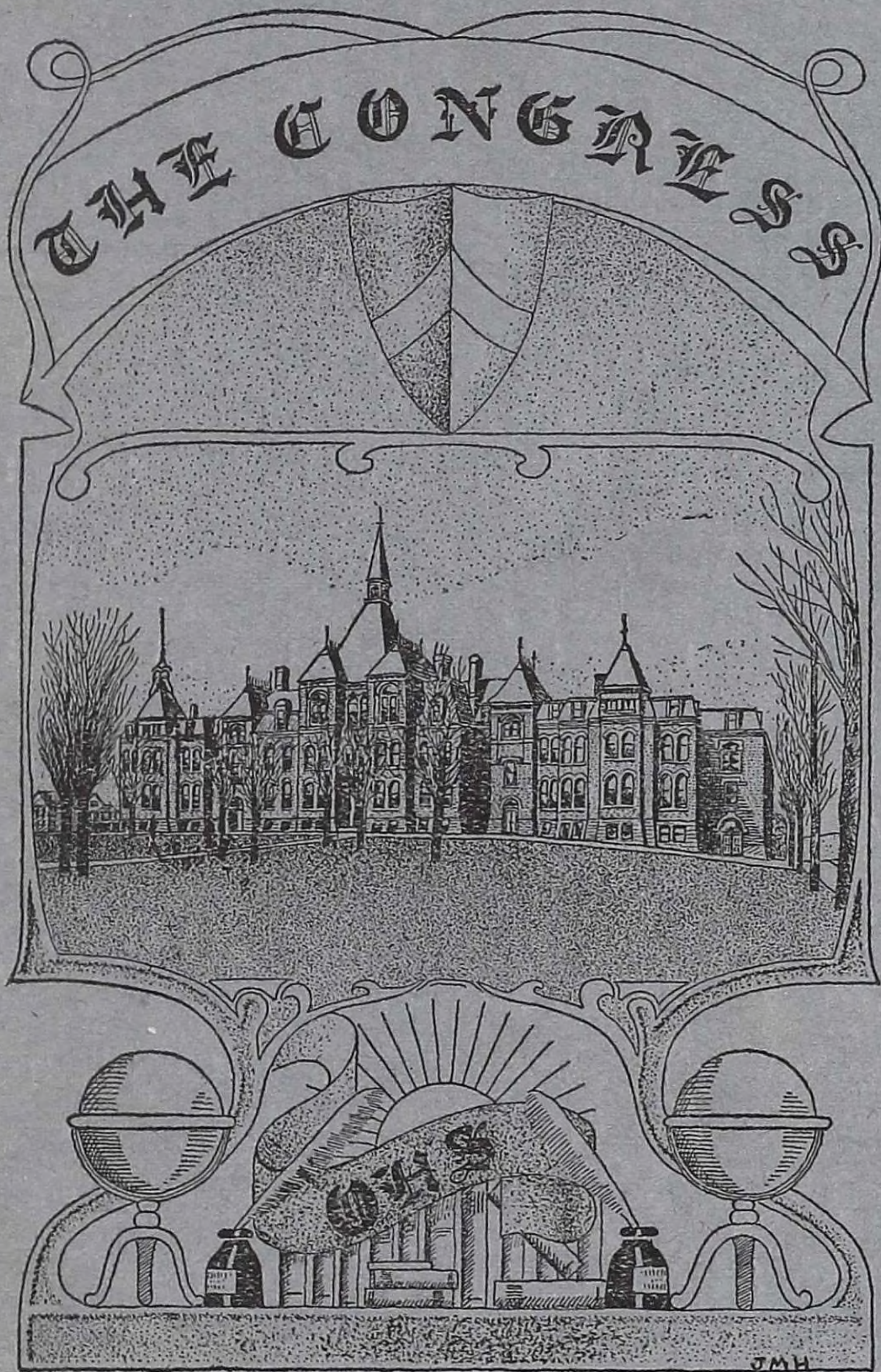


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Christmas Number 1912

Volume VIII

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE OLEAN HIGH SCHOOL

Number 3

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The Congress

Olean, New York

VOLUME VIII

DECEMBER, 1912

NUMBER 3

The Shaft of Light

By Robert MacDuffie.



KERWIN is a village of about two hundred inhabitants. It is situated deep in the hills, yet it does not escape the cold, northern winds that blow the snow in huge drifts of spotless white, making travel almost impossible. So the village is shut up all winter, with hardly any news from the outside world or from the seemingly worthless mines situated high on the hills that tower over the town.

In one of the wretched, nearly snow-bound shacks, sat a tall, well-developed man of about forty. His black hair hung as a mantle around a sharp-pointed and slightly wrinkled face. His clothes, though old and worn, were neat and well patched; he was a man that bears a second look. He, like many others, had left home, wife and children for a wretched place like Kerwin, all for the sake of gold. At first he had had great luck but only for a few weeks when a company of men came and claimed his mine.

