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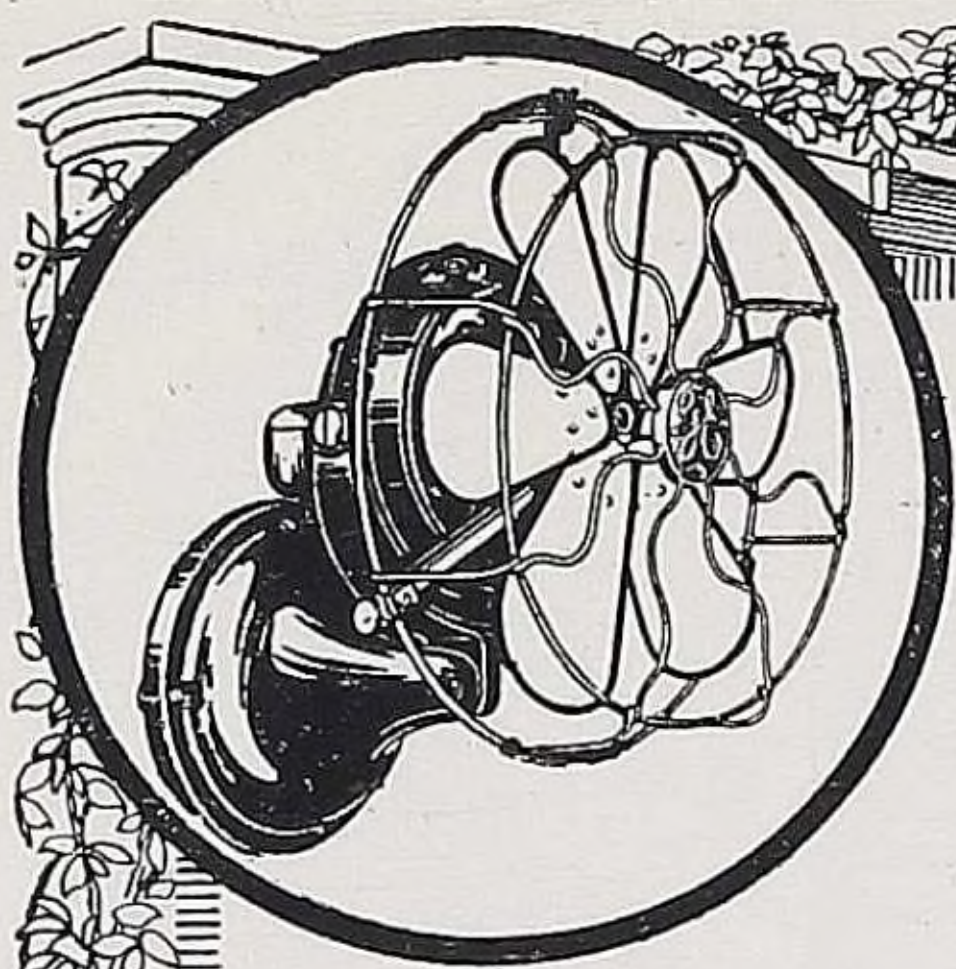
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The Congress

OLEAN, NEW YORK



VOLUME IX

JUNE, 1914

NUMBER 8

THE GAME.

(By B. J. Wormer)

The beautiful day had arrived. The day for which our baseball team had been waiting all year. It was the day when the defenders of the "Red and Gold" were to try their skill against that of the wearers of the "Violet and White." On the outcome of this the winner of the championship of this part of the State was to be decided.

The morning had dawned bright and sunny. Everything was favorable for the game. In the afternoon the crowds began flocking to the ball field to be in position for the beginning of the game. Crowded on the bleachers at one side of the field were the wearers of the Red and Gold, on the other the followers of the Violet and White. Cheer after cheer arose from both sides, and the wild antics of the cheer leaders raised the enthusiasm almost to the breaking point.

Finally the players took their positions. The game started, and when the white sphere cut the plate for the first strike, it was the sign for another outbreak from the delighted crowd of fans in the home stand.

But this was destined to be no easy game. For inning after inning the players toiled in the burning sun. Neither side was able to get a man past third base. Both pitchers were playing the game of their lives. When they got into a tight place, they would tighten up and pull themselves out of the hole.

The outfielders also were also playing air-tight ball. They were sure-death on anything that came into their territory. Thus the game went on, neither side scoring until in the ninth inning, the score stood 0 to 0.

When the home team came in for its half of the ninth, the crowd was on its feet expecting something to happen. It did happen. The first man up knocked a hot one down the third base line. By a thin margin, he beat the ball to first. The fans began to yell and when the next man up made a sacrifice hit the mob was fairly roaring. But all of this was of no avail; the pitcher got over his wildness and struck out the next two players.

Once more the bleachers settled down and waited for something to happen. The next inning was uneventful, but in the eleventh things began to happen. The second home player up got a base on balls, stole second on the first ball pitched and went to third on a single. The next player was the pitcher and the crowds began to plead with him to "win his own game." And win his own game he did. Although not a heavy hitter, he took a healthy swing at the first ball pitched and by luck placed it over the shortstop's head. The man on third came rushing home and slid into home plate in a cloud of dust. But the decision of the umpire was heard clearly by all, "The runner is safe"

FORGOT HIS POEM.

Once there was a little boy whose name was Robert Reece,
 And every Friday afternoon he had to say a piece.
 So many poems thus he learned that soon he had a store
 Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.
 And now this is what happened: He was called upon one week,
 And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!
 His brain he cudgeled. Not a word remained within his head.
 And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:
 "My beautiful, my beautiful, who standest proudly by,
 It was the schooner Hesperus—the breaking waves dashed high.
 Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?
 Under a spreading chestnut tree, there is no place like home.
 When Freedom from her mountain height cried, 'Twinkle, little star,'
 Shoot if you must this gray old head, King Henry of Navarre.
 Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels;
 My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills, ring out wild bells!
 If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be;
 The curfew shall not ring tonight! Oh, woodman, spare that tree!
 Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will be
 clever.

The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever."
 His elocution was superb, his voice and gesture fine;
 His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line.
 "I see it doesn't matter," Robert thought, "what words I say,
 So long as I declaim with oratorical display!"

—Exchange.

"Beneath this sod, a lump of clay,
 Lies Uncle Peter Daniels,
 Who early in the month of May
 Took off his winter flannels."

A SACRIFICE FOR OLD HARLOW.

Part II.

Two months later found the skies clear, the new leaves on the trees, the ground dry and springy, the birds singing, and all the earth rejoicing after the long, cold winter.

Our hero, Harry Burk, had worked hard and but one boy stood between him and the coveted scholarship. The race was very close and both were working with all their might to secure the prize. Sam Harding, Harry's rival, was the son of a doctor who had been graduated from Harlow with honors and who wished his son to win the prize, not so much on account of the money value, but because it would reflect honor on the family name.

Sam was a good fellow and a very bright boy. He had earned his letter on the debating team and took great pride in being able to claim Harlow for his "Alma Mater." He had never missed a game nor a contest of any kind when his presence could help cheer Harlow on to victory.

