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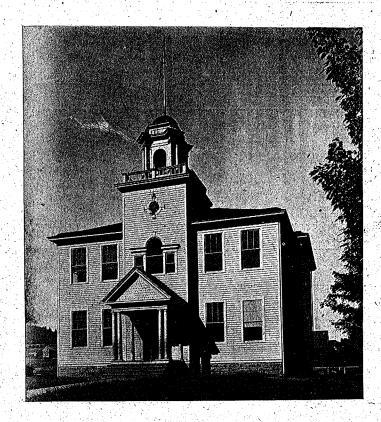
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THEOWL



Devoted to the Interests of Wellsville High School.

Vol. IV.

Wellsville, N. Y. April, 1908.

No. V.

THE DAWN OF A NEW EASTER



WAS on Ash Wednesday, we turned aside from the highways of worldly ambitions and self-seeking to walk more soberly along the gray, cloister-like avenues of the Lent-

en season. Now we are emerging, again into the radiance of the Easter. morning.

Once Easter meant to us the gleeful occasion when colored eggs or ried with others of the family in the consumption of these articles at breakfast Easter morning. A little later, we associated the harmony of music and the fragrance of flowers with the Resurrection day. But, at the same time, we were delighted with some new adornment in the line of dress. And what does this Easter, 1908, mean to us?

We shall look upon the meadows tinted with new verdure, we shall listen to the robin's anthem of praise, we shall feel the stirrings of spring beneath our feet, in life about us and in the very breeze that blows. Again life shall be worth while, hope will soar and ambition be revived.

Yet Easter should mean more than this return of physical energy. Under the influence of the bright sun shine, the balmy air, the music of the birds, the heart should open in sympathy. Perhaps throughout the year we have so busy attending to all the details of modern school life that we have overlooked our neighbor and his burden. This indifference, chilling as winter, should fall away as an ugly cloak that we may array ourselves in the garments of good cheer. Easter emphasizes our oneness of belief in the new life. Cemented together by this bond, we should be more loyal, each to each.

While we listen to the call of spring ad match the resurrection of nature in tree, blade and flower, we come to greater reverence for the Creator of nature.

. (

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wind;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."

'—WAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE'

By MAURINE McPHERSON



AY down south in Dixie.' hooray, hooray, Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis boombeg your pardon, did you address me? It's Easter vacation, you know, so I'm hard of hearing, especially when I'm expressing my delight that school is out and I'm go ing away, away, away

down south to Dirie. Trust me to show you a good time, Jimmie, You'll never blame me again for wishing myself away from this hard hearted Yankee land."

Wade Maynard paused for breath and watched his roommate jam an armful of clothes into his trunk in a manner to scandalise anyone but a college boy, or possibly a college girl. Wade was a typical southern boy from Georgia attending a military schoolin New York. He was tall, probably six feet, broad shouldered, with a carriage which proclaimed him a "firs. gentleman of the south." His hair was black and waved back from his forehead. That he had been bred under sunny skies was evident from his dark complexion. Just at the present moment, his eyes were twinkling as if he might be looking for trouble.

James Merritt, his roommate, was from Pennsylvania. In appearance he was just the opposite of Wade, being tall, but stronger looking than the southern boy, with brown hair and merry gray eyes.

Wade stood looking out the window. his hands in his pockets.

"There goes Hill, of Canada," he said, "poor fellow, how I pity him, going even farther north than he already is. South of the Mason and Dixon line for mine, Merritt. Won't I show you a thing or two. Oh, I can hardly wait! Mother says the fruit trees have blossomed, the grass is

green, and there is going to be no end of good times. Lucile just lives out doors now, painting the spring blossoms. She's my cousin you; know."

'Oh! you don't say so. I've heard you mention her, but since I'm going with you, please be more explicit. You know I can't come back to this place without having captured at least one southern beauty," said Jimmie. looking 'round to see if there. was anything else he could stuff in his trunk before he stamped the lid down.

"Welll, Merritt, since you're so inquisitive, I'll proceed. Pretty, well I reckon she is. She's just twenty, lives next door to us, but never mind, Old Man, no use turning your optics in that direction."

"Now, why not? You, don't mean to say I've lived with you all these months and this passion has been smouldering in your heart, concealed from me, your roommate, your chum!"

Merritt rolled his eyes in mock alarm. "Oh! this is so sudden, and you haven't even one picture of the lady."

"I'm in for it now." thought Wade, "and I might as well have some fun."

"No," he drawled. "Cousins aren't usually as fond of each other as all that." He winked at the first robin of the year and turned away from the window.

"Well of all the-. Better pack the room in while you're at it, some one might steal it while your gone. You've half my duds as it is. Good thing I'm going to take you along with me. To return to Lucile. You see she's engaged to a chap who is abroad at present, trying to be a musician. Don't mention that I told you though, there might be trouble."

"Hum-m, private property, no trespassing, I see. Well never mind I won't bother Lucile-what's her other

"Same's mine," shortly replied Maynard. "Reckon I'd better start packing if we're going to catch that 6 o'clock train south. He started in his deliberate southern way, but managed to get through in time.

At midnight the following night the boys reached the little town in Georgia that Wade called home. The morning he was over at his cousins early.

"Oh Wade!" cried Lucile, "how glad I am to see my old play fellow But why did you send me those roses this morning the first thing? You aren't noted for being so thoughtful. You naughty boy. You know you want something. What is it?"

"You see," replied Wade, "I've got my roommate here with me. Poor fellow, he's an 'orfling' 'way off from his mama and pap. Didn't mother mention it? I'd like to have him entertained right royally. May I bring him over this evening?"

"How exceedingly sad," laughed Lucile. 'Pray, what do you wish me to do to him?"

"Oh, just make him real happy, and then break his little heart. You know how all right," said Wade.

"You're a horrid boy. Do you want me to play for him?"

"Yes."

"Sing?"

"Oh yes, that's part of the program. Then take him for a stroll in the moonlight out under the orange blosssoms. But let me give you a bit of advice. Don't fall in love with him yourself because he's engaged to a girl in New York. See?" Wade walked to the window and winked at a, robin, not the first one of the year.

"Yes, my dear, I'll carry out your instructions to the letter," replied Lu-. cile. "Now run along home, your mama might want you, and I'm busy. Skidoo!"

Wade sauntered away toward his home, one of the stately mansions such as are found only in the old slave states. He found Merritt talking with his mother.

"Come along, and I'll show you the town." he said.

Just at dusk the boys wended their way to the great comfortable porch where Lucile awaited them near one of the massive pillars. Short and slim she was dressed in thin embroidered white, contrasting with the darkness of her eyes, the dusky black of her hair. She resembled her cousin, but straight nose and rosy mouth and tilted chin showed she was a haughty little miss. She wore the deep cream roses Wade had sent her.

"Let us hope that musician drowns on the way home," thought Merritt. He was presented to the girl, then Maynard suggested she bring her guitar and give them some of the old southern songs.

"What shall it be first?" she inquir-

"Oh! 'Dixie' will do for a starter," prompted Wade.

Then came the old negro lullaby:

"Doan yo' cry ma' honey. Doan yo' cry no moah,

Mammy's gwine to keep her baby. All de odeh black trash

Is sleepin' on de flo'

Mammy only loves her boy."

The sweet girlish voice trailed off into silence. Merritt was past all saneness, and Maynard was aware of the fact.

"Tomorrow is Easter," said Lucile, "and we're going to have the most heautiful service at the church. It seems to me Easter is the sweetest, most solemn time of the year. Don't you think so?" '

"Ye-es, most decidedly," stammered Merritt.

Maynard eyed him. "Yes indeed, when its your first Easter in Dixie, and-" thought he.

"Lucile, I reckon Jimmie would like to see the orange orchard with the moon beaming down upon it," he said aloud, gazing pensively up at the man in it. "I'll just try the guitar. I know it won't respond to me like it does to you, but I'm tired, so run along children."