He knew that it was hopeless to fight such odds, so he staked another claim which seemed to be a failure. So with much reluctance he gave it up, praying that some day he could meet the leader of his enemies, then, ah! then he would rush him as if he were but a child.

Long he sat there looking blankly into the cheerful fire. "Christmas eve," he muttered. "Is this what they call Christmas, the day of cheer and good will?"

He started for the door to take a look at the freezing night, but stopped dead still as if a shaft had struck him, for out over the roaring winds of the night came a faint

cry and moan. He rushed to the door, pulled it open, and in staggered a man, white with snow, numb with cold. He staggered and fell in a shapeless mass before the fire.

The other bent over and turned the body. It revealed the face of the man for whom he had been waiting. Slowly he arose, his face showing his amazement, anger but not his purpose. Walking to the window he looked with eyes that see not into the clear air. How long he stood there he did not know, but when his sight came back he looked out into the night, and what was his amazement at not seeing the whirling flakes of snow but the clear air. Looking up, he noticed the one lone star shining down from its heavenly height. He turned into the room quivering from head to foot for it threw a shaft directly on the face of the man lying on the floor. Walking over, his face an ashen color, he lifted the man's head. The hitherto prostrate figure moved and started to speak. The host bent over in eager anticipation as the weak voice began, "Marvin, I've treated you like a miserable cur but to-night I've come to make it right---you know your second mine?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've been working that and it turned out to be more productive than the other. I came here through all this awful storm because it was Christmas and the Star of Christ led me. I am once more the man I used to be. Can't we be friends?"

Marvin took the offered hand and there were tears in his eyes for he remembered what the star had done for him.

Years have come and gone with their many Christmases but as Marvin sits in his elegantly furnished club, he does not forget the Christmas of long ago and the messages from the star.



The fellows had a rooster,

They put it on a fence;

And it crowed for O. H. S.

Because it had some sense.

The Call

By Clara Blasky.



IT was a very dark night, and black clouds hung low over the sea. The wild waves, with a low moaning sigh, tossed white foam against the rocks, which rose ruggedly and almost perpendicularly from the shore. On the point of the highest cliff, as if silhouetted against the sky, were the figures of a man and a girl.

He stood tall and straight, both his arms clasping her tightly. She was exquisitely molded, her slim girlish lines showed plainly when the stiff, cold, sea breeze blew. Her face was upturned and her pleading voice rose pitifully above the sound of the moaning waves.

"Ben, Ben, don't go," she faltered. "I love you so, I can't let you go! I can't, I can't, I can't!"

"There, there, sweetheart, don't feel so bad," said the man in broken tones, as he gently stroked her hair. "Just think, in the city I'll work and get rich and then I'll come back. How can I forget you? My darling, my little fishermaid! Your face will always be before me and your beautiful, haunting eyes will always beckon to me. I love you better than my life, and here before all that is holy, I swear I'll come back, back to you when I've made my fortune." Then he kissed her tenderly.

* * *

That was Benjamin Raymond's goodbye to his sweetheart ten years ago.

He is now forty years old, and sitting before his fireplace, is recalling old memories, both pleasant and bitter. He thinks of his happy boyhood by the sea, his sweetheart, and the days in the city afterward.

His letters to her were at first long and loving, then shorter and cooler, until at last he was too busy to write. The Metropolitan Bank, of which he had become president, after five years of hard work, required his attention. Then too---there was another girl.

She was a chorus girl, light, graceful and vivacious. Her saucy face and flashing eyes fascinated him as he sat in the front row at the theatre. It did not take long to get acquainted, and soon after society was startled by the marriage of Benjamin Raymond, president of the Metropolitan Bank, to Flossy Doris, the chorus girl.

Money, money was what she married him for, he thinks, and after she got all the beautiful jewels and costly clothes she wanted she obtained a divorce! How bitter that seems to him now! He buried his head in his hands and cried aloud.

"Oh, God, I've been punished! Why should it be I? What have I done?"

Soon after the bank failed and now he is old, bowed with misfortune and without the money he was accustomed to have.

He looks into the fireplace. There, among the dancing flames, is a face! The eyes, large and haunting, seem to beckon him. He rises from his chair, arms outstretched, and in passionate tones said:

"Marion, Marion, my sweetheart, my fisher-maid!"

As he gazes, the face vanishes and once more nothing but burning embers fill the grate. Was it fancy? Could it be she was calling him. He seems to hear the sea and its low, dismal, moaning seems to say: "Come! Come! Come!"



The train that left for New England at 5:15 the next morning had on board Benjamin Raymond.

How was he to know that his Marion, his sweetheart, had slowly pined away? The doctors that came to see her shook their heads and went away. Near the last she would stare into space, and feebly raising her white arms, would whisper:

"I've waited so long! Come!"

As Benjamin Raymond left the train and stepped into the small depot he remembered so well, new life seemed to come to him. He looked around. No one was in sight. Why not go to the cliff and look once more at the place now so dear to him? He buttoned his coat, and at a brisk

pace walked up the path toward the rocks showing so plainly against the sky.