Harry's hard work and worry had worked havoc with him. He was ten pounds lighter than when we first met him. His cheeks were not so ruddy and in his eyes a tired look had supplanted the happy, mischievous twinkle that had once been there. No one noticed these things except the ever watchful John. He had said nothing to anyone so no one knew or even suspected the reason of Harry's poor showing on the diamond in practice. He was better than any of the second string fellows and so held his position, but was not up to his old form and did not have the life and vim that had formerly characterized him. He made many errors and batted poorly. The coach scolded him continually. Harry said nothing but kept working, worrying and thinking.

One day, after a more disastrous practice than usual, the coach called him and asked if he were getting to bed on time. "Not always," admitted Harry evasively. "I sometimes have to study." The coach told him that he must get more sleep and Harry replied that he would try to do so.

Two days later came the first game of the season. Neither team was in good shape. Harry had gone to bed early the night before and allowed his school work to go undone. He played good ball and showed better than he had so far in the season. He made two sensational catches, did good stick work and watched the first base with the vigilance of a prison turnkey. The coach was satisfied, his teammates delighted, and the student body showed its attitude by cheering for an hour under his window that night. Harry, himself, was worried on account of his studies, and when the week's work was averaged, Sam's name was ahead with Harry $1\frac{1}{2}$ percent behind.

He resolved that he would not go to bed another night without first finishing all his work. At the end of the week came the next game. Harry played a very poor game and was taken out at the end of the sixth inning. He had missed an easy throw which netted the

visitors two runs; and he had struck out when a hit would have won the game. The substitute who took Harry's place played a good game, but nevertheless the visitors won with a score of 9 to 7. Harlow dropped her first game to Keating in seven years. The gloom that settled over Harlow was the worst in years, and Harry felt that he was the cause of it.

However, the week's schoolwork showed that Harry had made up his loss of the previous week and was now only one-fourth of a percent. behind his rival. In the year's work there was seven-eighths of a percent. in favor of Sam. The scholarship race had now narrowed down so that it was between Harry and Sam. Their nearest competitors were over five percent. behind.

Harry's work on the diamond did not improve during the week. The coach begged and scolded, but a gloom had settled over the team that he could not dispel. Harry played in the game at the end of the week. His work was very poor. He was charged with three errors and but one hit out of five trips to the plate. Harlow managed to win by the score of twelve to eleven, but Harry had not done his share and knew it.

There were but four more weeks of school and the big game with Rhonk College was only three weeks away. On the night after the twelve-eleven game, John and Harry were sitting in their room studying when a messenger came with a note for John. John read it, handed it to Harry and went to get his coat. The note was brief and read:—

Mr. John Oakes:

Please come to my home at once. Business.

ED. WALLACE, Coach.

"I wonder what he wants of you," queried Harry. "You know as much about it as I do. I'll tell you all about it when I come back. So long, Harry."

"So long," replied Harry, and returned to his studies. Every night he studied from mess until bed time, and after lights were supposed to be out, he studied with a blanket over the window. Often the clock struck two before his books were laid aside. John would lie awake and watch his companion and try to think out a solution of the knotty problem. But none presented itself and John would dose off with a long sigh of admiration for the boy who could stick to such a hard task without flinching. Lately, Harry had often asked himself if a college education were worth what it was costing him. But the same answer always came to him. "Father would never quit. Would I disgrace my dead father by quitting? No! No! No!" And he would again turn to his books and study, study, study.

He thought of these things now when John had left him, and as he turned to his books, it was with a firm resolve to win.

When John arrived at the coach's home, he was taken at once to the little private office. He was completely puzzled as to the nature of his errand, but he tried to hide his curiosity. However, the keen eyes of the coach detected it, and when the door had been

closed and they were seated, he said, "I see you are wondering why I sent for you."

"Yes, sir," admitted John promptly. "I have no idea why you should want me at this season of the year. If it were September now—but it is not."

"I sent for you on a little baseball matter," replied the coach. "Not that I intend to use you in the Rhonk game, or anything like that. I want you to tell me just what Harry Burk is doing and what you think is the reason for his poor showing on the diamond."

The coach paused but John did not answer.

"I do not want you to hold back because he is your roommate and has probably confided in you. Your school should always stand first, and I know that a man who can fight for old Harlow the way you can will not hesitate to give his opinion when a matter involving the success or failure of the college comes up. Speak up, John."

This line of talk completely won John over, and he told the coach the exact situation from start to finish. When he had concluded, the coach sat silent, thinking over the most delicate problem he had faced since he had coached the Harlow teams. Suddenly, after twenty minutes, during which neither had spoken, he jumped up with a cry of "I've got it! I've got it!"

He left the room and returned with his hat and coat. They went to the dormitories and mounted the stairs to Sam Harding's room. They found him reading a new novel and taking life easy. The coach asked Sam's roommate to step out, or make a call upon some one, since he wanted to see Sam privately.

When they were alone he locked the door and turned to Sam. "Say, Harding, I am here on business. I want to know how much you care about winning that scholarship?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," replied Harding, "outside of wanting to win the debates and bringing honor on old Harlow, there is nothing in the world I would like more than to win that scholarship. My father has promised that if I win it, he will buy me a motor boat."

"Well, Harding, I'm stuck," said the coach, and told Sam the whole story, concluding with, "If I lose Burk, I lose the big game of the season, and Harlow will have ended an already bad season with a worse defeat."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Harding. "I would do almost anything for the honor of old Harlow. I promised my father that I would win the scholarship. Oh! If Dad only will—sure he will—I've got the whole thing. I'll write to Dad in the morning and tell him just how things are and he will let me do as I wish. It's physics that bothers Burk. I'll give him my physics note book and then he will have a cinch to get the scholarship, and will be able to get in shape for the big game, too. I'll write the letter tonight and post it in the morning."

The coach went away satisfied to watch developments. Before leaving John, he talked football for a few moments and left him with

the words, "If Burk asks what I wanted of you, say it was football. We did talk football. Good night."

Two days later Harding brought a letter from his father to the coach. I shall not repeat it all. The final sentence illustrates the loyalty of the father to Harlow. It ran: "I am glad to know that my son would give up a personal ambition for Harlow, and as a reward for such unselfishness and loyal school spirit, I shall order you a new motor boat today."

The coach was delighted and wrung Harding's hand until the tears came to that admirable youth's eyes.

That night when Harry returned from baseball practice, an open note book lay upon the study table before him with the morrow's physics problem solved. Harry looked them over before he noticed that the writing did not look like John's. He then looked for the name and found "Sam Harding, Jr." written in a clear, bold hand.

Harry thought for a moment. Here was a chance for dishonesty and so have his physics perfectly, or he could destroy the book and so kill Sam's chance of winning the scholarship. He walked to the window and glanced out over the campus. His thoughts were on the note book that Fate had some way or another put into his hands. Suddenly, he wheeled about, walked back to the table and brought his fist down with a thump. "No, father would not have me cheat! No, never," he said in a determined voice, and, taking the book, went to Harding's room. Sam was not there but when he returned he found the book on his table with a note which read:

"Someone mislaid your physics book in my room. I found it when I came in from baseball practice.
HARRY BURK."

Sam took the note book to the coach and admitted that his plan had failed.

The coach sat in his small office until the early hours of the morning, thinking deeply. Behind the blanketed window Harry Burk studied diligently. When the coach went to bed he had formed another plan, and the next day Sam's father received a letter which brought him to Harlow the following Saturday, but under the name of Doctor Brown.

