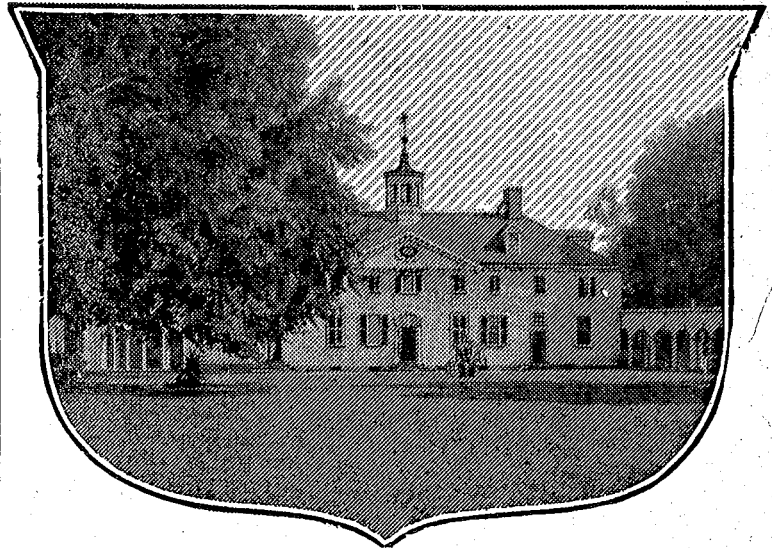


# The Owl



Old Home of Washington at Mount Vernon.

February  
..1908..

Washington and Lincoln  
===== Number =====

# SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY



SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

An indignant letter, dictated by a clever old gentleman ran thus: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you; I being a gentleman cannot express it; but you, being neither, can readily divine it."—Ex.

On Wall Street.

Buhl—Wool is going up.

Behr—Guess that mean's we'll get badly worsted.—Yale Record.

OFFERS, beside the regular College Courses, Mechanical, Electrical and Civil Engineering, Architecture, Music, Painting, Law, Medicine, Sociology and Pedagogy.

OVER FORTY of the leading universities of this country and Europe are represented on the faculty of the College of Liberal Arts. Tuition expenses are so moderate that they are less than the fees in some colleges where free tuition is given. Send for catalogue.

We don't want to buy your dry goods, We don't like you any more; You'll be sorry when you see us Going to some other store. You can't sell us any sweaters, Four-in-hands or other fads; We don't want to trade at your store, If you don't give us your ads.—Ex.

Facetious Student—Sting, stang, stang again.—Ex.

## COLGATE UNIVERSITY, Hamilton, N. Y.

FOUNDED 1819.

GEORGE EDMUNDS MERRILL, D. D., LL. D., President

THE UNIVERSITY possesses a magnificent equipment. It makes exclusive use of nine large buildings besides several smaller ones. The value of the buildings and grounds is about \$800,000. The general library occupies a fire-proof building costing \$150,000. There are some 50,000 volumes and the collection is constantly growing.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

<p>This man, whose homely face you look upon, Was one of nature's masterful men; Born with strong arms that unfought battles won; Direct of speech and cunning with the pen.</p>	<p>Chosen for large designs, he had the art Of winning with his humor, and he went Straight to his mark, which was the human heart, Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.</p>
--	---

Upon his back a more than Atlas  
load.

The burden of the Commonwealth  
was laid;

He stooped and rose up to it, 'tho the  
road

Shot suddenly downward, not a  
whit discouraged.

Hold warriors, councilors, kings, all  
now give place

To this dear benefactor of the race.

## WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

### A COMPARATIVE STUDY

Washington's Birthday has always lent distinction to the month of February. The later observance of Lincoln's birthday has given February the first place in every patriot's calendar. No university, no public institution allows the 12th or 22nd of February to pass unnoticed. Washingtoniana and Lincolniana are exploited afresh every year to satisfy public eagerness for a new story of the two best loved Americans. A comparative study of these only two characters of our history whom critics of all schools are wont to pair together, has often been omitted. The omission is the stranger in the presence of the obvious circumstance that Washington and Lincoln lend themselves readily to comparison and conspicuously to contrast.

Look at them through the past and they always seem, as well they may, the tallest, strongest oaks that ever grew on western soil. Steadfast and serene, patriotic and unpartisan, democratic and not demagogic, national and never sectional, independent and in no respect colonial, Americans through and through they were. Self reliance never failed them in the hours of trial, when civilization bade them carry a message to Garcia, they never hesitated—they carried it. The odds were all against Washington those bleak and bloody days with consummate self-certainty, he crushed the Conway Cabal. The odds seemed against Lincoln, too, most advised and worst advised of all our presidents,

because all men thought him at first a mere provincial in need of counsel—when he rejected in 1861, without offense, but not without decision, Seward's audacious offer to become the power behind the throne which he completely filled.

They were masters of themselves, calm and self-possessed, they could possess their souls in patience. When Grant looking at the Stuart portrait of the first American and quoting John Adams remarked to him:

"That old wooden head made his fortune by keeping his mouth shut," perhaps even he did not quite appreciate the price that must be paid for silence. Washington's temper, as Titanic as his person, was a sensitive point with his wife. Breakfasting one morning with the President and Mrs. Washington, General Lee remarked, "I saw your portrait the other day but Stuart says you have a tremendous temper."

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Washington, coloring, "Mr. Stuart takes a great deal upon himself to make such a remark."

"But stay, my dear Lady," said General Lee, "He added that the President has it under wonderful control."

With something like a smile the President replied, "He is right."

Men marveled at the perfect self control of Lincoln in the darkest days of the civil war. Only Stanton, Dana, and another friend or two saw him break down now and then. Dr. Her-



D'ANGEBA BUST OF WASHINGTON.

man Dyer reports that in a moment of confidence Stanton once remarked:

"Many a time did Mr. Lincoln come in after midnight and in an agony of anxiety occasioned by dispatches he had received, would throw himself at full length on the sofa and cry out: 'Stanton, these things will kill me! I shall go mad! I can't stand it!'"

