

Photographs.

SUTTON,

The Old Reliable!

An experience of forty years in business enables us to know something near what our customers want, and to always succeed in giving them satisfaction.

Every year we have made the whole or a majority of the class pictures for the school, and a comparison of the pictures will show any one the superiority of the work.

We are Not Amateurs



Volume I.

Number I.

THE
Forum Script Annual.

PUBLISHED BY
THE FORUM LYCEUM
OF
HORNELLSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL,
Hornellsville, N. Y.

JUNE, 1897.

This book is dedicated to

Thornellville High School.

Board of Editors.

Editor-in-Chief	- - -	WILLIAM H. VINAL.
Assistant Editors,	- - -	{ JOHN J. CUNNEEN.
		{ FLOYD L. CARR.
Business Managers,	- - -	{ SHERMAN H. CRANE
		{ DEO ROBINSON.

Greeting.

TO the students of Hornellsville High School, its teachers and to all readers of this annual, the Forum sends greeting.

We recognize the fact that our school has made much progress in the past year, an advancement which is to the credit of both teachers and students. We recognize, also, that some proper medium should be employed to announce this progress to our friends and supporters.

To this end the Forum Lyceum has undertaken the task of publishing an annual which shall represent, in a general way, the literary ability of the students.

With the exception of one or two articles, the matter herein contained has been contributed by students. It is thus a correct exponent of the kind of work done in our High School, and we do not need to say that we are proud of our school and of the societies connected with it.

Two annuals have preceded this: *The Hornellian* was published in '95 by the post-graduate class; the second, *The Oak Leaf*, was published in '96 by the Olympian Athletic Club, which has since been disbanded.

During the present year, ambition to undertake an enterprise of this kind seems to lie only with the Forum Lyceum, and by the successful publication of this annual the Forum means to add another score to its bright record.

This society has undertaken the present task only temporarily. The one thing which can insure its annual continuance, is a hearty approval of our first effort.

If our successors in the Forum should make a like attempt another year, we wish them a success even greater than that which has attended us.

Hornellsville High School.

HORNELL FREE ACADEMY was organized as a part of the public school system of the village of Hornellsville in accordance with a special act of the legislature passed May 2, 1872.

The first Regents' examination of which any record remains, was held Feb. 5th, 1872. In this examination thirty-eight passed in spelling, eight in grammar, two in geography and three in arithmetic. The age of the youngest pupil was given at twelve years and the oldest at eighteen years. As this was twenty-five years ago, the list naturally contains the names of quite a number of people now very well known in Hornellsville. The Principal at that time was Mr. H. J. Danforth. He was followed by Mr. A. G. Harrington in the summer of 1872, and under him, in February, 1873, the first Regents' preliminary certificates were earned by the following: (Names written verbatim from the record.) Belle Shelley, Carrie Harris, Belle Simmons, Josie Truesdale, Libbie Bailey, Minnie Goss, Mattie Hurlburt, Silas Niles, Frank Foster.

The first record of an examination in any of the higher branches bears date, Nov. 8, 1878, when two pupils were examined in Physiology and two in Botany. There is nothing to show that anyone passed; but from that time on there was a steady increase in the number passed in the various branches, and also in the number of subjects treated.

The oldest Annual Report on file bears date 1874, and the

signature is "Emily Hubbard, Preceptress." That report bears the names of thirty-one academic pupils.

There is no record of the date or time of service of the different principals, except as shown by the reports to the Regents' office. These reports were made by Watson Dunmore in 1875; by D. L. Freeborn from 1876 to 1882 inclusive; by Frank L. Green in 1883-4; by Robert Simpson, jr., 1885 to 1887; and by W. R. Prentice since that date. In these years Hornellsville has grown from a small village to a snug, enterprising little city. The number of pupils registered as attending school some part of the year has increased from 983 in 1873 to 2082 (with 400 in parochial school) in 1896; and the academic department has grown to more than 300. Ten years ago the academic department occupied two thirds of one floor of our main building and employed three teachers. It now occupies half the first floor, all the second floor, and one room on the third floor, and furnishes employment to nine teachers. The general order, school spirit, scholarship, library, etc., have kept pace with the increase in numbers.

During the past year the pupils petitioned the Board of Education to have the name changed from Hornell Free Academy to Hornellsville High School. On request of the Board this has been done by the Regents, and after the close of this school year it will wear its new title. It is not too much to hope that it will, under its new name, win as many honors as it has won in the past.

Board of Education.

STEPHEN HOLLANDS,
J. W. NICHOLSON,

ANNA C. ETZ,
J. E. B. SANTEE,

JANE HART.

Officers of Board.

STEPHEN HOLLANDS,	President.
JOSEPH CAMERON,	Secretary.
C. W. ETZ,	Treasurer.

W. R. PRENTICE, Superintendent of Schools.

Faculty of H. H. S.

W. R. PRENTICE, *Principal.*

ELEANORE F. CARLSON, *Preceptress.*
Latin, German.

JEAN C. HOWIE,
Mathematics.

IDA B. CRIDDLE,
Literature, German.

MARY R. FITZPATRICK,
Greek, French, Latin.

MARY REILLY,
Mathematics, English, History.

ISABELLA S. DISBROW,
History, Science.

ALICE F. SARGENT,
English.

F. FERN LOWELL,
Drawing, Science.

IDA V. NILES,
Algebra, History.

Class of '97.

President, SHERMAN H. CRANE.
Vice President, MABEL L. FINCH.
Secretary and Treasurer, CATHERINE B. HALPIN.

"Quality, not quantity," is the chief characteristic of the Class of '97.

It is the first Class to be graduated from "H. H. S.," and the first under the new method of "counts."

The girls of the class of '96 set the example of simplicity of dress and advised all succeeding classes to follow their example. The girls of '97 have taken that advice and even excel their predecessors.

Good-fellowship has prevailed since the organization of the class, so there have been no "scraps" for which senior classes are noted.

The scholarship and deportment are the best; in short, it is the *niciest* class ever graduated.

Ruby Bartz,	"Education of the Street."
Floyd L. Carr,	"Monopolies."
Sherman H. Crane,	"Modern Patriotism."
Joseph P. Creagh,	"Machinery and the Laboring Class."
Mabel L. Finch,	"A Bunch of Marguerites."