Harry played better than he had for some time, but still was not up to his old standard. After the game a certain Dr. Brown was introduced to Harry and examined him and several others. They were not told why they were examined and there was a great deal of speculation as to what it could mean.

That night, "Dr. Brown," the coach, Sam and John held a secret session in the coach's little office. No one knew what happened at that meeting, nor even suspected that there was anything behind the fact that the following morning Sam received a telegram calling him home to see a sick father. No one of his many friends knew what a sacrifice he had made for Old Harlow when they sympathized with him a week later because his father's illness had lost him the scholarship.

Harry's light did not burn so late, and he played better ball during Sam's absence.

On the eve before the big game he went to bed early, without a fear for the future, and had a good night's rest. He was up early the next morning and took a walk around the campus. He had never felt happier. He was sure of returning to Harlow, and that was all that mattered. But was it? No, he must play the game of his life that day. His father would want him to give something to Harlow in return for the many things she had given him.

That thought was uppermost in his mind as he donned his uniform that afternoon and he determined to play as he had never played before.

When they trooped out upon the field and the band played "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes," the old baseball blood rushed through his veins and the old life and vim was in him once more.

The game was furious. Neither side scored till the fifth inning. Harry was playing sensationally. The stands cheered him as he went to bat in the fifth with a man on second. The coach shouted words of encouragement to him and he knew that he must make good. His father, his dead father, would have him make good if he could have been present. He must, he would make good!

The Rhonk pitcher smiled confidently and sent a ball across the inside corner for a strike. Harry never moved. Another in the same place and still Harry did not move.

"Strike two," called the umpire.

The Rhonk stands cheered—the Harlow stands leaned forward in suspense. Would Harry fail? The pitcher wound up. The ball came in low. Harry never moved.

"One ball, two strikes," came from the umpire. Once more the pitcher wound up. The ball was high and wide. Harry had not moved.

"Two balls, two strikes," sang out the umpire's voice.

Again the ball came toward the batter. It came with the speed of lightning, but not too swift for Harry. A crash—wood against leather—a moment of silence, then a deafening cheer rent the air.

The center fielder is running for all he is worth, but he can never catch the ball. The man from second crosses third; Harry crosses first; the man from second crosses home; Harry crosses second. Now the center fielder has the ball; Harry is rounding third. The short stop has the ball; he throws and Harry slides. A cloud of dust rises at the plate and the umpire declares Harry safe.

Cheers and songs rise from the Harlow stands and a certain stiff, old Dr. Brown dances, shouts, and throws up his hat like a boy.

After the game while the Rhonkites were tramping away from the field, carrying a two to nothing defeat with them, this aforementioned Dr. Brown and Sam Harding rushed out upon the field and grasped Harry's hand.

They had made a great sacrifice for Old Harlow and Old Harlow had rewarded them.

[The End]



Published Monthly during the School Year by the Students of the
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Subscription 50 Cents a Year. Single Copies 10 Cents.

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Junior High School Editors.

Constance Murdock, Warren Johnson.

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

The athletes who train so diligently for the games and sacrifice so much time to bring honor to their school deserve honorable mention. But to those students who have labored unceasingly and have thereby received honor, the most hearty congratulations are due. While athletics are a side issue in school work, studies hold first place. Therefore the greatest honor is due those students who have attained the highest grade in the most important phase of school life.

Following is the list of honors in order: Madge Dunning, Burt Rowland, Helene Neff, Charles Gates, Loren Brooks, Minnie Sinclair, Marion Priestly, Ellen Corsett, Edna Underwood, Annabelle Corsett.

Frances Seeley and Marguerite Lallmang received honorable mention.

These Seniors will go away to institutions of higher learning:

Howard Becker, to Purdue; Lelia Bernreuther, Buffalo Normal; Victor Fairchild, University of Buffalo; Honor Fowler, Buffalo Normal; Charles Gates, Colgate; Cecile Johnson, Genesee Normal; Armond Miller, Lawrenceville; Edith Moore, Barnard; Mabel Rose, Buffalo Normal; Burt Rowland, Cornell; Catharine Scheiterle, Mechanics Institute; Frances Seely, Pratt Institute; Minnie Sinclair, Oberlin Conservatory; Edna Underwood, Syracuse; Duncan Wormer, Purdue.

The following Seniors expect to be post-graduate students at O. H. S. next year: Elmo Becraft, Annabelle Corsett, Ellen Corsett, Malcolm Kelley, Marian Luther, Margaret Morris, Mildred Pratt.

The following Seniors will enter the training class: Olga Catel, Mabel Finch, Nora Quinn, Dessie Willover, Hazel Windsor.

* * *

The school year is fast drawing to a close and with it the duties of the present staff. The year has been a pleasant one. It has been fruitful of many experiences and suggestions which have been utilized for the good of the paper. It has been the constant aim of the staff to raise the standard of Congress wherever and whenever it was found possible. Now, at the close of the year, we feel a certain sense of pride, not unwarranted pride born of the accomplishment of a difficult task.

At times, we despaired of the support of the student body. But when the call was made for help, the answer was so eager and so enthusiastic that we felt encouraged again to take up our task and carry it on to an end.

The staff wish to express their heartfelt thanks to Miss Mackie for her constant and untiring efforts as literary adviser. To her belongs the credit for the many compliments paid to Congress by other high school papers.

In conclusion, we beg to announce that the support of the staff which shall succeed us may be just as loyal, just as whole-hearted as that which has been given us. With best wishes to your success in the examinations and with many happy remembrances of the year of '13-'14 the present staff bids you farewell.

—O—

AN APPRECIATION

Congress wishes to express its thanks to Mr. Robert Brotherton for supplying the cut for the cartoons in this last issue of Congress.

—O—

There is a young lady named Pratt
Who rarely knows where she is at
But where e'er she may roam
She ne'er leaves her tongue home
So all others can locate Miss Pratt.

There is a young soph(o)more named Hurley
Who reached this opinion quite early;
"Without nonsense or bluff
I am surely the stuff"
Though still no one thinks so but Hurley.

—Exchange.



SOCIETY NOTES.

Wayside.

The Wayside girls were entertained on May 17th at the home of Miss Laura Taylor. She was assisted by the Misses Walldorff, Shoemaker, Murdock and Wallis. A Wayside picnic was decided upon and committees appointed to make the arrangements. Wayside has been a great success this year, and the members hope for an equally successful society next year.

Girls' Lyceum.

On May 13th, a Woman Suffrage Convention was held under the auspices of the Girls' Lyceum. Six members, dressed for their parts, acted as delegates from nearby towns. The program consisted of speeches and songs by the delegates. All proved most entertaining and enjoyable. This past year has been the first year when the girls have had a debating society, but everyone hopes it may not prove to be the last. The society is well organized and has done some excellent work. May there be a continuance of interest in the coming school years!

Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club has had a successful season. It has practiced weekly throughout the year, and consequently has been able to furnish music for many High School entertainments.

Thanks is due Mrs. Moore for her patient efforts to bring the Glee Club to the standard attained.

Senior-Junior Reception.

The annual Senior-Junior reception was held on the twenty-second of May in the Knights of Columbus hall. The hall was decorated appropriately for the occasion with Senior colors, purple and white. The address of welcome was given by Charles Gates, president of the Senior class. The response was made by Clayton Bissell, president of the Junior class. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. At eleven-thirty, a lunch was served in the dining room.