At times, both Washington and Lincoln could talk much; but never like your Cromwells or Napoleons of themselves. Silent they habitually were but not to mislead. They believed that when there was imperative need to speak, nothing but the truth should be spoken. They were ill at the deceptive numbers of Tallyrand. They had their heart-aches and heart-breaks; but no sorrow ever made them sour, no grief ever made them bitter. They were never less than tender and sympathetic. Washington's grief at the death of a step-child is unutterably touching, and Lincoln's tender words to Speed are exquisite beyond compare, "Speed, die when I may, I want it to be said by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower, when I thought a flower would grow."

How modest they were! Nothing so embarrassed Washington as praise. When the Continental Congress was about to choose a general, and the discussion was converging toward the only man to be considered for such responsibility, John Adams, who was speaking, relatives that, "Mr. Washington, who happened to sit near the door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, with his usual modesty darted into the library room." The debates with Douglass had already made Lincoln a national character, when he earnestly requested an Illinois journal to mention his name no more for President. "I must in candor say that I do not think myself fit for the Presidency."

Simple as was their religious faith, it was real. We must give up, of course, the dear tradition that Washington was overheard praying in the Valley Forge thicket—there is no warrant for it. But nothing can take

away the certainty that he was a religious man, large, liberal and loving. He believed devoutly in God, and brought up an Anglican Churchman, he was to the last a worshiper in the Episcopal Church. Though Lincoln had no church connection and possibly no articulate theology, his faith, like Washington's was profound. God, eternal prayer, were words of weight with him and never lightly used.

Real and striking as is the likeness between Washington and Lincoln, the contrast, too, is vital and vivid. As types in History, they seem in the large to be unlike. Gazing from a distance, these two tall, strong giants of the western forest, the leafage of the one the first to catch the sight, the rootage of the other is more significant. The roots of the other made deep down into new world soil. For the shaping of the one, nature had to employ her largest old-world mold, for the other—

After old world molds aside she threw,  
And choosing sweet clay from the breast  
Of the unexhausted west.  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new.

(Adapted.)

#### LONDON ENTERTAINMENT

On Thursday, the 23rd, Sidney Landon, the famous character delineator gave an entertainment in the auditorium for the benefit of the Olympian Club.

Mr. Landon has made himself famous by his impersonations of such characters as Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, and John Hopkinson Smith. His delineations were mostly on the humorous order and his character presentations were exceedingly "funny."

Mr. Landon held a large audience in rapt attention and his work was pronounced to be without exception the best ever seen in Wellsville.

Friday morning Mr. Landon gave a very interesting talk in Chapel and greatly pleased the students with his remarkable wit.

# JACK TRENTON'S RETURN

By FLORENCE VAN KEUREN

It was a cold and snowy night in November, when Jeanette Lawson, who had been shopping, wended her way homeward. The wind was blowing fiercely and the snow blew into her face so that she could scarcely see. It was just such a night three years ago, when she was eighteen, that she had turned Jack away. She had told him that she loved him, but still there was a great barrier between them. Her father was wealthy and she had always lived in ease and luxury. Jack was poor, and as yet, had his way to make in the world. And so Jack Trenton had left her and gone West to make his fortune. He had not written her, so she knew nothing of his whereabouts. Tonight, as she hurried on, she was thinking of Jack. Where could he be?

Jeanette hastened up the great stone steps, which led to the front door, and was very much out of breath when the butler opened it. Dropping her packages in a heap on the floor, she asked, "Won't you please take these upstairs for me? I'm in a dreadful hurry, for I must get dressed soon."

Jeanette had invited some of her friends to come and spend the evening with her and it was nearly time for their arrival. Soon the door-bell began to jingle and the merry-makers assembled in the large library for a good old fashioned time.

Jeanette was noted for her entertaining facility and the evening passed quickly. Just as the party was breaking up, a great crash was heard outside of the house and all rushed to the door to see what had happened. A sight confronted them that made the girls scream and the boys hurry on out to help the wounded. There had been a street-car wreck. The night being dark, the motorman had been unable to see, the head-light had gone out; and the car had collided with a hack and some of the people had been injured.

The people on Virginia Av. were very charitable, so did not allow the police to call an ambulance, but instead, each one offered his home for one of the wounded. It fell to the lot of the Lawson's to take a young man, who seemed to be injured the most seriously of them all. His head had been cut open and the blood had clotted on his pale face. When the policemen carried him in, Jeanette was standing in the hall. As they passed her, she gave a little gasp and started for the unconscious form. But her father, who had just entered the hall, drew her back.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" he asked, "you're very pale. I think the sight of that white and bloody face had a bad effect on you."

"Yes; I think it did," she replied, "I'll soon be all right."

Jeanette had forgotten her guests, but recovering her composure, she quickly opened the door and went out onto the porch. The injured people had all been removed from the scene of the accident, and the merry-makers were ready to say good-night to their hostess. So thanking her for her hospitality, they hastened away.

Mr. Lawson had called the doctor and he soon appeared. Upon careful examination, he found that the young man was more seriously hurt than at first they had imagined. The gash in his head was of secondary importance, when they discovered that his body had been crushed and one of his arms broken.

The daughter of the house had been waiting in the hall for the doctor's reappearance and when he came down the stairs, she confronted him.

"Oh, doctor, is he much hurt?" she asked.

The tremor in her voice showed the doctor that she was anxious, and he assured as coolly as possible:

"I'm afraid so, Miss Jeanette; his body is badly crushed and one of his arms is broken, beside the wound in his head. He may possibly live; there is still a little hope. I have sent for a nurse and she will be here directly."

"Well, you can just send her a note, telling her that her services will not be needed," Jeanette quietly replied, "I shall care for him, myself."

The doctor smiled and then said, "But you aren't capable of attending him, are you? I didn't know you were a nurse."

"Nor am I," was the reply, "but I had a little practice when mother was ill last winter and I shall at least attempt it."