Katherine A. Frawley,
Catherine B. Halpin,
Margaret T. Hart,
Mary A. Henry,
Ernest E. Holt,
Maud G. Johnson,
James H. Kellogg,
Ethel M. Lackey,
Mary H. Lamphere,
Edith L. Major,
Anna M. Powers,
Deo Robinson,
John W. Robinson,
Leila E. Ross,
Bradford E. Stephens,
Bessie M. Walbridge,
Helen M. Welch,

"Systematic Charity."
"Musicians."
"Astronomical Myths."
"Magazine Literature of to-day."

"Bubbles."
"The Sensational Newspaper."
"Literary Crazes."
"Fashions of the Century."
"Song."
"City and Country Life."
"Scientific Agriculture."
"The Future of Africa."
"Superstitions of Our Times."
"A Socialistic Outlook,"
"The Message of Talent."
"The Literature of the Child-
hood of the Nations."



Everett Palmer

John Robins

Charles Stevens

George Stephens

Sherman Crane

Francis Cameron

Chester Alvine

Charles Toney
Bradford Stephens

The Forum.

IN order to give a correct idea of the history of the Forum Society, it will be necessary to show how it was organized and the purposes thereof. During the year 1889, some young men of Hornell Free Academy formed a society known as the Calmy, the object of which, similar to that of the Forum, was to promote an interest in literature and in public speaking. They met at the homes of the different members and prospered for a time, until the society, forgetting its aim, made its meetings only gatherings for amusement. Their foundation was not solid enough for the frame-work, and thus the Calmy met an early death.

Undismayed by this failure, there was still one man who thought that by going deeper, picking out the proper materials for a foundation and planning a suitable outline for its construction, a society that would live and be an honor to our school could be built up. This man, Superintendent Prentice, is still our best friend.

The Forum Lyceum held its first meeting in the Superintendent's office, on Monday evening, November 3d, 1890, with fourteen of the sixteen charter members present. A constitution and by-laws were then adopted, the preamble to which

read as follows: "We, the undersigned, do hereby organize ourselves into a society, to be known as the Forum Lyceum. The purposes of this society shall be to promote the literary culture of its members, a knowledge of parliamentary practice, and the art of extemporaneous speaking."

For a time after its organization the society flourished, much interest being shown in its meetings. However, the novelty soon wore off; then came the crisis. But the courage of the members and the zeal of its officers overcame the distracting influences of outside attractions and the inside tendency to disorder. The society came out of the fire better tempered and truer steel than before it was tried. Many times since, when the older members have left town for college or to work, the same conditions have arisen among the younger members; but the workers of the society, stimulated by the example of its founders, have made the Forum not a remembrance but a reality.

Once a year the society has given an entertainment which generally has been free to the friends of the members, though sometimes a small fee has been charged to meet the expenses. These entertainments have all been on the line of the Forum's regular work. As the society became quite patriotic, several military drills were introduced and the Forum Military Company was formed. The play, King Alfred, was also presented, and the Continental Congress held a meeting in the Academy hall; and after speeches by the Henrys and Hancocks of Hornell Free Academy, the Declaration of Independence was unanimously adopted, and the old school bell rang in emulation of the stormy scenes of '76.

The Forum has presented the High School with a fine steel engraving of the "Battle of Gettysburg" and also a pretty etching of "Moonlight on the Hackensack."

This year the boys fairly outdid themselves by the presentation of a flag-pole—a much needed article. It is of the best cedar, is planted solidly eight feet in terra firma, and its golden dome glitters ninety-eight feet above ground. The pole was formally presented on Lincoln's birthday by President Robinson. At the same time, the Alpha Society, through its President Miss Hart, presented the beautiful flag which now waves over the school. The approach to the school house is, indeed, symbolic of our nation. There is the old soldier in the Park standing guard in front of the flag, which, in turn, inspires all, teachers and pupils, with loyalty to their native land.

The society, during late years, has been favored with addresses on "Choosing an Occupation," "Business Requisites," etc., by some of our successful business and professional men, such as Hon. Milo M. Acker, Supt. Prentice, Prof. Willard, Mr. Stephen Hollands, and Mr. James Welch. These talks were to the point and were greatly appreciated by the members. During the present year Supt. H. E. Gilpin, of the Erie railroad, gave a very interesting address. "Advice to Young Men," which subject he handled in a clear and logical manner.

Twice the Forum has held a joint debate with the Alpha, its sister society, which resulted most beneficially to both societies, nor does the Forum ever hope to meet a fairer or worthier rival than the Alpha.

The past year has been one of progress in the Forum.

Wishing to let the people of Hornellsville know what it was doing and how it has benefited its members, the Lyceum challenged any debating society in Steuben county to a joint debate. The gauntlet was taken up by the Haverling High School, of Bath.

The Forum's speakers were all active members, and showed that the meetings held every Monday evening are not spent in idleness nor fun, but in earnest work.

Although the Forum has been in existence about seven years, its membership remains nearly the same as during the first, for the older members are continually dropping out as their various pursuits in life call them away, and younger members come in to fill their places.

Members of the Society must have acquired twenty Academic counts in Hornellsville High School, and must be elected by a majority vote of the members present at two consecutive meetings. When obliged to leave the Society they are put on the associate list and honorably discharged from active service.

The weekly program consists of

Impromptu Speech. Subject to be given the speaker by the President.

Reading.

Essay or Poem.

Declamation or Oration.

THE FORUM SCRIPT, a weekly newspaper edited by two different members each week.

Discussion of the question for debate.

Members who have a part on the program are required to

be present, and no member is allowed to be absent two meetings in succession, unless for good excuse.

All meetings are open to the public. The regular sessions are held Monday evening of each school week at half-past seven o'clock, in the Laboratory of the High School, and are followed by an executive session.

The domestic life of the Forum has, at times, been somewhat the opposite of serene; yet, on the whole, the members elect as officers those who have experienced some of this rough weather, and the society has kept its course.

The hope of its humble historian is, that the Forum Society, guided by the pole-star of Christian intelligence, may continue its good work, teaching its members self-control and strengthening them in wisdom and morality.

JOHN J. CUNNEEN.



Jessie Dunning

Pearl Moore

Theo Joel

Katherine Frawley

Nellie Jimmy

Margaret Hart

Anna Powers

Leila Babcock

Mabel Wambourgh

Louise Marson

Anna Samfield

Ruth Leadak

Mary Lamphere

F. L. H. H.

Margaret C. H. H.

