

May Number 1913

Volume VIII

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE OLEAN HIGH SCHOOL

Number 7

THE NORFOLK SUIT

will be very much in evidence this season. We are right now showing them in a half dozen clever models that are making a hit.

THE ENGLISH MODEL SACK

is another very smart style that we are showing in Blues, Grays and Tans. We know that inspection and try-on will win you.

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THE NEW MODELS OF Hart, Schaffner & Marx and Clever Clothes

show the skill of the best designers the world has ever known. If you select these clothes, you will have the best without paying the most.

The Fitzgerald Company

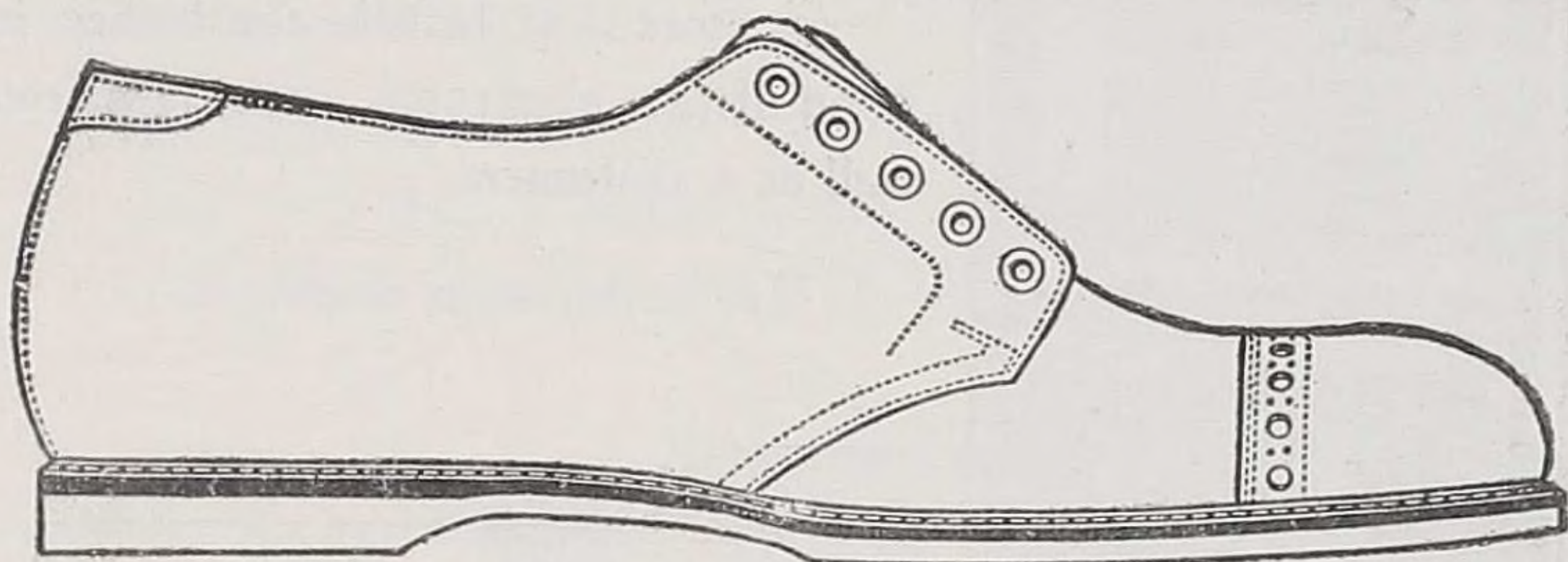
GOOD CLOTHES

OLEAN, N. Y.

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A. M. PALMER & COMPANY



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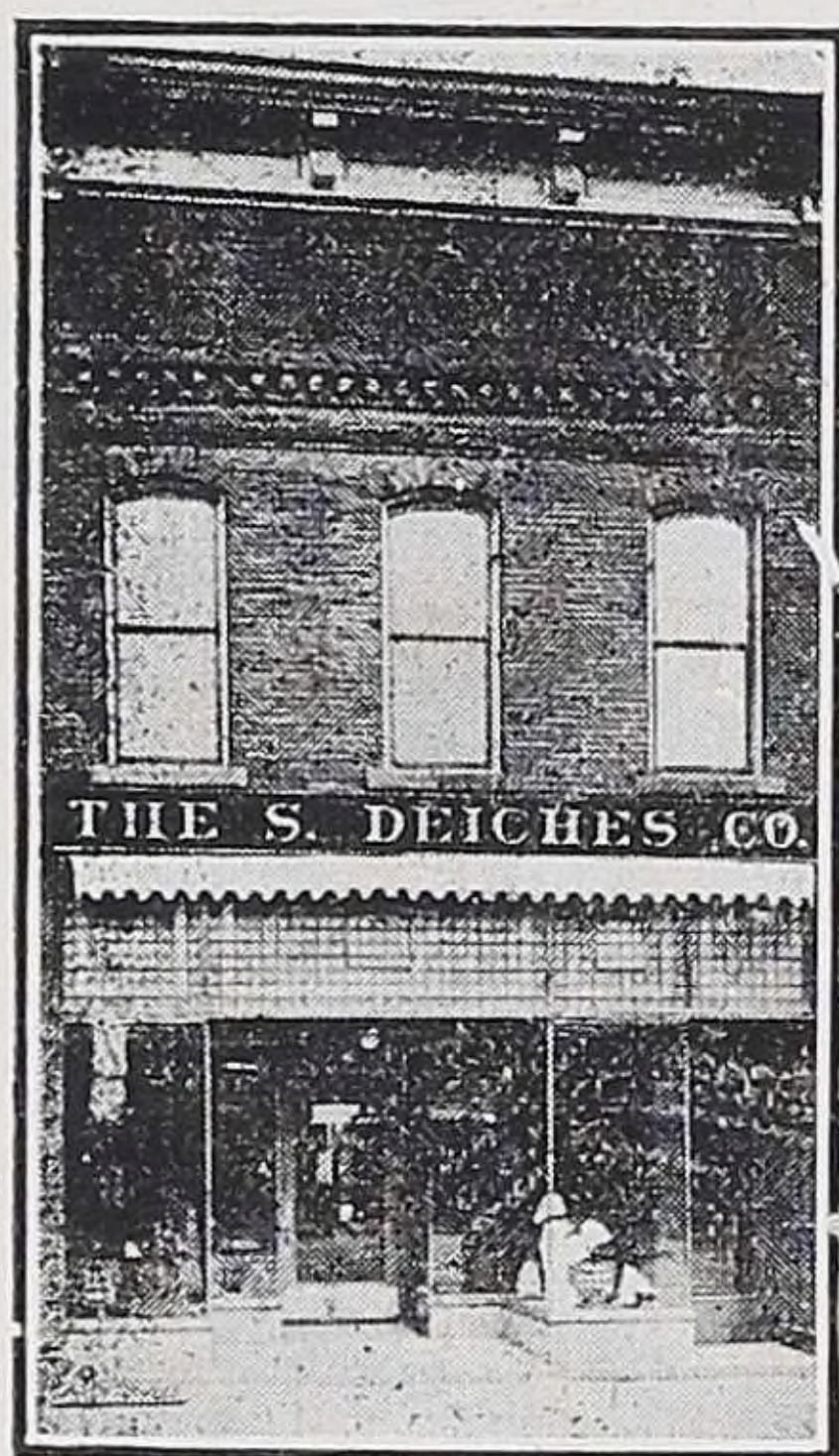
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Pound Boxes 60c 80c, \$1.00—Halves 30c, 40c

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Some Class!

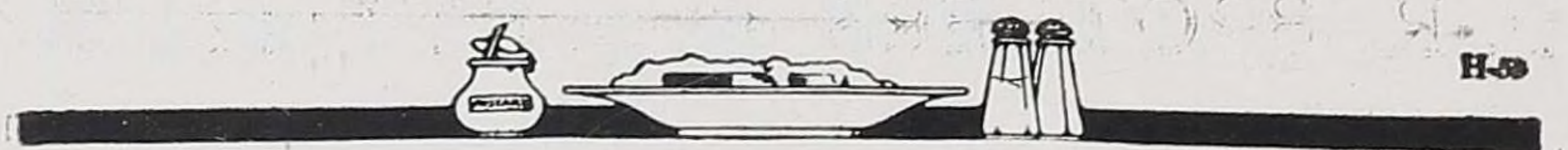
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The Congress

Olean, New York

VOLUME VIII

MAY, 1913

NUMBER 7

Winning his "G"

By Morrison Swain.