How dark it is, he thinks, as he carefully picks his steps. Funny he hadn't noticed it before! What a wierd, haunting sound the sea makes as it dashes upon the rocks! Suddenly a fear possesses him! He wants to turn and run, but his limbs refuse to obey and he stands stiff. His eyes are bulging and fixed on the highest point of the cliff.

There is his little fisher-girl!

She is turned towards him, her arms outstretched. How young, how white and misty she looks, he thinks. How large and dark her eyes, how pale and beautiful her face!

"Marion," he cries, "I've answered your call, I've come!"

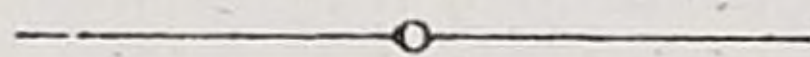
She is still standing with her arms outstretched as he runs joyously up the path to greet her. He puts out his arms to embrace her, but she suddenly seems to have moved away from him, just a step beyond the edge of the rock. Nearer he advances and pauses on the ledge. How beautiful she looks out there waiting for him! A voice seems to call him! Low and sweet it sounds!

He takes a step---. The moaning waves seem to leap higher, as if eager for their prey, and almost joyously dash white foam against the rocks.

The city acquaintances of Benjamin Raymond often wonder what became of him. Some say he is living in seclusion. Others say he is traveling abroad.

In the little New England town on the coast, the people say, that on dark, cloudy nights two white misty forms may be seen standing alone on the cliffs, and the waves as they leap seem to say:

"I've come! I've come! I've come!"



On His Way.

Voice from the Stairs: "That young man ought to be on his way home by this time!"

Edith: "He is, Papa. He's got as far as the hat rack!"

The Poetic Germ

The new telephone system has evidently awakened the poetic germ which has been lying dormant for some time. Here is a specimen:

A wondrous thing has happened
Right here in O. H. S.
It is a very wise device
To make our shoe bills less.

If there be any numb-skull
Who hasn't yet found out
The subject which I now expound,
I 'spose I'll have to shout.

I am writing of the telephone,
A system here, throughout
If with a teacher you would talk,
No need to chase about.

Just pick up the receiver,
And hold it to your ear,
Then push the little button
And an answer you will hear.

If you wish to call the office,
Or either Study Hall,
Just walk up to the telephone
And ring the bell, that's all.

At first it will be quite a joke,
And though some may hesitate,
In a short time the O. H. S.
Will all appreciate.

R. C. S., '14.

—o—

A winter vacation is just a mad whirl;
There's a fortnight of joy undigested;
You eat and you drink, and you flirt with a girl,
And then you come home to get rested!

Many a ship was lost at sea
For want of tar and rudder;
Many a fellow has lost his girl
For talking to another.



Boost the Exchanges. Don't knock them.

Up to date we have received the following Exchanges:

The McCallie Pennant, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Vindex, Elmira, N. Y.

The Laurel, tS. Bonaventure's College, Allegany.

The Occident, West High School, Rochester, N. Y.

The Academic Observer, Utica Free Academy, Utica, N. Y.

The Blue and White, Trinidad, Colorado.

The Volcano, Hornell, N. Y.

The Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y.

The High School Journal, Brownwood, Texas.

The Argus, Harrisburg, Pa.

The Red and Black, Reading, Pa.

The Normal News, Cortland, N. Y.

The Student Life, Pomona College, Calif.

The Recorder, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Journal, Grove City, Pa.

The Echo, Griffith Institute, N. Y.

The Blue and White, Hammonton, N. J.

The Recorder, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The Walking Leaf, Cook Academy, N. Y.

The Chronicle, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The Senior, aSlamanca, N. Y.

The Clarion, East High, Rochester, N. Y.

The Campus, U. of R., Rochester, N. Y.

The Spokesman, Erie, Pa.

This month the McCallie Pennant heads our list. Some exceptionally fine papers are: The Vindex, The Blue and White, Trinidad, Col.; The Volcano, The Panorama, The Saratoga Springs Recorder and The Chronicle from Niagara Falls.



THE CONGRESS.

Published monthly during the School Year by the students of the Olean High School.

Subscription, 50 cents per year. Single copies, 10 cents.

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 Short Story Editor..... Elizabeth Conklin, '14

Junior High School.

Literary Editors..... Helen Mosser, Constance Murdock
 Business Editors..... Eugene Sullivan, Gustav Sweizer
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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE, OLEAN, N. Y., AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER

Again the time of joy and good cheer has rolled around. Of course everyone will enjoy himself immensely during the Christmas vacation. But after it is all over we will all come back to school to get rested up. Until the eventful day arrives our curiosities will get the better of us in trying to find out what Saint Nicholas is going to leave us. Then later, as we bid good-bye to the Old and welcome in the New Year, we will be turning over new leaves (cramming for Regents) and taking down the good resolutions from the shelf on which they have passed a lonely existence since last New Year's. Now, if any well-meaning student who is not able to carry all of his new resolutions on his return to school, will notify us we will gladly send a dray around to assist him. However, let us all carry out the resolutions we make or leave them unmade.