That the reception was a success was due to the following committees: General, Charles Gates, Waldron Ray, Matthew Hart. Refreshment, Margaret Morris, Mildred Pratt, Frances Seely. Decorations, Maurice Sheldon, Douglas Hooker, Cecile Johnson and Marion Hagadorn.

Junior-Senior Reception.

The Junior class gave its annual reception to the Seniors on

May twenty-ninth. The reception was held at Riverhurst Park and proved most enjoyable. The hall was decorated with the attractive colors of the Juniors. Dancing was indulged in until eleven when a lunch was served. Then dancing was resumed for a time.

The patronesses for the occasion were Mrs. George Luther, Mrs. Otto Nulter, Mrs. M. L. Walldorff, Mrs. M. G. Fitzgerald, Mrs. C. E. Bell, Mrs. I. E. Worden, Mrs. Allan B. Williams, Mrs. J. R. Allen, Mrs. H. D. Hagadorn, Mrs. F. L. Eaton, Mrs. B. F. Tuthill, Mrs. W. R. Page, Mrs. W. L. Ostrom and Mrs. A. E. Yeates.

The Juniors are to be congratulated for their class spirit and for their successful reception.

WAYSIDE.

The last regular meeting of Wayside was held on March 26, at the home of Muriel Jackson. She was assisted by the Misses McHugh, Ryan, Willard, Faulkner and Priestly. A short programme was enjoyed and the remainder of the evening spent in comparing notes on exciting adventures. Refreshments were served and at 10 o'clock the meeting was adjourned.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Kirby Martindade says: "I prefer the Junior Study Hall, thank you."

Miss McConnell to one of the baseball players: "Why don't you fix the games so I can see them?"

Lillian Nordica, the great singer, who was shipwrecked some time since in the "antipods," died recently as a result of exposure."

Juniors at Herron's.

The evening of May 20th saw the Junior Class in full possession of Herron's ice cream parlor. The store was prettily decorated with High School colors. Music was furnished by the High School orchestra and solos were rendered by Mr. Taylor and Mr. Ostrom. The money realized will be used by the class to help pay the expenses of the Junior-Senior reception.

The members of the class wish to thank Manager Oppenheim for his kindness and for his help which went far towards making the affair a success.

Alfred Contest.

Olean was represented by Norman Tompkins at the Interscholastic Speaking Contest held at Alfred University, May 15th.

The contest was hotly contested. There were twelve entries and all gave their selections in excellent manner. This year, owing to a concession on the part of the management, two young ladies were allowed to enter the contest. They were awarded first and second prizes. Mr. Tompkins was given third prize, a bronze medal.

In awarding the decisions, the judges made it plain that the award of second place to Miss McGuire of Corning, was not unanimous. One of the judges favored giving that place to Olean.

Tompkins is to be congratulated upon his success at Alfred, where some of the most vigorously contested speaking contests are held.

Technical Game.

In a hard fought game the supporters of the red and gold wrested a victory from the strong Technical boys of Buffalo. This was the second game and second victory of the season. Moffett pitched a fine game for Olean and, loyally supported by the other eight men, won a close but decisive victory over the Buffalo team. They used two pitchers against us but to no avail. Hannon starred with the stick, getting three hits out of four times at bat. Burdick and Becker each had two hits, the other members of the team each getting one hit, making a total of thirteen hits. They played fast ball in the field also. A. Fitch twisted his toes for five stolen bases, pulling the hook slide with ease. The game ended with Olean at the big end of a 5 to 4 score.

Wellsville at Olean.

Wellsville played our boys in Olean on the first of May and lost, score 1 to 15. This was an easy game for Olean as the Wellsville team did not put up much of a fight. K. Fitch pitched for Olean and kept the few hits well scattered. This makes the third victory. Olean having the chance, showed some good fast playing, using the squeeze play several times and the hit and run method gave them three scores. The hook slide and other difficult plays were used to advantage.

Olean at Bradford.

Another victory over our friends from the oil country. This game was marked with errors on both sides overthrows, wild pitching and general loose playing. At the end of the game, the scoreboard showed Olean 4, Bradford 3.

Olean at Cuba.

On Tuesday, May 19, our boys journeyed to Cuba and won their fifth victory of the season by the score of 13 to 3. Moffett pitched a tight game and was ably supported. This is the first time in three years that Olean has won from Cuba. Six automobiles, crowded with rooters, helped the Olean boys along. Blair Wormer's antics and original yells were influential in the winning the game.

O. H. S. vs. Salamanca at Salamanca.

The first "questionable" deal that the high school has had this season was at Salamanca. They had to play the crowd and umpire, as well as the team. Nevertheless they came out on the big end of the stick, winning by one run, score 6 to 5.

The two Lafayette games here Decoration day cannot be described in words. Faster ball has seldom been seen in high school contests. Excitement was up in high C from the start of the first game to the end of the last one. Not a spectator left the field until the last man was cut. Kay Fitch tossed the pill the first game and with good support shut out the Buffalo aggregation, score 1 to 0.

The second game saw Lafayette ahead until the last of the

ninth inning, but here the tide changed, when, with two down, Long singled to right field, and Kay Fitch received a free ticket to first. Long went to second and scored when "Mush" Mallory singled. Score tied. Moffett hit a grounder to second baseman which was too hot to handle; Fitch on third came home, being forced by Mallory. Score, Olean 3, Lafayette 2.

The following account of the Wellsville game is taken from the Olean Times of June 15:

Through the weird and shameful work of the umpire the Olean High School baseball team was robbed of maintaining its unbroken record of victories when they lost Saturday's game to Wellsville

The O. H. S. crammed the bases in every inning but the fourth, but chances of scoring were taken away by the umpires's poor judgment on balls and strikes. With the score 5 to 1 against them in the first of the ninth the Red and Gold drove in three runs and with but one out the Western New York champs were cheated out of a victory, when Cap Becker laid down a clever bunt, scoring two men, but, although the ball rolled in by a wide margin, the umpire handed out a bum decision, declaring the ball foul.

The following account of the game is taken from a Wellsville paper:

"The fans of Wellsville were cheated out of an excellent exhibition of baseball at the hands of the fast Olean H. S. bunch of ball players, through the umpiring of Magner. Every ounce of sporting blood in the town was indignant at the treatment given the visitors and although the local contingent was victorious, every spectator in the stands conceded a victory to the remarkable Olean team and did not wonder how the excellent record of the Western New York champs was made.

"A meeting of these two teams on neutral grounds is being sought, but the opinion here is that the game would lose all interest if a fair umpire handed out the decisions. The opinion of all who saw the same is that the kalsomine brush would be applied to the locals in finished style and no sympathy from local fans would show itself at the result."

NOTICE.

Malcolm Kelley has been appointed Circulation Manager and assistant to the Business Manager. All subscription money should be paid to Mr. Kelley.

The result of the recent school election was extremely gratifying to all those closely connected with and interested in the welfare and progress of the Olean High School. It is a matter of great satisfaction that the old board has stood the supreme test of public opinion and come out from the test victorious. It was a fitting tribute to those men who have given freely of their time and effort to bring our school to the foremost rank of efficiency.



Don Alderman was heard to remark when learning of the vacant seat in the Junior Study Hall: "Gee, I bet it's fun sitting up there."