HE was nervous. No, nervous wasn't the right word—just off his feed. He sat at the long table trying to eat his toast. One mouthful and then he would go back to his dreams and air-castles, for that afternoon he was to run his first race. True, he had run before, but never for a big school.

Jack Goodwin was a full-fledged Freshman in St. George and never was a man more proud of his green cap with its yellow button. All his life he had planned on carrying home his "G," and now was his chance.

Afternoon came and he sat by the track, wrapped in an old bathrobe. The bell rang and he jumped only to hear the call for the four-forty. He came next and he began to plan. Should he take a chance and run his head off, or take it easy until the sprint? Well, he would run it as it came.

Last call for the eight-eighty, and he arose. His legs were stiff and his nerves were all twitching. Some one took his bathrobe and another worked his muscles loose. A word was whispered in his ear and he nodded but did not know why. He drew his place and crouched. The gun snapped and he was off with a good start.

The first two-twenty over and they began to change positions. The pace was faster than Jack was accustomed to, but he was running easily. On the second lap, Jack drew up to second. His breath came hard and his legs felt like lead. He thought of his letter and lengthened his stride.

The last lap and the sprint started. The stragglers began to draw in and the lead man, "No. 7," quickened the pace. Jack was all in and ready to quit. The grandstand was near but he heard nothing. His head swam and the number on the man ahead seemed to be getting larger. Could it be that he was gaining? The "No. 7" was faltering and then it disappeared. With one last effort, Jack increased his speed. He hit something that gave away and then all was blank.

Two hours later, a sore but happy boy was sending a telegram to his father. He had won by ten feet and had broken the school record for the eight-eighty. Best of all he had won his "G."

The Mysterious Dream in the Forest

By Marguerite Duffy.



I was resting against an old oak tree in the forest, listening to the waters murmuring, when I fell asleep and dreamed a strange dream.

The goddess, Melancholy approached in a misty cloud. By her side she led a great brass horse which she bade me mount. I rose as in a daze, and without question I seated myself in the saddle. Then Melancholy, in subdued tones, told me that for twelve hours during the night, beginning at twilight, I was to ride over the world and observe the doings of men and gods. When she had spoken, the horse silently arose in the air and we passed the rustling, whispering tree tops and flew out into the soft dusk of evening.

I looked with interest at the panorama spread out below me. I saw the weary plowman on his way home; the cattle loiling about in the farm-yard; the yoke of oxen laboring patiently along the dusty road; the great, stately sun setting in the west. All things were peaceful and quiet.

Night overtook us as we rushed swiftly along, the wind making a dull, droning sound in my ears. Suddenly the brass horse dipped, and, far below us, I saw Orpheus, the Musician, slowly and heavily raise himself from the ground where he lay. I mused at this, for I knew Orpheus to have died and gone to the Elysian Fields. Then I quickly guessed that we were over the Elysian Fields. As we approached nearer I heard strains of the most marvelous, most mournful music that had ever reached my ears. It touched my soul and I became sad and wept because I knew Orpheus was bemoaning the loss of his wife.

The horse rose again, and I heard no more. After some time, however, we came close to the earth and I turned away with fear and loathing for I beheld the two Gorgons. They were repulsive creatures with long dragon-like bodies with wings of gold, and with human heads on which snakes took the place of hair. (The most dangerous Gorgon had long since been killed by Perseus.) They were asleep but still uttered hideous cries.

Again, for a long time, no sight or sound was heard and I was pondering over the strangeness of my travels when we plunged into the sea. Down! down we went! The waters opened and formed a path before us. Of a sudden we stopped, and when my eyes could bear the light, I discovered that we were in the palace of Neptune. It was a glittering, be-jewelled place, hung with tapestries of green and gold, and lighted by immense lamps which hung from the roof. Beautiful Mermaids conducted us into the august presence of the Sea King. He sat in state upon a throne of pearl and foam and I trembled beneath the majesty of his gaze. He raised his three-forked scepter and silence reigned in the vast cavern.

"Mortals," he said, and his voice boomed like gigantic waves against a cliff, "how comes it, that you visit in my domain?"

Just then, before I could make my trembling lips reply, a sentinel shouted, "Morn approaches!"

"Haste," cried Neptune, "before it is too late, for if dawn comes while you are here, you must remain."

I jumped upon my trusty brass steed, and in a twinkling we were gone, up through the waves, and into the gray, rose-streaked sky. Swiftly we fled from the ever-rising sun and at last reached the grove.

I awoke with a shudder and found my forehead beaded with perspiration. I was still sitting by the oak, my book of Philosophy in my hand. I arose and slowly took my way homeward, thinking of the vagaries of the human mind that led me to dream such a fantastic dream, when I should have been enriching my mind with the noble thoughts of the old philosophers.

—o—

New Studio to be Opened

Steve Griffin and Howard Becker wish to call the attention of all future musical aspirants to the fact that starting next week (Monday) they will open a studio in the Assembly Hall. Steve has had much experience as a Professor; studying abroad and is more than capable of teaching all desired systems. A deposit of \$50.00 must be made, before taking lessons, to insure the good will of the student-body. All deposits must be made with Treasurer Becker, who is very adept in the art of handling money. Griffin has already started a VanDyke for appearance and also to save the time in shaving.

Through the untiring efforts of Treasurer Becker the services of Prof. Bert Rowland has been obtained to assist as pianist and to train all those desiring social training. In both positions Bert cannot be outdone, and am sure he will be a drawing card. Miss Myra Hosley has been engaged as vocalist, having studied at Lima Seminary. She is also a member of Ingelow, whatever that is, we don't understand. But it must be alright as far as we know. Sapp Beckwith has been engaged as keeper of all the musical aspirants, and we feel sure we can place everyone. He is to collect all the notes and may some day start a bank. We wish you success, Sapp. Why don't you try to make maple sugar? Robert Jewell will conduct the drum department and collect the blue notes. We hope to make this a success and desire to see a number of our worthy musicians on hand next Monday morning. We thank you.

(Signed,)

HOWARD BECKER,
Secretary and Treasurer.

—o—

A Love Story.

Chap. I—Maid one.

Chap. II—Maid won.

Chap. III—Made one.

Rhetoricals

At a general assembly, March 14, the students of the High School and Junior High School received a great treat. Secretary Baker of the Y. M. C. A., was present and introduced the new physical director, Mr. Rupert. After inviting the fellows to meet him at the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Rupert introduced the State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., W. E. Fenno. Mr. Fenno, in a very pleasing manner, spoke interestingly for about half an hour and the applause which greeted him told how welcome he will be if he again comes this way.

Following Mr. Fenno, several Rhetoricals were given. Sophia Hardel read an interesting essay on "Norman and Saxon." George Herold rendered a recitation, "The Relation of Talent to Happiness." Lawrence Page recited "A Similar Case," which caused much laughter and applause. The last number was an essay by Helen LeStrange, "The Industrial Education of the Colored Race." These Rhetoricals were very well given and much credit is due to these students.

Tuesday morning, April 8, a general assembly was called, and under the supervision of Miss Saunders a farce written by one of the Class of 1913 was presented. This play brought much applause and favorable comments from the students, and great credit is due to the amateur playwright and the players.

"All Relatives of Ananias, or Liars All." A farce in one scene.
Scene: Aunt Sadie's sitting room. Time: Evening.

CAST.

Kate	Theodora Harris
Mildred	Florence Waldorff
Jane	Margaret Morris
Mr. Karning	Charles Dugan
Mr. Castle	Maurice Briody
Fred Selig of Arizona	Armonde Miller

Ananias was a liar,
Now he's tending Satan's fire;
Tho't he wouldn't pay spot cash,
Now his bones are smould'ring ash.
Wifey dear, by name Sapphir',
She heard him plan, with rising ire—
To pay in full their debt at church,
And tho't she'd leave him in the lurch.
She put a part of it aside,
And then—now listen what betide—
She told the Lord an awful lie,
Suspecting not that hubby'd die,
And she herself a corpse would be;
And sadly mutter, "Woe is me!"
Be warned in time, ye liars all,
If it in this wise did befall
To Ananias in old days,
To **you** it shall—So mend your ways.