Give and receive with all grace and good will, but remember the fifty cents that you owe for your subscription to The Congress.

Keep in mind the Short Story and Poem Contest and the prizes of two and one dollars. Unless there are at least ten stories and five poems in the hands of the editors by January 17, 1913, the prizes will be withdrawn. Get busy and start the New Year right by winning a prize.

Thanking you for your interest and support during the past months and wishing you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, we are

THE EDITORS.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Navy Department has published a chart showing the naval rank of the nations based upon the tonnage of the warships built or under construction. The order is as follows: Great Britain, Germany, United States, France, Japan, Russia, Italy and Austria.

Montana took a referendum vote on several propositions at the November election, and declared in favor of a direct primary law, preferential primaries for President and Vice-President, the direct election of Senators, and the limitation of campaign expenditures to 15 per cent. of the annual salary of the office sought. Montana has suffered much from the election of multi-millionaires to the Senate, by corrupt legislatures and the indications are that it will be one of the first states to ratify the pending constitutional amendment which changes the system.

While the agreement signed by the representatives of Turkey, Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro is technically termed an armistice, which is simply a truce, it fixes a time for a peace conference which is to assemble in London this month and is generally regarded as ending the war. But Greece, saucy little Greece, holds out.

An English aviator is teaching King Alfonso the science of aviation.

Secretary of the Treasury, Franklin MacVeagh, in his annual report, declares that the present system of banking is most perilous, and as long as it exists, the federal government will be exclusively responsible for the commercial, industrial and social disasters which flow

from panics and attack directly or indirectly, every home in the nation.

LITTLE BITS THAT BITE.

The druggist may make more money than the coal dealer in spite of the fact that the coal man does business on a much larger scale.

The man who says he has never been jealous has never been in love.

Don't pay more for your experience than it is worth.

Even a train of thoughts should be on time.

It is better to be blue than to have a streak of yellow.

Industry is the parent of success.

People do not lack strength; they lack will.

A Sad Week.

The year had gloomily begun	
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's	Sun.
He was beset with bill and dun,	
As he had very little	Mon.
"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues;	
I've nothing here but ones and	Tues."
A bright thought struck him and he said	
"The rich Miss Goldbricks I will	Wed."
But when he paid his court to her,	
She lisped, but firmly said, "No,	Thur."
"Alas!" said he; "then I must die!	
I'm done, I'll drown---I'll burn---I'll	Fri."
They found his gloves, and coat, and hat;	
The coroner upon them	Sat.



Rhetoricals

Since the last issue of Congress, there have been but few rhetoricals, the time allotted having been taken up by the debating team. The first program had the following numbers: "The Territorial Development of the United States," by James Crowley. He was followed by Donna Crandall, who gave an interesting essay on "China's New Day." The program was closed with an essay, "Old Dutch Life in New Netherlands," by Elizabeth Conklin. The entire program was well prepared and exceptionally well given.

Friday morning, November 15th, rhetoricals were given by several of our students. Following a selection by the O. H. S. Orchestra, Mary Dempsey gave an essay entitled, "The School Ma'am's Noonday Dream." This was followed by a selection by the Girls' Glee Club, after which Emma Haugh gave "The Origin of Thanksgiving." A violin solo by Mary Reitz brought to a close a pleasant hour for the students.

HERE THEY ARE.

There's Steve and Taylor and Art and Shorty;
There's Hayden and Tommy and Gink and Rudy;
There's Chucky and Larry and Red and Mike;
There's Hans and Billy and Bubby and Ike;
There's Hurley and Harry and Doug and Zim;
There's Briody and Putt and Lu and Slim;
There's Moe and Jimmy and Bobby and Fan;
There's Demon and Dunk and Snitz and Dan;
There's Orcutt and Pickett and Plunkett and Ray;
There's Nolan and Fritz and Triesky and K;
There's Al and Freddy and Fitz and Denny;
There's Percy and Downsy and Doc and Sonny;
There's Chewy and Matt and Izzy and Curt;
There's Crumb and Cutey and Lucey and Burt;
But as we're lacking in names we'll have to quit;
And that's the "Long" and the "Short" of it.

DEBATE.

Wednesday morning, December fourth at 9 o'clock, the student body assembled in the Assembly Hall to hear

the last of the three preliminary debates which have aroused great interest. The purpose of this debate was to select three speakers to represent the local high school against Jamestown high school. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved, That a single tax on land values would be better than the present system of taxation."

The first speaker was Bernard Taylor of the affirmative. He defined Henry George's idea of a single tax and in a very forceful speech, he showed how a single tax is better morally. The speaker gave several illustrations to prove his points and he made his audience believe what he said.

Malcolm Kelly, from a negative standpoint, showed how the single tax was ethically and practically undesirable. He explained that although faulty, the present system was the most complete system ever known to mankind.

