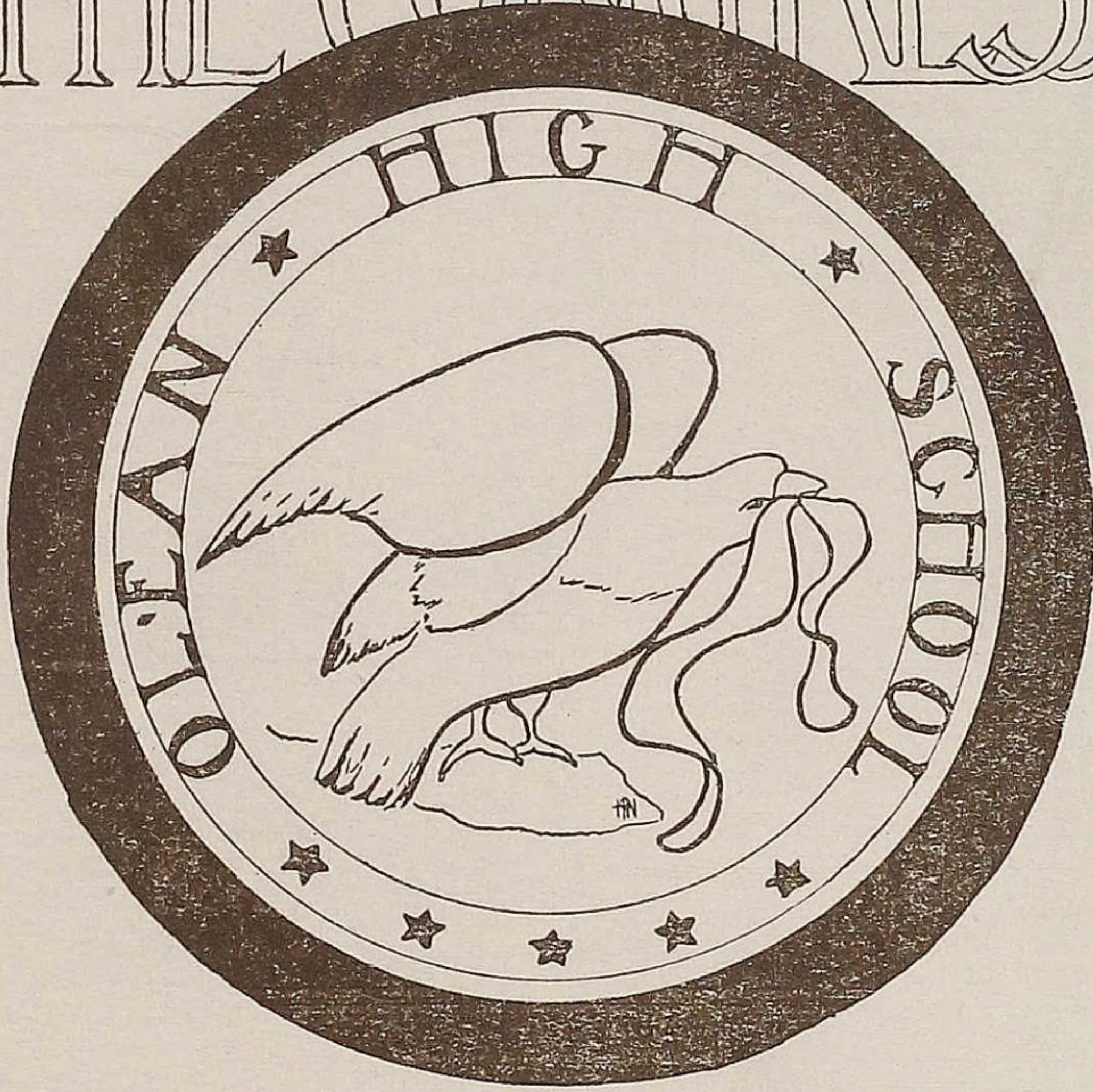


OLEAN PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE CONGRES



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

VOLUME IX

1913

NUMBER III

Our present showing of Young Men's Suits, Overcoats, Furnishings and Headwear, together with our "Special Christmas Lines which are now complete," makes up a Congress of Men's Wear Hard to Equal.

"We want you to see it all"

BAKER & GELDER

"THE STORE WITH THE GUARANTEE"

"If You See It In Fitzgeralds' Ad. It's So."

Christmas Gifts for Men

are easy to buy in a men's store where goods of standard quality and recognized merit are the rule. This is that kind of a store.

If the gift comes from the makers of such goods as HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX and CLEVER CLOTHES, Knap-Felt Hats, Manhattan Shirts, Fownes Gloves, Keiser Neckwear, all uneasiness on your part as to the rightness of the present may be obviated.

Then, too, we have been catering to the wants of men of this vicinity for over twenty-five years. We know their tastes and their whims, and are glad to give you the benefit of what we have learned when you come to make your selection.

The FITZGERALD CO.
GOOD CLOTHES
CLEAN

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STUDENTS!

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No matter what you want to buy or how
much you wish to pay, come to us; we
have it, and at the right price.

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An exclusive line of
dainty Christmas cards,
ranging in price from five
to twenty-five cents.

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1913 Merry Christmas

Happy New Year 1914

We thank you
for your trade in
the past and hope
to continue it
by deserving it

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ELECTRIC CHRISTMAS

ELECTRIC CHRISTMAS



She Will Be Delighted

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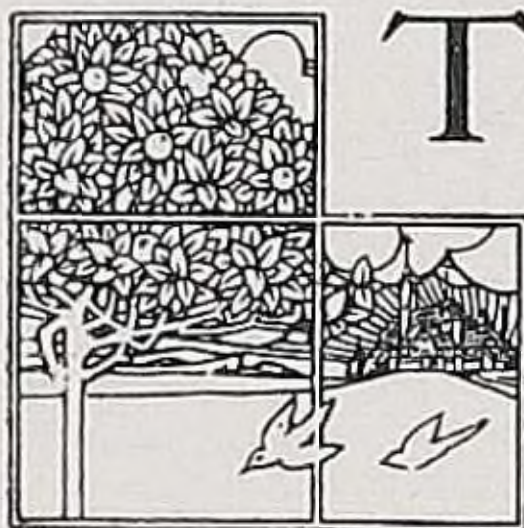


VOLUME IX

DECEMBER, 1913

NUMBER 3

THE BRITISH ISLES.