Easter morning the boys attended the little village church. The pulpit was covered with lilies and orange blossoms. The choir was of young girls, all in white. They sang an anthem. Did Merritt appreciate it? No, it was all Lucile to him. The minister prayed. "Lucile, Oh dear Lucile," was what he said. He preached and bade his flock hold no anger in their hearts that the beautiful Easter morning. Merritt decided that he didn't hate any one or wouldn't, if he could just put that musician out of the way.

"Now what did he have to butt-in for," was his rather unbalanced thought.

There was a round of parties, picnics, and every amusement imaginable the next two weeks. Merritt happened to be Lucile's escort (in the abscence of the musician and the girl in New York) and his condition became more serious all the time.

And how about Lucile? But never mind. You know it is said a girl never knows her own heart, and, anyway, he was engaged.

The night before the boys went back to school Merritt, as usual, was with Lucile. Wade was bidding his adieus elsewhere. She had just laid aside the guitar, and he suggested that they talk a walk.

"Wade asked me not to mention it, but I can't help it. When is he coming back? (hope its during the stormy season.") said Jimmie.

"Who are you talking about, Mr. Merritt?"

"Why that musician, of course, that you are engaged to."

"I! I never was engaged in my life! Where did you get that notion?"

"Wade told me before we left school.

Lucile! Then I can love you, won't you let me, I—"

'Mr. Merritt, I think you are forgetting that girl in New York, that Wade told me about," but her eyes were twinkling, for she began to think she knew her cousin better than Jimmie

"I haven't any girl in New York, truly I haven't. So Wade told you that did he? I believe the rascal has had things his way long enough. Won't you say you love me, dear, please? We can outwit his plans yet."

"Maybe we are falling right in with them," replied Lucile demurely, "and anyway I don't believe I want anyone to love me who does it to get ahead of his scheming friend."

"Oh! I don't mean that, you know. I can't say what I want to, but what I want is your love. Tell me can come back again and that there isn't anyone else.

"I reckon—sometime—" she said softly.

"You darling," he whispered, and kissed her right under the orange blossoms.

The moon smiled and winked slyly, not at the robins, but at the happy lovers.

EXHIBIT OF ART WORK AT CITY HALL

The Horace K. Turner art exhibition was placed on exhibition last month for the purpose of raising money for the purchase of pictures and statuets for the decoration of the walls in the various rooms. The pictures were enjoyed by those who had the time to carefully take in the beauties of each print. They were however not worth half the price asked for them and the sales of the pictures didn't materialize. Financially the venture was a failure. The \$16 did not pay for the labor expended and the cause for which it was given will have to go begging for a safer and surer way of raising the

The Wellsville High School art exhibit was placed in the city hall soon after and it was a success. Every branch of the work in the public schools of the city was reviewed by the patrons. The work was worthy of the labor expended and was well attended. The exhibit of work will hereafter be annual and will represent the best there is in the schools. If any more exhibits are needed to raise money for school purposes let us suggest that it be the exhibit of the students and not the prints of the work of some ancient and antiquated painter whose work must be seen in the original to be appreciated.

THE HISTORY OF THE MASQUE

By Lena Frank

The masque was a species of dramatic performance much in vogue in England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as the favorite form of private theatricals at that time.

The masque originated in the practice of introducing, in any solemn or festive procession, men wearing masks, who represented either imaginary or allegorical personages. At first, it was simply an acted performance, but gradually it expanded into a regular dramatic entertainment, supplemented by music, dances, elaborate costumes and scenery. In the hands of men like Fletcher, Jonson and Milton, it attained a high degree of literary beauty.

Although during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England, actors were not greatly favored and were excluded from society, yet the actors in the masque were either royal personages or of the nobility. Instead of being a disgrace it was considered an honor to act in a performance of this kind. The masque was usually designed to grace some important occasion and was not intended to attract a paying public.

The preparations for a masque were very costly, involving scenery, music, costumes, and supernatural-attendants

The most elegant scenery contrived for the masque was by Inigo Jones, a famous architect. His talent for designing attracted the attention of the Earl of Pembroke, who furnished Jones the means to travel in Italy to study art. When Jones returned to England he was employed in supplying decorations for the court masques. His designs were so beautiful that ne was often called the "English Palladio."

The masque was introduced in England by Henry VIII., as a result of the Renaissance in Italy. It was popular during Elizabeth's reign but reached

its height during the reign of James 1.

Ben Jonson made the masque a thing of literary beauty, in which his classic learning and graceful fancy united to furnish royal amusement. Giles Fletcher wrote several fine masques and some of his works were followed by Milton. Milton's masque "Comus" has been pronounced the finest in the English language. It was written during the reign of Charles I., when the taste for this kind of performance had died away, yet the theme was so lofty, and the treatment suppoetic, that it has survived to our day.

It was presented at Ludlow castle in 1634 in honor of Earl Bridgewater's appointment to the wardenship of the Welsh marshes. Comus conforms to the demands of the masque in that it was acted by the nobility, the costumes; scenery and supernatural effects were elaborate, old Greek myths were introduced and it was performed in the presence of a select audience. Comus had been criticized for its lengthy monologues, and for the introduction of the prologues by one of the characters. Its great distinction is in beauty of form and diction, and its lofty sentiment.

In recent times the Ben Greet company has revived he masque and presented in in several cites and college towns. Today, the only masques written are for perusal in the library and not for acting.

Teacher—Willie, what is a board foot?

Willie—Please, sir, it's the lower end of a wooden leg.—Columbia Jester.

Professor (lecturing upon the Rhinocerous)—I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me.

AMATEUR TOMMY, DETECTIVE



AY TOMMY there is a telegram, take it to No. 127th Street. Hurry now!

The above were the words of direction from a Western Union telegraph operator to his messenger by as he

handed the message just received, to him.

"All right, boss," said the lad, darting out the door and down the street.

"Ah! what a good place to read," said Tommy to himself as his eyes rested on an empty dry goods box in an alley. The box was turned on its side and the sun was shining warm within.

Soon Tommy was curled up in the box and had his thoughts buried in a new ten cent novel.

"Hully Gee! Dar's d'at counterfeit guy. Guess I'll sneak along after da guy and see where he bunks, and if he's th' feller the cops want I'll tell 'em where he is and they can pinch 'im"

These were Tommy's mentai thoughts.

"Hully Gee, goin' inter Pinkney's dive, Huh,"

The flashily dressed man went down the steps and into one of the lowest dives of New York, closely followed by the daring Thomas.

"Hully Pinkney, gimme a cherry flip with a Mitle Molligan in it," or dered the counterfeiter stepping up to the bar and giving his order to the bullet headed, bulldog faced man be hind the bar.

'Any of the fellows come yet?" he continued.

"Yas Tony, they're in the'r back room." answered Pinkney.

"Guess I'll go in." and with that

he passed in through the bar room and our the door in the rear.

"Whatcher want, kid?" Pinkney asked of bold Thomas.

"Aw hully gee. Say Pink don't pinch to der cops, but jest give me a 'whiskey straight.'

"Huh! Yew jest give me de dough an I won't pinch. I know 'er lot 'er fellers you kin find what started soon er'n you h'ev."

Tom took the glass of firey liquor set out to him, and at the same time he called the attention of Pink to a bottle that was about to fall from the shelf behind him, and when Pink turned around Tom quickly poured the whiskey into a hole in the floor where a plumber had at some time removed a pipe, but when Pink turned around Tom was wiping his lips on his coat sleeve

"Good, kid, Huh?" said Pink. "Want some more?"

"Yes," said Tom, and he managed to drain the pint bottle Pink had set out, and each time Tom "drank" he called Pink's attention away from himself and poured the whiskey into the hole in the floor.

After sitting around a while Tom made believe he was drowsy and asked Pink if he could have a place to sleep. Pink saw a chance to rob Tom and so he thought he would give Tom a place to sleep and after he had gotten well under the influence of the whiskey he would rob him.

Pink led Tom to the back room and motioned him to lie down on a pile of shavngs. Tom lay down and soon pretended sleep, After Tom had "fallen asleep," Pink went into the room and unbuttoned Tom's coat, felt in his pockets and then with a grunt of disgust turned and went away.

