cuts and jokes.

THE HIGH SCHOOL CITIZEN, Dunkirk High School. A very practical and complete high school paper.

THE COURANT, Bradford High School. Your covers have made a great impression upon us. However, they do no more than justice to the paper's contents.

THE TECHTONIAN, Technical High School, Buffalo, New York.

THE ORACLE, Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE RED AND BLACK, Meadville High School.

THE SAYRENADE, Sayre, Pa.

THE COMET, Nunda, N. Y.

THE WARRIOR, Salamanca, N. Y.

THE ORACLE, Englewood, N. J.

THE ECHO, Gouverneur, N. Y.

THE MOUNTAINEER, Butte, Montana.

OUR TATTLER, Walton, N. Y.

THE ECHO, Griffith Institute, Springville, N. Y.

THE PANOIAMA, Binghamton, N. Y.

THE BLUE AND WHITE, Warren High School.

THE OPTIMIST, Titusville, Pa.

THE FELTONIAN, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

THE FORUM, Lockport High School, Lockport, N. Y.

THE MIRROR, West Hoboken, N. J.

THE LAUREL, St. Bonaventure's.

THE NARRATOR, Schuykill Seminary, Reading, Pa.

THE VINDEX, Elmira Free Academy.

THE VAIL, DEAN BUDGET, Elizabeth, N. J.

THE MIRROR, Medina, N. Y.

THE CHRONICLE, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

THE PANTHER, University of Pittsburgh.

THE CALENDAR, Central Hutchison High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE LIT, Watertown H. S., Watertown, N. Y.

THE ECHO, Kane, Pa.



## THE CONGRESS

THE OPTIMIST, East Aurora, N. Y.  
 WALKING LEAF, Montour Falls, N. Y.  
 INDIAN LEADER, Lawrence, Kan.  
 RED AND GREEN, Jamestown, N. Y.  
 SYRACUSE ORANGE, Syracuse, N. Y.  
 BOONE REVIEW, China.  
 CAMPUS, University of Rochester.  
 ITEM, Amsterdam, N. Y.  
 OCCIDENT, West High, Rochester, N. Y.  
 STUDENT, Freeport, N. Y.  
 THE RIGHT ANGLE, Rochester Shop School.

---

 The O. H. S. 1916 Yell.

Olean High School is our name,  
 Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la,  
 From year to year we always meet  
 And the new faces gladly greet;  
 Olean High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!  
 Sis boom bah! Yip harrah,  
 Boom-a-lak-a-Chich-a-lak-a,  
 Sis boom bah,  
 Olean High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!  
 There's one thing more we'd like to relate,  
 We, the best foot-ball team in the State,  
 Tra, la, la, la, la  
 When on the field our foe we meet,  
 We will not stand for a defeat.  
 Olean High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!  
 Sis boom bah! Yip harrah,  
 Boom-a-lak-a-Chich-a-lak-a,  
 Sis boom bah,  
 Olean High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!

---

 Study, Seniors, Study!

Rock-a-bye, senior, in the tree top,  
 As long as you study the cradle will rock;  
 But if you stop grinding the cradle will fall,  
 And down will come senior, diploma, and all.

—Ex.

---

If you wish to see an elephant surrounded by numerous  
 mosquitoes just peer into S. H. A.



# *Love Taps*

THE LOVER'S LIMIT.

Dedicated to Ike Norton.

I'd swear for her  
I'd dare for her  
The Lord knows what I'd bear for her,  
I'd lie for her  
I'd sigh for her  
I'd drink Ohio river dry for her,  
I'd cuss for her  
I'd fuss for her  
I'd bite the very dust for her.  
I'd weep for her  
I'd leap for her  
I'd go without my sleep for her,  
I'd fight for her  
I'd bite for her  
I'd walk the streets all night for her,  
I'd plead for her  
I'd bleed for her  
I'd go without my feed for her.  
I'd shoot for her  
I'd boot for her  
Any rival who'd come to sue for her.  
I'd kneel for her  
I'd steel for her  
Such is the love I feel for her.  
I'd slide for her  
I'd glide for her  
I'd swim the tide for her.  
I'd try for her  
I'd cry for her  
But damme if I'd die for her.

---

Said A to B

I C U R

Inclined 2 B A J

Said B 2 A

U'r mind I C

Shows signs of slight D K.



—Conversation between a Senior and a Junior over a girl unknown to both and seen for the first time.

Senior: That was the first time we saw each other and did you see her smile at me?"

Junior: "That's nothing, the first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

—Miss Moore in Biology: "Has anyone seen the robin that was flying around the school this noon?"

Leo Merrit: "Yes, I saw Miss Robbins."

—Teacher addressing Schnabel in German class.

Teacher: "Was ist loss?"