THE "Wayside Personally Conducted Tourists" were all aboard the Cunard Royal Mail Steamer "Caronia," as she left Pier 54, North River, New York. There were thirty-seven girls in the party, which was in charge of Miss Peck. It had been a scramble to get everybody aboard before sailing, but now the roll had been taken and every one had responded to her name.

The party was so large that it had been difficult to secure accommodations for all, but by taking some two-berth state rooms, some three-berth and two four-berth ones, the party had managed to find beds to sleep in.

The "Caronia" is a steamer of 18,000 tons displacement (which means, that when in the water she occupies the place of 18,000 tons of water,) she has two funnels; accommodations for some 3,000 passengers, and carries a very powerful radio apparatus.

The Wayside party was all safely aboard, however, and as the ship was sailing down the bay, the head of the party, Miss Peck, felt secure in the belief that none of the party could get permanently lost.

Some were in the saloon writing letters to the stay-at-homes in Olean; others were in their staterooms unpacking a few articles of wearing apparel. Still others were on deck, waving to people on the tugs and ferryboats and silently saying, "auf wiedersehen" to the shores of their native land.

The coast line grew dim and gradually faded from sight, the pilot was discharged with his load of mail, the

great engines began their steady vibrations, and the ship sped onward with increased speed.

Luncheon was announced at 1 o'clock by a bugler, and all went into the dining saloon. There the party was divided into several groups, no one table being large enough to seat more than eight. The food and service were most excellent, and the party made the most of their luncheon, many feeling that perhaps it might be the last meal at which all would be present during the voyage.

The afternoon was spent in promenading the deck, eating some of the numerous pounds of candy which had been supplied by heart-broken friends on the shore, and in getting acquainted with their fellow passengers.

At dinner the whole party was present, which was considered remarkable. After dinner the orchestra played selections designed to make one homesick, and the Waysiders sat outside on the deck, listening to the music and admiring the view of the moon rising over the starboard-bow. As the moon rose higher, a beautiful path of undulating iridescence stretched from the ship to her, with twinkling diamond-drops upon its surface, which looked like a band of fairies holding high carnival in honor of the full-moon.

The following morning nearly everyone was late to breakfast, because they had not reckoned on the clocks being turned forward a half hour on account of traveling eastward. Those who were not late were confined to their staterooms with more or less serious attacks of mal-de-mer. Peggy, the honorable president of the society, was the first to succumb. She awakened in the middle of the night with an upside-down feeling within her, and did not even take time to adjust her boudoir cap and powder her nose, before ringing for the stewardess.

The days passed by quite uneventfully. No storms or high seas were encountered throughout the voyage. The fourth day out, deck sports were held, which were most amusing. Marian won the prize in the egg and spoon race. The eggs were hard boiled, which was fortunate for the condition of the deck, as they rolled about with the motion of the ship and refused to stay in the spoon when once balanced there. Several of the Wayside party

took part in the concert and received a great deal of praise for their musical contributions.

The evening before landing at Queenstown a fancy dress ball was held. Prizes were awarded for the most original and most humorous costumes, and the best dancing. The Wayside Society carried off two of the prizes. Honor won the prize for the most original costume. She dressed as Lavinia, wife of Aeneas. Marian and a handsome lad from Utah won the prize for the best dancing.

Queenstown was reached about ten in the morning. A tender, which is a fair sized tug-boat, conveyed the party to the shore. As soon as the customs were passed, a train was taken for Cork. The compartment cars attracted many comments. Some of the girls objected to being locked in a coop, but, nevertheless, had to submit to it.

Before starting it was warm in the train as the windows were closed. The investigator of the party—Helene by name—who always wants to know “why” and “what for”—saw a chain running along the ceiling. Thinking it a device for opening the ventilators, she sprang up on the seat and was just about to pull it when the guard appeared and stopped her. He pointed to a notice above it, which read: “Warning—Pull this chain only in case of accident to stop the train. £5 fine for pulling it except in time of danger.”

The trip from Queenstown to Cork was short but interesting. The tracks ran beside the river Lee and small steamers and sailing vessels were in sight constantly. As Cork was approached several of the girls hung out of the windows in the hopes of hearing the

“——— bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.”

At Cork the party repaired to the Hotel Metropole and engaged rooms for the night. After dinner they took a train for Blarney. Upon disembarking there, they wended their way to Blarney Castle. Some of the girls wanted to kiss the Blarney Stone, so were lowered by the ankles over a cliff until they could accomplish their object. The feat is really not so difficult, as a hand rail is provided to cling to while saluting the stone.

After exploring Blarney as well as the limited time would permit, the party returned to Cork.

At nine the next morning, they were all assembled in the depot waiting for the train for Killarney.

One of the girls inquired where the baggage car was, and was politely told that the "luggage van" was attached to the rear.

A passenger in the British Isles must look after his baggage himself. There is no such thing as checking it. He must get a porter to put it in the "luggage van," and upon arriving at his destination must get another porter, go into the van, point out his baggage and see that the porter does not make a mistake and take some one's else. It is especially inconvenient when one has to change cars and has not many minutes between trains.

Killarney was reached late in the afternoon, and found to be a beautiful spot. Rooms had been engaged at the Royal Victoria Hotel and were very comfortable. The view of the lake from the hotel was perfect.

The following morning, jaunting cars were engaged and the day spent in driving—or rather jaunting—around the lakes. A picnic lunch was eaten upon the banks of a saucy brook and proved most acceptable.

A jaunting car? Oh! that is a two-wheeled vehicle for one horse. The body is a long, narrow box arranged in three tiers on each side like steps, and running longitudinally. The bottom tiers have hinges so that they can be folded over the upper box. Two persons can sit on the middle tier of each side. The driver perches high up on the upper tier. The rider is exposed to the mud and elements of nature, and is often fatigued by the lateral, insecure motion. The whole concern presents a ludicrous and rather disreputable effect.

The next day was spent in boating and bathing. Few of the girls had bathing suits, and those who had to rent one, were quite disgusted at the high necks, elbow sleeves and ankle length skirts with which the suits were made.

The day after, the journey was resumed, and this time the terminus was Dublin, which place was reached in the afternoon. The Shelbourne Hotel on Stephen's Green proved an excellent hostelry.

After a good night's rest, the party sallied forth to see the sights of Dublin. The Museum was the first place visited, and was most interesting. The Irish laces and old Celtic crosses were especially admired. In one case were some mummified Indians. A ragged boy stood gazing at one chief, with very prominent chalk-white teeth. Upon the approach of several of the girls, he turned, and pointing at the skull, said: "Sure, an' would yez look at th' false teeth?"