"Well hul-ly gee! said Tom to hinself after Pink had returned to the barroom. Pink yer nearly got me that time. But huly gee, didn't I fool you on de whiskey. An say didn't

d'at stick I leaned against th' door help some too."

Tom now crept to a door and opening it softly let himself in, then hiding behind a box he awaited developments.

Besides Tom there were other occupants for the men Tony had spoken about were there as well as Tony hin self and they were talking about a pile of counterfeit money that was in a box on a tablé in the center of the room.

Tony was the center of attraction and in his Bowery speech was telling how he would pass the stuff. After he had talked a while he asked one of the men if he would go and call Pink.

Tom nearly fainted away when he heard this, for he would be seen by the man when he came to the door.

The man started for where Tom lay hidden, and Tom sprang from his place of concealment as if he had just come through the door, and shouted.

"Fire! fire! d'er house is on fire!"
The men began to rush for the door, but Tony called them back, saying:

"Aw cheese it! de kid's daffy, for he follered me in an' now he was feared he'd be pinched. So he up and yells 'fire' ter t'row us offen our base. Catch de kid, Jim, and bring him here.

Jim, the man that was going to summon Pink, stepped forward to carry out the order, but Tom was "on his job" and wheeled and ran for the door, but did not get out, for he ran into the arms of Pink.

"Hay're, where be youse goin' kid?" said Pink.

"Aw pass it up Pink, de gent, Tony said for me ter fetch 'im er drink of yer poison."

"Did yer Tony?" Pink asked.

Naw, bring th'r kid in Pink." So Pink dragged the struggling Thomas into the room.

'Stan' 'im over in that corner," was Tony's next order.

"Now boy, yer is in a rather tight place and as 'dead kids tell no stories' we will make yer 'nter a dead kid. Now boys, take ye guns an' stan' over in this corner an' when I say three you shoot, and see yer shoot straight, then

we will dump the kid's remains inter the sewer, and no one 'll be th' wiser,"

The ten men all but Tony and Pink, stock in a row and drawing their revolvers, they stood ready to shoot.

"Ready!" said Tony.

"One!"

"Two!"

"Th—!"

"Wow!" exclaimed Tommy, as he struck the middle of the street.

The next instant he heard these words:

"Yez kaint shlape in a boz along my beat, and in broad day light at that." The words came from the same cop that had so suddenly hurled Tommy from his peaceful repose in the box.

Tommy gathered himself together and limped back to the box, secured his precious novel then seeing the copcoming started on a run down the street.

"Hully gee! I wonder what them guys would have done with me if that confounded cope hadn't butted in."

This story was written by a freshman and is calculated to satisfy the curosity of the girls as to what a real yellow novel contains, without compeling them to indulge in one.

Scene: SUMMIT OF MT.VESUVIUS.

American Tourist—Great Snakes!
It reminds me of hell.

English Tourist—My goodness! How these American do travel.—Ex.

At first I thought I knew it all, But now I must confess,
The more I know, I know, I know,
I know I know the less.

The latest thing among college boys is the pompadour. This ought to be a great boon to High School boys who find it impossible to keep a part in the hair. The chic effect can be obtained by running a comb through the hair the wrong way. If the hair refuses to produce the proper frightened appearance the application of a box or so of vaseline is advised.—Ex.

THE HAND THAT WON NO. 11



r WAS not an uncommon thing or was it the cause of a great deal of comment when there chanced to be a new teacher in Number 11. Number 11 was the seat of more deviltry than any other district in the township, and had as the worthy school director expressed it, the "Orneryist lot of

boys that ever chewed a paper wad. Just where the director found out the possibilities of teh paper wad is an other story, but he was aware of it's existence, nevertheless.' Just now there was to be a new teacher in No. 11. The former administer of educational principles had been forced to resign much to the satisfaction of the boys who attributed his quitting as another scalp in their belt of victories over teachers. He had been in No. 11 as long as the average teacher cared to stay, about three months. He. was big, came from the city and talked like a lady, all of which qualities were against the ideals of the big members of No. 11. But he was big and for that reason he had stayed and it had compelled three of the bigges. in the school to lick him when the time came. He had said he would give back all that he had received to some of the big No. 11's, but he had, resigned, had been forgotten, and now a new teacher was to take his place.

Long before there was an possibility of the new teacher arriving the school had assembled with no small show of curiosity to see the new victim of the terrors of No. 11. At nearly nine the new teacher arrived, but the greeting was cold. Long before that individual had reached the school curiosity had turned to disgust and soon to indignation, an insult had been heaped upon the members of No. 11. The new teacher was a woman. A dainty, pret

ty, nervous and delicate schoolma'm, No! Even that would have been an insult, but what a sight as greeted the eyes of the victorious big boys. Large, awkward, and with a make up theatre face the new teacher was no feast for the eyes of even No. 11.

How that first day neared it's close was a mystery to the school. Everyone eyed the teacher and usually withstood the temptation as long as possible only to break in a snicker, when they couldn't do anything else.

The new teacher was not a talker evidently, she was made to command by her look rather than by word, and she governed. Not until school time was most over and that restless spell wnich always comes one-half hour before time to dismiss had begun to settle over the sloven members of No. 11, did the big, unrulies remember that they were not trying out the new teacher in the proper manner. It was something about the new teacher that seemed familiar which they were not, quite able to make out that had kept down their disgust and that was bothering the leaders of the former raids on all new school teachers, big or little, male or female.

At just five minutes to four the schoolma'm arose and ordered that all books he put away. Everyone looked at the leader of the bunch. It was the first command that directly concerned him. Again the command, and all the books went under the desks, all but the biggest boy, he had not moved.

He received one glance and before he was aware just what was doing he was standing before the new teacher in response to a command to come forward. He eyed the teacher just a second. Then he was aware that something had struck him between the eyes, he reeled, his head swam and he was almost dazed. With an attempt at a recovery, he made a snarl-

ing rush for the teacher. This time he was floored. He raised up, rubbed his eyes and looked at the teacher. He came near falling again. Something had slipped from the teacher's head. He knew him, it was a man and no—yes, the man teacher that he had helped whip. He had been tricked and licked before the whole school by a sham woman.

But the rest of the school had fled at the first sign of the bully's downfall and now he was to face the teacher along and to take out the equivalent of their fellows trashing. But the teacher had played his hand and was satisfied with his conquest. There was nothing left to do but to shift the female attire and he did it under the admiring gaze of the conquered hero.

"We will have a new teacher in the morning, he remarked, "so better tidy up that desk and put away those books." "Well," said the boy as he slid them away, "I reckon as how we ain't licked the old one yet, and I ain't' in for no more trys at it, either."

NEW HIGH SCHOOL PLAY GROUNDS AND OUTDOOR GYM

The board of education have very wisely decided to provide larger and better play grounds for pupils in the Main Street school building. For several years an effort has been made to have a lawn in front of the school building, but the yard is shaded most of the time by the tall churches on either side of the school building and the numerous shade trees and the grass will not grow.

The intention is to make this yard into a white pebble play ground extending from the school building out as far as the front of the Baptischurch. This will make a play ground 80 by 100 feet for the use of the small children.

The lot in the rear of the Congregational church has been leased and is to be graded and this will make an excellent play ground for the larger students.

In the rear of the school building

the ground is to be leveled off and this will make a good basket-ball and tennis court.

There are many forms of cheapplay ground apparatus that could be, placed on these grounds that would give the children a chance for plenty of good exercise out of doors in the fresh air. The play ground movement is rapidly sweeping over the country and people are fast recognizing the fact that nothing will do as much for the physical and moral uplifting of the future generations, as well directed play.

Low swings, giant-strides, vaulting bars, teters, etc., afford excellent and safe amusement for small children. Horizontal and parallel bars, etc., are much enjoyed by the larger boys. In addition to this of course all of the usual games can be indulged in by the children.

These grounds can be used during vacation as well as during school hours and it is hoped that they will gradually be fitted up so as to be equal to the very best.

The Brooklyn school already has a fine large play ground.

WHICH?

Which would you rather be? . If an editor makes a mistake he has to apologize for it, but if a doctor makes a mistake he burries it. If an editor makes one there is a law suit, swearing and the smell of sulphur, but if a doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and a smell of varnish.