"But what will your father say? I'm afraid he will not permit it."

"Oh, yes, he will, for my mind is made up and that settles the question. Of course you will have to give me some instructions."

"All right," and as the doctor hastily wrote down a few directions and handed them to her, he said, "You're a brave little girl."

The doctor did not know the love that prompted the bravery but, nevertheless, it was there; and donning a clean, white apron, Jeanette hurried upstairs to begin her duties. Mrs. Lawson sat by the bed and as Jeanette entered, a look of surprise overspread her face.

"I'm the new nurse," the girl whispered, "you may go off duty, now, if you wish. You're tired, I can see, so you mustn't sit up any longer."

"But you're not going to nurse him, child, what are you thinking of?"

"Oh, yes I am and I'm not getting srazy, either. Now you hurry off to bed and I'll explain in the morning. Did the doctor give him something to quiet him?"

"Yes, dear," and with a puzzled look on her weary face, Mrs. Lawson left her daughter to care for the wounded man.

The sedative, which the physician had administered worked for awhile, but towards morning the patient grew restless, and then delirious. His fever went up and his mind began to wander. During the night he had oc-

asionally groaned, as if in great pain, but aside from that he had said nothing. Jeanette longed to hear his voice again. That deep, rich voice that had told her that Jack Trenton loved her. She wondered if he loved her still. Presently, he began to murmur something and she bent over him to see what it was. To her surprise she heard the words, "Jeanette! Jeanette! Jeanette!" He kept repeating the name until, finally, his voice ended in a deep groan.

Oh, if I could do something for him," she thought, "if only I had something to give him." But the doctor had not yet returned, so she was helpless. Then again, he began to talk; this time more distinctly and a little louder.

"If she only knew how much I loved her; Oh how—I wish—I—could tell her. But I'm so—far—away,—here he stopped. She was waiting breathlessly for the rest, but it did not come.

It was now, nearly seven o'clock in the morning. The doctor would come soon and perhaps he could give him something to restore consciousness. She had only a short time to wait before the doctor opened the door.

"Hello," he called; "how's the patient and how's the nurse?"

"The nurse is all right," she replied, "but I fear for the patient. He has been a little delirious and his fever is quite high."

"That's too bad; perhaps I can do something for him, though, I'll see." He took out his medicine case and prepared a mixture to be taken every half hour. "This, I think, will relieve the fever and perhaps the delirium, if given regularly."

"I'll see to that, you may be sure," replied Jeanette. "I'm always particular about the medicine."

Jack slept, nearly all the morning, but about noon he opened his eyes. It was not an intelligent look, however, that he gave the nurse and she could tell that he was still unconscious.

"Oh, if he could only gain his senses, that I might tell him I'd marry him, even if he didn't have a cent in the world," she murmured.

Then the eyes closed, but about two o'clock in the afternoon they opened again. It was still that vacant look. They closed once more and then Jeanette spoke:

"Jack! Jack! won't you open your eyes again? Can't you speak to me? Jack! this is Jeanette speaking to you."

Jack did open his eyes, but this time it was to see a beautiful room with a very sweet girl sitting by his bed.

"Where am I anyway?" he asked. "Have I been dreaming?" Then looking at Jeanette, he said, "Why Jeanette Lawson, where did you come from? How did I get here? What's the matter with me?"

"Well, wait just a minute," laughed Jeanette, "I can't answer but one question at a time. In the first place, you must be very quiet. Now, I'll tell you; I'm here because I belong here. You are here, because you were carried in by the policemen. And you have been in a street-car wreck; that's what is the matter with you."

Then she told him the whole story; carefully relating the accident, and how she came to be nurse.

"Now, Jack," she concluded, "tell me how you happened to be in the wreck. I want to know every detail."

"That night I left you, three years ago," he began, "I started home determined to win you. I knew if I did, that I must make good in the world. So the next morning I started for Chicago. Upon reaching the city, I obtained employment in a meat packing establishment, steadily rising in the firm, until I gained the top. Now, to make a long story short, I can offer you a comfortable home, and I've come to claim you. That's how I happened to be in the wreck. You told me before we parted, that it was money that separated us. You may no longer say that; so if there is nothing else, won't you make me happy, by becoming my wife? I love you just as much, and more than I did before, if only you can return it. Jeanette, darling, won't you say yes?"

Her head was on the pillow and she was sobbing softly. "Oh Jack!" she cried, "How can you forgive me, after treating you so? I cannot understand why I ever did it. Just to think, that my folly has kept us apart for three years! How I have ever lived without you is more than I can explain, for it seems, now that I could never let you out of my sight again. Oh Jack, I'm so happy! Of course I'm glad you've made good because father and mother will be more willing; but as far as I'm concerned, it wouldn't make a bit of difference now. You don't know how I love you. It seemed last night, that I had almost lost you. You did look so deathly, and the doctor was worried. But I think you'll come out all right now, because—because you can't die, Jack, I couldn't let you."

### VICTORY FOR CUPID

Once in a while, when he finds no other place, Cupid will flit around Wellsville High. It was a pleasant surprise indeed to hear that he had captured Miss Leila A. Lane of the English department and would take her to Albany, N. Y. Altho Miss Lane had spent but a part of a term in the faculty, she was admired by both students and teachers. The Owl takes not a little pleasure in extending to Mr. and Mrs. Edson best wishes for future happiness.

### NEW ENGLISH TEACHER

On Monday, January 6th, Miss Helen Magee Hall, of Lewiston, New York, a graduate of Oberlin College, assumed the duties of assistant English teacher, filling the place made vacant by the resignation of Miss Leila A. Lane.

The faculty and students desire to extend to Miss Hall, through the medium of the Owl, a cordial welcome.

German Teacher: "What is the rule for feminine singulars?"  
Student: "They got married."



The Hockey Team has been organized with Clare Bryson as manager and Dean Burrit captain. A strong line-up has been affected and regular practice organized.