After lunch at a "D. B. C.," which means a restaurant run by the Dublin Biscuit Company, the party went to Sackville Street. It is the widest street in the United Kingdom. On it are many shops, the postoffice, Nelson's pillar, which some of the party climbed, and a monument to Daniel O'Connell, a deceased Home-Rule reformer. The girls bought some lace and jewelry made from Connemara marble. Nearly every county in Ireland has a different colored marble. That which comes from Connemara county is green, while that from county Cork is red.

Tea was taken at Bewley's Cafe on Westmorland street. There the girls had the most real ice cream that they had found anywhere. It was frozen custard at that! Heretofore, the ice cream that they had found was merely water thickened with corn starch, flavored with alcohol, nearly always colored a muddy pink and merely chilled—never by any chance frozen.

After tea, a visit was paid to the Rotunda Cinnemograph or Animated Picture Theatre. The kinnemacolor pictures of the recent wedding of Prince Arthur of Connaught were fine. Kinnemacolor pictures are those colored naturally and not by hand.

The next morning was spent in visiting the old House of Parliament, now the Bank of Ireland, and Trinity College. Upon one side of the entrance to Trinity College is a statue of Edmund Burke, a friend of many of the party who had met him while pursuing the subject of English in the High School.

The party walked about the campus, visited the chapel, the library and all other buildings of interest. They were even permitted to invade the kitchen and sniff the delicious odors which arose from the copper pots and pans suspended before the wide open fireplace. Several

ranges were occupied by other vessels, but the old fashioned method attracted the most attention. In the museum the most interesting object was the harp of Brian de Boru, said to be several centuries old.

In the afternoon the party boarded a Dalkey tram and went to Kingstown, a suburban watering place. It might be well to explain here, that a tram is a double-decked trolley, and that Dalkey is a suburb of Dublin. In the Royal Marine Gardens at Kingstown, the party had tea, walked along the shore, and saw all the sights. From the top of the tram, on the way home, they could see the great revolving light on the island of Howth, flashing its message many miles over the sea to the ships seeking harbor.

A day was spent in visiting the Cathedrals, St. Patrick's and Christ Church. Within the chancel at St. Patrick's the peers of the realm sit, each under his own banner. There are tombs of crusaders in the nave and transept and in the nave are many banners from the Crusaders. They are encased in oil silk and look very fragile.

Christ Church Cathedral was built by the Danish King of Dublin, Sidric, in 1038, but the crypt is all that remains of the original. It was remodeled in 1170, but being built on a bog, the walls sagged and fell during the thirteenth century. It was left a ruin, with only a small part in use as a chapel, until 1871, when a man named Roe had it restored at his own expense. It cost nearly £250,000 or \$1,250,00 to do it. The wall is even now leaning out a good bit. In the chancel there are 83,660 tiles forming the floor. Sixty-four of the designs were copied from those made in 1038. The crypt is dark and musty and very spooky. Coffins encased in metal, are strewn about, and effigies of people with hands raised in supplication startle one as he comes around a corner.

The last day in Dublin was spent in going through Phoenix Park on jaunting cars and in wandering about Glasnevin cemetery and the Botanical Gardens. Mary Allen found several ripe strawberries at the foot of the O'Connell monument in Glasnevin, which she ate with apparent relish. Within the base of the pillar is O'Connell's coffin encased in a lattice of marble. The guard

wanted the girls to place their hands upon the coffin for luck, but they refused.

The following day saw the party on the way to Belfast. A stop-over of two hours was made in County Armagh to visit St. Patrick's Wishing Well. All the girls drank there and made a wish, then each hung something she had worn upon the bushes beside the well. Hairpins, ribbons, etc., were the usual gifts, but one girl, whose name is best unmentioned, left a small curl which had never grown upon her head, but which had, nevertheless, been worn.

Belfast proved rather uninteresting, so after a day spent in seeing the sights, the party left for Glasgow. The ship which carried them bore the unromantic name of "Vulture." It was a good steady vessel with only its name against it.

Before reaching Glasgow the ship stopped and dozens of horses, cattle and sheep were unloaded. They protested vigorously and raised their voices in anger at being hoisted by a crane and dropped over the side onto a wharf.

Glasgow is a beautiful city, with a fine cathedral and many churches. The cathedral was the only one spared by the Reformation. From Glasgow a visit was paid to Ayr, the birthplace of Burns.

Then Loch Lomond was visited. It was found to be most bonnie and picturesque. The party looked into the hole in the rock, down which Rob Roy is said to have let his unfortunate prisoners, while he made advantageous terms for himself.

Loch Katrine was the next place to be visited by the Waysiders. The night was spent at a quaint inn and the following morning a boat was taken to Ellen's Isle. The girls explored the "islet in an inland sea," with copies of Scott's noted poem in hand. The lodge was not there, but the spirit of it was present and felt by all. Then the Trossachs were visited and found to be just as beautiful as Scott pictured.

From Loch Katrine the party went to Edinburgh. The Royal Hotel was not so comfortable as the other hotels had been. Several days were devoted to sightseeing. Holyrood Palace and Abbey were most interesting. The Abbey church is mostly in ruins now, but it contains

the royal vault, with the ashes of numerous members of the Scottish royal race. It was founded in 1128 by David I.

The palace is a large building in the form of a quadrangle, built of hewn stone with a court within. It was erected in successive parts from 1501 to 1679. A room or gallery about 150 feet in length, contains the portraits of most of the Scottish kings. Many of the portraits were drawn from the imagination.

It was within the sanctity of Holyrood that Mary Stuart and Darnley plighted their troth. The place was full of interest to those with a fondness for history.

All the relics of Sir Walter Scott and Burns were visited and enjoyed.

(To be continued in the January Number.)



A CHRISTMAS EVE OF LONG AGO

Long ago in old Virginia,
Above the Shenandoah's stream,
There, among the reeds and rushes,
Grandma used to sit and dream.

But in winter, when the firelight
Played upon the parlor wall,
She would sit within the circle
Gathered there or in the hall.

And at Christmas, when the kinsfolk,
Gathered there from far and near,
She it was who led the laughter,—
Gave to all her love and cheer.

Then it was, that old Unc' Plato,
Uncle Ceasar, Uncle Leine,
Carried in the Yule-log, garnished
With the mistletoe and pine.