Schnabel: "Alles was ist nicht gebunden ist loss."

—Hannifan is anxiously awaiting his razor.

—We wonder why D. Johnson is always heard singing "My Sweet Adair."

—In Physical Geography Class:

If at the north pole the nights and days are of six months' duration, Schiff and Martindale would like to know what a night's lodging would cost, they intend going there for a night.

—As bad as the Juniors are,  
And as good as the Seniors are,  
The Juniors are better than the Seniors  
As bad as they are.

—Yesterday a Senior fell and hurt himself between the library and the post office.

—The Juniors are the flame and the spirit of the school. The other classes are only dim sparks that have drifted away from the large flame.

—I. Norton—What do they do in Olean when it rains?

Martindale—I don't know. What do they do?

I. Norton—Why, they let it, you boob, they let it.

—The staff extends a hearty welcome to Miss Hipwell.

—Miss Dye: "Who is that young Russian coming down the street?"

Miss Geuder: "Why that's Martindale trying to raise a mustache."

—Miss Crandall in English History—The Crusaders traveled by boat and Overland. (We wonder if Haely and Gavin got the order).

—Hey, Watts, if you take Miss Burke to the Bradford Auto show, you had better steer clear of the other fellow.



—After leaving school Quigley says he would like to get a job as deck hand on a submarine. If he cannot get a job as deck hand he would like to be a linesman for a wireless telegraphy company between New York and London.

He might apply for the position advertised below:

Wanted: Several energetic young men to dig post-holes for a wireless telegraphy between Chicago and Rochester.

—Woman who kept a boarding house—The wolf is at the door.

Boarder—Let him in and give him one of your meals, and he won't come again.

—Someone asked Schiff why he did not join Company I. Schiff said his mother didn't raise her boy to be a soldier. We have reasons to doubt this since the fight.

—A senior once said to a junior, "If there was burglar in the cellar would the coal chute (coal shoot)."

To this the junior answered, "No, but the kindlin' wood."

—Miss A. Hernbloom seems to be preferring Derbys this year. How about it, Loren?

—Mr. Bacon in Algebra: "How would you work this problem if you didn't know the formula, Earle?"

Earle: "I'd work it the same way I did before I knew the formula."

—Caple—Which side are you on, delinquent or honor?

Wixon—I'm neutral.

—Miss Gillespy—What is a demagogue?

Peckham (thinking of a pedagogue)—A teacher.

—Greet Haugh was heard to exclaim the other day when the telephone rang in S. H. B., "Long distance, Miss Crandall. I think it's Portville."

—Happy Atkins has got a steady job now. No, not in the basket store. He guides strangers around the city. Ask "Dutch."

—Helen Mosser is rapidly gaining Merit.

—Messer (in French)—"Does car equal for?"

Miss Everett—No sir.

Caple—Add d to for and it equals car. (Get it?).

—Florence Wilde's middle name is Work, but her first name is Do-Little.

—Ambition has but one reward for all:

A little power, a little transient fame,

A grave to rest in, and a fading name.



—That Mike Myrick is “Stark” mad some of us perceive very readily.

—“What do you think of acoustics, Mrs. Nurich?” whispered her neighbor.

“Oh, I don’t mix with them religious squabblers. Let everyone worship in their own way, I say.”

—Crawford—The janitor of our flat is going to give some kind of an entertainment.

Crabshaw—For your sake, I hope it will be a house-warming.

—The first thing to learn about skating is to be light on your feet. If you are not you’ll light on your head.

—Senior: “Say, do you know why that automobile don’t go?”

Junior: “No, why don’t it go?”

Senior: “Because its wheels are tired.”

—Freshie—Latin’s a cinch. Look here! “Caesar sic decot on de cur, egressi lictum—why I can translate that. Caesar sicked the cat on the cur. I guess he licked him.”

—“Papa, what is a ground hog?”

“Why, er,—er, sausage, my son.”

—It must be that Welch likes Biology because he is always looking for Moore.

—Pay a man compliments and he won’t make fun of your grammar.

—The freshies came up early on the morning of the day,

—I simply hate period sixth

For all we do is sit and sit.

Across the aisle you can’t ever look,

Or you’ll get an awful hit

With some great big book;

And if by chance you happen to sneeze

The look she’ll give you would make you freeze.

And from all these things, dear reader you see,

That S. H. B. is no place for thee.

Miss Dotterweich no longer reads Rosenbloom now that Boyle’s in bloom.

They looked on neither side of them

But we heard one of them say,

“The others once were freshies the same as we are now,  
So never mind their kidding us, but make a little bow.”