But just because there is a Park there, that's no sign that there are trees and the sun won't strike you.

Can you imagine—"Dunc" Wormer coming to school minus his pipe; "Art" Fitch without his hair combed; Ned Watts walking with Miss Miles of the Junior; any spot where Miss Crandall hasn't roamed; Bernard Taylor in boots and overalls; anything Miss Blish has fallen upon; Miss Crandall eating off a bone; Leroy Norris in school on time; Peter Morrell selling three nickel tickets for a dime; Denny Bardenett not showing his chest; Burt Rowland in a war; Howard Becker trying his best?

Miss Crandall thinks that because the tariff is lowered, we will probably be living on China eggs before long.

Miss Priestly in physical geography describing a cumulus clond: "It has a horizontal base and is a big heaped up mass. To me, it looks like a big pile of vanilla ice cream."

Miss Mackie thinks that because Olean is so oily, information slips in one ear and out of the other more easily here than anywhere else.

It is announced on good authority that there will be a debate in the near future between Mr. Crumb, for the negative; and Miss Crandall plus the English History book for the affirmative on the question, Resolved—That the warm climate of England is due to the warm winds from the Desert of Sahara rather than to the Gulf Stream."

The editors were sorry to learn that the Girls' Glee Club had "practiced weakly" throughout the year.

Sweet little Mabel Rose,
Was tired and sought repose;

But a bad boy named Clair
Put a tack in her chair—
Sweet little Mabel Rose.

Teacher—"What is Algebra?"

Freshie—"It's a white mule what's got brown stripes. I seen one at a circus cnet."—Exchange.

Evolution.

Freshman—"What's that, sir?"

Sophomore—"Sir?"

Junior—"What?"

Senior—"Huh?"

Barely Possible.

Miss C.—"Joe, what is the Hague tribunal?"

"Joe" P.—"The Hague tribunal ar—"

Miss C.—"Is, 'Joe,' not are."

"Joe" P.—"The Hague tribunal isbitrates national controver-sies."

Customer (admiring some iridescent coloring) — "And how much are those dear little salt dishes?"

Clerk (in apologetic manner) — "Well, you see they are very expensive because of their incandescent lining."

Exit—Customer.

A conversation congress of the Wayside Girls:

"Say, are you going to the Reception?"

"Me? Well hardly. Are you?"

"No, I haven't had a bid—the big sticks of fellows—"

"Neither have I, and I won't stag it."

"I don't like to, but I do want to go."

"You going? Gee, you're lucky. Who's the good sport?"

"Only your brother!"

"Well, isn't that enough?"

"Wish I had a brother."

"So do I."

"Aren't the boys the biggest chumps? You can do and take them every place and, with the exception of a few, they all go back into their shells when it comes their turn and——"

"Isn't it awful? They don't know anything."

"It isn't this way in other towns. The boys are just great to the girls but the Olean fellows just think about a shine and a crepe de chene tie——"

"Or a box of cigarettes."

"Or a cud of gum——"

Just then the Victrola started to play "Did He Run?" Some-one remarked that "they" would all run if they could have heard us.

Why is it so many of the Senior girls are joining the Junior class? Can it be on account of the lack of those of the "opposite persuasion? Please, stay where you are, there are none too many now.

Burt Rowland is coming, too. He attended the circuses and is on the "fence" squad because of his pugnacity.

The "Moonshiners" held a meeting and passed an enjoyable night upon the streets of Olean. It would have been much more enjoyable if the water had not been so high. Isn't that right, Kiesel?

Over and over again
No matter to which page I turn,
I find in this Algebra of mine
Some lesson I have to learn.
—Anonymous.

It was one sunny afternoon in S. H. A. Watts' mind and his feet were far away.—Anonymous also.

{ The naming of Burt Rowland as second Highest Honor was a great surprise (?) to us all.

Will trade a blue shirt for a white one. Write care of Hans Ray, S. H. A.

Miss Smith to Watts—Watts, will you please STEP down to the office?

The "Personal Editor" got into a fight over one of the personals he put in last time, so if there are some bad ones this time you will know his head is not in working order yet.

After Kiesel broke his Sunday afternoon appointment with Miss Allen, to make up some lost sleep, Rhoda was heard to say, most sadly, "Well, the poor boy needed sleep, and I don't care if he did break his date."

We wonder if the Board of Education is going to make a garden of the Campus to raise its own teachers.

Miss Mackie—How popular was Johnson's "Rasselas"?

Johnson—One of the six best sellers.

Found—One cent. Owner may have same by calling on me and paying a reward.—B. Wormer.

Dish washing at Herron's on High School night must have made George Schnabel see stars—at least he was singing (?) to them. Maybe it was the waitresses that made him see stars!

Some baseball team we have this year! Keep it up, boys, you're doing fine.

Miss Crandall to Lute Crannell: "Crannell, you get back into that class room as fast as your Dutch legs can carry you."

This is the first we knew Lute was Dutch.

Short (in Eng. IV.)—They named him Mildred.

Putt put so much realism in the piece "A Similar Case," it is the general opinion that there is some truth in it, eh, Putt?

Blair and Sonny are very congenial swapping girls—only don't get twisted as to which is which.

Miss Crandal in American History, while giving qualifications for voters: "Every MALE man twenty-one years of age is eligible to vote."

One man to another—"There is nothing which can not be done by patience and perserverance."

The Other—"All right, old man, carry some water in a bushel basket."

One Man—"Just wait until the thermometer goes below zero."

According to Helen Seely, Johnson dictated his dictionary to the Earl of Chesterfield. (The Earl must have been hixy.)

Seely Sayre is now finishing his twenty-fifth series of dime novels. Anyone having novels that they wish to have read, please leave same with Seely. Prompt reading guaranteed.—(Paid Adv.)

Schnabel and Bissell have been practicing a new tango. Rumor has it that they are about to start a dancing class.

M. C. (Junior night at Herron's) "Harry, will you please help to wash dishes?"

H. S. (With feigned dignity) "No, thank you, I am not on the committee."

Anna C.—"O, yes indeed, I dearly love a game of cards. We are partners, of course."

Frank Q.—(who has a habit of leaving his sentences unfinished and also of answering at random)—"Certainly, you are my—Ideal."



DEBATE.

On the evening of May twentieth, a debate was held in the Assembly hall, the contestants being teams from the two Lyceums. The question was, "Resolved, that women should have equal suffrage."

rights with men." The Boys' Lyceum, the challenged ones, chose the affirmative side of the question.

The debate was most interesting and the teams so well matched that the judges found it difficult to decide which had the better of the argument. The decision, however, was given to the boys by a vote of 2 to 1. The judges were: Miss Maud D. Brooks, Mr. D. E. Batchelor, and our principal, Mr. F. E. Pierce.

After the debate, refreshments were served. This was the second debate held by the two Lyceums. In the first, the girls won the decision. It is to be hoped that this custom once established may be continued.

DEBATE.

On the evening of May 15th, George Schnabel spoke before the students of Colgate University as a representative of the Olean high school. Although unsuccessful in procuring one of the prizes, his efforts were rewarded with honorable mention. The O. H. S. should feel proud to have one of the contestants make such a favorable impression upon the judges in the face of such formidable competition as that encountered at Colgate.

The first prize was awarded to Greater New York; the second to Lockport, N. Y., and the third to Newark, N. J.