The first game of the season was played Saturday, January 18, with an all-Wellsville town aggregation, which furnished excellent practice for the High School fellows. The town team will later organize a strong team, but were unable to show the School boys anything but a walkaway for the first game.

When the smoke (i. e.) snow had cleared away and the scores tallied, a possible fifteen or more were credited to the High School, while one accidentally found its way into the bag of goose eggs which should have belonged to the locals.

The line-up:

H. S. (15)	all-Wellsville. (1)
Duke	R. W. Wack
Brown	L. W. Ackley
Ball	R. C. Weinhoig
Bryson	C. Kress
Wilson	P. G. Hallock
Burrit	C. P. Hall
Sutfin	G. T. E. Hallock

An out of town schedule will be prepared by the manager and the rivals of baseball and the gridiron will have to show up on the ice.

### MODERNIZATION

"In God we trust," it used to be,  
And no one made objection,  
To such a trust; indeed, we deemed  
It quite beyond defection.  
But times have changed, the Trust  
must go;  
Our motto's dissolution  
Has come to pass. Now shall we  
have  
T. R. as substitution? —Ex.



### CHESS AND CHECKERS

More interest is being shown in the Chess and Checker Department of the Olympian Club than in any other. Teachers and students alike seem to be interested and Prof. Gage especially has become a student of the game of chess. Now altho Gage has had much experience and altho he has not been able to as yet keep his slate clean of defeats by more expert students later results we feel confident will bring the administrator of the ancient languages to the first rank. Prof. Burdge, Supt. of Schools, in Wellsville altho not adicted so much perhaps to chess, recently confided to a friend that he would meet the best checker player in Wellsville, student or citizen.

The manager of the Chess and Checker Club, Garwood Sutfin, holds the record as champion chess player and submits the following challenge:

We the undersigned challenge W. H. S. the public of Wellsville or any member of any High School in Allegany County to a game or series of games of chess.

G. B. SUTFIN,  
D. E. WILSON,  
D. E. HARVEY.

The manager requests that all the checkerites bring their own ammunition and boards rather than monopolize the boards from those wishing to play chess.

There once was a Freshman named Caryl,  
Who wore the most startling apparyl,  
So they stripped off his clothes  
From his head to his tothes,  
And they sent him back home in a baryl. Columbia Jester.





December 11, 1907 a debate was given on the question: Resolved, that the immigration of the foreign laboring class to the United States is detrimental to our best interests.

Affirmative	Negative
Engelder	Ball
McEwen	Richmond
Peet	C. Fuller

The decision was given to the negative.

The few weeks just past have been the occasion of several social functions given under the auspices of Theta Phi. On Wednesday, December 25, a Christmas tree was enjoyed in the Frat room. This was the scene of much hilarity both at the puns taken from the green branches and at the witty remarks of Santa. Chef Bruderlin served dainty refreshments after the tree and all departed wishing for another Christmas day.

On Friday Dec. 27, the annual Christmas dance was given. There was a large attendance and the hall was decorated most tastily with Christmas greens and festoons. Music was furnished by the Hamilton orchestra and all enjoyed a merry time until light appeared over the eastern hills. The Committee in charge consisted of Bro. McEwen, Ball, J. Fuller, Torrey and Carpenter.

Among the Alumni Brothers who were in Wellsville during the holidays are the following: Bros. Hoyt, Allen, Spicer, Clark, Wilcox, York, Comstock, Rockwell and Crandall.

Psi chapter is now located in the Ward Building, on Main Street. In these new quarters our chapter occupies about twice the floor space which we had before. The flat consists of three rooms and a large closet. These have been fitted up as a meeting room, a banner room and a reading room, the closet being used to store paraphernalia.

K. E.



On Jan. 1, 1908, the sorority gave a very enjoyable Leap Year party at the G. A. R. Hall. About forty couples were present. Dancing was indulged in the early part of the evening after which the girls introduced a novelty in the way of entertaining. Each boy was presented with half a dozen or more red and black hearts. The girls were given four minutes each to propose to the men of their choice. If the girl was accepted, she received a red heart, if refused, a black heart was given her. The game lasted several periods. The winner of the game was the one who secured the most red hearts. Miss Irene Kane succeeded in this and choose Leb Sweet to go through the mock wedding ceremony. After the bridesmaid and best man were chosen the admirable couple were solemnly joined in wedlock by Samuel J. Early. The wedding party was the hit of the evening. Pleasing refreshments were served by Chef Emil Bruderlin. The hall was prettily decorated with holly and mistletoe, and there were numerous cozy corners scattered about the building.

Onnolee Higbie, who spent Xmas vacation in Wellsville, has returned to school at Bloomfield, N. J.

Miss Lucy Seltzer returned to Ononta Normal after spending Xmas in town.

Miss Marguerite Swartzenbach is a new member of K. E.

On Dec. 27, a business meeting was held at the home of Sue Breckenridge.

Jan. 10. K. E. meeting was held at the home of Irene M. Kane.

Miss Ethel Gardiner left Saturday Jan. 11, for Rochester, where she will enter the Rochester Business Institute for a course in typewriting and stenography. The best wishes of the sorority go with her.

Miss Gracia Haight spent Xmas vacation at her home in Syracuse, returning to her school duties on Jan. 6.



## AMONG THE LATE BOOKS

"Long Trousers," by Marcello King and Milford Sweet. Published by 8th Grade Press. Price \$.23.

"Cupid and Candy," a treatise, not a story, giving experiences of a young man who won a girl's affection through candy. By William Evergood Rahr. Published by Rockwell Bros. Price \$.01.

"Reformation in the Church," by Garwood Sutfin. Telling how its very-interested members should always attend church and save a fellow from waiting, without results, outside. Published by Taylor Publishing Co., Ltd. Price \$1.50.

"Bings, II Tales,"—Edited by Joe Regan who has spent much of his time collecting these stories as told by George Washington Bings, II. A very interesting story of Mr. Regan's own love affair in the appendix. Published by Graham, Peet & Co., Price \$1.00.