Norman Tompkins, the second speaker for the affirmative, said that the single tax was practical if practiced under a responsible, not representative government. Mr. Tompkins explained how the single tax would increase wages and decrease rent. He spoke in a convincing tone and held the attention of his audience throughout his speech.

The fourth speaker was Herbert Isaman, who debated from the negative standpoint. Mr. Isaman dwelt upon Mr. Tompkin's theory and showed that the tax would become a rent payable to the state. He pointed out that a few rich men controlling the state officials would rule instead of a government by the people, of the people and for the people. The single tax would abolish license and saloons would overrun the country.

The last speaker, Edgar Orvis of the affirmative, showed the fairness and the practical value of the single tax and how it is more beneficial to the farmers, as shown in Oregon.

The judges, who were selected from the faculty, have chosen Edgar Orvis, Herbert Isaman and Norman Tompkins as the regular team, with Bernard Taylor as alternate. These three students will meet the Jamestown High School debating team December 19th. The debate will be given in the Olean high school assembly hall.



Miss M. Shaner was heard to remark, "Just think, he won't be home until Christmas." Cheer up, Mayme, you have our sympathy.

Pete Nolan is thinking seriously of entering training class down at School No. X. We wonder why?

Myrtie has a very bright "Soule"---so Johnny thinks. We wonder what the attraction is in Gault's meat market, Miss McLaughlin.

Miss Swain is requested to change the telephone bell so that Gertie Collins can distinguish it from the fire drill.

Miss McLaughlin has hung onto her locket very tightly since she came back from Belfast. What have you in there that is so precious, Joe?

I'm 'sprised, Armonde! We can hear you coming a mile off, when you wear your Mackinaw.

How did you manage it, Putt? Did you get a divorce or just separate from "Her?"

Shorty and Mary are requested not to take up so much of the teacher's time in the Library.

It is too bad, Miss Duffy, that Art Vossler did not take the advice you wrote him!

Miss Custard: Miss Collins, what were the early
Greeks taught? Anna: English.

Isn't it queer how soon Dutch Andrews found that he needed another subject? Perhaps Elsie can explain!

Miss Mulholland thinks "Joe" is the very finest name there is.

Atkins: "I don't understand a series to infinity."
LeRoy: "Do you understand your affinity?"

Miss Quinlan has a strange liking for Dansville. We should like to know the details of the matter.

Miss Bisett is very lonesome since Shoff went to Ohio. Never mind, Cel, he'll be home Christmas.

Oh, Miss Lyons! What about your "Minstrel Man?"

It's too bad Cornie has such heavy rings, Elizabeth, for we know how you like his jewelry.

I wonder where all the rowdies come from in S. H. B. during the fourth period?

Wouldn't it have been funny if there had been two policemen at Wayside, Nov. 4th?

Gee! It's "awful" dark on the North Cuba road. How about it, Bub?

Miss Woodfill seems to be receiving a great deal of attention from "John D."

Why does Miss Murphy like to visit Dunkirk? Ask her?

Isn't it strange that Miss M. Walldorff likes to walk on the left side of Sullivan street coming to school? How about it, Blair?

Bub Eaton has cut out girls, so he says. Why so, Bub?

Miss Taylor likes the side table in Biology. Oh! Laura.

Miss Crandall wishes to know what we send to England that they really need. How about heiresses?

They say Bob McDuffie has changed his affections from Laurens street to Sullivans treet. I'm 'sprised, Bob.

Herb Isaman will serve "free soups" hereafter between the hours of 12:00 and 1:00 P. M.

Hansy Ray is getting very desperate. Lack of girls?

Second Debating Team.

I. Briody.

II. Briody.

III. Briody.

Alternate---Briody.

Luce is some acrobat. He fell down stairs and never hurt himself a bit. Of course he would not have to fall as far as Earle Chew or Izzy Cohen.

If there is one debater in our High School it certainly is Tommy Atkins. He will be the President of the U. S. in 1916, if he keeps it up.

Emily Stowell would like some ("Moe") attention from a certain young man. Eh, Em?

If the girls don't watch out they will have brain fever, planning on their dresses for Christmas dance.

Isn't it great that we are having such fine weather, as Clara and Ray can go for walks almost every afternoon.

Mildred and Ray H. do not care whether it is good weather or not as they have their little walks anyway from Study Hall A to American History, the first period in the afternoon. Did you ever notice 'em?

As Usual.

This was heard near the freight depot on the last day of the year:

"What did you get for Christmas?" asked the Switch of the Railroad Track.