THE CONGRESS.

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

Now, that spring athletics are in full swing all attention seems to be given to baseball and none to track. Olean High is capable of turning out a good track team as well as a good baseball team. Surely, the school has men for the track as well as baseball. Start an interclass meet and stir up some enthusiasm so that the reputation of the school in this branch of athletics will be maintained. Get busy, as the term will soon be over.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL.

All personals for the Junior Department dropped in the Congress box must be marked J. H. S. so that they may be distinguished from High School personals.

We wish to explain the lateness of this issue of Congress. It is not the fault of the editors, as they had the material in promptly. The delay was with the printers, who are at present rushed to their capacity. We are, therefore, consolidating the April and May issues into one number. We will endeavor to make the June issue the larg-

est in the history of the Congress. We hope the students will take the same view of the situation as we do and we are sure they will appreciate a large June number much more than two small issues. We are, thus in reality, getting out nine issues but publishing the last two under one cover.

CURRENT EVENTS.

By the action of the Connecticut legislature April 8th, the seventeenth amendment becomes a part of the Constitution of the United States. Hereafter United States Senators will be elected by direct vote of the people of the several states, instead of by the legislatures.

The income tax provision of the tariff bill provides for a comprehensive scheme for extracting revenue from persons who receive in earnings or otherwise more than \$4,000 a year. If a man receives \$5,000 he is taxed only on \$1,000.

A Massachusetts judge has decided that Harvard students over twenty-one, living in Cambridge during their college course, may vote in that city even if they are not self-supporting.

For the first time, telegraphic messages have been sent direct from London to San Francisco without relay. The cables were attached to the land wires. However simple this may seem, it has proved to be possible only after many experiments.

Five steamers which recently arrived in New York in one day, brought in a total of 5,339 immigrants. This beat the record for this time of year.

Former President Taft has gone to New Haven to take up his duties as a professor of law in Yale University.

At the assembly, Friday morning, April 4, Mr. Pierce called upon Mr. Batcheller, the Superintendent of Schools, to outline and discuss our new school plan. The revised plan sets the opening hour at 8:30 o'clock. The first four periods end and school is dismissed at 11:50 o'clock. At 1:15 school is again called and closes at 2:45 o'clock. The following conditions are imposed on this tryout: First, there must be no tardiness. Second, all pupils must attend the afternoon session. Industrial work will be given the same amount of time as in the old schedule.

ON THE JOB.

If there ever was a slang phrase overworked it is that which forms the caption of this article. Its very frequent use entitles it to be regarded as a classic in its way. It is certainly very eloquent at times. We hear it used a great deal nowadays in all kinds of society. The rooters for a baseball team or a basket ball team for that matter, seem to consider this the masterpiece when it comes to giving the final slogan to cheer their friends on to victory or to raise them from the slumps of despair. The foreman of a gang of laborers uses the phrase in no uncertain terms whenever he sees or discovers any tendency of "loafing" by any of the individuals under his authority.

We hear it used some times in a group of men or boys when the conversation has reference to some one person who is referred to in some such manner, "he's all right, he's always on the job." We hear it some times when one young man asks a friend of his if he is going to keep an appointment and the answer is invariably, "on the job." It is therefore irresistible to get the impression that it is a good thing to have that kind of reputation. A man or boy who has that kind of a reputation can always be depended upon to serve with credit in any capacity in which he is placed. Chairmen of committees always strive to get that kind of a man with that kind of a reputation to serve on committees. They know that things will be done if they do.

That the young men of our high school have the right conception as to what it means to be on the job can be gauged by the very successful manner in which they handled the basket ball team. The proceeds for the season is testimony of that. Indeed the fellows are certainly "ON THE JOB," and they will keep it up too, of that we are sure. We know them, and know what kind of stuff they are made of. They know a man's job when they see it. But the question is, are we all on the job? Manager Orvis has arranged a fine schedule for the coming baseball season, and he hopes to more than double the amount of money in the athletic association treasury. Are we willing to respond cheerfully and attend the games? Let's make the baseball season a success. If you have not had the opportunity of getting "ON THE JOB," this is your opportunity. Be prepared to purchase tickets. The ticket seller is "ON THE JOB."

MALCOLM H. SOULE, '13.

SENIOR CLASS ENTERTAINMENT.

The Senior Class entertainment on Friday evening, March 21, 1913, was a decided success. The program was given by Mr. George C. Williams of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music. Mr. Williams gave in monologue the "Shepherd of the Hills," the popular novel by Harold Bell Wright. The large audience was highly pleased with the work of Mr. Williams, who is in a class by himself in this kind of entertainment. The High School Orchestra supplemented the program with several excellent selections. The Seniors realized a good sum, which will be used to purchase a class memorial.

—o—

Teacher—"Well, Bobby, I guess you'll have to sit across the aisle."

Bobby—"What do you take me for? I can't sit across the aisle!"

You would not knock

The jokes we use,

If you could see

What we refuse.

A Game of Cards.

The young man led for a heart,

The maid for a diamond played;

The old man came down with a club,

And the sexton used a spade.—Ex.



WAYSIDE DANCE.

One of the prettiest High School affairs that has taken place this season was the Wayside dance held April 4, 1913, in K. of C. hall. Fully sixty couples were present and danced merrily from nine to one o'clock. Music was furnished by Keating's orchestra.

The hall was tastily decorated in the Wayside colors, yellow and white. In the balcony were placed many potted plants and ferns, which added greatly to its attractiveness. During the intermission dainty refreshments were served at Herron's ice cream parlor, which was very prettily decorated for the occasion.

The grand march was led by Prin. Franklin E. Pierce and wife. The patrons were Messrs. Dye, Dense, Pierce and Smith. The patronesses included the Misses Shea, Saunders, Skillen, Rosa, Coon, Mackie and Fannie Pratt.

—o—

On Thursday, April 3, the Olean High School was represented in a debate at Niagara Falls on the question, "Resolved, That United States Senators should be elected by popular vote." The debaters from Olean were Bernard Taylor, Norman Tompkins and Herbert Isaman.

This question is of vital importance to every American citizen, because we are all affected directly or indirectly by the superior powers exercised by the United States Senate.

Niagara Falls had the affirmative and dwelt at length upon deadlocks and the evils resulting therefrom, and bribery and corruption in the state legislatures. Their statements were, in general, merely assertions, and were not backed up by any good authenticated proof.

Olean had the negative, and bore up its arguments with great effectiveness and enthusiasm. They proposed to elect senators by a plurality, instead of a majority vote, and justified the arguments by present usage, so accordingly, there would be no deadlocks, and consequently no evils resulting therefrom. They showed by example that whole counties are now bribed, and that the illusage of money originated with the people and not the state legislatures. Another point was, that the people are already unable to elect wise, intelligent and faithful legislators in their own state, and so consequently they would be less able to elect men to a more responsible trust.

The Olean boys proved their points, but were, doubtlessly, out-

done by the apparent smoothness and pointed oratorical effects of the best speaker in rebuttal for Niagara Falls. The final verdict was, two decisions for the affirmative and one for the negative.

This is the second and last debate of the season, and twice we have met with apparent defeat, but much has been done to get Olean reinstated in her former debating relationships. After several years of inexperience, Olean has again reorganized a debating society, and, it is hoped that next year they will go on from victory unto victory and will ultimately be lords of all they survey.

HERBERT W. ISAMAN.

—o—

For Boys Only.

This goes to show that girls are just as inquisitive as ever.

Students faults are many,
Teachers have only two—
Everything they say
And everything they do.—Ex.

A Modern High School Boy.

An imitation mustache,
A ten-cent diamond pin;
A head that's crammed (?) with knowledge,
A purse that's always thin.
A pair of latest trousers,
A baseball for a toy;
Well mixed, and you have finished
A modern high school boy.

He who intends to get up with the sun should not sit up too late with the daughter.

If you love me tay toe,
And if you don't love me tay toe,
And if you love me and can't tay toe, tay toe,
And don't teep me tanding here alone on these told tone teeps.—Ex.

Although you may scan
This paper in a minute,
Remember that it took a month
To collect what's in it.—Ex.

Song by Virgil Class.—Ballad of Aeneas.