"Warren Church,—Statesman, a biographic sketch of the great man. Written by Frances Frank and published charitably by H. Korts & Co. A de luxe edition and circulated only to those who do not know him.\$5.00.

"Rise to Fame," a story of a young man who rose from the humble occupation of baggage "smashing" to wealth and fortune, a German love story prettily interwoven into the piece. For sale by Peet P. Peet, Price 23c.

Western Forestry.—Descriptive work, telling of new methods of securing tropical growth of forests on the most barren prairies. Breckenridge & Co., publishers and sole agents. Price \$1.25.

"The Weavers," second edition of famous novel picturing the possibilities of the first edition. Clark & Co. publishers. While edition lasts will be sold for \$1.25 a volume.



## DEBATING AND SPEAKING

The first debate in the series between K. E. and Theta Phi was held Saturday evening January 17, at the Theta Phi rooms. The speakers for K. E. were Susan Breckenridge, Alta Emerson and Florence Taylor, for Theta Phi, J. Jay Fuller, Raymond Ball and Arthur Carpenter. K. E. defended the affirmative of the question, Resolved, That the Immigration of the Foreign Laboring Class is Detrimental to the United States and were given the decision. Hon. C. A. Far-num, C. Y. Kerr and Miss Louie Sackett acted as judges.

Psi Chapter, by postponing their choice of speakers until the last hour, attribute the defeat to themselves rather than to the speakers on the negative.

The second debate,

Resolved, That the American Navy Should be Increased, will be held in about four weeks.

## MEDAL SPEAKING CONTEST

Those who desire to enter the prize oratorical and speaking contest, on the evening of February 22nd should begin their preparations.

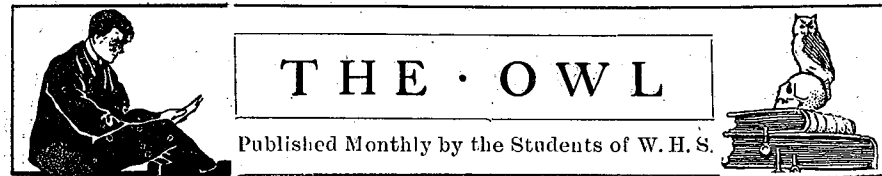
But little interest has been shown thus far and as the contest is to be annual it is desired that as many enter as possible.

The prizes were announced in the December Owl and are as follows:

A gold and silver medal to boys in active attendance in Wellsville High School for the best and second best oration or declamation.

A gold and silver medal to girls in active attendance in Wellsville High School for the best and second best reading, essay or declamation.

It's worth the while of every student to try for the medals.



# THE · OWL

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Wm. McEwen, '09, Assistant.

Entered at the Wellsville P. O.  
as second-class mail matter.

Nothing would please the editor more than to publish an issue equal in size to that of the Holidays each month, but the man at the receiving end of the table and who signs the checks for the editor's expenses has already cried "enough."

Wellsville is small and the staff work under numerous difficulties. For instance, the staff artist has resigned, before lending his magic hand to one line or ornamentation for this year's "Owl."

To be able then to produce an "Owl" for Easter, which may be something special, we have been compelled to combine this issue with that of February.

Were the management to ask your best possible support in the future, we would say, "support every issue as you did the Christmas number."

## THE WILL AND THE WAY

The other day, some one remarked to a group in the hall, "Oh! well, it was easy for him." The unsuccessful student thus consoled himself and explained to his own satisfaction the achievements of a rival. We ought not to judge what is easy for another unless we know that life intimately. The mere result which we observe may be no measure of the infinite labor expended unbeknown to us. A handy pony may help a boy to make brilliant recitation occasionally, but the plodder, the one who is not satisfied with the superficial knowledge, can with apparent ease, master the knotty construction, not because it is easy for him but for the reason that he is not frightened by the word "work."

So, this matter of acquiring knowledge depends largely on your point of view. You may have heard of the reckless, scatter brained college fellow who managed to receive a diploma from his college authorities. Heedless, satisfied with the tasks of learning, he ran out on the campus wildly flourishing his sheep skin, at the same time crying "Educated, by Jove." He certainly was a living example of the old repeated sentiment "College cannot manufacture brains." But had he been willing to work with a purpose, he could have carried away with him something more than a parchment to satisfy to the world that this was an educated man.

If you only realize how much difference there is between work aimlessly pursued and that done ever with a purpose you hold the key to the problem of successful acquisition of knowledge. Just add a few ounces of enthusiasm to your ton-weight of work and as by magic, the burden lifts. You marvel at the ease with which you are accomplishing your tasks.

Some people have puzzled their brains in attempting to find in the early life of Lincoln an explanation of his ultimate success. How could a boy from the crude home of a pioneer gain fluency and graphic force of words? Some are content to say this is a mystery.

The only mystery is the magic work pursued with a purpose. Grant that Lincoln's early education was meager, his surroundings, rude, his companions unlettered, yet add that in himself this boy purposed to gain supremacy and you can understand the results. It was no hardship for him to tramp miles to borrow a book or to study by flickering light until the small hours of morning, after a day in the field. He did not grow over the solution of problems figured on his wooden shovel. Why? He set the task of acquiring greater knowledge, greater powers than anyone else in his settlement, then his conquest spread through the country, widened further yet until one day he stood as chief of the American

people. The miracle of his life is the miracle of hard work coupled with a steadfast purpose.

You may not be an emancipator of slaves, nor President of the United States, but in your own little dominion you may be a Lincoln over yourself and your circumstances, as Poor Richard says: "We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. But if you will not hear reason, she'll surely rap your knuckles."

\* \* \*

Notice is called to the appointment of Miss Maurine McPherson, '08, as an associate editor on the staff. Any student reading her prize story in last month's Owl will not doubt Miss McPherson's ability. Jos. Schwarzenbach, whose name has appeared as staff artist, has resigned to develop his ability as manager of his father's new Art Store.