BAZAAR

The last issue of the "Congress" prophesied that the bazaar would be the biggest event held by, and for, the benefit of the students of the O. H. S. The truth of the words is now perfectly evident. Our long weeks of waiting, planning, and what is more important, executing, were fully rewarded. We have come out of the uncertainty of our first really big undertaking with flying colors and proud hearts. The satisfaction which we feel is not to be measured by the mere pecuniary returns which were derived. There has been a bigger, a greater and a more satisfactory result than that. That result may in a measure be estimated by the facts which were so evident during the busy week just prior to the day of the bazaar. The spirit which most impressed itself upon the minds of many was the spirit of work and the spirit of unity in the effort to bring about the desired result. This is altogether commendable and pleasing to all who have the interests of the high school at heart. It is prophetic of a brilliant future, for our students are every bit as loyal and as enthusiastic as the students of other schools.

Another favorable point may be found in the large number of out-of-town people who attended the bazaar. They went away and carried favorable reports with them. Next year they will help us to make our bazaar an even greater success.

The main purpose of the bazaar was the obtaining of a sinking fund sufficient to finance the various athletic teams and other high school organizations. That purpose has been well fulfilled. We are now on a solid financial footing. The thing to do now is to place ourselves first in the realm of high school life. Let us see to it that no opportunity to make the best of our advantages is overlooked.



During the past year, the Exchange Department has been to us, a most helpful department. In looking over Exchanges we have seen our own faults and have sometimes been encouraged to see that there were things in which we excelled. We have appreciated the frank criticisms which Congress has received and have endeavored to digest and absorb all the good advice. Our exchanges have helped us a great deal and we only hope that we have done a little to help them.

The following Exchanges received last month are acknowledged with thanks:

The Black and Red, Hannibal High School, Hannibal, Missouri.
 The Campus, University of Rochester, Rochester, New York.
 The Curtis Monthly, Curtis High School, New Brighton, New York.

The Chronicle, Masten Park High School, Buffalo, New York.
 The Courant, Bradford High School, Bradford, Pennsylvania.
 Fiat Lux, Alfred University, Alfred, New York.
 The Kane High School Echo, Kane, Pennsylvania.
 The Lit, Watertown High School, Watertown, New York.
 The Laurel, St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, New York.
 The Manzanite, Watsonville High School, Watsonville, Cal.
 The Occident, West High School, Rochester, New York.
 The Oracle, Lafayette High School, Buffalo, New York.
 The Omnibus, Franklinville High School, Franklinville, Pennsylvania.

The Optimist, East Aurora High School, East Aurora, New York.
 The Panorama, Binghamton High School, Binghamton, New York.

The Red and Green, Jamestown High School, Jamestown, New York.

The Ramble, New York Military Institute, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York.

The Scholastica, Tonawanda High School, Tonawanda, New York.

The Krawen, Newark High School, Newark, New York.

The H. S. Recorder, Saratoga Springs High School, Saratoga Springs, New York.

The Normal Leader, Fredonia Normal, Fredonia, New York.

The good points of the Oracle lie in its originality, individuality

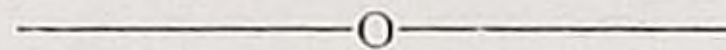
and spice. Each department shows excellent work and the spirit which prevails throughout the paper is excellent.

The Red and Green might be improved by a more formal arrangement of material. The paper and type, however, are good and the cuts are very artistic.

The Scholastica has a number of interesting stories and poems. We would suggest that local talent be substituted for works of Whittier and Herrick. The feminine touch is very evident in this paper. The addition of a few more boys to the staff would put more life into the paper.

There is an abundance of good material in the Panorama and it is arranged in a way which shows careful work and good taste. In the last issue, however, we believe that better use might have been made of the first pages. They are the most prominent in any magazine and should be occupied by material more important than a high school directory.

The Occident for April has the most handsome cover of the season. It shows real artistic ability. We might even say genius. More original material and a larger assortment of wit and humor would make this paper one of the best.



THE SENIORS AS WE KNOW THEM.

THE CLASS—

"You all know security is mortal's chiefest enemy."

—Shakespeare

ABBOTT, HELEN—(Wayside)

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,

Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."—Pope.

ALLEN, MARY—Secretary Wayside; Society Editor Congress '14; Basketball '13—

"She's pretty to walk with, witty to talk with, and pleasant, too, to think on."

BARRY, FRANCIS—Assistant Editor Congress '13; Business Manager Congress '14; Secretary Senior Class '14. Class Play.—

Comparisons are odious."—Hubert.

BECRAFT, ELMO—

"In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,

For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."—Goldsmith.

BERNREUTHER, LELIA—(Wayside)

"Frailty thy name is woman!"—Shakespeare.

BROOKS, LOREN—High School Honor; Class Play; Honor J. H. S.—

"Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed

That he is grown so great?"—Shakespeare.

BUFFINGTON, HARRY—Editor-in-Chief Congress '14; Baseball '13.

"We grant although he had much wit,

He was very shy of using it."—Butler.

BURLINGHAM, RAYMOND—

"O wad some power the giftie gi'e us

To see cursels as ithers see us."—Burns.

CATEL, OLGA—Girls' Lyceum German Club.

- E'en her "failings leaned to virtue's side."—Goldsmith.
 CORSETT, ANNABELLE—Honor High School.
 "I have a little shadow
 That goes in and out with me."—Field.
 CORSETT, ELLEN—Honor High School.
 "I would have men about me that are fat."—Shakespeare.
 CRANNELL, LUTHER—
 "Cry 'havoc' and let loose the dogs of war."—Shakespeare.
 DUNNING, MADGE—1st Honor High School; Bazaar Play; Class Play.
 "Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
 O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"—Gay.
 FAIRCHILD, VICTOR—
 "I know it is a sin
 For me to sit and grin."
 FINCH, MABEL—
 In every gesture, dignity.—Milton.
 FOWLER, HONOR—(Wayside)
 "None know her but to love her
 None name her but to praise."
 GATES, CHARLES—Honor High School.
 "Mortals, that would follow me
 Love virtue she alone is free."
 GIBBONS, GERALDINE—
 "There's a gladness in her gladness when she's glad,
 There's a sadness in her sadness when she's sad.
 But the gladness of her gladness, and the sadness of her
 sadness
 Ain't a marker to her madness when she's mad."
 GODDEN, CLARA—(Wayside)
 "I am nothing, if not critical."—Shakespeare.
 HAGADORN, MARIAN—Wayside; General Committee Bazaar;
 Basketball, '13; Glee Club.
 "Linked sweetness long drawn out."—Milton.
 HAPPELL, VIVIEN—Secretary-Treasurer Girls' Glee Club; President
 Glee Club; Treasurer Girls' Lyceum; Wayside; Class Song.
 "And ever against eating cares
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs
 Married to immortal verse."
 HART, MATTHEW—Baseball '12, '13, '14; General Committee Bazaar;
 Senior-Junior Reception; Class Play; Bazaar Play.
 "Nature might stand up and say to all the world 'This was a
 man!' "—Shakespeare.
 HAUGH, EMMA—
 "In maiden meditation, fancy free."—Shakespeare
 HOOKER, DOUGLAS—
 "O, how full of briers is this working-day world."—Shakespeare
 JOHNSON, CECILE—(Wayside)
 "Her very frowns are fairer far
 Than smiles of other maidens are."