G. W.

I.  
G. W.'s  
    Birthday;  
Great man!  
    Hooray!

II.  
Way back.  
    B. C.,  
Old story,  
    Cherry tree.

III.  
Small boy,  
    Sharp hatchet;  
Stern sire,  
    "You'll catch it."

IV.  
"Yes, dad,  
    I did!  
Can't lie!"  
    Brave kid.

V.  
Stern sire,  
    Relents;  
Gives boy  
    Ten cents.

VI.  
We say  
    Since then.  
"G. W. First in  
War; first in  
Peace; first in  
The hearts of his country men!!!!!"

---

**The Administration Speech for 1917.**

Frauen und Herren let uns rejoice und call ourselves the hyphenated country in which the Germans rule. Let uns drop and suppress forever that word or title "Americanism."

---

**To All Seniors.**

—You came in without knocking; go out in the same way.



**Seniors As Others See Them.**

A is for Allen, long and thin,  
B is for Bertha who makes such a din.  
C is for Curtis the big headed swell,  
D is for Donald, oh well.  
E is for Eddie the heart crushing star,  
F is for Funny which they think they all are.  
G is for Griffin reckless and wild,  
H is for Harry gentle and mild?  
I is for Innocence, leave it to them,  
J is for Johnson tall and—ahem.  
K is for Kirby the devoted young swain,  
L is for Lowell who gives me a pain.  
M is for Mary with a studious air,  
N is for Norman with beautiful hair.  
O is for Ostrom who thinks he can sing,  
P is for Patterson who allus says “ding.”  
Q is for Quigley the only live wire,  
R is for Rowena who plays on a lyre.  
T is for Torrey noted for speed.  
U is for Unison in which they all rest,  
V is for Virtue which they don’t possess.  
I’m sick of telling what the rest are to be,  
But you think it out, W, X, Y, Z.

---

**A Senior’s Plea.**

“Dear father; Once you said, ‘My son,  
To manhood you have grown;  
Make others trust you, trust yourself,  
And learn to stand alone,’—  
Now father, soon I graduate,  
And those who long have shown,  
How well they trust me, want their pay  
And can I stand a loan?”

---

**The Unhappy Senior.**

“Now I lay me down to sleep,  
In my little bed,  
Exams. begin tomorrow morn,”  
The sleepy Senior said.  
“Now I lay me down to sleep,  
In my little bunk  
Hope I die before I wake,  
And thus escape the flunk.”



—Suppose! The Cast Talked at Home as They Did on the Stage.

Square Hardcastle Schnabel: "I command you and your drunken pack to leave this house directly."

Tony Norton Lumpkin: "Ecod, mama, your notes are the wildest of the two, but I'll stand it no longer! I'm going to the Alehouse, The Three Pigeons."

Mary Kelsey Hardcastle: "Now for meeting my modest gentleman."

"Thus having 'Stooped to Conquer' with success,  
And gained a husband without aid of dress,  
Still as a barmaid I could wish it, too,  
As I have conquered him to conquer—you."

Constantia Degnan: "And what better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool (Norton), and after all the nods and signs I made him."

Charles Marlow Martindale: "Only a few, madam, yes we had some accidents, yes, madam, a good many, but we were glad or rather sorry, of any accidents that were so agreeably concluded."

"How old are you, child? You are vastly handsome."

George Hastings Alderman: "Damn your fireside!"

Marion Torrey Hardcastle: "All I can do is to enjoy London at second hand. I take care to know every tete-a-tete from the 'Scandalous Magazine,' and have all the fashions as they come out from letters by the two Miss Ricketts."

Jeremy Hannon: "Liberty and Fleet Street forever."

"Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good sup-pepr will not sit upon—hic—upon my conscience, sir."

"Sir Diggory Quigley: "I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia. I never have courage until I see the eatables and drinkables brought upon the table and then I am as bold as a lion. Where's the Squire? Got a letter for your worship. Did you tell them about 'Old Grouse in the Gun Room'?"

Sir Charles Stingo Ostrom: "Yes, the old man is a troublesome old blade to be sure, but he keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country." "Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me!"

—Miss Everett in French 1B:

"Mr. Caple, give me the word for yesterday."

F. Caple, "Derriere anjourd 'hiu,"



**Geometry is a Broad Subject.**

Mr. Smith—One of the first things that plane geometry students must learn is that it is possible to go to both Hinsdale and Shinglehouse, but it is impossible to go to both of them at the same time.