Ethel De V.

Lulu Mills

The Alpha.

THE Alpha Society is composed of young ladies of the best literary talent of Hornellsville High School. Its colors are white and yellow, and its motto is "*Lux femina facto.*"

The Alpha was organized April 7th, 1891, with eighteen members. During the same year it joined the Lyceum League of America, but separated from it in 1894.

The meetings are held every Thursday evening and consist of a debate, readings, recitations, extemporaneous speaking, and the reading of the ALPHA BREEZE. This paper has three departments—Literary, Miscellaneous, and the Story—and is published every two weeks.

The debates are on subjects of the day and are ably discussed by the members.

"In 1872 two entertainments were given. The first was a literary banquet, and the second consisted of impersonations of famous characters. In 1894 a third entertainment was given, which consisted of living pictures. The funds received from these entertainments were used in part for charitable purposes and for the purchase of a book-case and electric bells. This year a patriotic entertainment was given. The

object of this entertainment was to pay for the flag which was purchased for the new pole erected in the Park by the Forum.

Since the purpose of the Society is to develop the mental and moral faculties, the lives and works of different writers have been studied. In 1894 Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" and the "Princess" were studied. In 1895 and 1896, Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Shakespeare's "As You Like It" and "Midsummer Night's Dreams," some of Dickens's works, and Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," were studied.

In January, 1897, a plan was proposed and accepted, that they study the "Life and Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne." The work chosen to read was "Grandfather's Chair." Each evening there is a reading and an essay from this work.

The Alpha has representatives in Vassar, Cornell, Emerson, and Smith; and it is a most pleasing fact to know that they have all attained high honors in literary work.

The Society is the means of cultivating and elevating intellectual ability and talent, and its members help to make the best element of Hornellsville High School.

Mitchell
Harris

Francis
Cameron

Ray
Woodburn

Bessie Bolton

Wm. Davis

William
Eyre

Winifred
Santee

Jessie Palmer

Robert
Drahmer

Van Merrim



The Orchestra.

HAROLD E. SANTEE, Director.

Carl N. Benton, Violin.	Francis Cameron, Violin.
Charles Kittell, “	J. Adelbert Drehmer, Flute.
Mitchell Harris, “	Ray Woodbury, Cornet.
Jessie M. Palmer, “	William Davis, Clarinet.
Bessie F. Bolton, “	Van Merriman, Bass Viol.
William Fyffe, “	Winifred E. Santee, Pianist.

In the spring of the year, 1896, a few of the boys of Hornell Free Academy decided to form an orchestra in connection with the school. The interest aroused was more than enough to insure success. A surprising number of competent musicians was found among the pupils. Mr. Joseph Solan was chosen as Director, and under his direction the society flourished. The orchestra furnished several selections at the last commencement exercises, and has since played at a few entertainments.

This year, the orchestra has renewed its rehearsals. The meetings are held every Tuesday evening. At present there are thirteen members, many of whom belong to other musical societies. The rehearsals are always well attended, and the practice has proven very beneficial to the musicians themselves and to the school in general.

Editorials.

Rank of Hornellsville High School.

Hornellsville is a very small city, but its high school has attained a rank of which it is proud. According to the apportionment of money by the regents, based upon attendance and credentials earned, there are several in advance of us, but when due allowance is made, it will be seen that our boast is not an idle one.

To demonstrate this clearly, we shall compare ten of the high schools and academies, having the highest standing in the thirty-first annual report from the regents office at Albany.

According to this report, the amount received by each of the ten highest schools is as follows: Buffalo, with a population of 255,664, as shown by the census of 1890, \$2,674.33; Rochester, population 133,896, \$1,369.77; Albany, population 94,923, \$1,160.45; Ithaca, population 11,079, \$908; Elmira, population 30,873, \$811.92; Jamestown, population 16,088, \$728.14; Syracuse, population 88,143, \$687.97; Hornellsville, population 10,996, \$671.36; Utica, population 44,007, \$639.06; Gloversville, population 13,864, \$628.82.

Being fully aware of the fact that our school has not, as yet, reached perfection, we shall endeavor to keep its growth

as rapid and constant as it has been for the last ten years.

There are nine teachers who instruct three hundred pupils engaged in high school work. It is quite evident to any who are at all familiar with the school, that the progress made is not due alone to the enthusiasm, energy and "stick-to-it-iveness" of the students, but to the personal interest and unceasing encouragement of teachers as well.

C. E. T.

Concerning a New School Building.

Our city is making rapid progress in the matter of general municipal improvements, but there is one thing of public importance in which Hornellsville is sadly deficient, and that is in the facilities offered for academic work.

That we need a new High School building there is no doubt in the minds of well informed and unbiased persons. But the fact is, that Hornellsville's citizens, in general, are not sufficiently interested in our High School, rarely visit it, and as a result know little about it, although they have a vague sort of an idea that such a thing exists. Of our grammar schools we have not much to complain, but even a superficial investigation of our High School system would reveal numerous wants.

To begin with, there is a lack of room. There is an average attendance of three hundred academic pupils, but on account of the lack of room only about one hundred eighty can be accommodated in our study hall. The remainder, the first year pupils, are seated on the first floor, in two different

rooms. This may not at first appear to be a disadvantage, but in reality it is a great one. In passing to and from classes, because of the inconvenient arrangement of our recitation rooms, some pupils are obliged to go up stairs and others down by the same narrow flight at the same time. Thus the narrow halls become crowded, confusion sometimes ensues, and valuable time is lost. Again, it is often desirable and sometimes necessary to assemble all academic pupils in the same room. This is now impossible, except with confusion and loss of time. Our entrance halls also are too small to accommodate the number of pupils attending.

Our recitation rooms are not of proper size, conveniently situated, nor properly equipped. In all High Schools of our rank there is a chemical laboratory. We have none; and therefore chemistry, a subject useful to college candidates and others, cannot be taught. Botanical equipment is almost entirely lacking, and physical apparatus is very limited with no proper cases for its care.

A well planned school building should have a room especially fitted out for the meetings of the school societies. The present building has no such place. The Academy Hall is too large to heat and light, while the laboratory is not designed for such work at all. The Forum and Alpha have certainly done enough for the improvement of the school to merit such a meeting place.