A doctor can use a word a yard long without knowing what it means, but if an editor uses it he has to spell it. Any old college can make a doctor. You can't make an editor; he has to be born.—Selected.

"Only a tress of a woman's hair!"
The lover musingly, fondly said,
"And yet its forms a halo fair
Tonight above her sacred head!"
"Only a tress of a woman's hair!"
The maiden, smiling, sweetly said,
And laid it on the back of a chair
And quickly went to bed.—Ex.

BASEBALL FOR 1908-



usual expected from the baseball team for the coming season. That bunch of diamond artists will have to reach the perfection of the National Leaguers if they step

the pace that they will be expected to do. That we will have a team that will represent the Orange and Black with all the glory that she merits there can be no doubt. Uuder the captaincy of Bryson who has had perhaps more experience in the game than any other player in the school the team will be the best that Wellsville High School can pro-

There are, however, other things to be considered in the teams career. for the season of 1908 which the team have no power over. The school may have a winning baseball team for the entire season. Again every game in the series may be lost, which is just as probable a conclusion as the first. Right here we want to say that it has been the policy of some few seasons past to refuse the supnort of a losing team. We have even heard the statement made that a losing team was a financial failure and that the Olympian Club should not be called upon to stand the bills. There is just as much reason for supporting a losing team as a winning, one. It does just as much for the school spirit, it is just as valuable from an athletic point of view and it requires more work to keep it in playing spirit.

If there is ever any athletics in Wellsville High School it will be when the idea of what our team, as long as it represents the school, is worth, is forgotten and the fact that

it represents our institution and for that reason alone is the best team. is remembered with our support. If they win we can cheer, if they lose we will be just as enthusiastic as if the victory had been ours. What if the team does lose money, what if the Olympian Club has to go to the treasury for the money which the students gave it. There is more money in the world, if we can raise the money already on hand we can raise more providing the students and the public see what we are doing with it.

Get the spirit of Wellsville High School, that is where you belong, support the team, they represent you and are playing for the name of the school. Attend every game in Wellsville and as many out of Wellsvill as you can, cheer the team from the first of the season until the last and don't forget that it is you that is making the team and not the men on it.

The following games have been scheduled for the season thus far. There will be more rater.

Wellsville vs. Hornell, April 18th at

Wellsville vs. Hornell, May 1st at Wellsville.

Wellsville vs. Alfred, May 5th at

Wellsville vs. Alfred, May 20 at Wellsville.

"Non paratus" scholar dicet, Cum a sad et doleful look, "Omne recte" professor respondet, Scriptus zero in his book.

Young Man-Doctor, I am wretched all the time; nothing interests me; have no appetite and can't sleep. What would you advise one to do?

Old Doctor-Marry the girl, sir, mar-

"Play Ball!" Is Now the Slogan.

Uncle Sam Preparing to Spend \$12," 000,000 on His Favorite Sport. Tyrus Cobb, King of Batsmen-Johnnie Kling.



TH the return of spring and April showers and the baseball fever the question "What team will win the base ball championship this year? becomes of lead ing importance again. Already there is speculation as to whether the Chicago team of the National league. the champions of 1907, will show a form

NAPOLEON LAJOIE. equal to that of last year and once more wrest the honors away from all competitors. The champion team is holding together well, and its friends predict for it a record of successes in the months to come. Detroit, which captured the American league pennant last year, promises to make a good showing again. Nor is the interest of the fans confined altogether to the big leagues. The smaller clubs have just as loyal supporters as the big ones.

Taking all these teams together, a great deal of money is spent on baseball in a single season. A conservative

estimate places the amount for the season now beginning at \$12,000,000. Naturally the big leagues spend the most because the clubs composing them have to pay the largest salaries, travel the farthest and expend the greatest amounts for rental of land and equipment of grounds. For instance, it will cost the Chicago White Sox about \$10,000 for their California trip. According to the schedules laid out for

the coming season, the National league teams will travel 92,465 miles and the American league 95,772.

Tyrus Raymond Cobb, better known to baseball rooters as "Ty," whose work was such an important factor in making the Detroits the winners of the American league pennant last year, is a Georgian and part owner of a cotton plantation. During the American league's season he played 150 games and went to bat 605 times and made 212 hits, giving him an average of better than .350. And "Ty" is only a boy yet. He was born in Royston, Ga., in 1886 and began playing baseball as a professional about three years ago.

Johnnie Kling of the Chicago Nationals, one of the best catchers in the world, is depended on by the managers of that team to help sustain the club's reputation as a winner this season.

He is a favorite in the baseball world, and another favorite is Napoleon Lajoie of the Cleveland Americans. This is the latter's thirteenth season as a professional player, but he is not superstitious. He was born in Woonsocket, R. I., in 1875. It was in 1896 that two baseball managers dropped into the office of the sporting editor of the Boston Herald. "Do any of you know of any players that

TYRUS COBB

would do for my club?" asked one of the managers of some baseball men who were sitting around. "I know of a good batter," replied one of the idlers. "I don't know his name, but he is a big Frenchman and lives at Woonsocket. I call myself a pretty fair pitcher, but I haven't anything that he can't hit all over the field." Next morning the manager went to Woonsocket and, stepping into a cafe, said he was looking for a man whose name he didn't know, but he was a big Frenchman who could hit a ball a mile.

"Then you must mean Larry Lajoie," echoed a chorus in the cafe. Larry was soon found, a contract at \$100 a month was drawn up on an en. velope, and Lajoie's career began.

OF ONE WILLIAM SHAKESPERE

Mr. Shakespeare was a great writer. He wrote poems, he wrote plays, and he wrote home for money. Probably next to the writer, and perhaps Mrs. Glvn, he was the most popular author we have had in recent years. He wrote all sorts of literature, and in the dull moments on the literature market he made a comfortable living by writing patent medicine advertisements and testimonials. It is said that no person could tell how they were cured by one bottle better than Mr. Shakespeare. He also got out an almanac each year, and, aside from the fact that certain dates did not. come on the days of the week when he said they would and that the moon's phases were not shown, and no rising and setting time were given for the sun and moon, it is said to have been a very good piece of work and had a nice picture on the cover.

Shakespeare lived at Stratford. His parents learned, while William was still young, that Stratford was known as the home of Shakespeare, and they therefore moved there with him so as not to deceive the public. William, however, son tired of Stratford, for they had only one moving picture show there, and soon dug out for London, where they had five picture shows and a roller rink.

Our hero got into the reprehensible habit of hanging around the theatres. He greatly admired Lillian Russell, who was at that time at the height of her popularity. He got one or two small jobs suping, his first job being in a play by Theodore Kramer, "Nellie, the Gold Toothed Chambermaid." In this play Shakespeare represented some bad news which had just been received, it is said he looked the part extremely well.

William soon found, however, that it was easier to write plays than to be an actor, so soon drifted down into this line of work. Where he got the name for his characters has always remained a mystery, and if any

one could find as good names as Shakespeare used they could probably write the same grade of stuff, for most of the time in the presentation of his plays is consumed in the pronounciation of the names. We would suggest, however, that by going through an orchestra some suitable names could be found, as "Trombonia," "(Bass) Drumio," "Piccolonio," etc., ad lib. (whatever that means.) Probably Shakespeare used some such method.

Shakespeare fell down but once and that was in writing a musical comedy. It started off fairly well with an opening chorus something in this style:

"Oh, sing and dance—tra-la-la-le" (So very, very joyouslee,

"And all the maidens—la-la-la-la-"The happy springtime—la-la."

This little chorus made a great hit, but Billy couldn't keep up the pace. No girls appeared in the shows in those days, which perhaps acounts for the failure of William's musical comedy, altho they do say that he himself looked very well in the female roles except that his beard was a triflt too long.

'Mr. Shakespeare is now deceased, a fact greatly regretted by his intimate acquaintances. The flowers at the funeral were beautiful.—From "The Cornell Widow."