---

**The O. H. S. Alphabet.**

A is for Anderson, the chemistry shark,  
B is for Blaske who sings like a lark.  
C is for Casey the brave engineer,  
D is for Dollard who called him her dear.  
E is for Ehtridge with those beautiful eyes,  
F is for Fitch who is very wise.  
G is for Garvey the boy with the smoke,  
H is for Hannon who never saw the joke.  
I is for Ike who's in love with a "peach,"  
J is for Johnson who aspires to preach.  
K is for Kenneth the photoplay man,  
O is for Ostrom the boy with the smile,  
P is for Packey whose punch is worth while.  
Q is for Quigley who tells a good joke,  
R is for Raub who never will smoke.  
S is for Shorty who rings the bell,  
T is for Tilly who can't learn to spell.  
U is for Ugene with an assortment of ties,  
V is for Van Name the girl with big eyes.  
W is for Wagner the base ball player,  
X is for Xerxes the medicine fakir.  
Y is for Youngs who said she loved run,  
Z is for Zeno the great chewing gum.

M. G. '17.

---

**More Work for the Navy.**

Small boy on wharf, hailing sub.—"Here, Jellicoe, if you are going down again, you might have a look for my knife. It's got two blades and a brown handle."

—There was a young girl from Duluth,  
Who rejoiced in the sweet name of Ruth.  
But she always chewed wax,  
With such very loud whacks,  
That it made her look very uncouth.



**F** is for the fierce looks she gives us,  
**I** is for her Irish wit,  
**T** is for her telescope-like eyes,  
**Z** is for "Zero" about which she has a fit,  
**G** is for the giggling girls which she admires—nit.  
**E** is for the elocutionist she is  
**R** is for right and right she'll always be  
**A** is for her admirers of whom she has "man-ee."  
**L** is for her "laconic speech,"  
**D** is for docile pupils of whom she can not boast.

---

**Everything Modern.**

The manager of a moving picture theater overheard his new Swedish ticket sellerine telling her friend about her new position.

"Ai lak mai yob. Ve got en fine building. Ve got en cremated floor, elastic lights and en hoosit."

"A hoosit? What's a hoosit?" her friend asked.

"Oh, a hoosit ban a box on the wall. En bell rings and you say in to box, "Hal-lo-o-o-oh." Somebody in toboxsay "Hello" at you and you say, "Hoosit."

---

**B.** Parks  
**HA**ugh  
 Shaner  
**K**neil  
**E**rway  
**T**aylor  
 Baldwin  
**MA**cdonald  
**Tu**Ller  
**Crow**Ley  
**Wa**Tson  
**Moss**Er  
**CA**rlson  
 Marie O'C  
**Ro**Se

Why are false eyes made of glass?  
 Why to see through, of course.  
 Isn't it funny that—  
 It's the night that falls,  
 But the day that breaks?



**How They Ask for an Explanation.**

Freshie—Please explain it again, I don't quite understand you.

Sophomore—If you would explain it without using so many big words, I might understand you.

Junior—I don't quite get it yet.

The learned senior—I cannot persuade my mental vocabulary to comprehend the meaning of your explanation.

—What I found in the Congress box:

3 gum wrappers.

1 match.

2 buttons.

1 lolly pop stick.

1 safety pin.

Numerous scraps of papers.

Also a few personals.

—If a very nice visit you wish to pay,

Just make a visit to S. H. A.

There they are as happy as larks,

Even if they do get low marks.

If the happiest room you wish to recall

Just make a visit to Junior Study Hall.

We sit there so peaceful, happy and bright

That you really get a very bad fright.

---

**The Seniors.**

The seniors are lazy,

The seniors are punk,

They try to fill Congress

With all of their junk.

We can't bear the seniors,

Their manners are horrid,

Sometimes they are cold,

Again they are torrid.

When we become seniors,

We'll show them what's doing;

So now I'll ring off

And leave them a-chewing.



---

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By good dressers that young men's clothes that are smart in style, fabrics that are new, and a perfect fit, will always be found here.

### DAVIS & NENNO

## Overcoats

Let this store be your Overcoat store, perhaps it is now. We are absolutely sure of one thing, that is we're getting the Lion's Share of the Overcoat business and we should, our stock is the most complete and most carefully selected in town.

That Big Loose Fitting Fellow named the "Poole" is a winner.

The short Snug-Fitting Double Breaster named the "Princeton" is another winner.

Our Price Range—

\$10 to \$35

Come in Today.

### Baker & Gelder

"The Store with the Guarantee"



Hickey-Freeman Quality

PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS



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# THE GEM THEATRE

## and Photo-Play House

C. T. NICKUM, Proprietor

We make our own Picture light which produces the sharpest and decidedly the best picture in the City. We buy two distinct programs daily, the Universal and the Mutual programs, enough to supply two theatres in Olean. There is a reason why the people like the GEM.

Only Good, Clean Pictures Shown Here

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Jewelry, Watches, Cut Glass,  
Clocks, Silverware, Parisian  
Ivory Novelties.

Quick Service   Right Prices  
Courteous Treatment

We Want Your Business

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