Another thing demands attention. We have one of the finest reference libraries in the State, but with the present arrangement the books are in cases placed here and there all over the building. This library is constantly increasing, and there should be a separate room for its occupancy.

The present building is nothing more than a remodeled hulk, designed to meet the demands of the school as it was twelve years ago. The above mentioned necessary improvements cannot be had in the present building. A well appointed school building would cost something, but considering the rank to which the pupils of Hornellsville High School have brought their school, it seems no more than right that their efforts should be crowned with a suitable reward in the form of a new and properly equipped school building.

S. V. C.

The Alumni (Association).

The Alumni Association of Hornell Free Academy was organized May 5, 1885, by the classes of '83 and '84. At that time, only two classes, one of two and one of eight members, had been graduated. Since then the number graduating has increased yearly until now ours ranks among the best schools of the State. We have added to the association, by each outgoing class, between thirty and forty members, who, at the annual banquet became acquainted with each other.

In the last ten years the roll of our graduates had increased to two hundred seventy-four, representing all nationalities and religious creeds. Some have entered colleges, universities, normal and preparatory schools, others have taken up professional or business life.

The association now has graduates from Cornell, Hobart, Vassar, Albany Law School and Albany, Oswego, Geneseo and Buffalo Normals. Others are pursuing their studies at

Smith, Union, Cornell, Vassar, Yale, Princeton, Purdue, Brown, Alfred University, University of Pennsylvania, Buffalo Law School, Boston School of Oratory, and Oneonta Normal while others are in various college-preparatory schools.

Members of the association are located and holding responsible positions in New York, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Denver and Jersey City. Among those who have remained in Hornellsville may be found a city clerk, a justice of the peace, a city attorney, and members of the common council, having already received that advancement which comes to each one who has made up his mind that life is a struggle. All have the confidence of the community and are filling their positions with credit to themselves and to the school from which they have graduated.

Out of the two hundred seventy-four members of the association, one hundred ninety-four are women and eighty are men, over twice as many women as men. To give the reason for this would be difficult, and will be left to the reader.

So far as can be ascertained, our women graduates are engaged as follows. At home 30, book-keepers 10, in college 13, clerks 10, dressmaker 1, lawyer 1, married 36, nurses 3, Normal Schools 6, stenographers 5, teachers 72, still in High School 5, two have died, Men—Banker 1, book-keepers 6, civil engineers 4, in college 13, clerks 16, farmer 1, lawyers 10, machinists 5, merchants 5, ministers 2, physicians 2, reporters 2, stenographers 3, teachers 2, telegraphers 2, still in High School 5. One has died and only two have married.

Hornellsville High School, as it will be called in the future,

has in the past ten years made a record of which it may well feel proud, graduating two hundred seventy-four members, each of whom is a credit to the school as well as an ornament to the Alumni.

C. C. M.

Forum vs. Haverling Debating Society.

During the month of November, 1896, the Forum inserted a notice in the daily papers challenging any literary or debating society in Steuben county to a joint debate upon any proper subject, at any time.

Nothing was heard from this for some time, but at last the Forum received a letter from the Haverling Debating Society, of Bath, asking that a committee be appointed to arrange for a meeting of the two societies. A committee, which consisted of the President, Vice-President, and Secretary was immediately appointed, and it was agreed that the debate should take place at Hornellsville on December 18th, 1896, the question to be: "Resolved, That the United States shall use military force to prevent Turkish massacres in Armenia."

The Haverling Society chose the question and also had choice of side. They accordingly chose the affirmative.

One judge was chosen by each society and the two then chose the third judge.

The Forum chose Superintendent Henry E. Gilpin, Haverling designating Mr. Wood, of Bath, as their judge. The Hon. F. H. Robinson was chosen as third judge.

Promptly at eight o'clock Friday evening, Dec. 18th, 1896, the meeting was called to order by Chairman W. R. Prentice,

and the debate began, Haverling Society leading, the societies speaking alternately. The speakers were :

FORUM.

John J. Cunneen,
Charles Dailey,
George Woolard,
Bradford Stephens,
Stephen V. Cary,
Sherman Crane,
John W. Robinson,
Chester C. Milne.

HAVERLING.

Edwin Tharp,
Henry Hull,
Henry Loveless,
Claude Bennett,
Ernest Hamilton,
William Allen,
Clifford Owen,
Robert Waters.

The debate lasted one hour and fifty-seven minutes, at the end of which Hon. F. Robinson announced that it was the verdict of the judges, from the merits of the debate, arguments presented, and manner of speaking, that the question was lost.

Academy Hall was crowded to its utmost, this being the largest and best debate ever held in the city of Hornellsville.

Although the large audience strongly favored the Forum, the visitors were treated in the most courteous manner, and expressed themselves as enjoying their visit to this city very much.

J. W. R.

Sketch of the Library.

Over two thousand seven hundred is the number of volumes which now compose the library of Hornellsville High School.

Cyclopedias, Histories and Biographies; physical, economical and scientific works; books of literature, language and

ancient classics, are the main books of reference. It is obvious that these are a necessity to a complete library, of which our school can boast.

From a few sets of cyclopedias and official reports, in which none of the students were *interested*, our library has grown to its present size very rapidly.

This growth has been made by yearly appropriations of the Board of Education and through gifts of the Regents. By these endowments are added each year such books as the directors think necessary.

In very few schools are the students given so great freedom, in the use of a library, as in Hornellsville High School.

An invaluable aid to all English courses is found in the many volumes of poetry and fiction.

We feel that, among the students, there is a lack of appreciation of our literary accommodations. We see that with such extensive references, the pupils are not confined to their text-books for information upon the subjects at hand. Yet those working for mere *points* seldom refer to the library, while those who are striving for *knowledge* use it continually, and in doing so they are gaining their desired end.

W. H. V.

The Olympian Athletic Club.

The Olympian Athletic Club began its life September 4th, 1894, with ten members. Its aim during life was to promote athletics in H. F. A. Died March 2, 1897. Cause of death—lack of interest. During its short life of three years it accom-

plished more for H. F. A. in its line than was ever before accomplished for her in any way.