I want to be, I want to be,
I want to be way down in Hades,
Where all who die are sure to go,
Juniors, Fresh and the wise Sopho.
I want to see, I want to see,
I want to see my dad in Hades.
You can tell the world I'm going to
H-E-double—I don't know how to spell it,
But I'm going, you bet I'm going
To my dad in Pluto's land.—Ex.



Miss Saunders in Elocution—Now, everyone take a long, deep breath and exhale in short pants.

We wonder if Fitch and Sullivan have removed the mud from their trousers after practicing the hook slide?

Isaman must be quite popular with Miss Hosley from the cheering the other morning.

We wonder if our debaters have recovered from the "Beauty of Niagara" yet?

Shorty got something for nothing in assembly when the girls cheered for him.

Guess O. H. S. is not "some" popular. Four of our most promising young men have already been chosen for senators.

Daly's favorite song, "In My Harem."

Tuthill likes to dance, no matter what it is, "The Bunny Hug," for instance.

Bob Walldorff is hitting it pretty high. Three at once is his newest record. Pretty good, Bob.

Cohen claims that the only "Man" in this school is "Cheu."

We understand that "Dunk" Wormer is Tyrone Powers' understudy.

Quite a fudge party after the play. "Liars all," eh?

That was a "dead joke" that John Downs pulled off about Mary Reitz.

We won't say anything about Mildred and Ray this time. We'll also pass over Ray and Mildred the 2nd.

Miss Pratt in Caesar B: "Mr. Daily, please speak a little louder. Miss Walldorff is not accustomed to your voice."

"Tuthill is so fickle he'll get in a pickle one of these days," so Miss ——— says. And we believe it, but no joking, we certainly are glad that blow didn't spoil Curt's lovely countenance.

Miss R. Allen seems to look sad of late. Cheer up, it will be "Wormer" again bye and bye.

Twinkle, twinkle lovely star,
How I wonder if you are
When at home the tender age
You appear when on the stage.

Strange how many young boy friends Bob Walldorff has. Is Bob a pretty good chaperone?

Swain thinks because F comes before H in the alphabet that Frances comes before Helen in the Seely question.

What's the attraction for Miss Greenan in 106? How about it, Briody?

Kick them in the ankle,
Slam them in the jaw;
Eagles! Eagles!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Miss Jackson says she likes a (Hart)y laugh.

What's the attraction at Westbrook's, Miss Fowler? Are you learning to become a "Miller"

Dot LaWall is very fond of (Uncle Fudge.

I have seen a lot of funny things,
In the places I have been;
But the thing that strikes me funniest,
Is to see Miss Crandall grin.

O. H. S., '14.

R. Allen says if she ever went north and got froen, Blair would Worm-er.

Wonder why Miss Reichte goes to Buffalo to have her heart treated? For information ask Jack.

Why is it, Miss Wiles, you find something very interesting downtown? Surely it isn't on account of G. H., is it?

There was a young fellow named Watts,
Who grew up without any stops.
His head hit one day
The ceiling, they say,
And now he keeps down near his socks.—Shakespeare.

M. Geise says that he would rather eat on the Rhod(a) any day than at the Walldorff.

We wonder why Miss Battles does not attend school on Thursday afternoon (college day?)

Shaner, don't stick around F. Seely so much or Wallen will get after you.

Johnnie Downes is quite a lawyer. He won his very first case, didn't he, Mary?

Miss Shoemaker is a "sedentary" person.

M. Reitz thinks "Raub" the nicest name in the world since the sleighride.

If Marie Sharp can't tear, will she rip Or-cutt?

Yes, I know it's fun to play tag in school, but better not let Miss Saunders see you chasing Jo in the halls, Hayden, or something might happen.

Why does Miss M. Hosley crane her neck so when she passes Palmer's drug store? For information see Buster.

Caddy Sheiterle spells her name with a Kay now.

Poort Art! All the girls are after him. But girls, just calm yourselves. Don't you know by this time that Marie has the inside track?

There is a lonesome little boy in Buffalo waiting patiently for Aileen's return.

We wonder who owns the class pin Miss Sharp wears so often.
Does he live in Cuba, Marie?

If Gretchen should go blind would she C. Hayden LeRoy?

Miss Welch is becoming very Ernest and Weis of late.

Some of the girls would like to meet Miss La Wall's uncles. Oh,
Fudge!

Wonder why Miss Underwood likes to go to Eldred. Do you suppose Briton knows?

Miss Abbott thinks that Gates are a wonderful invention.

Miss C—— to Becker in Eng. History: "Why did Queen Mary bring William of Orange with her when she came to England?"

Putt: "He was the other half."

Miss Laffan is often heard to say, "I got you Steve." Is there a reason?

A great old place is Sullivan Hill,
Holding so many one's dear to us all.
For Caddy, there's "K;"
For Marie there is Art,
While Helen wheels "B" in a little go cart;
For Bubbie there's several,
Yes! even Rhoda and Peggy;
While Joe thinks that Dunk is alright tho' he's heavy,
And last but not least, with manner so bold,
It holds that dear place of the "Red and the Gold."

—o—

HIGH SCHOOL VAUDEVILLE.

Under the auspices of the Track Team, a vaudeville performance by the students was given at "The Grand" the first three days of Easter vacation for the purpose of meeting track expenses. Following is the program:

A sketch—"BREAKING AN ENGAGEMENT."

Scene—Hotel parlor.

Characters.

John Fielding (society man).....B. U. Taylor, Jr.
Bessie Smith (spinster)Kathleen Matteson
Binks (bell boy)Maurice Patterson
Singing and Dancing Act.....Frances Seely and Albert Wallen

High School Quartette

Robert Shaner, bass; B. U. Taylor, Jr., first tenor; Raymond Griffin,
second tenor; Albert Wallen, baritone.

"When Uncle Joe Plays a Rag On His Old Banjo."

"Original Rag." Piano, Albert Wallen.

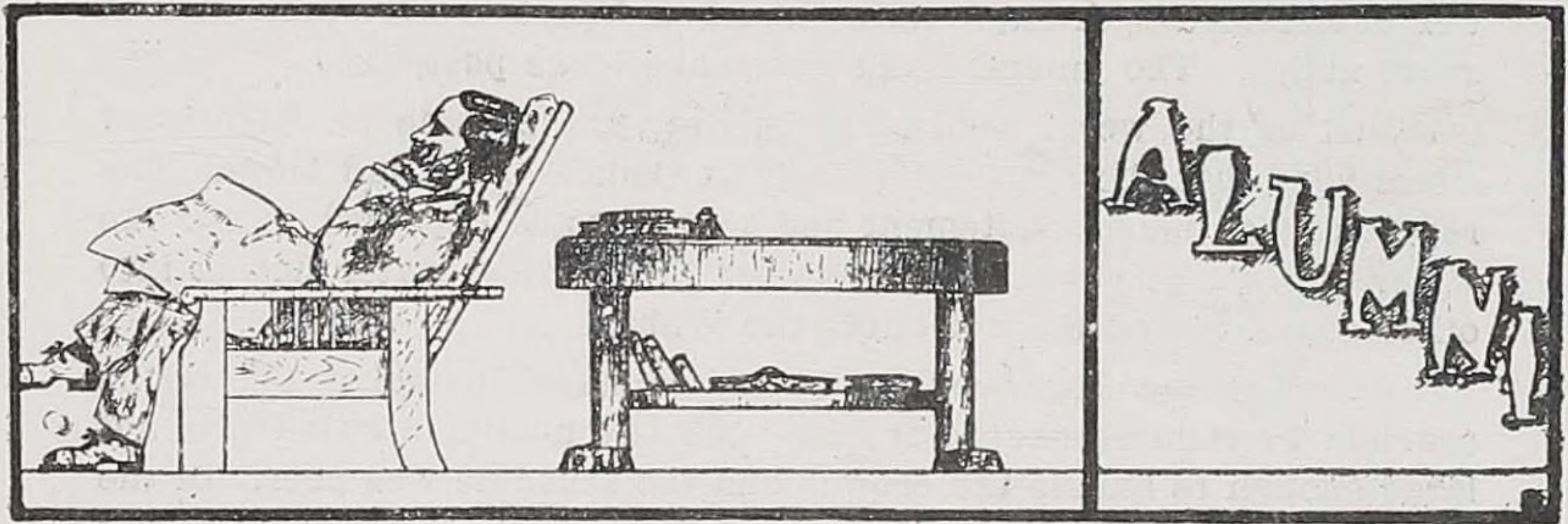
"That Old Girl of Mine."