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

The students and patrons of the school will be glad to know that Prof. Blodgett of Oneonta Normal School is again to be a speaker at the commencement exercises. Prof. Blodgett does not have a dry address calculated to impress the audience with all that he knows and all that they don't know. His talks and he doesn't permit of their being called anything else, are witty terse and always interesting. Pathos and hus mor seem to grow-out of each other at every clause.

THE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST?

Being a Consideration of a Few of the Statements of the Wellsville Susie Club Which Are Not Anthony and an Explanation of a Recent Newspaper Article.

Last September the prize of \$3 given by the Anthony Club in the High School contest for the best essay in favor of Woman Suffrage was won by Miss Vida Kerr. It has been the impression that this prize money was never paid, and for that reason pupils of the High School are hesitating to enter the contest this year. But the money was paid to Miss Kerr, and it is hoped that a large number of the High School pupils will enter the contest this year.

The above paragraph contributed by the members of the so-called Anthony Club appeared in the Daily Reporter on March 19. Evidently the writer was indulging in some sort of a dream of the time when all women will be voters or politicians when she esayed to write the piece. Of all the deceiving attempts at explanation this we believe is the worst. The article begins: Last September the prize of have taken the aspirants to political honors some time, from the previous April in fact, to decide that they were giving a prize for an essay. Five months is a good while to judge an essay and seven more months after is a while longer in which to make explanation for not awarding the prizes as promised.....for the best essay in favor of Woman Suffrage. This is the statement which makes everyone smile and some a little warm. The Club did not even hint from the first anouncement of their contest to the last day of the preparation that the essays must favor the movement. That statement is absolutely false. The money was paid to Miss Kerr. Her essay was the only one which favored the movement and no doubt deserved the prize money but why were there no other prizes given. We imagined from the offer that two

If the club had not recognized the other essays in regard to number submitted by their own offer they had no right to give any money to any one. The rules of the contest made it absolutely necessary to have 3 essays. They, received them and only thought that they had one, judged it and then counted in the other two to make the contest complete, legitimate and satisfactory. Does this seem just right and fair. The Owl is the student's paper and the contest was to the students, hence we will not stoop to try and make the matter plain to the parents through the local daily as the Club attempted, but will satisfy the students that they were "did."

The whole contest was poorfy managed and conducted in such a manner as to queer the future offers of the Club and caused the students to lose all confidence in the Anthony Club and their essay work.

The remainder of the article save that which announces another similar affair, complains that the students are not taking any interest in the new contest. We are pleased to hear it. There are other contests being conducted for the students which offer prizes worth working for, are straight and which do not confine them to the smaller of two sides of a questionable question.

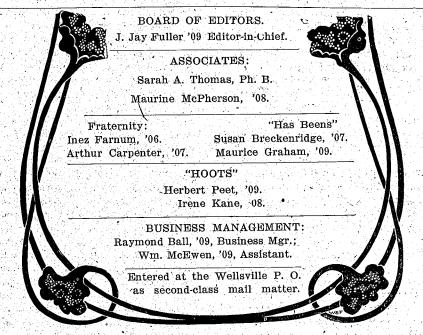


THEOWL

Published Monthly by the Students of W.H.S.



Subscription Price, 50c. per year.—Single copies, 10c.



The old bird is pleased to come out this month in Easter Dress. He has been long waiting for a chance to bask in the sunshine of the Easter Month and to shed his winter feathers. Surely the Owl has been blessed. It was not without a little fear that we took up the support of the old bird at the beginning of the school term, but all that is passed long ago and the staff near the end of their years labors with not a little satisfaction of having done what they could to make the wise old Owl look and act his very best. What we have not done we will probably be able to accomplish in the Commencement Number, and what we forget to do will be left to the staff of next year.

We want to call your attention to the May number of the Owl. It will

be edited by the members of the High School Alumni and will we know be one of the best and most interesting numbers the Owl has ever had. Watch and wait for it.

4

Where is that Senior Class, that class of 1908 we mean, the one who will delight an audience of admirers in the June days when they follow their leader across the platform and receive their sheep skin document. Their light thus far has been like that of the foolish virgins, (gone out.) We would like to see some real live class spirit in the Wellsville High School. Again if the announcement would not grate to much on the nerves of the delinquent seniors we would like to know what they are

going to do to make it interesting for the members of the class of, 1909 who by the way are going to hatch out some warm days next good old summer time, and throw a little fun at the seniors.

Time to think about it seniors.



The Commencement Number will be issued about July 1. It will contain all the photographs of students that the Wellsville photographers will take. It will be a literary number. As the last issue of the school year the staff will try to make it the best. Now for the material. We would like to have some good work by every student in the school who has any ability in this line whatever, and remember that you are not to be the judge of the ability the editor will see to that, send your literary contributions along. Matter left at the office for the Owl will reach the editor. Leave some.

4

The Owl drama is again to be a real thing. The production this year will be under the direction of Mr. Floyd Cornwell who has been traveling through the west in the organization of home talent productions for the past theatrical season and has added greatly to his experience and incidentally costumes, since he last appeared before a Wellsville audience.

That the drama supported by a cast of the best talent in the city will be a success there is no doubt. It will be up to every student to witness the production. It always requires a number of the high school students to make a good play of this sort and Mr. Cornwell wil fayor the students in his selection of a cast.

The production will be given in the Baldwin Theatre about April 24.

4

Teacher—Is that your father's signature?

Pupil—As near as I could get it-mam.

There was some offense taken at articles which appeared in the March Owl. The article on the good Saint Patrick was said to be sacriligious. The editor is sorry that such was the thought of any of our readers and glad to apologise for what was an oversight on his part. Nothing of the kind was in the mind of the writer of the piece.

Another exception was taken on some very different grounds however. and it is here that we would like some things very thoroughly understood with a few of our school children. It was not until the issue of last month had been circulated that the staff discovered that there were a few students in the school whose kindergarten education had been neglected and whose names had been mentioned in the Hoots Department in such a way as to make the product of the infant incubators sore on the staff and the paper. Then there were some things said about us that would not look well in even an anarchist organ calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the staff and incidentally to draw an apology from the editor.

We have met such people before, in other words we have seen three-year-old Willie cry when his little sister teased him, but when he became a man he put away childish things. Therefore the staff won't apologise for publishing facts of certain actions on the Theta sleighride neither will the paper stop publication, neither will the staff spare the feelings of the overgrown juveniles or seek the protection of the jungle. Selah.

4

We are sorry that we had no photograph in last month's Owl to prove our statements concerning Harry's action on the Theta sleighride to our readers. But there could be no doubt in the minds of those present of the whole truth of the statements made and more. Now Richmond please forgive us this appreciative defence of the free press.

THE FACULTY FOR 1908-1909

At the last regular meeting of the Board of Education held last Monday evening, April 6th, the remaining vacancies in the teaching force were filled. Teachers are very scarce this year, but the Board has been able to secure some very strong candidates for the various positions. There are but six vacancies to be filled this year.

Mr. William Sackett, of Wellsville, has consented to take charge of the vocal music work in the schools. This insures the pupils of the school that the work in this line will be of very high order, as Mr. Sackett is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, and has taught in that institution for nine years. Mr. Sackett is deeply interested in the relation of Music to education, and for the past seven years has been a student of the work demonstrated by Mr. C. B. Cadv of Boston, who at present spends two days of the week at the Horace Mann school of New York.

The Regents will give five different examinations in music in the future. The above facts show that music is becoming more and more recognized in colleges and universities and by the State authorities as being an important factor in the educational problem.

Mr. Clarence D. Bell, a graduate of Colgate University, is to take charge of the department of Mathematics in the high school. Mr. Bell comes very highly recommended and the work of this department will continue at its present high standard of excellence.

Miss Grace E. Per Lee, a graduate of Cortland Normal and of Syracuse University, where she has made a special study of English, has been elected to the English position in the High School. Miss Per Lee is an experienced teacher, and is exceptionally strong in English work.

Miss Edith Capron, of Belfast, N. Y., has been elected to the fifth and sixth grade position in the Brooklyn school. Miss Capron has had ten years experience in this line of work, and is considered to be one of the best fifth and sixth grade teachers in Western New York.