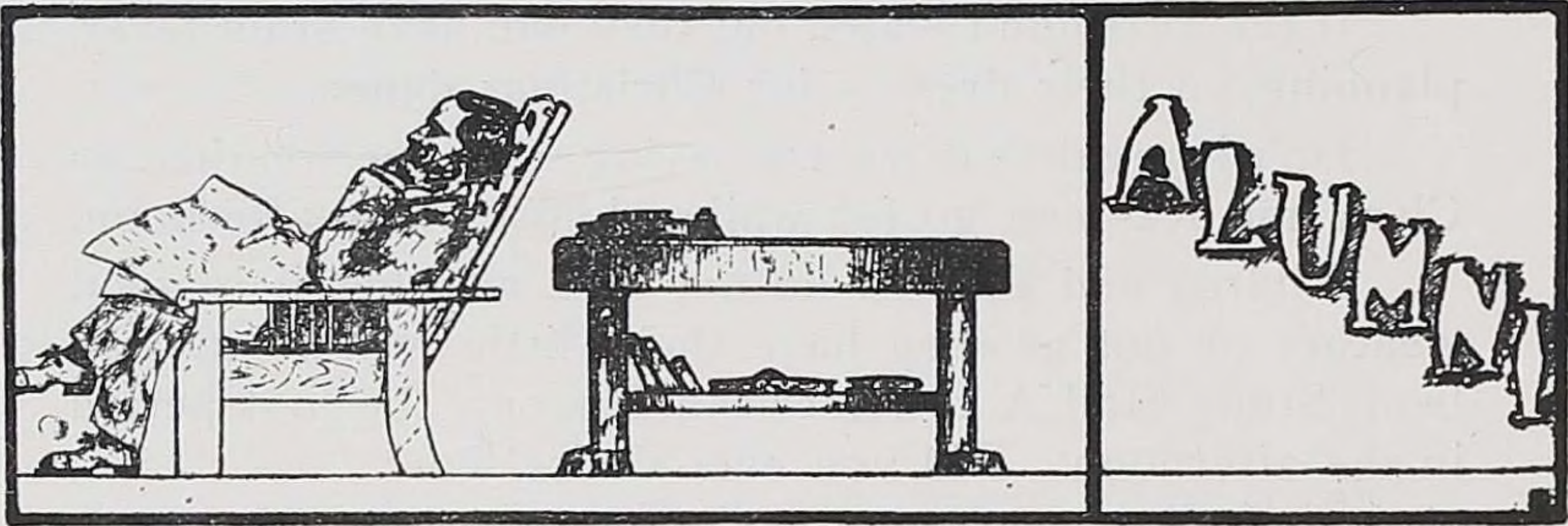
"Oh, another new tie," responded the Track, carelessly.

"How is your little brother, Johnny?"

"Sick. He hurt hisself. We were playing who could lean the furthest out of the garret window and he won."

A Suit for Damages: A pair of blue overalls.





This month we have the pleasure of printing a contribution written by a member of the class of '07. We are endeavoring to make this department interesting to both students and the Alumni of the O. H. S., that we may keep in touch with those who have not forgotten their Alma Mater. We hope to publish an article by Prof. Emmons in the near future. Although he is not an Alumnus, the student body would welcome a letter from our former principal.

AN ALUMNUS' REVERIE.

It was twilight, a warm and depressing twilight, and the man who leaned wearily over the littered desk had a face that was tired and worn, and grave with responsibility. But well it might be, for was he not Edward Brinkman, the successful architect, and were not many of the magnificent new homes on "The Heights" the materialization of his dreams.

But today he wasn't famous, and he wasn't dreaming dreams that, crystalized into material things, would bring him fame.

Up from the open window of a studio on the floor below came sounds that wakened memories long since forgotten, and the grave and serious man was a boy again, but with a strange tightening at his throat, an unusual mist before his eyes.

They were illustrators, those two fellows in the studio down stairs, and they were friends of long standing. He often envied them their jolly good times, as the sounds of laughter and music came up to his office. But today there was more than envy in his heart; there was a positive ache, and caused by such a trivial thing!

He had heard the door slam, then the noisy greetings, and unconsciously he pictured the receptions of visitors who were evidently old friends. A low hum of voices, interrupted by an occasional burst of laughter, told him that they were rehearsing old times, and then, they sang.

Once an acquaintance of his had told him that the strains of "Arrah Wannah" played on a very squeaky phonograph had made her cry with homesickness. It had been the tune of her class song in high school. He had laughed at her then, but now---now what was forcing a queer, smarty mist to his eyes.

He would hardly dare tell his wife, the beautiful woman who ruled in all her blonde loveliness over his heart and home; for the vision that persisted in obtruding itself before his vision was of laughing brown eyes, tumbled brown hair and pink cheeks, from which he even now remembered having stolen one swift kiss (and having been scolded for it, too.) She sat in his study hall the last year in high school, and how the curve of her cheek used to interfere with his Latin!