"Row, Row, Row."

"Dear Old Moonlight."

"Wise Old Moon."

The performances were well attended and proved very successful from both a theatrical and a financial standpoint. Much credit is due the participants, Miss Saunders and Mr. Swain, and Congress in behalf of the student-body, extends them a hearty vote of thanks.



The Flood at Purdue



WHEN the heavy March rains began to swell the sluggish Wabash, the students of Purdue little realized that they were witnessing the forerunner of a flood which was to cause hardship and inconvenience for many months. Consequently, when the water swept away the two connections with the outside world and at the same time paralyzed traffic, stopped the mail, and destroyed the light, heat, gas and water service, the students were face to face with a problem as unexpected as it was serious. This article is written in hopes that the experiences incident to the flood may be of interest to the readers of The Congress.

The break in the levees that cut off outside communication occurred Tuesday afternoon. At first the situation did not seem to be very serious, but as step by step it was discovered that the gas, water and electricity had failed and that the fuel and food supplies were low, the conditions began to loom up in their proper light. As a result Tuesday night witnessed some strange scenes in the university town. The students in every boarding house and in club and fraternity houses had stored up every available drop of drinking water in tubs, cisterns and crocks. The evening meal was eaten by candle light. Those unfortunates who had heavy schedules of classes the next day were grouped in twos and threes around the uncertain light, trying to study. Others were out scouting for food and fuel supplies, and still others kept watchful eyes on the rising flood water.

Wednesday morning found the water still rising. Nearly all of the people of the community were at the water's edge viewing the damage done during the night. Several large buildings had been swept away. Two spans of one bridge had gone out and another had settled. The railroad bridge and levee were still intact. During the day the water swept through the farm where the Wallace-Hagenback circus was in winter quarters. In the afternoon parts of the circus equipment floated past Lafayette.

By Thursday the crest of the flood had passed. The food problem had been solved by the shipping of supplies from small towns at the west of the city. The Standard Oil company sent in a tank of kerosene by four-horse team, thus relieving the light situation. As

conditions began to improve, plans were made for providing amusement until traffic was resumed to the city. Several of the fraternities entertained with impromptu dances and parties were arranged on short notice. The annual Band Promenade was postponed.

Just as the worst seemed to be over, news came by Associated Press wire that the Grand Reservoir at Celina, Ohio, had burst. The report caused much excitement and many people expected to see the water rise six or seven feet. Most of the escaped water flowed into other channels and did not affect the Wabash.

Saturday the Big Four company attempted to solve the traffic problem by running shuttle trains. The one available coach was not large enough to handle the crowds and the schedule was poor. In the effort to make the trip to the city, people climbed through the car windows to board the train. Every available spot on the engine, tender and coach was occupied. After a few days of uncertain service the bridge was condemned. This left no avenue of travel to Lafayette except by foot over the condemned bridge. This was impossible unless the deputy marshals and railroad detectives on guard could be evaded. A rather strict interpretation of the law by the officials made it necessary for people to resort to fake telegrams and other bogus excuses in order to get across the river.

The new condition brought motor boats and house boats into service on the river. The Cayuga, a large motor houseboat, carried the majority of the traffic until its engine broke down and allowed the craft to drift into a bridge pier, putting the boat out of commission and nearly causing a panic among the passengers. A ferry boat was built to carry the crowds, but on the first day of its operation the cable broke and it suffered the same fate that the houseboat did. Reliable transportation has not yet been provided.

An amusing feature of the flood was the exaggerated story printed in some of the newspapers. One Chicago paper startled the public with the headline, "2000 Purdue Students Starving." An Eastern paper stated that the campus (which is about 50 feet above the high water mark) was under five feet of water, that the buildings were being destroyed, and that about half the students were drowned. These false reports only served to alarm anxious parents.

The effect of the flood will be felt for many months. The Junior Prom, the Senior Circus, the baseball games, the Harlequin Club play and the Gala Week exercises will be seriously handicapped by the lack of transportation facilities.

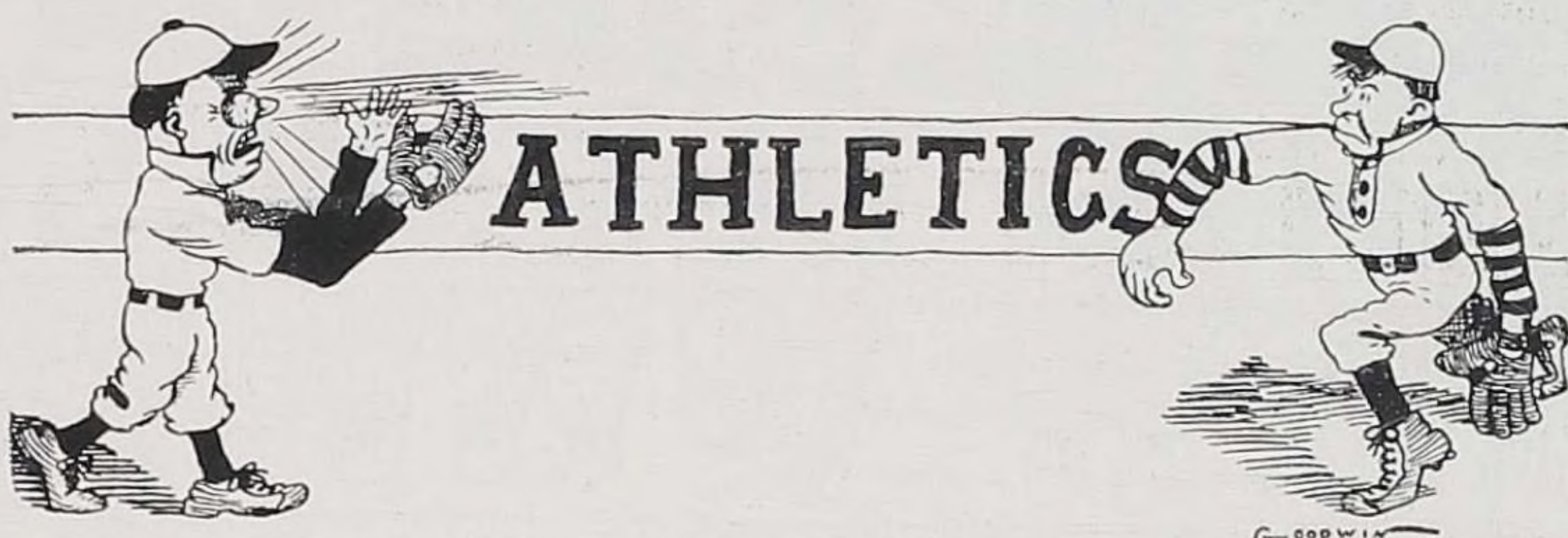
Although there were one or two days of extreme hardships the students fared much better than the residents of most cities in Ohio and Indiana. The novel experiences easily offset the inconveniences suffered.

EARL L. SHANER, '07.

Father—"Johnnie, what are you making all that racket for?"

Son—"So I can play tennis with it."

Father—"Then you will need a bawl, too. Bring me the trunk straps, young man."—Ex.



As spring approaches, the dull thud of the basket ball grows fainter and fainter, and finally gives way entirely to the soft tap, tap, of the runner's feet, or the sharp, clear crack as the baseball soars in a lazy, graceful flight skyward. Enthusiasm in both baseball and track is great this spring, and winning teams are looked for.

The basket ball season just closed, proved to be a great success, both financially and in the percentage of games won. Owing mainly to the fine support of the school, a clear profit of about \$78 remains in the treasury. In the eight games played, four were on opponent's courts, and the remaining four were played at the armory. The O. H. S. five won five and lost three. This is a fairly good record, as the team was exceedingly light, and competed against some of the strongest teams in this vicinity.

Manager Orvis has had the baseball men loosening up stiff muscles, and the team is slowly rounding into form. Orvis has worked hard, with his schedule, and has succeeded in booking ten games so far. There will be five old men back from the 1912 team, and in all probability a majority of the games will be won. Schedule:

April 26—Olean vs. Jamestown, at Jamestown.

May 3—Olean vs. Delevan, at Olean.