Miss M. Blanche Smith, of Delhi, N. Y., a graduate of Oswego State Normal school, has been elected to the first grade position at the Brooklyn. Miss Smith is a primary teacher of long experience, and has had an enviable position in her primary work.

Miss Lucia McClintock, a graduate of the Geneseo State Normal school, where she has made a specialty of primary work, has been elected as assistant first grade teacher in the main school building.

The following is a list of the teaching force for next year:

Howard G. Burdge,	A. BSupt.
H. H. Gage, Ph. B.,	Principal of Hign
school.	

E. L. Campbell, B. SBiology
M. C. Collister, B. SScience
Louie J. Sackett
Gracia G. HaightBus. Dep't
Clarence D. Bell, B. S Mathematics
Grace E. Per Lee, Ph. BEnglish
Bertha Beardslee, A. B., French and

Clara B. Enos,	English
William Sackett	Music
Ina C. Getman,	Drawing
Coralline Robbins	Eighth Grade.
Mrs. Addie T. Elwei	1. Seventh Grade
Nettie Rooth	Seventh Grade
Bessie M. Anderson	4th & 5th Grade.
Edith J. Crane	Fifth Grade
Margaret T. Hayes	Fourth Grade.
Doris Foote	Third Grade.
Delia Sackett	Second Grade.
Mrs. Bannister	First Grade.
Lucia McClintock	Tirst Grade.

THE DOCTOR'S FAILURE

The old doctor was sitting very quietly before the warm grate in his dark smelly office. He had not yet lit the office lamp but from his great arm chair was silently watching the fantastic shadows as they climbed from the fireplace slowly up the dark walls and fell down again. His thoughts had left the daily tasks which so closely surrounded him, and were wandering about in the crowd of might-have-beens that seemed to leap out the blazing fire on the hearth. The old man had not been accustomed to spend his time in idle dreaming and so it seemed strange to him to be setting there, thinking and resting. But tonight he felt that he was growing old. He felt that his days were numbered and that his work was almost done. For the first time he commenced to realize how much of his life he had given to his neighbors and friends and how little, how very little, he had received in return. And then came the thoughts of his early boyish dreams, and of his youthful plans and his school-day expectations of the things that might have been: but again and again he was forced slowly back to the harsh, reality of the things which were, of the things which everywhere surrounded him.

In imagination he compared himself to those same dark flitting shadows which climb up his office walls, restless and always moving, yet never seeming to get anywhere though they tried and tried again. He too had always been busy in his little world, and not doing very much apparently and never getting very far from where he started, but always and forever busy. But what • was the use it all anyway? What was the use of all the struggle? He was growing old—and he had failed. He would give it up, he thought, and rest for a while. He had decided that an the good people of the

country side could wait for his coming in vain.

Thus slowly the hours passed oneight, nine ten, eleven-but the doctor paid no heed. As the wood fire died down on the hearth the old man's head sank lower and lower upon his breast until he seemed entirely . oblivious to his surroundings. Not until the big clock in the village slowly tolled off the strokes of 12 did the figure in the arm chair move again. Then he quietly raised his head. "Old clock," he murmured, "do you never get tired and do you never wish to rest? You are always penned up in your little belfry and there seem so faithful. You tell the hours so slowly day after day-twelve to twelve-twelve to twelve-and then you begin the same old story again. Do you never crave a moment's change? Ah yes, you, too, would rebel as you watch the days go slowly by, if you dared, but you dare not. And you-you must go on forever while I am here for only a little while. If a man had your plain certainty of existence it would be but a short time e'er he was beating his life out against your belfryshelter. But you-you must go on forever. Thank God. I have many things to be thankful for and to night is the last time I shall fail, old clock. the very last time." Again the old man's head sank slowly down upon his breast and the last spark of fire died out on the cold hearth.

They found him there the next morning sitting quietly in his old arm chair but in truth he would never fail again for his proud old spirit loosed itself from its belfry-prison and had flown to where things indeed go on forever. Though the friends and neighbors had been so silent and indifferent to the doctor of their thankfulness and loving rememberance while he had been among them, the procession that followed him slowly to his grave, now

that he was gone, was indeed a long and sad one. Taken from them, straight from the harness as he had often wished to go, the doctor had left a wound in the hearts of the simple country people that would be a long, long time in healing.

But the strange part of it was that the old clock in the village had stopped very shortly after twelve on the night that the doctor died and it was not until after the old man had been lowered to his last resting place that the mechanic from the nearby city could persuade the clock to go on and tell its endless round of "forever—never—never—forever."

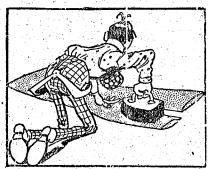
—Academe.

THE STINGING OF

THE INFANTS!

What fools we mortals be. When the ruse on the professor had tired and failed and the participants were allowed their walking papers we thought that a lesson, Oh! such a good one too had been taught the clever element. But a red pepper gag was forth coming (just think of a red pepper stunt being practiced in this age of twentieth century modernism). The would be heroes steadily approached the building with bated breaths and softened footsteps. Entering the edifice by a most unmanly way they proceeded with the slaughter powder which was so soon to be the terror of the morning comers. It was done, there remains no doubt of that else the boys would not have had the excellent crow feast at the hands of the Superintendent, but we might add that it was discovered else again there would have been no eaters at the crow supper. The deal is over, the victory is-over. There will be no more clever stunts practiced of the above nature immediately. The red pepper idea was Adam's, the work Wellsville was done, an old "has been" tells us, more than fifty years ago. What the people of the new age want from our youth is originality and ability to do and not be caught.

Moral: if you never play with the bees, you'll never be stung.



Extensive preparations are being made for the K. E. dance on April 24.

"Non paratus" scholar dicet,
Cum a sad et doleful look,
"Omne recte" porfessor respondet,
Scriptus zero in his book.—Ex.

USELESS STUDIES.

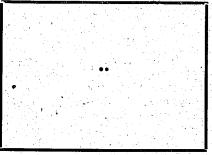
Pat, Sr.—Phat do ye be sh'tudyin' in school now, Patsy?

Patsy—French, English Composition, Algebra and Geometry.

Pat, Sr. (shaking head hopelessly)
—Devil a help'll wan av thim be to ye
whin ye grow up t' be carryin' the
hod!—Ex.

Chemistry.—Teacher: "What would you administer to a patient who had swallowed a large dose of oxalic acid?" Pupil, (after a long silence): "The

sacrament."



The above is a photograph of Harry and Florence on the Theta Phi sleighride after one hour exposure to the flashlight.



H-t H-o-t H--o---t H--o--t

Hoot H-t

Coming—Freshman.

Here—Sophomore.
Going—Junior.

Gone (almost)—Senior.

And the seniors have organized. Look out for the big 13.

Miss B—(in German) "what is the meaning of 'hin-aus?"

Billy McE (coming to from a pipe dream) "chicken coop"

Yes, everyone agrees Fanny that you and "Cy" make a sweet pear (Pair).

Say Bill, why don't you walk up Main street when you go to church. Night falls and day breaks. Save

the pieces or give us another hayride.

"Fall in" thundered Captain Dean
Purpit as the Heeker Club were cross-

Burrit as the Hockey Club were crossing the Genesee

She says that Schwarzenbach is still the best on the market—and she came from Chinatown too.

What's a Theta Phi reception with no mysteries attached. Oh! revenge is ours. Let's have another sleighride.

Harry, we are sorry that we can't mention her anymore. It's haughty so why don't you try to scrapp the scrappers.

Margerite Schwarzenbach says if the boys don't like the way she spells her name they can change it. Are you ready man?

Percy and his bride have the most heartfelt sympathy of the Owl during moon hours. But cheer up the froshies aren't the only green ones in W. H. S.

Garwood in Latin class (after hunting all Easter week) giving the principal parts of cano: cano, canary, bluebird, buzzard.

Wanted—The whereabouts of Inez and Kanie, Wednesday the 8th. The Owl was out as well as the moon, girls, so fess up. Who were they?

Harry is a bashful boy and the delicate, red of his cheeks when he has been stung is only symbolized by the deep red carnation or by the flannel which maddens the angry steer.