This society, though organized for the purpose of promoting athletics, was instrumental in promoting and controlling social gatherings and entertainments. Among these may be mentioned the sleigh ride party of Feb. 20, 1895. The next in order was the stereoptican lecture given by the Rev. H. H. Barbour, of Lockport, in Academy Hall, May 31, 1895, on "The Story of The War," which was praised by both Pen and Press. Then the boys, anxious to show their skill as caterers, served ice cream in front of the school building on Saturday evenings while the band concerts were in progress. These were well received, (the *ice cream*). They next gave a musicale in Academy Hall, Nov. 29, by some of the best talent in the city, which helped to replenish their treasury.

During the winter of '94-'95, the O. A. C. conducted several sleigh ride parties which will no doubt be remembered as very enjoyable by all who participated.

In the way of athletics the O. A. C. accomplished much for Hornell Free Academy. They controlled the base ball teams of '95 and '96, which won a good percentage of games played. They also controlled the foot ball teams of '95 and '96. At the beginning of the season of 1895, foot ball was an entirely new game to H. F. A.; but through the efforts of the O. A. C. our foot ball team advanced in strength and popularity until the year 1896, when we had a team that any school of our size could well feel proud of.

But the O. A. C., not contented with its adventures in social and athletic acquirements, undertook the task of distin-

guishing itself in the literary field, and published "The Oak Leaf." Not discouraged by the reverses met with by their predecessors, the editors of "The Oak Leaf" entered into their work with a will, and all know the result.

From this publication quite a sum of money was realized, and from this source and others they had in their treasury, at the time of disbanding, between sixteen and seventeen dollars, which was given to the poor fund of Hornellsville High School.

To the successors of the O. A. C., if there should be any such, we desire to extend our good wishes and our desire that they may live longer than the O. A. C. and die as happy a death.

S. H. C.

Cornell's Free Scholarships.

All are aware of the fact, that since the foundation of Cornell University in 1868, a large number of free scholarships have been annually apportioned among the various Assembly districts of the State.

To obtain one of these scholarships is the aspiration of nearly every student of the high schools and academies throughout the State. As regards these scholarships, as with all other things, Hornell High School has not been willing to "take a back seat," and during the last six years a majority of those allotted to Steuben county have been won by our former graduates.

The first student of H. H. S. to obtain a scholarship was Sidney Ossoski, of the class of '90; the second was obtained

by Miss Grace Dolson, class of '91; the third by Fred R. Darling, class of '92; and the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, by respectively, Kate M. Shutt, Alonzo G. Trumbull, and Harry and Evelyn Dennis, all of the class of '94; the eighth by Josephine E. Bowman, class of '95; and the ninth by Louis Carl Stratton, class of '96.

With these of its graduates in Cornell and many others in various colleges, H. H. S. has reason to feel proud of its excellent preparatory work, and press forward with renewed vigor until it ranks first among the high schools of the State.

F. L. C.

Stereopticon Lectures.

Of the sets of stereopticon slides sent out by the State Department of Public Instruction, seven have been exhibited during the school year, most of them twice, to audiences varying from one hundred to five hundred.

While many pupils have shown their appreciation of them, these lectures, given by Superintendent Prentice, have undoubtedly been best received by the general public, who regret their discontinuance. Interest in them has steadily grown from the first, as people have come to understand that from a geological standpoint they are very instructive.

They will, probably, be continued next year and many of those already given be repeated.

D. O. R.

The High School John W. Robinson, . . Captain
Cadets. Raymond F. Wafer, . First Lieut.

This company, which numbers sixty, was organized by the young men of the High School, April 30, 1897. The object of the organization is to teach the young men the regular formations and marchings, and to give them that upright carriage and manly bearing only to be obtained by strict attention to rigid military discipline.

The company has its regular drill on Friday afternoons of each week, under Lieut. Wm. S. Charles, of the 47th Separate Co., as instructor.

The company expects to appear in the Memorial Day processions, and on similar occasions. The benefit already derived by the Cadets can be seen in their improved carriage and better bearing.

J. W. R.

The . .
Faculty.

Every one knows that the best material in our country is demanded for teachers in our high schools. Many a person, enrolled in the faculty, could command a much larger salary in another vocation of life; and he is often teaching simply because he loves to instruct the young in ways of wisdom and virtue. The paths of teachers, too, are not always strewn with roses. Their duty often requires them to do that which secures the ill will of pupils, who will always consider themselves offended until, in after years, when they look back into the mirror of the past and comprehend the kind purpose and unerring judgment of their teacher.

In so short an article nothing can be said of the individual members of the faculty of Hornellsville High School. It is sufficient to say that each one possesses that high degree of excellency which is characteristic of our teachers as a body.

The teachers of no other school so much deserve the respect and gratitude of the community in which they live as do the faculty of our High School, for in no other institution do the teachers give their time and efforts so unreservedly to their students. Every interest of the school has been looked after with pains-taking care, which has excited much admiration and regard. Believing punctuality to be a habit desirable to be formed in youth, the teachers have tried to convince the scholars of the importance of always being in their seats at roll call. Confident that through constancy we reach the greatest heights, and attain the greatest achievements in life, they have faithfully endeavored to impress upon pupils the necessity of regular attendance. But, if there is one thing above all others which they have desired to impress upon the mind of every person in their charge, it is the motto of the school—"Be Earnest"—for they realize that upon our earnestness may depend the shaping of the destinies of generations of people, as well as our own happiness.

The efforts of the teachers have been accompanied with marked success, and if Hornellsville High School has attained to any prominence in the past, and if it has established a precedent for all schools of its size, it is due to competency and personal energy of its teachers.

I am sure that all appreciate the splendid efforts of our teachers in the past, and earnestly hope they may be returned to us—one and all—for the year 1898.

L. L. S.



STUDY HALL.



LABORATORY.

How Tommie's Tooth was Pulled.

PRIZE STORY.



"Oh! dear!" groaned Tommie Burns, how my tooth does ache." He had just been eating bon-bons and judging by his looks one would have thought bitter bon-bons, too.

"Come here, Tommie," said his mother, drawing him to her and looking at the cause of her son's ill temper. "Why, Tommy this tooth is loose, it should be extracted," she continued.

"What's that, ma?" inquired Tommy, anxiously.

"Why, pulled, you know," replied his mother; and she unwound a piece of stout thread, which she twisted and waxed to make strong.