—Contributed by M. Kelley.

KELLEY, MALCOLM—General Committee Bazaar; Class Grinds; Grinds; Assistant Business Manager Congress '14; Orchestra '12, '13.

"I am Sir Oracle

When I ope' my lips, let no dog bark."—Shakespeare.

LALLMANG, MARGUERITE—Honorable Mention Wayside.

Precept upon precept, line upon line; here a little and there a little."—Isaiah.

LUNDBERG, ETHEL—

"Civilized man can not live without cooks."

LUTHER, MARION—President Girls' Glee Club; Personal Editor Congress '13, '14; Wayside; Girls' Lyceum; Basketball, '13; Double Quartette.

"Age can not wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."
—Shakespeare.

McHUGH, CORNELIA—(Wayside)

" 'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print."—Byron.

MACK, IRENE—Wayside, Orchestra '11, '12, '13.

"The man that hath no music in himself

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."—Shakespeare.

MAY, HELEN—German Club.

"A quiet lass, there are few who know the treasure hid in you."

MILLER, ARMOND—Honor J. H. S.

"Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart."

MOFFETT, LOUIS P.—Glee Club, Double Quartette, Baseball '12, '14.

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage heart"—Congreve.

MOORE, EDITH—

Wayside; Girls' Glee Club; Mixed Glee Club; Double Quartette; Basketball '13.

"If to her share some female errors fall,

Look on her face and you'll forget them all."—Pope.

MORRIS, MARGARET—

President Wayside '14; Vice-President Girls' Lyceum, '14;

Vice-President Junior Class; General Bazaar Committee; Class Prophecy; Exchange Editor

Congress '14; Basketball '13; General

al Committee of Senior Class;

Class Play.

"A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."
—Tennyson.

NEFF, HELENE—

Honor High School; Wayside; President of Girls' Lyceum '14; Class Poem; Class Play; Staff Artist

Congress '14.

" 'Tis with our watches as our judgments none

Go just alike, yet each believe his own."—Pope.

*ORVIS, EDGAR—

"Gone, but not forgotten."

*N. B.—In Buffalo Medical.

PICKETT, JOSEPH—

"Nature hath formed strange fellows in her time."

—Shakespeare.

BACZNOŚĆ RODACY

POLSKA WOLNA!

Kto chce widzieć wolną Polskę, wojska polskie, Warszawę, Częstochowę, obrazy z wojny i miejsce, gdzie się biją Polacy, niech przyjdzie na

Wielki Odczyt o Polsce

urządzony

w Polskiej Hali Zjednoczenia

w Niedziele 27 Września, 1914

o godzinie 7:30 wieczorem

Pokazane będą najpiękniejsze i najświeższe kolorowe obrazy z Polski, przez ludzi, którzy znają stary kraj i wiedzą wszystko, co się w Polsce dzieje. Odczyt wygłoszą pp. Kujawa i Kaszubowski z Uniwersytetu w Buffalo. Kto Polak, niech spieszy poznać kochaną Ojczyznę. Każdy Polak powinien znać swój kraj ojczysty.

Wstęp 25, 15 i 10c. Miejsca rez. 50c.

Druk Braci Mikołajczaków,  13 690 Fillmore Ave. Buffalo.

BACKLOG

POLICE A. WOLFE

TO THE HONORABLE
THE ATTORNEY GENERAL
OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WILLIAM O. DOUGLASS

W. POLICE THE DISTRICT

W. NICHOLS 27 WILSON ST.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
JANUARY 10, 1914
TO THE HONORABLE
THE ATTORNEY GENERAL
OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. NICHOLS 27 WILSON ST.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRATT, MILDRED—(Wayside)

"Then she would whisper, ye Gods how she could whisper!"

PREISTLY, MARION—

Honor High School; Wayside; Girls' Lyceum; Bazaar Play.

"So wise, so young, they say do never live long."—Shakespeare.

QUINN, NORA—

"To thine own self be true."—Shakespeare.

RAY, WALDRON—

"Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn."

—Campbell.

ROSE, MABEL—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets

And simple faith than Norman blood."—Tennyson.

ROWLAND, BURT—Honor High School.

"For I have neither wit nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech

To stir men's blood."

—Shakespeare.

SCHEITERLE, CARTHARINE—Wayside.

"I seek one man, and one alone."—Arnold.

SEELY, FRANCES—

Honorable Mention; Wayside; Bazaar Play; Senior-Junior
Reception.

"Come and trip it as ye go

On the light fantastic toe."

SHELDON, MAURICE—Senior-Junior Reception.

" 'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain

Ye have waked me too soon, let me slumber again."

SINCLAIRE, MINNIE—Honor High School.

"She was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."—Shakespeare.

STEGNER, GEORGE—

"One constant element in luck

Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck."

TRIESKY, EDWARD—Basketball '12.

"The village all declared how much he knew."—Goldsmith.

UNDERWOOD, EDNA—

Honor High School; 1st Honor J. H. S.; Wayside; Glee Club;
Girls' Glee Club

"Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."—Shakespeare.

WILLOVER, BESSIE—

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a
goodly heritage."—Bible.

WINDSOR, HAZEL—Wayside; Glee Club; Honor J. H. S.

I shall not look upon her like again.—Shakespeare.

WORMER, DUNCAN—

Class Play; Football, '10, '11, '12, '13; Secretary Junior Class;

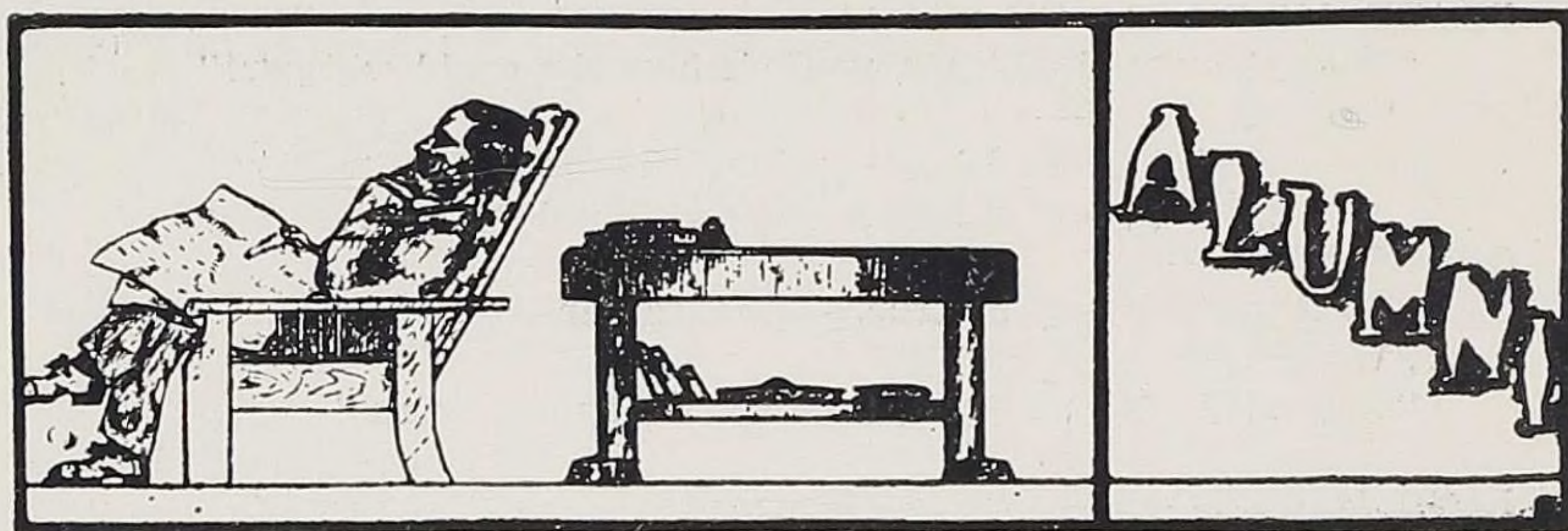
Basketball '12, '13, '14; Track Team '12.