May 7—Olean vs. Salamanca, at Salamanca.

May 10—Olean vs. Bradford, at Olean.

May 17—Olean vs. Chamberlin, at Olean.

May 22—Olean vs. Salamanca, at Olean.

May 24—Olean vs. Delevan, at Delevan.

May 31—Olean vs. Jamestown, at Olean.

June 6—Olean vs. Bradford, at Bradford.

June 14—Olean vs. Chamberlin, at Randolph.

Manager Swain has arranged a schedule which will keep the track team busy during the entire season. A large number of men are expected to come out, and for the annual Inter-class meet, some new material will undoubtedly gain places on the 'Varsity. Schedule:

April.—Olean High School; Inter-class meet.

April 19—Cook Academy; Dual meet.

April 26—Chamberlin M. I.; Dual meet.

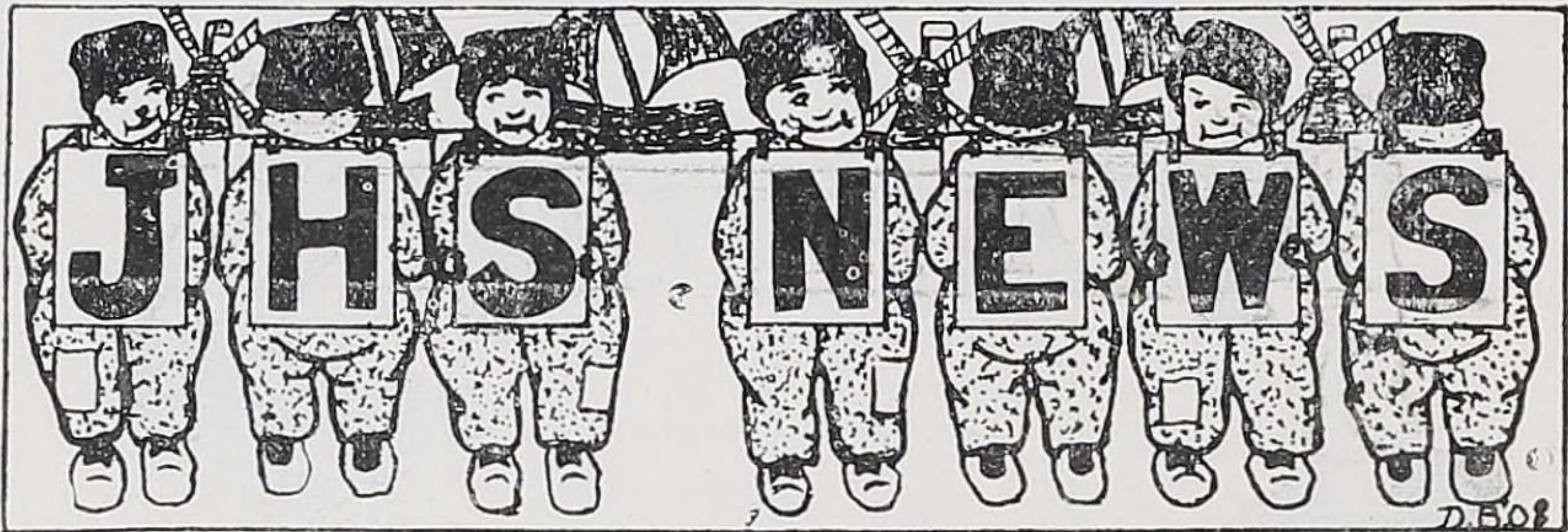
May 10—Cornell; Interscholastic meet.

May 15—Alfred; Interscholastic meet.

June 7—Jamestown High School; Dual meet.

June 14—Bradford High School; Dual meet.

Donald Alderman was elected 1913 football manager at a recent general election of the student body.



The Lost Money

By Florence Degnan.



IT was a beautiful day in June. The sun was half-way across the heavens. Clouds, large and white, were scattered across the blue sky.

In a little town called Browning, at the end of the main street was an old weather-beaten cottage, made of wood and one-story high. At one side of the cottage stood two apple trees, and near the little vine-covered porch stood an old oak tree. A narrow path led to the step. Upon the porch sat an old woman, and a young girl sat at her feet.

The woman had snowy-white hair and large gray eyes. Few of the roses that had once been there was now left upon her cheeks. Her hair was drawn back and formed a knot at the back of her head. She was gowned in a black dress, badly worn in many places. A gingham apron was fastened around her waist and an old blue sun-bonnet hung upon the back of the chair. She sat looking across the fields with a far-away expression in her eyes.

The child was about 11 years old with large brown eyes and long, black, curly hair. Her face was very pale and thin. She had evidently just arisen from a bed of sickness. Her dress was brown in color and neatly made. Her feet were clothed in neat black shoes and stockings. A little, black, curly dog was lying curled up on her lap. She was evidently happier than her grandmother, as her face was radiant with smiles.

"Grandmother," she said, "do not look that way. What are you thinking of?"

The woman started, then said: "I was thinking, Ethel, of the time when your father and mother were alive. We lived in the big white house up the street, then."

Ethel was surprised. Her grandmother had never before called her Ethel, but "Baby." She had never before been spoken to about her father and mother and she had been forbidden to speak of them.

The child turned her beautiful eyes up and looked at her grandmother.

"Grandmother," she said softly, "did we live in that big, white house once?"

"Yes. That was when you were a smaller child. Your father had heard that the bank in which he had all his money was not safe. He drew it out a week before the bank failed. He had hidden it with the intention of transferring it to another bank soon. One day he left town on business and met with a railroad accident. That night he was brought home dead. Your mother was not very strong and the shock killed her. Your father had owed money and in order to get out of debt the house was sold. Then you and I came to live here. The money he had hidden was never found so we were left nearly penniless. You have noticed, Ethel, I have never allowed you to enter the attic. There is where your mother's and father's trunks are kept, but every year on the anniversary of their deaths, I go and look through them, while you are at school. To-morrow is the seventh anniversary. You and I together will look them over then. I have never given up hope, and I think that some day the money will be found and then, if I am living, you will be dressed like the other little girls and we shall again live in the big white house up the street."

The child stood up and put her arms around her grandmother's neck. "Never mind," she said, "when I grow up you will not have to sew any more but I will earn the living then, and if the money is ever found it will be just as you say."

* * *

They were in the old attic, heads together, looking over the old-fashioned clothes.

"Oh! did mamma ever wear that beautiful dress?" said Ethel. "She must have been very pretty. Tell me, did she look like me?"

"Yes, Ethel, only she was prettier." Then silence reigned.

Grandmother put everything back in its place, locked the trunk and crossed the room to another.

As they were looking over the things Ethel gave a cry, half joy and half surprise. When she was asked what the matter was, she answered saying she was only thinking.

That night, about midnight, in the little house, a little white figure could be seen stealing up the attic stairs. She went on tip toe over to her father's trunk.

She had seen something that, as many times as her grandmother had looked the trunk over, she had not seen.

Ethel put the key in the lock and turned it. She opened the trunk, emptied everything upon the floor and lifted up a part of what seemed to be the floor of the trunk and there in piles neatly arranged, lay rolls of bills.

The next morning she told her grandmother about what she had done and was forgiven for not telling her about it when she first noticed it. She wanted to make sure of her discovery before telling anyone.

They now live in the big white house and want for nothing. Ethel has as many pretty clothes as the other little girls.

J. H. S. PERSONALS.

Helen Wagner says, 'I can express whom I love in one Word(en.)

We all thought Dorothy Marshall was starting on a journey Thursday morning in Biology.

Miss Geuder likes a Still(man.) But then, what's in a name?

Oh! Jeff, is that fudge all gone?

Miss Taylor had better try dancing as a remedy for superfluous flesh.

She certainly is a Jewell, isn't she Shaner?

How about the "Dippy Dozen," Walters?

Myrick certainly is a good looker, isn't he, Myrtle?

We wonder why Oviatt Heliker likes to receive love notes?

We wonder why Miss Schue comes so regularly to school lately? For information, ask Prof. Pierce.

You ought to have seen the fight between K. M. and C. F.

Why does O. Heliker like to sit in the back of the J. S. H? Ask Miss Campbell.

Miss M. Berry has struck a Wood-drift (Woodruff.)

Miss Jones is very popular with the young boys is she not? Eh, Barber?