Uncle 'Lisha passed the punch bowl;
Healts were drunk to young and old,
But the toast of all the gallants
Was the maid with hair of gold.

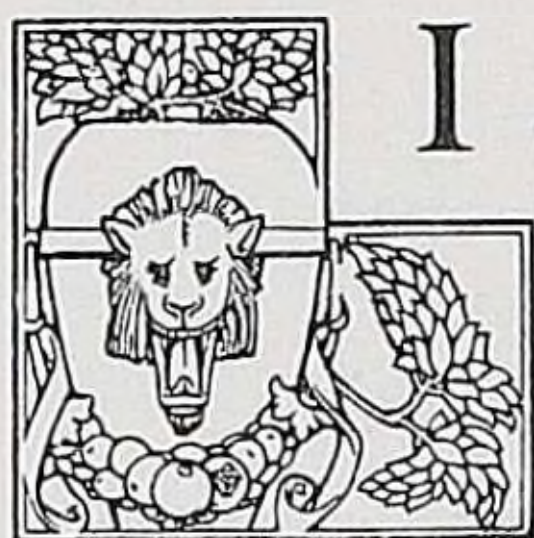
Young John Fairfax came a-wooing;
Asked for fair Patricia's hand,
At the party of the Yule-log
In the hall so old and grand.

They were sitting on the stairway,
Talking casually it would seem,
When she rose to join the dancers
A diamond flash was seen to gleam.

That is how I got my Grandpa,
The fair Patricia's cavalier,
How a Fairfax won a Peyton,
At the time of Christmas cheer.

—Anon.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF MY VISIT TO HADES.



I AM growing weaker and weaker. Soon I shall be in that dreadful ice-bound state of body in which I see so many being battered around on the so-called "lake of fire and brimstone." Before the coma grasps me fully in its arms and takes me away to the sweet unconscious ignorance of pain, I will endeavor in a few words to describe to you that vague place of the underworld, commonly called Hell and so generally misrepresented.

While on earth I suffered, for about two months, with a very peculiar disease which seemed to puzzle the most eminent specialists. Maybe you have read in the papers of my peculiar case,—how when someone was coming toward me, he appeared to be walking backward away from me. The nearer he came, the farther away he seemed. Then that other peculiar sensation. I could feel the air with my fingers as though it were a solid substance and solid things like chairs and tables, I could not feel at all. A final consultation was called and the doctors decided that if I did not come out of this condition within three days, I would die. I did die on the second night.

As soon as I lost earthly consciousness, I took on the second or spiritual consciousness, although at the time I hardly realized the transition. All of a sudden, directly in front of me, I saw two huge tubes. Within these two tubes there were elevators going up and down constantly. People were entering these elevators as their names were called; then they were whisked away forever. The elevators at the right were conducted by angelic persons, gowned in white, with wings on their shoulders. Above the door in huge letters was the word "Heaven." On the other door was "Hades." The cars in this tube were run by little black men. Later I found that they were the Devil's imps. Feeling absolutely sure of my destination, I walked into the elevator for Heaven without waiting for my name to be called. Of course, I would go to Heaven. I never thought of going below. I will pass lightly over my first disappointment. At the gate, I was

found to be wanting in all good qualities and full of many bad ones. The gate-keeper simply said that there must have been some mistake and, after checking my name in a big book, shoved me into a little pen from which I was poked out with hot forks into the descending elevator with the little black imps.

I was really quite peeved at this unexpected treatment but every time that I complained, I was silenced with a burning prod in the ribs. As we passed earth, I asked the head imp if I could get off for a few minutes and get some summer clothing as I thought I would need it, down in the so-called hot place. The fact that that car was not a local was prodded into my ribs with another hot fork.

We dropped steadily downward some thousands of miles and suddenly came to rest upon the rocky banks of a frozen stream. I had to walk across this ice barefooted. I finally came to the conclusion that it must be the river Styx, of which I had heard so much. It was, indeed. But how different from my earthly idea!

I was, however, becoming somewhat inured to surprise.

Upon the other side of the river, I was met by a delegation of snow men who said they were ready to escort me into the palace of the king. The palace was at hand, and, to my horror, it was composed of large blocks of pure ice. This ice was so transparent that my guides led me so that I would not bump into the walls thinking I was passing through an open doorway. The king was the Devil himself, and, after looking up my record in his books, he ordered that I should be shown over the whole plant and then become a hunk of ice just as the others had. I am the only person who has ever seen the plant.

The furnace room is first. Here snow men are busy shoveling huge heaps of ice and snow into the furnaces. Inside the furnace is a seething mass of greenish flames which furnish an intense cold,—cold so bitter that it freezes one to the very marrow even to stand and look at it. The hunks of ice that burn in the furnace are the bodies of men who have been wicked on earth. The intense cold from the furnace is conducted by great pipes

to the "lake of fire and brimstone." Here is another horrible sight.

The lake is a frozen mass of ice of a particularly bright greenish tint. On the pond the children of the imps are kept busy playing hockey with human arms, legs, and heads. As the implets play and skate around, these pieces of human flesh are converted into crystal clear ice. The best pieces are used to make houses for the help but most of this ice is conveyed back to the furnace room where it is used as fuel.

Every little imp seems to be having the time of his life and each considers his particular job a laughing matter. It really is the most cheerful place I have ever been in.

Seeing all this, I managed to bribe my guide with a check for three thousand five hundred units of heat, to take this epistle up to earth and have it published in the daily newspapers, and in "Congress."

My pencil has stopped for a rest many times in the last few minutes. I can hold it no longer. In a few moments more my head, arms, and legs will be sliding over the ice of the lake in the hockey game and my body will be a bit of fuel for the icy furnace.

* * * * *

This is the only true account of the present conditions in Hades.

C. H. L. '13.



SHOPPING FOR JACK'S PRESENT.

A Monologue.



TIME—The holiday season. Place—a fashionable street; a department store. Characters—Mrs. Jack De Payster; her friend, Evelyn Thorpe; a maid; a chauffeur.

"Now, which shall I wear? That violet charmense is altogether too fussy for this morning's shopping and yet I must look my best at the club luncheon today. That old blue thing? No, that's hopelessly past. Well, truly, Marie, I haven't anything besides those three things there. I'll have to have a frock for Christmas—and how am I going to manage as it is?"