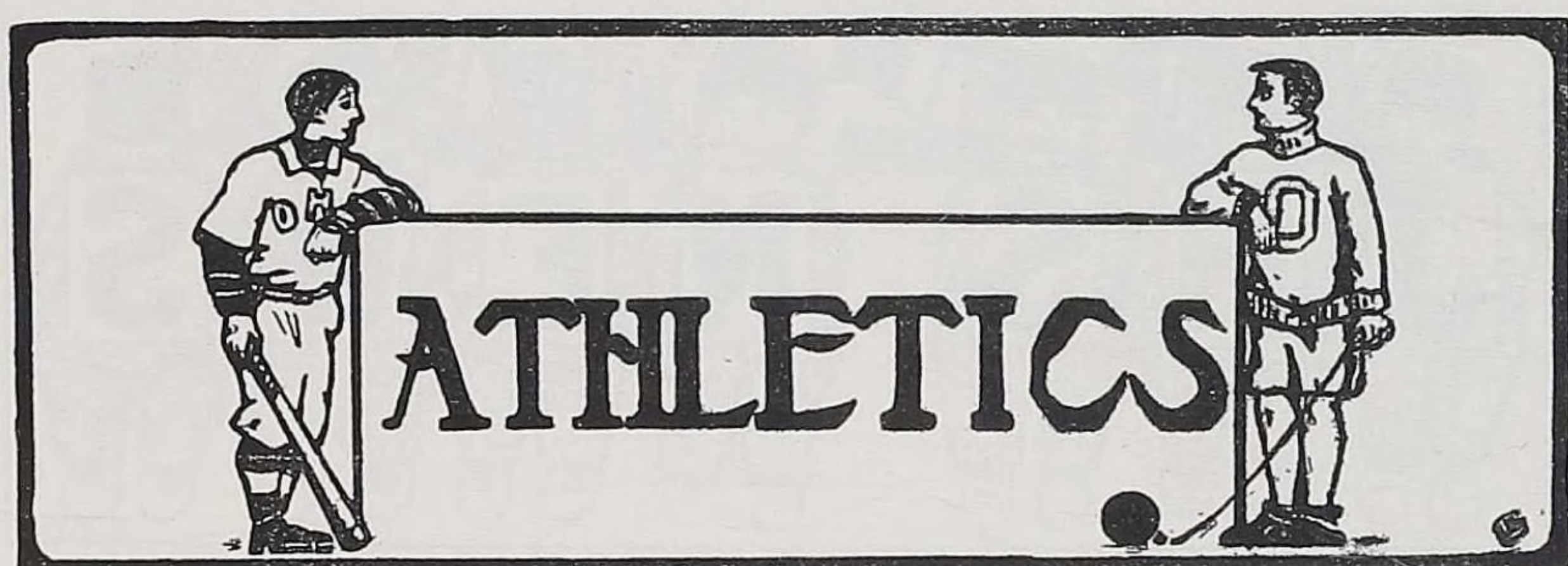
And how vastly more interesting than themes on Julius Caesar were the daily epistles that he used to send her. He had read masterpieces of literature since then but never had he read anything that thrilled him as the very tiny notes she used to send in reply. How he used to complain at the tinyness of them, and beg for longer ones, and, well---nicer ones. My, she was polite then, and firm and cold and grown-up.

Somehow she fit into so many of the memories that were summoned up by the song from down stairs; the tragedies in the office, following close on the heels of a comedy in the study hall, the long hours of pretended repentance in Room 106; the seasons of vigil that attended a week on the "report" system. He recalled them all:---scenes that busy years at college and in business had crowded out of his mind. And they passed before his mental vision to the measured "bunk-a-bunk" of the music from the floor below. He had forgotten every strain of music from his high school days, save only one. If he had ever known school songs or had learned a thing in Glee Club, it was lost in the larger memory of the

songs men sing with their heart and soul at college; but the harmonious strains of "Kentucky Babe" robbed him of twenty-five years, slipped him back to the days when he dared anything, feared nothing and was altogether happy, and the tired lines faded from between his eyes, the drawn look about his mouth relaxed and, refreshed and rested, he slipped quietly into the present as the voice of his wife from the gloom of the doorway called softly, "Come, Edward, here's the car, and it's time for dinner."

O. H. S., '07.





The basket ball men have been practicing faithfully, for the past two months, and expect to show good form in their opening game with Hornell. The team will be somewhat lighter this year, than our average teams have been, but will cover this handicap with speed and endurance.

Then comes the same old cry, "spirit," doubtless many of you are sick and tired of hearing it, but did it ever occur to you, that the expenses of bringing teams here from Buffalo, Dunkirk, Hornell and other places, amounts to forty and fifty dollars each game, and this is saying nothing of the preliminaries. Where is the money coming from, if the student body does not patronize the team? Everybody, if possible, should come out to each game. There are only six, and they are two and three weeks apart, which makes it easy to plan to be there.

We surely want to blot out our disastrous football season instead of repeating it in basket ball, and the outcome lies entirely with the students.

The athletics in Olean High schools have been classed with the very best high schools in Western New York, and we must not let our reputation fall, on account of lack of spirit and support, on behalf of the student-body.

Boost. Don't knock.

A. H. F.

People who are always waiting for something to turn up are those who have most experience in being turned down.---Ex.



Schott went black berrying one day; but instead got a Thornberry.

Why does H. O'Neil watch that new boy so closely?

Miss Murdock seems very fond of walking to Westons. What's the attraction up there?

Shaner looks as if he had lost his last friend. I wonder if it was Miss Hayward?

If Oviatt Heliker didn't have Miss Wagner, would Miss Woodfill her place.