Miss C. Wiles is very Hast(ings)y.

Connie, aren't you glad Doug. has got back?

—o—

NOTICE.

There are a number of students who pledged money to the flower fund for Kathleen Murphy and as yet have not paid these pledges. These people are requested to leave their money with Miss Swain at the office at once, so that this matter can be settled up.

—o—

HONORS.

On Tuesday morning, April 22, 1913, in the Senior Study Hall, Mr. Pierce announced the honors of the Senior Class. These honors, the averages of the four years' work of the students, were awarded to five girls and five boys. Elizabeth Conklin won first honor and Rudolph Sandburg second. The others arranged in alphabetical order were: Josephine Carlson, Margaret Fisher, George Herold, Herbert Isaman, Vera Koontz, Hayden LeRoy, Harold Murray and Bessie Tomes.

—o—

ELECTIONS.

At a meeting of the Sophomore Class held Monday afternoon, April 28, at 2:45 o'clock, Norman Tompkins was elected President; Marie O'Connell, Vice-President; Howard Raub, Secretary, and Jane McDuffie, Treasurer. The choices of the Sophomores could hardly be improved, and they are to be congratulated for organizing so early in their high school life. The Congress wishes them success. Before adjournment President Tompkins appointed a committee to select rings and pins.

EXCHANGES



Give fair criticism.

The Windmill, Manlius, N. Y. Am glad to say that this excellent magazine occupies the top berth in our Exchanges. Literature, athletics and editorials are unequalled.

The High School Recorder, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Your paper is very snappy, but a few more cuts would greatly add to its appearance.

The Owl, Corry, Pa. A breezy little paper. Glad to place you among our Exchanges.

Brady High School Journal, Brady, Texas. Short and sweet.

High School Journal, Brownwood, Texas. We're with you. Thanks for your compliment. Your paper ranks in the first row among our Exchanges. Your literary department to say the least is excellent.

The Academic Observer, Utica, N. Y. Cuts are woefully absent. Otherwise your paper is above par.

The Walking Leaf, Montour Falls, N. Y. A very good magazine.

Volcano, Hornell, N. Y. Still at the top with your short stories.

The Blue and White, Trinidad, Col. Your story, "The Bean Ball," is well written and has a fine moral.

The Purple Pennant, Cortland, N. Y. Why not comment on more of your Exchanges?

The Student Life, Claremont, Cal. You still maintain your high standard of excellence.

The Curtis Monthly, New Brighton, N. Y. Your system ranks high among our Exchanges.

The Magnet, Butler, Pa. Appropriate cover design. Short stories are good.

The Staton, Corning, N. Y. Splendid cover design. General excellence.

The Occident, Rochester, N. Y. Nice cover design well arranged and well written.

The Normal News, Cortland, N. Y. Your paper has good subjects which are well handled. A few cuts would add to its merit.

The Chronicle, Niagara Falls, N. Y. Interesting stories and plenty of them. Cover design would help appearance of the paper.

The Techtornian, Buffalo, N. Y. Very appropriate cover design. Instructive stories.

The Masten Park Chronicle, Buffalo, N. Y. Good stories, but lacking in cuts.

The Searchlight, Minot, N. Dak. Your paper is interesting and well gotten up.

The Vindex, Elmira, N. Y. Editorials are up to standard, but you are still lacking in cuts.

The Houghton Star, Houghton, N. Y. Glad to have your paper. Novel cuts.

High School Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y. A credit to your school. One of the most popular journals on our Exchange list.

The Searchlight, Portville, N. Y. Very brief. Needs cuts.

The Spinner, Memphis, Tenn. Neat cover design, but why not add a little more to the literature?

The Boone Review, Wuchang China. A very interesting paper. The fine photographs show interest in athletics.

The Palhinews, Palmyra, N. Y. We welcome the first edition of the Palhinews with its clever cartoons. Come again.

The Monthly, Alfred, N. Y. Would suggest a darker color for your cover. Otherwise your paper is excellent.

The Academician, Canandaigua, N. Y. Smart paper, but sadly in need of cuts.

We also acknowledge with thanks the following Exchanges:

The High School Journal, Grove City, Pa.

Echo, Griffith Institute, Springville, N. Y.

The Spokesman, Erie, Pa.

The Hobart Herald, Geneva, N. Y.

The Campus, Rochester, N. Y.

How Congress Stands in Other Schools.

"Now here is a really good journal. The cuts are unusually good and suitable. Everything in the literary department of the Xmas issue is excellent."—From the High School Journal, Brownwood, Texas.

"Your literary department is rather limited. Otherwise your paper is excellent."—From the "Academic Observer, Utica, N. Y.

"The Congress has some good points. Its stories are interesting, and the entire book is well arranged."—From the Spinner, Memphis, Tenn.

"Where, oh, where has your table of contents gone?"—From the Blue and White, Hammonton, N. J.

He—"How'd you like to have a pet monkey?"

She—"Oh! This is so sudden."—Ex.

Teacher—"Tom, use the word 'indigent' in a sentence."

Tom—"De guy stuck a pin in de gent."—Ex.

FRED W. FORNESS, Jr.