Helen (on a moonlight night) "Dorr, I'm cold."

Dorr, "want my coat?"

Helen—"No Dorr, just the sleeves."

Herbert looks like a regular hayseed since he has been going down on the farm. Country air must agree with him for no sooner does he crawl under the reference table than Greta comes sailing down the aisle.

Yes, Herald, maybe the froshies will believe that Delia and you are gathering botany specimens when you take those long walks, but you must hunt up another story for the rest of us. We have been through that part of the W. H. S. training ourselves.

Burrit—Say, "I don't thing that I deserve that zero."

Campbell—"Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark that I can give."

Hang Prof. Bodey to a trinoome tree Down goes Campbell to the bottom of the sea.

Gage's my Howel, and he's my foe

Listen to Miss Beardslee's tale of woe!

Boys, how cruel of you. Brother C. couldn't go to the dance that night for there for there are large cracks in the Bridge of Sighes which leads to the Mansion of Aching Hearts and you know that he can't swim.



This is Miss Louie (not Louise or Lula) Sackett, who teaches ancient and more ancient (known sometimes as modern) history. She has taught a few girls to teach and is now teaching herself. She aspires to be a politician and would support the racetrack gambling bill if elected. She is a member of the Anthony Club and was the first of the present instructors on the faculty. May she be the last to leave it.

If Ball couldn't have the auto ride on the Sunday afternoon, there was still the satisfaction of taking a photo of the scene as a reminder of the occasion.

A pretty Jewess recently asked the voice of nouns. Of course some one said that nouns didn't have voice but then they didn't know.

The new play ground will be fine, especially for the practice of the Girls Basket Ball Team. Whether football will be in it remains to be seen.

There will be no marriages in the faculty this vacation. We have heard of several possibilities but no engagements. Oh Cupid, Cupid where is thy sting.

Accidents will happen, Maybe (?). That is why Clyde also went down to the farm. We hear, however, that he got a good start and has been going ever since. He has even gone so far that it is rumored that he will complete his course at Smith College instead of at Cornell.

Harry was as usual very nervous at the Theta-Kappa meeting. This time it seemed to affect him more than ever. Never mind such small consequences Rosey it was only Norty having an evenings chat and you must always expect something out of the ordinary from Norty.

Any lemons today boys? No!—Giddap.

It has become customary among the freshman to play checkers with their girls making it a point to have the young lady win. Clever.

Be it hereby known that Herbert Peet is forbidden to buy pepper for any purpose whatever and that all dealers selling him the same will be held responsible for the consequences resulting from the sale on the above article.

Just imaginė— ·

Arthur C. not ladylike,
Hiram not looking sleepy,
Helen Clark after the Ball,
Harold W. without a blush,
The freshies with manners,
Billy Rahr minus his red socks,
Kanie solemny in time for school,
D. Burrit not butting in Theta Phi
and all the pool rooms closed,
And you will have the dream of
paradise that Milton lost.

THE ANTHONY CLUB

A member complains that the editor used the term socalled in attempting to name the Club. He used it because he was at lost to name a Club who did business in the manner which he described, and not reflect on some more worthy organization of the same name.



This is Herr Howell Homer Daniel-in-the Lions - Den Professor Principal Gage, whose knowledge of the superior beings and value as a chaperon has never been disputed for reasons which are are not prepared to state. May his shadow or his chinnever grow less.

NOT ON THE NEW FACULTY

The students and faculty will be sorry to lose Miss Sarah A. Thomas from the English department. There have been few teachers whose success has been as marked as hers. Her personal influence has been felt throughout the school both during and after school hours. To lose such an instructor is but to pave the way for the advantage of some larger and better institution. The best wishes of both the students and faculty go with her in her work and her certain future success.

A LESSON LEARNED FROM COLLINWOOD

The recent Collinwood horror has struck terror into the minds of all boards of educations and there is to be something doing with the fire protection which should have been done years ago. The rear of our school building, four stories high is without any kind of a fire escape. The so called fire escapes on the sides of the building are about as valuless; there never having been a fire drill in the building in which they used. There is a good fire drill in practice but it makes use of every entrance in the building to afford exits whereas a drill should be arranged to empty the building thorough one or two exits should the others be blocked by a fire. Two of the doors were single and one even opened in, a direct violation of the law.

Plans for new fire escapes are being considered and the exits will be made better. It is only when such terrible lessons are taught that some people will wake up to the fact that something is wrong. While the board of education have neglected these things in the past the lesson of Collinwood will not be forgotten and everything posible to avoid a similar catastrophe in Wellsville will be done.

SENIOR CLASS ELECTION

The senior class officers were elected at a meeting of the class held Wednesday evening March 25. The meeting was presided over by Harry Richmond in the capacity of chairman. The elections were not particularly exciting and the contesting was hardly noticeable. The officers are President, Jos. Coyle; V. Pres., Helen Rockwell; Secy., Mary Sullivan; Treas., Helen Mather.

The class roll is:
Helen Rockwell.
Helen Mather.
Mary Sullivan.
Anita Higbie.
Mabel Barker.
Lena Frank.
Fanny Sweet.
Margerite Wall.
Joseph Coyle.
Carl Engelder.
Wm. Rahr.
Harry Richmond.

The percentage of boys in the class although not good is above the average.

The class colors are purple and white. Class pins have been ordered. The design is in a seal with the school and date engraved upon the face and with the class motto "Scientia Potestas Est" - encircling the whole.

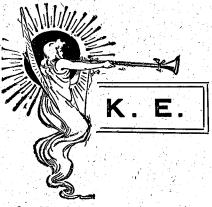
"Eating," said a cannibal queen,
"Develops a love that's serene
I could just eat my brother,
Then father and mother;
How said that the baby is lean.—Cornell Widow.

In joke I called her a lemon nice

And said I'd be the squeezer,
But I felt more like a lemon ice,
And she—well, she was the freezer.

It is easy to be pleasant,

When you're looking and feeling flip,
But the girl worth while is the girl
with the smile,
With a cold sore on her lip.—Sphinx.



On March 7th, a short business meeting was held at the home of Inez Farnum on Genesee street.

The meeting of the K. E. Sorority was held at the home of Adeline Torrey, on March 14th. After the business meeting the following program was given:

Selection, Tennyson, "Beware,"
Adeline Torrey.

Reading, Tennyson, Paul Revere's Ride," Marguerite Swatzenbach

Reading, Tennyson, "The Day is Done." Miss Sarah Thomas.
Music, Selected, Grace Harris.
After the program dainty refreshments were served.

On March 20th the Sorority held the meeting at the home of Grace Harris. The following interesting program was rendered after the lengthy business meeting:

Reading from "The Lady of Decoration." Sue Breckenridge. Life of Marie Antoinette,

"The Louvre," Inez Farnum.

Greta Higbie.

The Theta Phi and Kappa Epsilon Fraternities held a joint meeting at the home of Maurine McPherson on March 31st. Music and games occupied the greater part of the evening Dainty refreshments were served by the K. E. girls. This is among the first of the joint meetings of the fraternities and all voted it a distinct success.

The K. E's are planning for a dance to be held the 24th of April at the city hall. The Hamiliton Orchestra will furnish the music, and St. Margaret's Guild will serve supper.



We acknowledge the following exchanges for March: Windmill, Palm, Porto Rico H. S. Cuba Island; Panorama, Hall Boy, P. H. S. Item, H. S. Hustler, H. S. Herald, Congress, Rockford Owl, All Told, Dictum Est, M. P. S., Journal, Pittsburg H. S., Pennent, Spectator, Oracle, Blade, Nugget, Red and Black, Purple and White, A. P. S.; Masten Park Chronicle H. P. H. S., Hobart Herald, Academy; Calendar, X Ray, H. S. Echo, Campus, Academe, Orange and Black, Milton, Pa.; Courant, Purple and White P. H. S., Alfred University Monthly, Bulletin.

The matter in the Dictum Est deserves a showing with better cuts and illustrations.

The H. S. Herald is good. Its athletic notes show a deal of pains and tact in arrangement.