"The muscles of his brawny arms

Are strong as iron bands."—Longfellow.

"If we meet again, we'll smile indeed,

If not, this parting was well made."—Shakespeare.



The following letter was written to Norman Tompkins, a member of the class of 1915, and is sure to prove of interest to every reader of "Congress" :

The last four years have passed with such remarkable quickness that it hardly seems possible that I am already ranked as one of the older alumni—I discreetly leave out the word successful for the real test of a man's fiber, the test that brings out on him the earmarks of success or failure, comes when he enters the larger field of life.

In taking advantage of your kind offer there are many things that come to mind about which I might write, for the last four years have been full ones, and in their own small way fruitful of many valuable experiences. But just a word about education itself.

The value of an education consists in getting an education. A rather simple remark, you take it. Not at all. I know scores of men who believe that 80 per cent. of the value of a college education is derived not from the library or the lecture room, but from outside associations. The ability to meet men, etc. In fact, that is the present theory. It is fallacious. The men who are doing the biggest things are the men who have trained minds. It is also true that even in college the men who attain to real leadership are the men who attain to intellectual leadership. A thinker is not necessarily a grind, preferably not so, but he is one who takes his work seriously; who puts his emphasis on the education. The day of the "rambling rake of a college man who likes his whiskey free" is over, and we are in a day where character and brain are the most important factors. It should be the aim and the ideal, and I believe it is coming to be of the college man to so leave his impression upon the social order that what he thinks today will be prophetic of what the common folk think tomorrow.

There are two kinds of work necessary in the business of getting an education. In the first place, we must acquire the tools of knowledge. By that I mean English, Latin, French, German, Mathematics, etc. With the tools in our hands we can then pry open the storehouse of knowledge where we discover the large fields of Philosophy, History and Science. Most of the time in grammar school, high school, and for that matter the first year in college is given to the acquisition and the perfection of these tools. It is hard work but essential. It should be done thoroughly. It is well to remember that a master workman uses perfected tools. Work ceases

to be an effort and becomes a pleasure after one has passed this trying stage of the game. You realize how vast is your heritage of the world's thought, and you are eager to take your share. The person who wantonly throws away his opportunity, forfeits his birthright.

My only word of advice, and it has been learned at the cost of many weary hours, is to perfect your tools now that you have the opportunity and the time.

Sincerely,

F. STUART FITZPATRICK.

Miss Caroline Morris, an honor student in the class of 1912, was recently elected editor-in-chief of the woman's page in the "Orange," the Syracuse University daily paper.

Dr. Lewis Jackson, 1909, dental college of the University of Buffalo, 1913, and Miss Mabel Ruth Jones were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents at Franklinville Wednesday evening, June 17th, at 6 o'clock. Dr. Jackson and Mrs. Jackson will make their home at Franklinville, where Dr. Jackson has a fine practice.

Miss Agnes Weidman, 1911, and Roscoe O'Donnell were united in marriage at the German Lutheran Church, Tuesday, June 9th. Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell will make their home in Olean.

April 23rd, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Page. Both Mr. and Mrs. Page were members of the class of 1905.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Luce are the parents of a daughter, born the 10th of April. Mr. Luce was a member of the class of 1902, and Mrs. Luce was Miss Jessie Elliott, '06.

May 1st, the death of Sidney, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Neff, occurred at Pittsburg after a six weeks' illness with rheumatism. Mr. Neff was graduated from the High School in 1911, and this was his first year at Carnegie. He was just 21 years old, and had always been a favorite in the younger crowd. He is survived by his parents, two brothers, Daniel and Arthur; and two sisters, the Misses Caroline and Helene Neff.

May 5th, a son, Richard Spencer Bullis was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Bullis at their home at Bedford, Oregon. Mr. Bullis was a member of the class of 1904.

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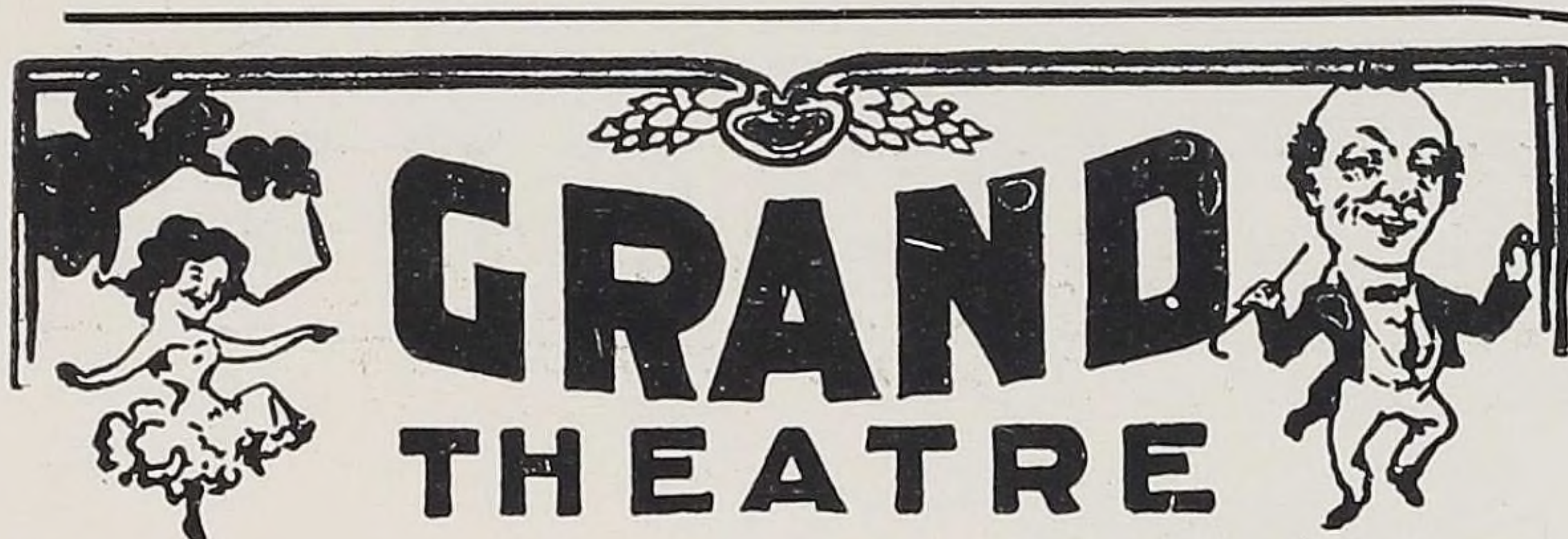
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