The candidates for Mayer are P. Worden and J. Worden.

Nele, don't turn any more signet rings as the effect might be fatal. John G. does not wear a red niecktie every day.

Izzie Shiff is quite an algebra "shark," so Miss Bennett thinks.

Parks likes Hallowe'en parties. I wonder why?

Herbert Lee has started a newspaper. Anyone wishing to have news published quickly take it to him.

T. Fuller has quite a "Case."

We all are very sorry Edward has left school, Bessie, but we see something has come into your heart and brightened your face. We hope it isn't the "New Boy."

Clifford Shaner says he likes Welch's grape juice.

Why is it Helen Scanlon always says "Buy your ice cream and candy at Herrons?" For information ask Forest.

Jeannette, you had better stop winking at Bing or Cad Murphy will get after you. ?

Rhoda, where did you get the cold sore? For information, ask A. Daly.

Ask Marie O'Connell how she likes frogs.

Why is Helen Wagner always looking at the back of the room in C German? Ask Emmett Barber.

Anna O'Neill will have to wear glasses if she doesn't stop straining her eyes looking at that new boy.

Gretchen, whom were your nine dances with at the Leap Year party?

Charles Borgstrand wants to be famous and have his name in The Congress. Satisfied now, Jeff?

We wonder if Miss Scott is going to be a queen. How about it, King?

Fat Anderson and his mate are going to join the baby elephant show.

Lost---Elizabeth Cullather.

Clarence Shaner is wrapt in Rap(ture.)

We welcome "Crumb" Robarts into the Junior.

Why has Miss McConnell stopped saying "C-a-t and not a bit harder?"

We wonder why D. Weston has returned Miss Murdock's ring?

—O—

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A Perilous Experience

By Norman Tompkins.



SOME years ago while I was acting as agent for the United States government, I was detailed to go into Northern Italy and study conditions existing in that wild but very beautiful country---wild because of the numerous bands of banditti who made a practice of relieving over-burdened travelers of their worldly possessions; in some cases even taking the life of a victim who showed his dislike for their trade.

Italy's beauty is unsurpassed even by that of Switzerland. The lofty Alps mirror themselves in the small blue lakes at their feet, and the soft blue of the Italian sky completes as beautiful a piece of scenery as anyone could wish to behold.

It was amidst such scenery as this that one of the most exciting adventures of my life took place. My guide, who was really an Italian friend of mine, and I, left our hotel at Lake Como for a long trip up the mountains. We were mounted on mules and our progress was necessarily very slow. We had no sooner left the hotel than we were besieged by scores of beggars of all sizes and ages asking for alms. We gave as liberally as possible and it may be to this that we owed our future misfortunes.

We had purposely taken a much-used highway to lessen our chances of meeting robbers who, we thought, would be unlikely to attack us on so public a road.

But, about noon, it was our good fortune to encounter a band of robbers. They politely requested our money, of which we had a small store. We gave them all we had. When the collection was complete the leader looked the spoil over and a very unsatisfactory look crossed his face---a look of disappointment and determination to wring more from his victims. He was a man of his looks for he gave orders to his band to bind us firmly. This done, he directed that we be taken to the rendezvous of the gang.

It was a very unpleasant ride. I was bound hand and foot to the back of my mule in a most uncomfortable manner. My head hung down, so I could not see all that transpired, but I knew my friend had met a fate similar

to mine. He was not so reconciled as I. He began a conversation in Italian which ended in his having a gag put in his mouth to stop the useless flow of words. He continued, however, to spit and sputter until he reached the home of the bandits. We were taken off the mules and put in a room with iron bars at the windows and a very heavy door, which it would be useless to try to break down, separated us from the robbers. One thing they did do for our comfort was to remove the ropes which bound us, and also the gag from my friend's mouth. No sooner was it off than the ceaseless flow of remonstrance began. But our jailer walked out and closed the door, paying no attention whatsoever.

I looked around the room in which we were confined and found it to be some twenty-five by fifteen feet. There were two small windows which, as I mentioned before, were barred. I tried the bars and found that they were very stoutly imbedded in a stone window casing. There were several piles of dirty hay strewn around the room which I supposed were to be used as beds; these, a table and two chairs were the only articles of furniture in the room.

Night came on and the robbers in the next room began to revel. They sang, ate, and drank to their heart's content and apparently without thought of their prisoners, for we went to bed without supper but with a very poor opinion of the hospitality of our host. Finally the noise died down and we went to sleep. In the morning we were awakened by our jailer, who set before us a breakfast of bread and milk. The bread was unedible, but the milk was fresh and sweet and we drank with a feeling of thankfulness which only those who have experienced the pangs of hunger and thirst can realize.

He informed us that the captain or leader of the gang would see us and make terms for our ransom. I suppose that their apparent haste in settling the question was caused by their wish not to satisfy our appetites and from what they had already given us I joined with them in their wish.

At ten o'clock that morning the Captain, attended by two of his band, entered the room.

(Continued in next issue.)

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