The special Athletic number of the Bulletin is a good one. It will boom the Athletics in Montclair H. S.

We are more than pleased to receive the Palm from Porto Rico. It is partly in Spanish and is a worthy achievement in the field of School Journalism.

The Journal from Pittsburg is on our table for the first time. It is an ideal High School Journal and is a worthy representative of the schools of the "smoky city."

The Purple and White from Phoenixville has made great improvement in their issue for March. The illustrated article on Valley Forge is good but would have been more timely in the February number.

The Panarama has the best covers of any exchange that we have ever received. We believe, that they are not to be surpassed by any but a very few of the professional magazines.



On Friday evening March 6th, Psi Chapter gave the first of a series of dancing parties at the G. A. R. Hall. The participants assembled at about nine o'clock and enjoyed an excellent time until shortly before twelve when a delightful lunch was served after which the party adjourned to their respective homes. The second of the series was held March 27th, and was much enjoyed. Music was furnished by Mrs. Hamilton.

At the Meeting of March 7th, an impromptu debate was given on the subject: Resolved: Hughes is a better man for President of the United States than Taft.

Affirmative Negative
Bro. J. Fuller, Bro. McEwen,
Bro. Burdick. Bro. Lewis.

The judges decided 5-1 in favor of the affirmative.

On March 13th, the program rendered consisted of the following:

Roll Call—Current Events. Reading—Bro. Richmond.

March 20th, Bro. Collister gave a very interesting talk on "The School." He pointed but how the school consisted not of one building exclusively used for educational purposes, but that the home is a school, life is a school, and that the close of the school of life no doubt is only the commencement of another school.

The sixth Annual Banquet of Psi was held at the G. A. R. Hall on March 26th. The caters were the St. Margaret's Guild and the viands were the best ever set before the men of Ps. The feasting and Toasting lasted until

the time of the A. M. and the affair was pronounced to be the most successful the chapter eyer held.

The Annual Reception was held at the G. A. R. Hall on the following Friday evening. That too was one of the most successful social functions. Music was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and there was about twenty couples present to enjoy the reception.

A LITTLE MORE K. E.

Miss Marguerite Swartzenbach recently spent Sunday with her parents in Galeton. Mr. and Mrs. Swatzenbach have just returned from a three months' trip to California.

We are holding our breath
For Kanie so meek.
She will do something awful
She's been good one week.

Herbert Peet and Clarence Lewis are being considered for membership in K. E. At present the only fault found is their lack of fussin' experience.

Student in Virgil—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck,—that's as far as I got, professor.

Prof.—"Well, I think that is quite far enough." —Ex.

Miss Sue Breckenridge left on March 29th for New York, where sne spent a week or two "sight-seeing" and visting her sister, who is attending Pratt Institute.

Herr Gage—"what is the superlative degree of audax?"

Sue—"Oh-do-kiss-a-me" (audacissime, "and his rosy cheeks turned purple.

Mistress—Jane, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I will take the milk in.

Jane—'Twouldn't be any use, mum. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me.—Ex.

Personal—A young lady would like to meet a gentleman who has money to burn. He will find her a good match.—Ex



WITH THE "HAS BEENS"

Mrs. V. R. Bruce and little daughter recently visited in Hornell.

Leb Sweet visited a school friend at Buffalo during his vacation.

Miss Fannie Rockwell recently visited her brother at Colgate University.

Ned Rooth is the agent for The Wellsville Chemical Companies' "Puro."

Miss Jeanne McEwen of Mt. Holyoke College spent her Easter vacation in Wellsville.

Mrs. Jennie R. McEwen recently visited her niece, Mrs. Roland White of Cleveland.

Miss Lucy Seltzer wno is attending Oneonta Normal is spending her Easter vacation in Wellsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Maton Wyvell of New York City recently visited Mr. Wyvell's sister, Mrs. Burritt, of this city.

Fred R. Mather is the inventor of a patent tire shifter for Automobiles which he is to put on the market.

Paul B. Hanks has returned from a trip to Oklahoma in the interests of the Sagamore Oil & Gas Company.

Wm. Duke, Jr., recently left for France where he will visit his father on the Vanderbuilt estate near Paris.

Herbert Hoyt, Clyde Allen, Paul Clark, and Elmer Spicer were home from Cornell to spend their Easter vacation.

Frank LaWall who is a senior in Syracuse University was in Wellsville recently the guest of his father-in-law W. H. Richmond.

Mr. Joseph Kralinger has accepted a position as manager of Wells Fargo in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Kralinger will reside in Wellsville.

Miss Helen Miller is to leave Wellsville soon with her parents for Salem,, Oregon, where she is to live on a ranch. Miss Miller will be greatly missed but the best wishes of her friends go with her. Lemuel Rockwell and Rock Comstock of Colgate University spent their Easter vacation at home in this city.

Miss Olive Rice who attended the Olean Business school this winter, recently accepted a position as stenographer at Jamestown, N. Y.

Norton York returned from Colgate for Easter vacation. York will not return this half but will graze in the clover in Wellsville for 20 weeks and will continue his work next fall.

SMILES FROM EXCHANGES

Pony, Pony, come to me!
I truly wish to study thee.
And though I sing a mournful tune,
Safely bear me till net June.—Ex.

Jack—What did your father say, darling, when you told him my love was like a broad and rushing river? Mabel—He said "Dam it."—Ex.

Freshman—Pick the splinter out from under my nail.

Senior—What have you been doing? Freshman—Scratching my head.

She met him in the darkened hall; Said he: "I brought you roses." Her answer seemed irrevelant, It was: "How cold your nose is."

"Who originated the first geometry proposition?"

"Noah."

"How's that?"

"Didn't he construct the arc B. C.?"

Old Maid—(entering music store)—
"Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight?'

Clerk—"Er-er-no, I guess it must have been the other clerk."—Ex.



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Geo. E. Brown Clerk.
Frank M. Leonard Collector.
E. C. Brown Treasurer.

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Sarah A. Thomas, Ph. B., Preceptress, English.

Edward L. Campbell, B. S., Science. George R. Bodley, Ph. B., Mathematics. Morton C. Collister, B. S., Science and Bookkeeping.

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Olivia Rauber, Secretary.

Bertha M. Beardslee, A. B., Modern Languages.

Ruth Stephens, A. B., Music. Gracia Haight, Stenography and Typewriting.

Ina C. Getman, Ph. B., Drawing and Manual Training. Helen M. Hall, English.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Coralline Robbins, 8th Grade,
Mrs. Addie T. Elwell, 7th Grade, A.
Nettie Rooth, 7th Grade, B.
Esther Byrnes, 6th Grade.
Edith J. Crane, 5th Grade.
Margaret Hayes, 4th Grade.
Bessie Anderson, 4th and 5th Grade.
Doris Foote, 3rd Grade.
Delia A. Sackett, 2nd Grade.
Alma Hall, 1st Grade, A.
Mrs. B. T. Bannister, 1st Grade, B.

BROOKLYN SCHOOL

Jennie Grames, Principal, 2nd Grade. Clara B. Enos, 1st Grade. Alice K. Ackerman, 3rd and 4th Grades.

M. Maria Sherman, 5th and 6th Grades.

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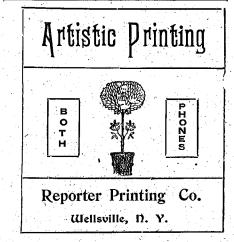
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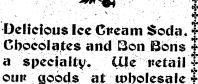
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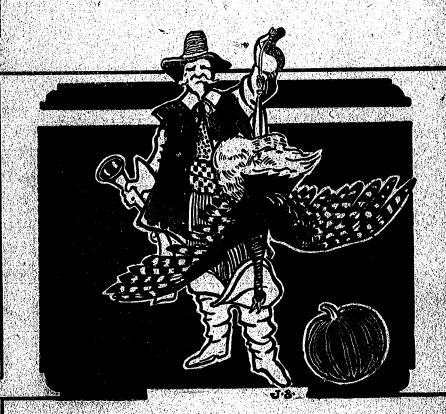
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