"Yes, hurry me into the grey. The electric's out front already. There's one comfort in this dress anyway—no one else can equal the gold embroidery on this collar. Really, these gloves are terrible! You will have to get me the grey suede ones. Yes, that's all.

"Now, James, you may drive to Mann's.

"Be back for me at twelve-thirty sharp.

"Why, Evelyn dear! How are you? Oh, so sorry! No, I couldn't possibly get to that dinner last night. Anything particular happen? What! Miriam McAllister engaged? I suppose her mother is radiantly happy now.

"You're going to buy your husband's present? I thought I'd look around for Jack's too. Isn't it a bother to know what to get for a man?

"Oh, look at these darling desk sets. Wouldn't that silver one with a big splashy monogram on each piece, be perfectly stunning on our library table? But I promised Jack not to be extravagant this year.

"Mercy, no, I wouldn't think of getting him anything to wear. He'd never wear it anyway.

"Isn't this a charming little sketch in black-and-white? I wonder why it is Jack never likes to have me get pictures for his den.

"Yes, he did hint for a new leather traveling set, but it seems so prosy and necessary. I hate to give anything like that.

"These scarf-pins are beauties. Jack has so many though. I wouldn't dare buy one for him. Oh dear, I can't pass by this amethyst one in the odd silver setting. It's such a bargain too. Anyway, I can find someone to give it to.

"Gracious! I'm so tired already and I haven't seen a suitable thing. Let's go up to the hat department. I'm economizing so much this Christmas, I can afford any number of new hats. Of course, I need one or I wouldn't get it."

P. G. '13.

—o—

LIFE.

Twilight fading into night,
And a blaze of lights;
Wild bursts of song and laughter—
People drowning sorrows in music and wine;
Sobs of pain and anguish,
Huddled forms, fleeing shadows—
Life!

Twilight fading into night,
And calm and quiet;
Soft strains of music and loud laughter—
Souls waking from Beings into Desire and Love;
Sighs of longing and heart throbs,
Silent forms—clinging shadows—
This is Life!

V. E. H., '14.



Published Monthly during the School Year by the Students of the
Olean High School.

Subscription 50 Cents a Year. Single Copies 10 Cents.

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Constance Murdock, Warren Johnson.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE, OLEAN, N. Y., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER

The Merry Christmas season is with us again. With it comes a sense of liberality, which does not enter into some people again throughout the whole year. We sincerely hope that this sense will result in the payment of Congress subscriptions.

* * *

The school dance held on the evening of December 5th was a great success. It was with sincere regret that the dancers departed at the hour of twelve-thirty after only three hours and a half of merry making. It was the opinion of all who attended the dance that the school should conduct these dances at frequent intervals.

From the standpoint of finances, our last dance was a failure. Such a condition is to be deplored. It stands

to reason that a large school like ours can turn out enough lovers of an evening's enjoyment to pay the necessary expenses and have some left besides. Where has the old O. H. S. gone, that old school that could support all her teams, run all the dances she desired, and, besides all this, support a great number of high school organizations?

Let us take increased interest. Let us co-operate in making everything we undertake a great success.

* * *

Those who failed to attend the High School dance certainly missed one fine time. Everything, even the punch, was fine, but from the looks of the crowd, Mr. Pierce must have dug for a trifle more than three dollars. Get busy, boys, and show your appreciation.

Where has all that old school spirit disappeared too? Show a little of it and start some fun around here. All work and no play makes us all rather dull, you know.





The girls attended the concert to learn who Mr. Victor Victrola was.

B. Wormer spent all of one day trying to find the composer of "Peg 'o my heart." He wanted to present a tin medal.

Query: Why do the girls have "stunt books?"

Answer—To have a place to put all the things they swipe from the boys. (Ask us something more difficult.)

Even if the M. L. S. girls are small they make enough noise and people have enough names for them.

Miss Bowerman (in Biology)—"What is the use of the porcupine?"

Anna Linn—"Porcupine feathers are used to trim ladies' hats."

Miss Mackie (in English IV)—"What is peculiar about the Cupid of modern times?"

B. Wormer—"He's still alive."

Miss Crandall—"What part of speech is word 'if?'"

Tompkins—Verb.

Miss C.—"Very well, what are its parts?"

T.—"If, ift, ifting, ift."

Tompkins refused absolutely to illustrate these words in sentences.

From English Papers.

"He wore cow-hide boots with a small cap and a brown shirt."

"When it is cold and a storm approaches, this may be the result of death."

"A Sioux warrior in traveling dress consists of a band of feathers."

"Before he met the witches, Macbeth was a cousin to King Duncan."

"There is danger of being bitten by snakes and other insects."

"I have a dog-coop of my own make."

The Little Chamois.

How doth the little chamois skin
Improve each shining nose,
And make us beautiful each day
To captivate our beaux.
How artfully it does its work,
How sweet it makes our skin,
And labors hard to keep it so
To cause us no chagrin.—Anon.

Miss Crandall in Civics—There is a difference between a voter and a citizen—a voter is—well take me for example—I am a voter, 21 years of age—but that's as far as she got.

Gink: Kay put down a disturbance last night.

Short: Is that so?

Gink: Yes, he ate a Welsh rarebit.

The boys must think the girls don't like to dance from the number of couples that attend the dances. Shss, may be they're broke. How strange!

What's the trouble Dunc? Are you always the "receiving committee" for the football team?

"Some" of our noted personages:—

Bernard Taylor—Noted baritone soloist.

Seely Twins—Ballet dancers.

Norman Tompkins—Greatest orator of the day.

Clayton Bissell—His only rival.

Helene Neff—Coming artist for Puck.

Anna Collins—Broke the world's record for being late to school.

Blair Wormer—Noisest boy in school (Cheer leader.)