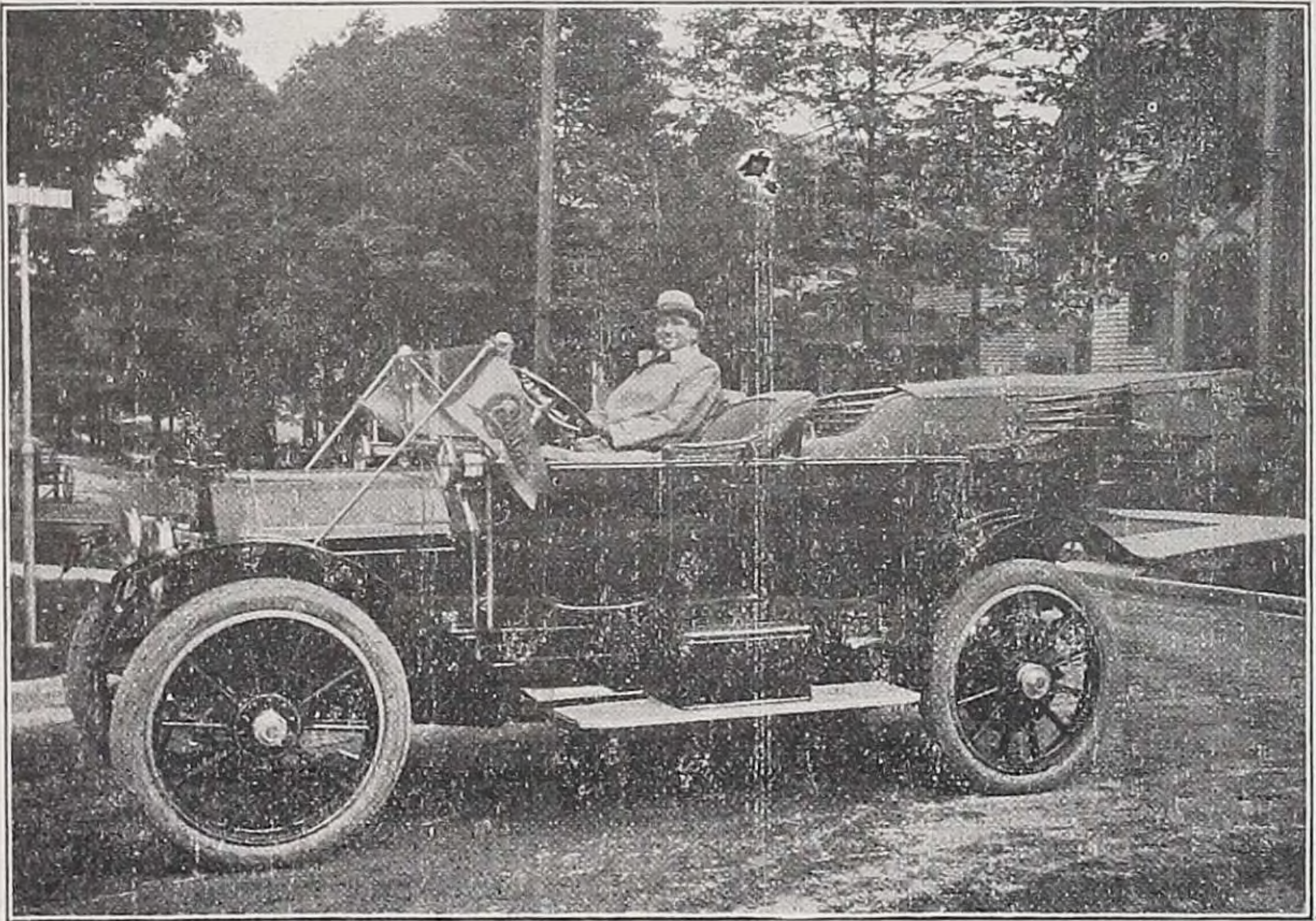
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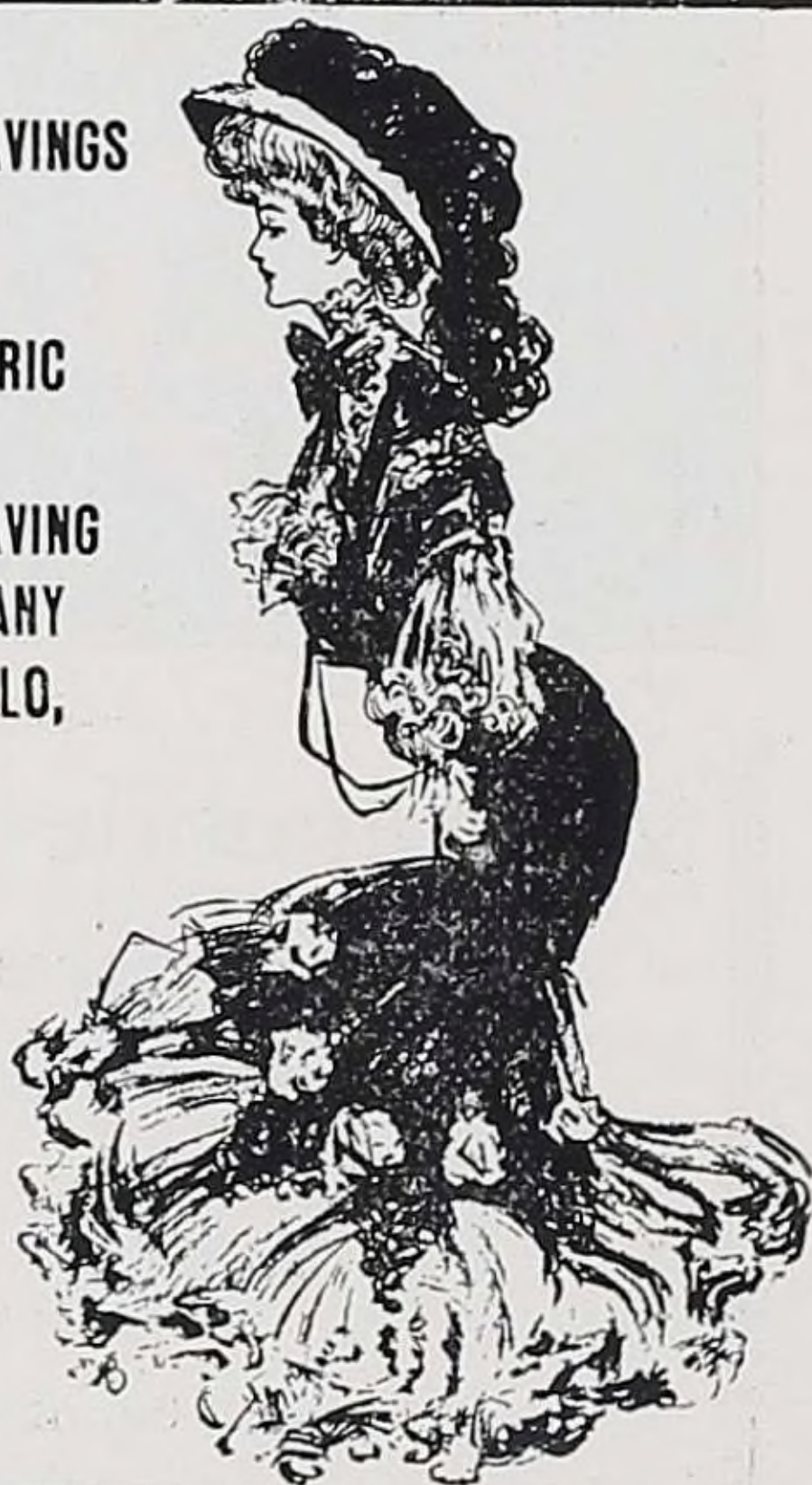
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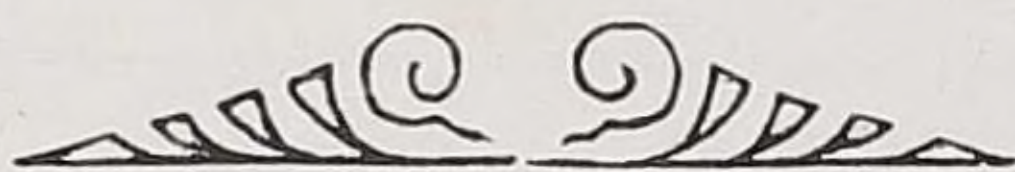
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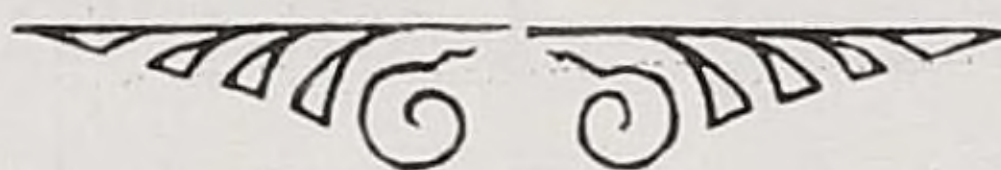
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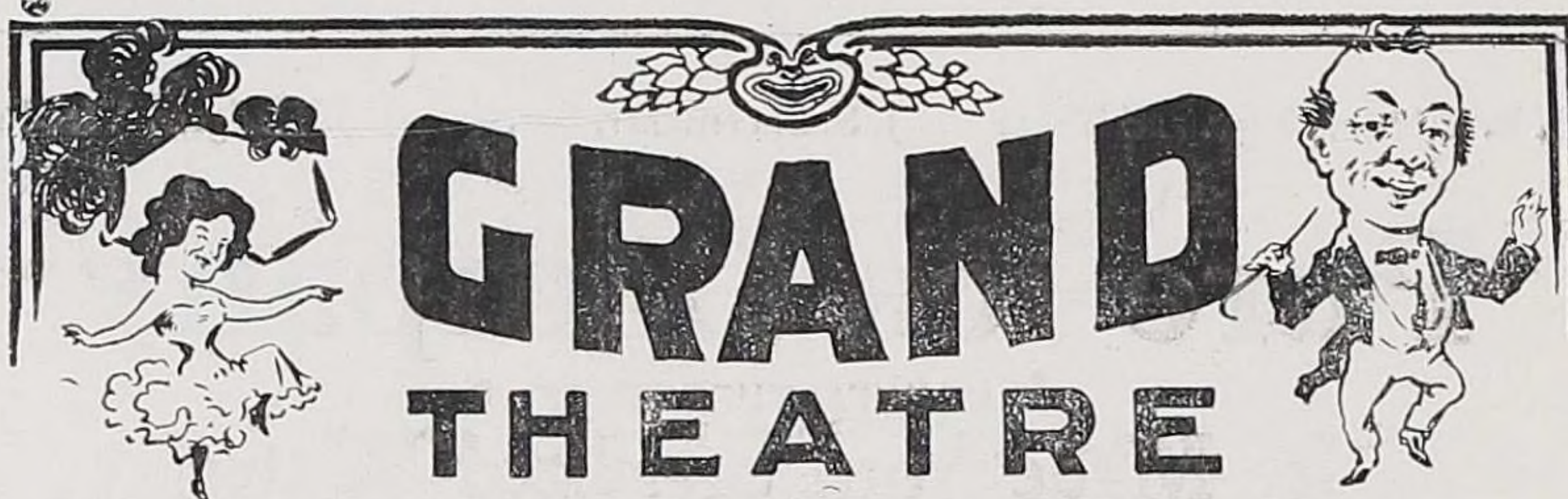
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