## EXCUSES IN RECITATION

"It varies."

"Well—ah."

"Well, it depends."

"Why—um—er—ah."

"You mean a ———"

"That's as far as I got."

"Oh yes—er—why."—Ex.

"I didn't study that far."

"I was absent yesterday."

"Were you speaking to me?"

"I didn't hear your question."

"I can't see the board from here."

"Beg pardon, where's the place?"

"I don't understand; what do you mean?"

"I know it, but I can't express it in words."

"Why (in injured tone) we didn't have that for today."

"Why, (also in injured tone) I studied the next chapter."

## TO THE SENIOR CLASS

Tread softly, dear Seniors,  
Along your bright path;  
Tread softly, I charge you,  
You're not there by half.  
For someone may flunk you  
Then what will you do?  
Tread softly, dear Seniors,  
This warning's for you.



# Hoot



# Hoot

"It is better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a-tall."

—Hoot

—Regents are here.

—And a flunk will get yo'

—If you don't watch out.

—Everybody plays chess.

—Baggage Lady—? ! ! —Hei-  
bie P—

—Yes, that's a very clever seal, Adeline.

—Who said the K. E's couldn't entertain.

—Too much excitement in the grey shirt Colony.

—You shouldn't judge Joe from the pictures he sells, girls.

—Did you notice how Earley Teddy was New Year's night?

—Helen C. says "The Weavers" is the best book she ever read.

—No Billy Rahr you can't be a chorus girl. They are too red.

—Evidently Winifred S. could Rockwell in Hornell if she wished.

—Wanted by H. B. H. (Cornell '09) a 'Billy' warranted not to butt in.

—Why was Helen G. so long getting home after the Theta Phi dance?

—Helen C. says she has a new sparker in the auto. Are you guilty, Bill?

—It is rumored that Greta is making great preparations for a siege of Richmond.

—Adeline says she is going to Wells College because it is so near Co—er—home.

—Adeline was spicy as ever Xmas time and is even labeled with a Cornell seal.

—No, Dean B. is not captain of the Salvation Army, as his talking would signify. Only captain of the hockey club.

—Puzzle what makes Magner jump and Ballie giggle, Billy groan and Kaney wiggle.

—Fanny was Clyde on a New Year's Eve watch, nevertheless she is True once more.

—Why is it Mr. Collister walks up Jefferson St. when it is nearer home by Madison?

—Even Nortie was home with an egg shell on his head and a new joke—in his mind.

—A bad penny always returns. Dauphin is back. So is Asa. That makes 2 cents.

—Curiosity killed a monkey once. Inez how would you like to drop dead in the art store?

—They used to keep the book cases locked, but now they keep the whole library under key.

—Yes, Laurence G. we think Erma E. prefers to ride down hill with you, but don't be bashful.

—Ask William McE if he can understand why Helen C. is so pleased with the book, "Hiawatha."

—All the old "grads" have left town and the dove of peace reigns in many hearts as a result.

—Have you noticed Miss Beardslee's West Point buckle? A present from her brother (?) no doubt.

—Murder will out and Sullivan's attack against the Indians has even interested the ladies of the D. A. R.

—Anyone doubting H. Peet's serenity, should have seen the awful "crush" he had on "Her" suitcase recently.

—Great minds run in the same channel. That's why Billy R. and H. Rockwell's French sentences are always alike.

—William Rahr is making a hobby of chairs. Rocking chairs seem to be his favorite. Billy says, "I like a Rockwell."

—Chewing gum as a fad of school girls has had its day. Nose glasses are the latest. Grace H. was the first to "indulge."

—Yes, Leslie H., Mr. Collister enjoys your company and likes to be near you so you rightfully need your seat in front.

—It is said that the mirror Adaline received at the Theta Phi Xmas tree was very appropriate. Too bad, it was so small.

—Who ever thot that the saint of the W. H. S. or rather Rock C. would have "pipe" dreams not of Jenny but real corn silk.

—Wm. McE. says that the K. E. banner which adorns his den is certainly a "peach." Why does R. Ball think about it so much?

—Prof. Bodley says he just Haight Shorthand. Perhaps he heard Miss Haight say she was Bod(ley) disgusted with Geometry.

—Who would have thot that Mary Sweet would exchange Coons for a Butler in these days of meat houses and cozy corners.

—Grover Babcock says that India is the place for him to live. "I wouldn't be a bachelor long there," he says. We do not doubt it.

—The Owl hasn't been read until you've glanced over the ads. They're worth your while and don't neglect to patronize the advertisers.

—It's a pity that the girls who asked Lem to show his new frat. pin had to run way over to Bolivar to see it. A word to the wise is sufficient.

—No, Clarks did not have a search light on the auto Xmas. It was Mr. Clark's youngest son, Paul, exhibiting his frosh pipe to the natives.

—Students desiring to see "sights" should go to the 5c picture shows and not wait for Miss H. and ? to descend from the 3rd floor every night.

—Donald W. recently called up a girl (ahem.) While she was anxiously making her way to the telephone he was completely overcome by the "pit-a-pat" sensation of the heart and was unable to converse with the girl, much to her disappointment.

—White Horses? Well, Mary S. whether Caesar rode a white horse we cannot tell, but are quite sure Napoleon did and are positive that Mr. Butler does.

—Garwood, who is noted by his great love of mottoes has added a new one to his list. It is: "Go to church, and many are with you; wait, and you wait alone."

—Hiram tells us that Rev. McPherson even meets him at the (church) door with a friendly greeting. It's a wise man who knows his own son-in-law, Torrey. So get next.

—The Hockey Club and the Chess club are good additions to the Olympian. Why not have a Whistling club and let those 8th graders "break lose" and whistle to their heart's content.

—Meat took a sudden rise recently. We were scared and began to convert ourselves to vegetarians for economy's sake. The cause we understand was that Andy K. sat down on a tack.