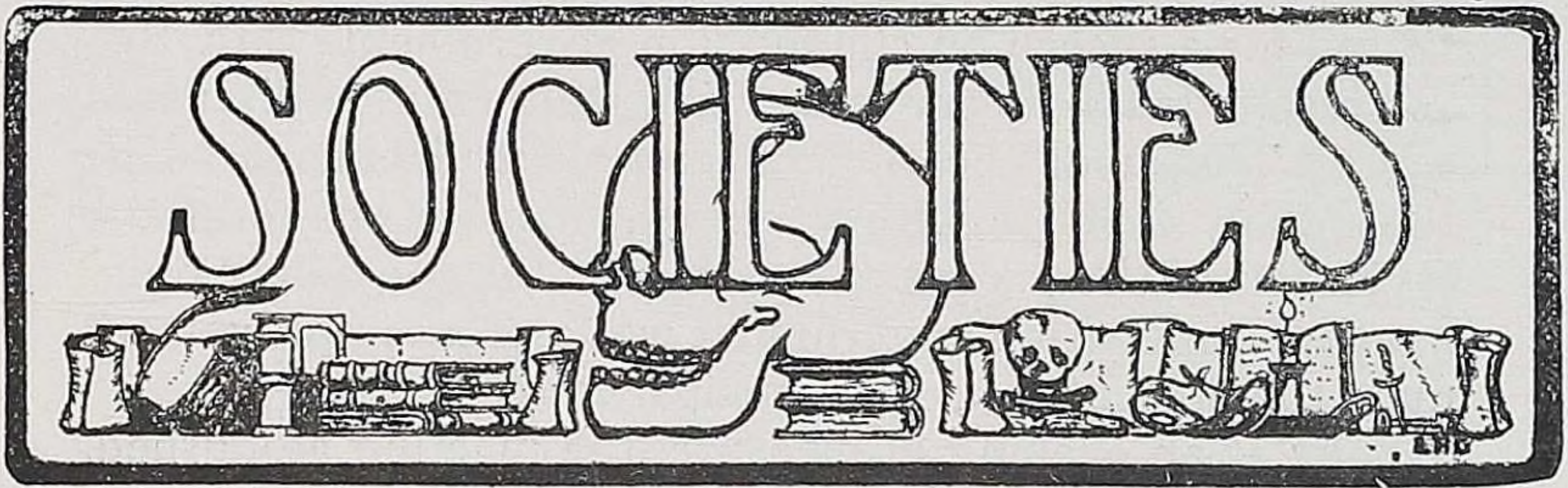
Mira Hosley—Grand opera singer.

Some class to that M. L. S. club!

If Howard were blind would Elsie?

Johnson to Miss Pratt—Quigley is wanted in the kindergarten.

Miss Pratt—All right, I guess that's where he belongs.



BOYS' LYCEUM.

The meeting of the Boys' Lyceum held in the O. H. S. on the evening of December 3d, was more interesting than any other meeting held so far. The Lyceum was called to order by the presiding officer. In agreement with the orders of the day, the business was first disposed of. A letter from Mr. M.J. Fletcher, Principal of Jamestown High School, relative to a debate was read and referred to the Executive Committee.

The financial report was then read. The treasury contains some twenty-five dollars as a result of the Bradford debate. The expenses of the debate were seventeen dollars and forty cents.

Mr. Norton presented a motion: "Shall the Lyceum amend the Constitution so as to allow any person not a student of the High School to become a member." This motion caused a protracted debate, and was finally laid on the table to be acted upon at the next meeting.

A motion was made by Mr. Fitzpatrick and seconded by Mr. Norton, that the Lyceum should organize a second debating team. After careful consideration the motion was adopted.

Kirby Martindale was then elected to the office of Secretary and Treasurer. He made a speech in which he thanked those present for electing him to office.

A suggestion was presented by Mr. Norton that we hold a mock trial at some future date. This was referred to the Executive Committee.

Mr. Bissell made a motion, seconded by Mr. Becraft, "The Boys' Lyceum should submit a question for debate to the Girls' Lyceum." The motion was carried.

At the conclusion of the business session, the literary program was taken up. The president called upon Mr.

Bissell for a speech on commission government. Mr. Bissell responded in a very interesting manner. He discussed several phases of the subject, and showed himself to be thoroughly familiar with it. Each member spoke at the invitation of the president, and it was the prevailing opinion that commission government was a great improvement upon the present form of municipal control.

After an evening of pleasure, the meeting adjourned.

WAYSIDE.

The Wayside girls held a meeting on the evening of December 8th, at the home of Marie Fitzgerald. The Misses Happell, Hosley, Lundberg and Weisman assisted Miss Fitzgerald. During the evening Helene Neff read an interesting account of an imaginary trip through Sweden, Norway and Denmark. The remainder of the evening was spent in sewing. Refreshments were served.





SCHOOL NOTES



CONCERT.

On Tuesday evening, November 18th, in the High School Assembly Hall, a very enjoyable concert was given by the members of the various musical organizations. The purpose of the concert was to raise funds with which to purchase a victrola. The students had trained long and diligently for this entertainment. By the splendid manner in which they rendered their selections, they held the attention of the audience throughout the program. Much praise is due to Mrs. Moore for her splendid efforts in training the various participants. The program was as follows:

- Selection from "The Firefly".....
O. H. S. Orchestra.
- Chorus—"When the Foeman Bares His Steel"—from the
Pirates of PenzanceSullivan
O. H. S. Glee Club.
- Cornet Solo (violin obligato with clarinet)—"Silver
Threads Among the Gold"
Loren and Francis Derby, Malcolm Kelley.
- Chorus—Bueno Notte (Farewell)Nevin
O. H. S. Girls' Glee Club.
- Baritone Solo—Selected
Bernard U. Taylor.
- Victrola Demonstration.
- Violin Solo—Barcarolle (from Tales of Hoffman).....
Catherine Fitzgerald.
- Male Chorus—Danny DeeverDamrosch
Solo, Bernard U. Taylor; O. H. S. Boys' Glee Club.
- Soprano Solo—Jewel Song, from FaustGounod
Miss Mira Reid Hosley.
- Trio—HumoresqueDvorak
Mira Hosley, Edith Moore, Alice Taylor.
- Mixed Quartette—Shandon BellsNevin
Marian Luther, Seldom Ostrom, Vivian Happell,
Bernard Taylor.
- School LifeJohnson
- During the intermission between the first and second parts of the program, several victrola selections were rend-

ered. Mrs. Moore then explained the manner in which this instrument was being used to promote the musical work in public schools.

There were repeated calls for encores. Owing to the length of the program, it was impossible for the musicians to respond.

DEBATE.

On Friday evening, November 25th, the long awaited debate between Bradford and Olean took place. Bradford was represented by Harry A. Clark, Ira Kennedy and Mervin Boylston. The Olean debaters were Clayton L. Bissell, George H. Schnabel and Norman Tompkins.

The question for debate was, Resolved, "That United States Coastwise Vessels Should be Exempt from the Payment of Tolls on the Panama Canal."