"Oh! that will hurt," cried Tommie, as he pressed his hand tightly across his mouth. "And beside, ma, it has stopped aching," he exclaimed, happily.

"Well, but the next time you eat anything sweet it will ache again, and if you do not have it drawn, it will cause your other teeth to be crooked.

Tommie looked frightened. "Will it hurt very much, ma?" Tommie faltered.

"Only a little, Tommie," reassured mamma, "and then you can eat anything and it will not hurt you.

Tommie looked undecided.

His mother saw that he was wavering and pursued her argument: "Come, Tommie," she coaxed, "there is a brave boy, come let mamma tie the thread on and it will be through with in a moment."

Just then the door opened to admit Uncle Edgar and Tommie's sister Mabel.

"Hello! what's up?" inquired the former.

"Tommie is going to have his tooth drawn," explained mamma.

"Maybe I am," hastily interposed that young man.

"Well, Tommie, if you are brave enough to have your tooth out, I will give you this." and Uncle Edgar tossed up a bright silver quarter.

That was the price of the kite Tommie so much desired. He hesitated and moved nearer to his mother as he said:

"I'm afraid it will bleed, mamma."

Mamma smiled, Uncle Edgar laughed outright, and Mable gave a contemptuous sniff.

"Hush! I wouldn't be a coward, she said scornfully."

"Well, you are a coward, Mable Burns, 'cause you was 'fraid of Mr. Burke's dog," said Tommie triumphantly."

"Oh! well, but that's different," said Mable; "besides he's ugly."

"He is not," contradicted Tommie.

"There, children, do not quarrel," interposed their mother.

"Mamma," said Tommie, "you tie the thread on, and let me pull the tooth, will you?"

"Yes, assented his mother, and she securely fastened the waxed thread around the little tooth that caused Tommie so much pain and trouble.

After it was secured Tommie went and stood before the mirror, gently pulling the thread.

"Look out!" suddenly exclaimed Mable, and Tommie gave such a jump that he nearly pulled the tooth then and there. He looked so comically frightened that Uncle Edgar had to retire to laugh, and mamma soon followed him, so the children were left alone.

Mable looked unconcerned and took up a story book. Tommie was miserable, though he tried to whistle. It was a failure and he gave it up.

"I say, Mable, can't you think of a way to pull this tooth?" he finally blurted out.

Mable looked at the stove as though to find a solution there, and she evidently did, for suddenly she exclaimed: "I have it! I will tie the string to a flat-iron and turn my back, count three, and you let the iron drop, and out will come your tooth."

Tommie looked dubious but at last consented. A flat-iron was brought forthwith from the kitchen and the thread fastened to it.

"Now ready," said Mable, and she slowly counted three and waited for the crash, but none came, and she turned around and asked, "Why didn't you drop it?"

"I—I—was afraid," gasped Tommie.

"Yes, you're always afraid," retorted Mable; "afraid of what? I would like to know?"

"I was afraid it would drop on my toes," said Tommie.

"Oh! you are a coward," snapped Mable.

Tommie looked despondent and said nothing.

Mable at last taking pity on him said: "I know a way, if you will do it. I will tie the thread to the door and go out and shut it and you won't know it."

Tommie nodded and said "yes" very faintly, and the string was fastened to the door.

Mable went outside and called, "Ready now! stand still!" But a hand grasped the door knob and a voice faltered, "Oh! don't, Mable, I am sure it is going to ache."

"Well, let me shut the door and it won't," answered Mable, impatiently.

"No, Mable, I'd rather not," faltered Tommie.

"Oh! very well," snapped Mable, "I shan't bother with you another bit," and she threw herself into a chair and resumed her book.

Tommie untied the thread from the door and walked aimlessly about the room, with it hanging from his mouth.

Suddenly he had an idea, and proceeded to execute it. He tied the thread to a chair, and on catching Mable watching furtively over her book, said: "Mable, count three and I will kick the chair over." Then, as she began to count, he exclaimed, "No, say that about the 'bumble bee,' and say it slow."

"One—two—three," said Mable. "Not so fast," interposed Tommie. "The—bum—ble—bee," continued Mable, more

slowly, "the rooster crows"—"Say this *awful* slow," said Tommie faintly: "and—" (long pause) "away"—(another pause) "she — — — goes," ended Mable; but the chair stood still.

"Well, Tommie Burns! you are the biggest 'fraid calf I ever saw," said the now thoroughly vexed little girl, "and you needn't ask me to help you any more, for I shan't; so there," and she resolutely turned her back on him.

Tommie made no reply, but untied the string and threw himself onto the sofa.

There he sat, looking out of the window and too big tears welled up and dropped onto his hand. He hastily brushed them off and looked down toward the orchard. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I know, Mable; try me just this once, and I will have it pulled."

Mable looked doubtfully at him, and then as he said "Honor bright!" she laid down her book and followed Tommie to the orchard.

Once there, Tommie knocked off a large round apple, and asked Mable to hold it. She did so, and Tommie tied the string to the stem of the apple and then said: "You stand there, and when I say three, I will throw the apple to you."

"All right," answered Mable, who was highly elated at the idea.

"One—two," said Tommie, slowly; but when he came to three he hesitated and said despairingly, "I can't do it, Mable, it's no use, you can go to the house and I will stay here."

"Mable turned with a look that told plainer than words how utterly angry and disgusted she was, and left the orchard.

Tommie threw himself down on the grass beneath a large

shade tree, and looking up spied a robin, perched on a limb above him.

"Oh! I do wish I was a bird," sighed Tommie, disconsolately; "they never have to have teeth pulled," and he looked more wistfully than ever at the robin. Then as the bird flew away he watched it out of sight, into the clear, pure ether; and then, as his eyes ached, he closed them, and the next moment Tommie was asleep. He dreamed that he was a robin and was trying to pull a little boy's tooth, but just as he had succeeded in nearly doing so, a great, horrid animal came along and did it for him and carried the tooth off. Tommie gave a little start, as a short pain darted across his face, and then he slept as peacefully as before.

He was awakened by someone calling him to come to dinner, and found Mable standing over him. "Why, Tommie Burns! you have pulled your tooth, haven't you?"

Tommie put his hand quickly to his mouth and lo! the string, tooth, and apple were all gone.

"I didn't do it! honest," he said, in a bewildered way.

"Where is it?" asked Mable in surprise.