—Harry S., better known as George Washington Bings, II, has not lost his popularity as the 8th grade district entertainer. His biographer, Joe Regan, is collecting Harry's stories for a book.

—Long evenings are made short at Prof. Burdge's house, since Prof. Bodley taught Miss Haight how to play chess. We suggest Mr. Collister Get-(a)man to play with him.

—Wellsville boys are ever winning honors for the old W. H. S. and the class of '06 ought to be justly proud of their little Bug who we understand has recently been elected captain of the awkward Squad.

—Allow us to give Mary S. advice on Sunday School etiquette. "Always pay strict attention" is one hint. Another, "The books are for your use, don't read post cards during class. Mr. Butler wouldn't send them if he thought you did."

—Captain Bumblebee Brass Buttons nee Lebeus Sweet, attended the famous Xmas ball given by the Thetas and was heard to remark that he really wasn't brave; that a man would have to be a sharp shooter to hit him and not a brass button.

—Evidently some of the girls at the Leap Year party had to work rather hard over their patients, judging from the length of their four minutes.

—Estes says work at St. John's is hard enough to kill a man. Only the good die young, so cheer up, Estes. It's up to you to stay here for a long time yet.

—From the sleepy look on Nita's face Monday mornings we begin to realize that spring is surely coming and Scrub must be back at his old occupation down on the farm.

—N. B. The maidens of the W. H. S. are hereby warned not to even look at Percy Burdick for we now take great pleasure in announcing to the H. S. that he is engaged—to drive Dr. Kinney's horse the rest of the winter.

—Her Grace and the Duke held council in the back room of the Mansion of Aching Hearts New Year's night and it is rumored that during the duke's absence her royal highness will spend much time trying to play Ball.

—When Maurice H. came into the Study Hall recently, he caused much interest among the 8th Grade Biology students. They at once reported to Mr. Campbell that they had discovered a "centi-ped" and that the noise it made was something "awful."

—The class of Physicists, with long drawn studious faces, were listening to a talk on Engines by Prof. Collister. "The Sparkler," he was saying, "is an important object on the auto." (applause.) He proceeded: "I don't see the joke." We might add that we know a large number of Sparkers who don't own an automobile to Spark on.

—The last Friday that Miss Lane was with us, a number of the scholars gave her a tinshower. By appearances the next shower on the faculty will be a "book" shower; the books pertaining to Physical Culture and Oratory, at the tune of typewriter clicks with an accompaniment of Geometrical quadrilaterals making a shorthand descent to the floor in an algebraic equation.

## ARE WELLSVILLE GIRLS E. P. ?

(Dedicated to the young men of Clarkson School of Technology.)

Recently a number of the basketball girls received letters from love lorn young men in Potsdam, who, however, omitted to say whether or not their object was matrimony.

Now we will have to admit that the girls are all good looking but there are enough high school youths in Wellsville to supply the demand for fellows, so the young ladies hereby take great pleasure in thanking the young men for their good intentions and show their gratitude by sending 1 dozen lemons, of the usual tropical proportions, that they may have something to pass away the time while looking for another good-looking group of girls.

## FOR GIRLS ONLY

Yet curious be they? Not New—art through.  
 Yet this jingle I'll bet they've read  
 "Nix," they will say, "only girls are!"  
 too?  
 But what of the boys, are they curious  
 —to learn it.  
 She'd just nearly stand on her head  
 She'd fret and stew, and worry so,  
 In October's "Owl" we read,  
 know,  
 If there's anything a girl shouldn't

## ANOTHER ABOUT MARY

Mary had a little lamb,  
 With mashed potatoes fine;  
 Then she had a dozen smelts  
 And topped them off with wine.

Mary had an easy mark,  
 I think his name was Jones;  
 At any rate what Mary had,  
 Cost Jonesie twenty bones.—



Nearly all of our exchanges made very credible efforts to produce special Christmas numbers. Many excellent articles and artistic effects were the result.

The Normal Wireless starts out well. Keep it up.

The Maroon, from Tacoma, Washington, is well arranged, and presents a very neat appearance.

The Jayhawker for Christmas was enlivened by a number of cartoons. Its contents were especially good.

The Mirror, from Lima High School is artistic all through. The headings are especially worthy of mention.

The Item is good from cover to cover. One of the best exchanges on our table. We hope always to see it there.

The All Told has certainly told a great deal if not all concerning their school activities in a little space. Your paper is a credit.

The Alfred University Monthly is well written. The editor is not partial to joke pages. Ah, well "A little nonsense now and then."

The Caldron, being always good, for Christmas was especially so. One Happy Heine seems to occupy much, well written space in each issue.

The Red and Black is a new one welcomed to our exchange table. A few cuts would improve it. The poems and jingles by the classmen are good.

The Pennant. The signature on the story, "That Red Headed American Girl" hardly fits the narrative. Such may be the taste of the author but its sounds rather vulgar to an outsider.

The Morovian, received by courtesy of an alumni, is good. A little more care should be given to arrangement. A page of jokes should never be given preference to news matter concerning your school.

The Blade, from the Bowen School, Nashville, Tenn., has one of the most attractive Christmas covers. Inside it is very nearly an ideal High School paper, reflecting on every page the spirit of the institution it represents.

## JOHN T. BROWN IN CHAPEL

John T. Brown who has recently returned from a trip around the world, addressed the students on the first school day of the year. He chose "India" for his subject, and his description of the manners, customs and religious ceremonies of the people of that country was exceedingly interesting.

He not only told us about the condition of the poorer class of people in India, but also of the condition of some of the animals for instance sacred monkeys and cows. It seems that these animals receive more attention than in our own land. Possibly this is because we have better ways of using our time.

Mr. Brown had visited the Taj Mahal, which is considered the most beautiful building in the world. It was built by one of the Emperors as a mausoleum for his favorite wife. White marble was the material used in its construction and it is a perfect octagon in shape. The architect was put to death when the work was completed, that he might not, in the future, conceive a building more beautiful.