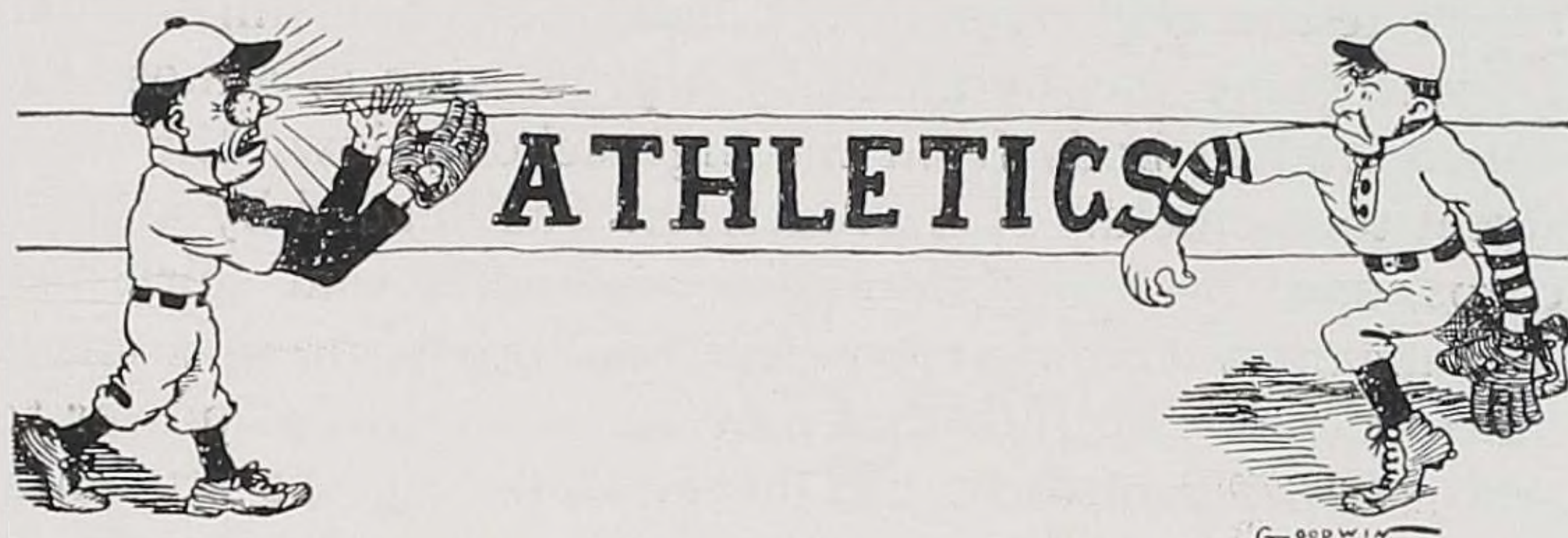
The judges were Supt. C. W. Lillibridge of Smethport, Pa.; Supt. Gilbert A. Farwell of Hinsdale, N. Y., and Supt. Howard G. Burdge of Wellsville. Thoe presiding officer was Supt. D. E. Batcheller. Donald J. Wormer, LL. B., acted as time keeper. The decision was rendered in favor of Olean.

After the debate, the speakers were congratulated for their good work. The school bell was rung in celebration of the first victory in many years for a debating team of the O. H. S.

DR. GIBSON'S SPEECH.

On Wednesday morning, December 10th, the students were assembled in the auditorium to hear an address by Dr. Gibson, head of the Mechanics Institute of Rochester.

The speaker was introduced by Rev. Harry Burton Boyd of the First Presbyterian church. Dr. Gibson spoke first to the girls. He emphasized the fact that the home is the real foundation of the nation. Turning to the boys, he addressed them on the value of athletics in building bodily strength and will power. His delivery was free from any oratorical flights, and his arguments were clear and convincing. The address was very interesting and instructive.



A member of the Lyceum
 Once remarked without a jest,
 Attend our meet with Bradford,
 And we will do the rest.

The debate was hot and furious,
 But the judges soon foretold
 That the Bradford men were conquered
 By the wearers of the Gold.

Now winter drives us indoors,
 And we "shooters of the pill,"
 Would like to have our little chance
 With the boys from o'er the hill.

We tried and lost in foot ball,
 But in base-ball we took two;
 So now we'll make the year complete,
 For in basket-ball, we're due.

A. F. '14.

"Foot ball season over with,"—do you notice the regret in every voice as this doleful news is mentioned. It is any wonder? Who, that is a loyal son of America, does not feel a sense of excitement when the shrill whistle blows denoting the start of the most interesting sport known? Hard luck and our foot ball team were certainly related this season. We possessed a team that could sweep their adversaries off their feet on a dry field. But as it happened, six of the seven games played were played on a wet muddy field. To this, in a large measure is due the fact that Olean made only 32 points while their opponents made 63. The school spirit this year was fairly good, but far from what it ought to be and far from what it has been in former times. Those of us who have been

interested in high school foot ball, recall the times when a home game was heralded by a procession of almost the entire student body from the high school, down the main street to the field. This procession was headed by a drum corps, and the team. We also remember that spirit like that meant a winning team. We had mostly inexperienced material this year, but that material did all in its power to win. If more interest had been shown by the students, the season would have been more successful. As it is, Olean is even with the board as to games played, having three victories, three defats, one tie, and three games cancelled by other teams.

Synopsis of Foot Ball Season.

The O. H. S. foot ball team encountered hard luck at the very first of the season, having their first game with Bolivar High School cancelled. This game was to be played in Olean to get the fellows started. As it happened, they had to go to Buffalo to play Nichols High School for their first game. Olean failing to score, however, put up a good game and held Nichols to 6 points.

The next game was played on the Y. M. C. A. grounds in this city. Salamanca High School men were the unfortunate opponents and it was well for their dignity and perhaps "good will" that rain stopped the game after seven minutes of play. As it took only four minutes for our boys to get a touchdown, figure the score that would have resulted had nature allowed. O. H. S.-7. S. H. S.-0.

Following the Salamanca game, the "Aggies" from Alfred came to Olean and altho heavier than Olean, they were defeated by the score 12-0. The next Saturday, in a very close contest, Olean and Bradford played a scoreless game at Olean. Nothing spectacular occurred as the teams were too evenly matched.

The return game at Alfred was a good example of what our boys really could do when necessary. With every official on the field an Alfred man in the second half of the game, and with the crowd angry at their team's defeat here, Olean wrested victory from the agricultural men a second time. Score, Olean 14, Alfred 13.