"I don't know," answered Tommie; "when I went to sleep the apple lay beside me on the grass, tied onto the tooth, just as it was when you left."

The children went to the house and told their wonderful story, but could find no solution to the mystery.

Uncle Edgar gave Tommie his quarter and a kite was bought which delighted everyone.

After supper, as the family were all seated on the lawn, John, the hired man, came around the corner of the house

with something in his hand. He took it directly to Tommie, who received it in surprise. What was it but the lost tooth, string, stem, and all but the apple!

"Where did you find it?" asked Tommie.

"Bess had it," said John, with a smile; it was hanging from her mouth and I recognized it as your property, so I brought it to you."

The mystery was explained: Bess, the cow, had passed by Tommie, and seeing a nice red apple in the grass had eaten it. And that is how Tommie's tooth was finally pulled.

AGNES COOK.

Sa-na-na Loft.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.



A few years ago, when on my way to New York, I was much interested in the crowd assembled at one of the stations, and was intently studying them through my window.

"Might I sit here with you?" I turned and viewed my questioner, a man perhaps seventy years old.

"Most certainly," I replied. I was very glad to have a seat-mate because the journey was becoming wearisome, and I knew just from a glance at his face that he would prove interesting. We commented on the weather and the beauties of the landscape. Then the conversation turned upon the subject of the Indians and Indian names; for the country through which we were passing was once "Injun kentry," and abounds in Indian names and relics.

"Soon," he said, "we will come to a small town where an Indian girl lies buried. There is quite a story connected with her. Perhaps it would interest you?"

"Oh, yes indeed; I should be delighted to hear it," I said.

"Well, then," as he settled back into his seat, crossed his

feet, folded his hands—"Well, then, it takes me away back to the time when I was a boy. At that time there lived near S——, in the woods, on the further side of the hill from the village, an old Indian woman and her young daughter, the only Indians within miles. This poor old woman gained their support by weaving baskets and making bead embroidery. These things were sold in the village by Sa-na-na, for that was the little Indian girl's name. Sa-na-na helped by selling choice forest flowers to the village people. She always met with the greatest success in her sales because everyone who saw her became her friend.

She was a true child of the forest. She romped and frolicked through the woods all day long with a spirit as careless and free as the wind. Sa-na-na was always singing, and truly she rivaled the forest birds. Her voice was mellow and sweet and high and clear. One could always hear her joyous, rollicking laugh and her snatches of song whenever she was near. The farm horses were her friends. She romped and raced with them in the field, holding on by their manes or riding horseback, her laugh making music for the frolic.

I remember meeting her in the street once with a pretty basket of mountain violets under her arm. As she came down the street she sang snatches of songs. Every now and then she would stop and hold up a flower, and then break into such a joyous laugh that I could not help buying some of her violets.

Her greatest marvel was the railroad which passed through the valley. She had watched its building with greatest curiosity. If she was playing in the woods and heard the whistle or the clatter of the train, she would run down the hillside

close to the track, clap her hands and laugh for joy. But she was in ecstasy when riding on the train. About a quarter of a mile above the station was the water tank, where every engine stopped to take water. Often, when the train had stopped at the station, she would slip around behind it, crawl in under the car and there ride on the frame-work of the trucks as far as the water tank.

Mixed with her wild and care-free nature was a gentle and affectionate disposition. She was unusually quick and bright. Through the kind helpfulness of a friend, Sa-na-na had been taught to read, and instructed in the Bible and its teachings. Later she was baptized and taken into the church.

One day while Sa-na-na was gathering flowers on the hill, she heard the train rushing up the valley. She dropped her flowers and ran skipping down the hill to the field below to see the train pass. She was just in time, for there, only a few rods away, was the train. She stopped and uttered her laugh, but it suddenly changed into a scream, and away she ran. There right on the crossing stood a little child, bending over a doll-carriage. Sa-na-na called to her as she ran, but the child was absorbed. On, on she ran. Would she reach the child first? One leap, a desperate push, and the train shrieked past,

The train slowly came to a stop. The engineer jumped down from his cab. There stood the little child with her broken doll in her arms, crying because of her scratched hands and face. Close by lay poor Sa-na-na, very still. The engineer kneeled beside her. Yes, her heart was beating—but what an ugly gash across her temple!

By this time the passengers came crowding about asking

what had happened. The crowd was startled when one of their number, Judge Thornton, uttered a groan, sprang forward and snatched the child from the arms of a trainman.

"Helen! Helen my pet!" he cried, as he wiped the blood and tears from her face, "How did it happen? how came you here?"

Then the engineer related the scene—how, as he rounded the curve near the crossing, he was horrified to see a wee child standing right between the tracks with her back towards the train, bending above her doll-carriage. He had whistled sharply, but she took no notice. Then he threw over the throttle and signalled for brakes. Just then he heard a scream and saw a girl rush out of the woods near by and make for the child. When the engine was only a few feet from the child, the girl gave one tremendous leap, and reaching forward, pushed the child violently from the track. When the train came to a stop he found the little child crying and the girl lying on her face.

Then, one of the passengers, a doctor, gathered up the unconscious, bleeding form of Sa-na-na, and he, together with Judge Thornton and his child—for the Judge had decided that his journey was ended—carried their burdens to the nearest house, where the doctor attended them.

The little Helen told her father, in reply to his questions, that she had taken her dollie down to the railroad for him to kiss good-by, because that morning when he kissed her good-by and said that he was going away on the cars, he had forgotten to kiss her dolly. She was telling all about it when a big girl ran against her and knocked her down. The Judge's

eyes filled with tears as he kissed both Helen and her broken doll.

Sa-na-na did not recover consciousness in many weeks. A slow fever had set in. Occasionally she would laugh in her old familiar way, and then it would suddenly change into a piercing scream. She had the best care that money could furnish, and gradually she was nursed back to health. It seemed as if the Judge could not do enough for her. He tried to persuade her to come and live with him, but she would not leave her poor, old mother in the forest. Not long afterwards, however, her mother sickened and died, and then Sa-na-na went to live at the Judge's house. He gave her every advantage which the little village afforded. It was hard for her to apply herself at first, but gradually she became interested in her books and music and made rapid progress.

From the very first her teachers and friends marveled at the wonderful quality and sweetness of her voice. It was not long before her teacher declared that she must have higher instruction. It was hard for the Judge to give her up, but at last he decided that for her own good, she must go elsewhere for further study.