## APPROPRIATE HYMNS

For the gas man—Lead Kindly Light.  
 For the land-lady—Abide With Me.  
 For the baker—I (k) need Thee Every Hour.  
 For a custom-house officer—The Docks-ology.  
 For the divorced man—The Strife is O'er, the Victory's Won.

## GRACE VINCENT DUKE

It is with sorrow that we record the death of Grace Vincent Duke. Mrs. Duke was a member of the class of '01. The sympathies of the Owl go out to Mr. Duke in his great bereavement.

## OLYMPIAN CLUB ELECTION

The Olympian Club has begun the new year with a membership of 73. The officers elected for the remainder of the school year are:

President, Harry Richmond.  
Vice President, Susie Breckenridge.  
Secretary, Charles Fuller.  
Treasurer, Mr. Gage.  
Manager, Debating Team, Raymond Ball.  
Manager Football Team, Joseph Coyle.  
Manager Girl's Basket Ball Team, Helen Rockwell.  
Manager Track Team, Carl Engelder.  
Manager Tennis Team, Hiram Torrey.  
Manager Hockey Team, Clare Bryson.  
Manager Checker and Chess Club, Garwood Sutfin.

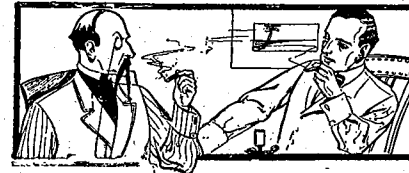
The checker and chess club seems to be quite popular at present from the appearance of the library after school these days. The hockey team is busy too.

## ANOTHER

The Owl is pleased to extend congratulations to a former instructor in History, Miss M. Gertrude Gardiner, whose marriage to Mr. Geers, C. E. of Syracuse, was announced some time ago.

## MOTTO OF THE LATIN CLASS

All are dead, who spoke it;  
All are dead, who wrote it;  
All must die, who learn it;  
Blessed Death! they earned it.



## WITH OUR "HAS BEENS"

Miss Genevieve Alger visited friends in Elmira recently.

Helen Rosa, Syracuse '11 spent her vacation at her home on Madison St.

Mr. Fred Mather has resigned his position as cashier in the Whitesville bank.

Judd Earley spent his Christmas vacation in town, visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. Wm. L. Norton of Bartlesville, Okl., was in town for a few days Christmas week.

Mr. Estes Rathbone was home from St. John's Military Academy at Manlius for Christmas.

Mrs. Roland White of Cleveland, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Mather.

W. R. Van Campen spent his vacation in this city. Mr. Van Campen is a senior at Albany Law School.

Dauphin Dexter has again returned to Wellsville High School. We are always glad to welcome old friends.

Edgar Wilcox, of Pennsylvania University, spent Christmas in Wellsville, with his mother, Mrs. L. L. Wilcox.

Frank B. Crandall, instructor in modern languages at Corning Free Academy spent the holidays in this city.

Mr. Oscar Engelder has returned to Houghton, Mich., to continue his mining course after spending the holidays in this city.

Lemuel Rockwell, Rock Comstock, Norton York, '11 of Colgate found Wellsville about Xmas time and spent vacation here.

Paul Clark, '11; Clyde Allen, '11; Herbert Hoyt, '09; Elmer Spicer, '10 and Maurice Babcock, '11 Cornell, spent the holiday vacation in Wellsville.

## If You Wish to Help the Owl

Do all of your buying with the merchants who advertise with us and let them know that you read their ad in the Owl. This is the only way to make the Owl a possibility. Our advertisers offer special inducements to High School Students which you should always take advantage of.

"My love's like the waves of the ocean,  
Cried Alphonse de Puyster Van Lick.

"That's why," said Miss Perkins of Goshen,

"You make me so awfully sick."  
Yale Record.

Irate Father (without)—Mary isn't it about time for that young man to be leaving?

Small Brother (listening)—O, father, don't blame him, he can't go. Sister's sitting on him.—Ex.

When They are Quiet.

I like to go to church.  
Why?

Well, it's comforting to see a man keep a hundred women or so quiet for an hour.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
And the clock was striking the hour;  
The hour rose up indignant,  
And struck back with all its power.

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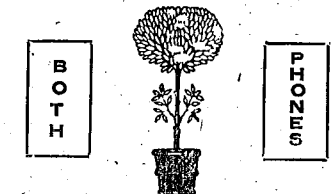
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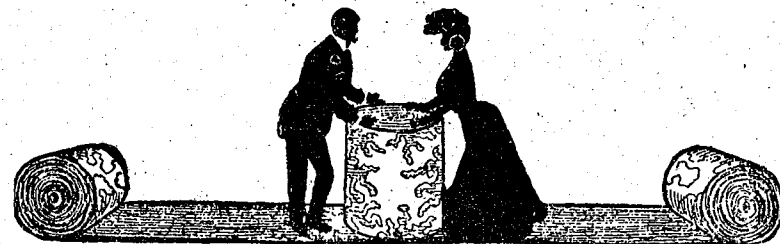
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Scoville, Brown & Company



# Say Fellows

Most of the young men of Wells-ville and vicinity come here for their clothes, Many of them could not be induced to go elsewhere.

We take great pains in having our Young Men's Clothes

## Just Right

The Young Man wants all the late style kinks in cut, make up and fabric, and he gets them all when he comes here. The swell coat, correct collar and lapels etc. are all in evidence.

## The Very Ideal of Swelldom

Few of the best custom tailors can equal and not one can excel in producing such fashionable garments for the Young Man's wear.



Our prices are always reasonable and you'll

think so the moment you see the suits and match the prices to the garments.

## All the Latest Wrinkles in Toggery

We have all the latest wrinkles in Men's Toggery "Dressy Chaps" have a habit of coming here for their Haberdashery.

The fact that they always get the "correct thing" got them into the habit.

We've many exclusive ideas in Neckwear, Gloves shirts; etc., etc.

## Fragner & Cornwell

*"If You See It in Our Ad, It's to be Had"*