Here hard luck struck Olean again, when Salamanca cancelled our return game.

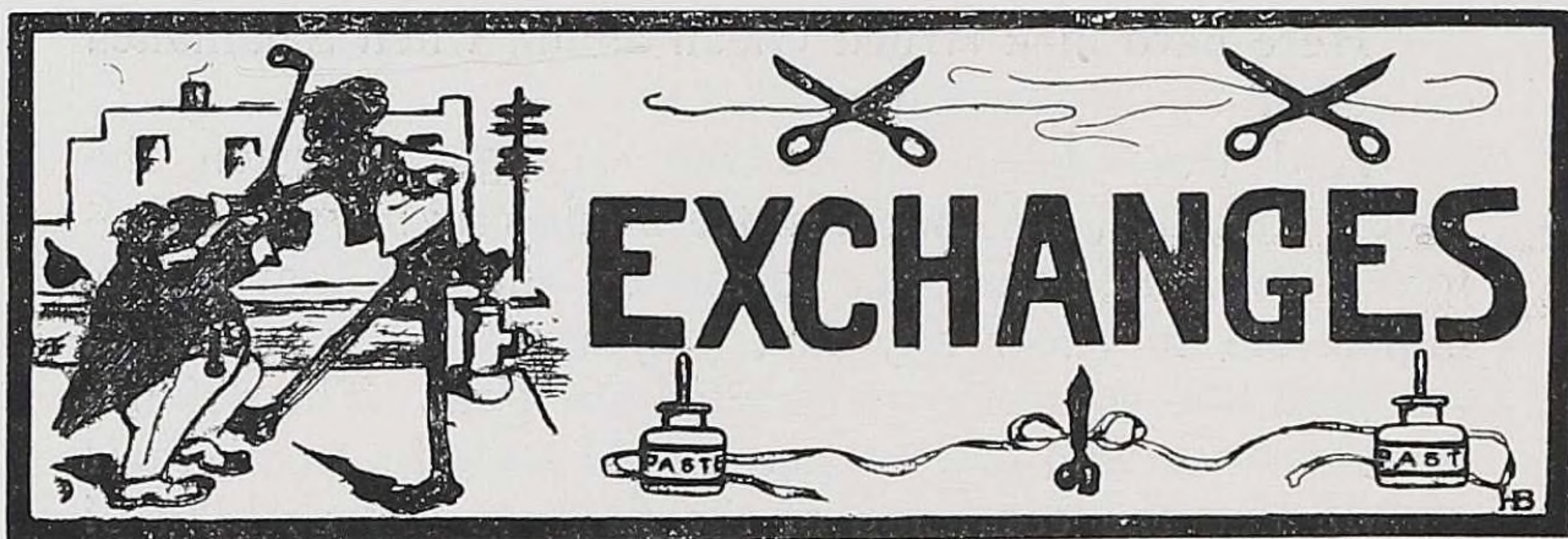
And then we come to the struggle between the "sportsmanlike(?)" Bradford team and our boys at Bradford. On a field that was so muddy and wet that it was impossible to show any fast playing, Bradford crossed our goal line six times and kicked one goal. The defenders of the red and black relied on old style foot ball, their weight and the condition of the field, to say nothing of their fists and feet.

In the fourth quarter, our referee penalized Bradford for holding,—Sheahan being the worst offender. This worthy member of the Bradford aggregation, not content with slugging the players, attempted to mix up our referee when he penalized Bradford the second time for the same offense. At this exhibition of Bradford's sportsmanship, our coach forbade Captain Wormer to continue the game. Thus ends a very unlucky, though moderately successful season.

Basket Ball.

After lengthy discussions, and discouraging replies, the Armory question has at last been decided. There is no possibility of a High School team being able to play there. This however will not mean there will be no games this year. This will bring a shout of joy from most of us for the previous games have been well attended by students. The "Ariels," a well known team of this city, composed entirely of High School men have obtained permission to play in the Armory as an independent team. You can rest assured that their games will be exciting and well worth attending. They need our support and as they are high school men, we ought to be interested.

For the benefit of the students and the advancement of this paper, we are going to have a written account of each game in the coming editions of Congress. It is unfortunate, indeed, that we can not have a regular High School team and give our good old High School yells at the games. But the students can see good basket ball if they show interest and attend these games.



The names of several new acquaintances appear in our Exchange Column for this month and to each we extend a cordial welcome. The Congress will be glad to receive candid opinions and frank criticisms from all of its contemporaries. "However good you may be," said Ruskin, "you have faults; however dull you may be you can find out what some of them are and however slight they may be you had better make some—not too painful but patient efforts, to get rid of them." We are trusting those publications with whom we exchange to help us find our faults.

The Clipper—DuBois High School. This is one of the best papers that we have received this month. The cover design is very effective and throughout the paper the spirit of Christmas prevails.

The Manzanita—Watsonville High School. California. We can truthfully say that this publication from the far west equals any that we have received from eastern schools.

The Curtis Monthly—Curtis High School. New Brighton. The literary and editorial departments of the Monthly are very interesting. An unusual but very desirable column, through which the student body may express its opinions is the Post Office. We are glad to note the poetic genius which is beginning to show itself in the "Fattenville Annex." We would suggest a separate department for jokes. Is it necessary to combine your jokes with school news items to make the latter popular? It would be unpardonable to overlook the cuts, in which this publication seems to abound. The monthly is, on the whole an extremely good paper.

The Chronicle—Niagara Falls High School. The Chronicle contains a remarkable amount of good material. The Quils are old but good. It would improve the appearance of the magazine to separate different departments by cuts.

The High School Recorder—Saratoga Springs High School. A small but strong literary department is one good feature of the Recorder. The School notes are numerous and clever, but we think that if they were not divided into class notes they would be less pointed and would tend toward school spirit rather than toward strong class spirit. On the subject of buck bats and boquets we agree with your Exchange Editor.

The Walking Leaf.—Cook Academy. The Walking Leaf is small but compact. We like the idea of selecting daily themes for the Literary department instead of having special stories written.

The Magnet—Butler High School. There is some good material in the magnet but on the whole we think it is rather poorly arranged.

The Normal News—Cortland Normal. The Normal News is not as good as most of the high school publications.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the following:

The Laurel—St. Bonaventure's College.

The Lit—Watertown High School.

The Omnibus—Franklin High School.

The Campus—University of Rochester.

The Reveille—Chamberlain Institute.

The Bison—University of Buffalo.



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