During the several years spent in the city, she charmed everyone, not only by her wonderful voice but also by her noble character and simple grace, her affectionate disposition and sweet spirituality. All these united in her face and made it truly beautiful.

Soon after her return to the Judge's home, she gave a concert to her townspeople. The little hall was packed to its uttermost. As the Judge presented Sa-na-na to the audience, they broke into prolonged applause. Her first number was a

selection from one of the great operas. As she finished, the platform was strewn with forest flowers, amid deafening applause. It was a touching tribute to the Indian girl. Twice during the evening she sang with simple grace the ballads of her girlhood days.

The closing number arrived. She stepped to the platform and, unaccompanied, sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Oh! What Melody! Everyone was weeping. Her simple affection, her gratitude and her spirituality were all poured out in notes almost divine. When she had finished, not a sound broke the stillness. The audience was transfixed. She had left the stage before they recovered themselves. Then they went quietly out, each busy with his thoughts.

For several days Sa-na-na Loft was the only theme. Her fame spread. Soon she received an invitation to give a concert in an adjoining town. Arrangements were made, the day arrived, and she started. She was enjoying the journey with the spirit of her younger days when—crash! All was confusion. They had been run into by an opposite bound train. Many lives were lost. While clearing up the debris they found poor Sa-na-na, cold and still. She had been instantly killed. On her face was the same calm smile that she always wore in life, only it now seemed more peaceful.

Great was the grief of her friends. She was given a simple funeral after the manner of her life, and then laid to rest, not in the cemetery, but out in the woods, on the hillside among the trees and flowers she loved so well.

"S——! S——!" called the conductor for the first time.

"This is the place where she lived and is now buried.

You see that wooded knoll up there to the right? The grave is just on the other side. There is a marshy brook close beside the grave. Children tell and believe that the brook was formed of the tears shed over her grave, and that the coffin floats in this brook of tears."

Judge Thornton erected a simple monument to her memory. This is the inscription:

Sa-na-na Loft,

Died 1852.

By Birth a Child of the Forest;

By Adoption, a Child of God.

"S——! S——!" again called the conductor.

"Good-by, I am sorry to leave you," he said, "but this is where I get off. Good-by, friend."

"Good-by, sir; I, too, am sorry we must part," and I was really sorry. "Good-by, sir."

J. LYMAN HUTCHINSON.

The Utilization of Water Power by Electric Transmission.

PRIZE SCIENTIFIC ARTICLE.



“Everyone who is familiar in a general way with the operation of electric currents, realizes that they afford a means for the transmission of power over great distances at a moderate expense, and therefore believes that eventually, through this agency every water power of any magnitude will be made available. There are very few, however, who do not labor under the impression that this phase of electric development is still in the experimental stage. The only work in the line of water power transmission that has come prominently before the public, is that of the Niagara enterprise. This has attracted world-wide attention, owing to the magnitude of the power available, the general belief being that in the course of time the energy supplied from that source will be counted by the hundreds of thousands if not by the millions of horse power.”

Sir William Thompson, after a careful mathematical calculation of the conditions of transmitting water power from Niagara, found that it could be transmitted to any place within the radius of three hundred miles, which would include the

cities of Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Chicago and Montreal. In transmitting the power, he would use the dynamo machines supplemented by the Fraun storage battery. This proves it to be practicable to transmit the power of water falls for long distances, and to use it for mechanical work with less waste of energy than in ordinary hydraulics and mechanical contrivances for transmitting power a few hundred yards. A current of two hundred and forty amperes can be transmitted three hundred miles by a wire only one-half inch in diameter, receiving energy at the rate of 26,250 horse power from the dynamos driven by the Niagara water fall, discharging it at the farther end at the rate of 21,000 horse power. The loss of twenty per cent. of energy by conversion into heat in the conductor would not raise the temperature of the wire above that of the surrounding atmosphere more than twenty degrees centigrade.

The last charter concerning the transmission of the water power of Niagara, was given to the Niagara Falls Power Company in 1886, by the Legislature of the State of New York. The plan of this company was to use numerous turbine wheels, each at the bottom of a pit about one hundred and fifty feet deep. Water was to be led to the wheel pits through a general canal, tapping Niagara river above the Falls and thence through a series of lateral canals, each within the territory of its own mill site. But the rapid development of the transmission of electrical power led to such a complete change in the original plan that the whole scientific world is watching the outcome.

It is a well-known fact that since 1892, more water power

has been put into use than at any previous time. Eleven plants in the United States have a large capacity in each, and they all represent in the aggregate nearly 80,000 horse power. There are many smaller horse power plants in the United States, ranging from 50 or 60 horse power, to 2,000 horse power.

The further development along the line of water power transmission promises to be very great, from the fact that there is so much power to be transmitted. According to a section of the United States census of 1880, devoted to the water power of the United States, the energy of this available kind runs up into the millions of horse power. Some fifty power sites are described that have a combined capacity of over 500,000 horse power.

The development for some years to come will no doubt be in the direction of utilizing large water powers, but, evidently as the cost of apparatus and the installation is reduced, smaller ones will be taken up and perhaps the day is not far off when every farmer who has a power of ten or more horse power on his premises, will harness it, and do with it the work now performed by animals or agricultural steam engines.

—GEORGE STEPHENS.

The Roentgen X-Rays.



In this age, when electricity is so much in evidence as to cause it to be called the Electrical Age, it is fitting that scientific experiments and discoveries along the line of electricity should close the nineteenth century with the important discovery of X-Rays.

The discovery of radiant matter, by the use of vacuum tubes, paved the way for the discovery of the Roentgen Rays. The theory of radiant matter is uncertain. No theories have yet been advanced that are not open to more or less criticism and conditions.

Although radiant matter was discovered several years ago, it was not until 1891 that the presence of the X-Rays was known. Prof. Hertz is credited with the discovery; but under his experiments nothing definite was established. Prof. Lenard, of Bonn, by his investigations showed that the rays possessed the property of passing through thin sheets of metal held in their path. Establishment of actual effects, however, was made by Prof. Roentgen, of the University of Wurzburg, Germany, in 1895.

By Mr. Roentgen the transmission of the rays through certain materials opaque to the rays of white light was effect-

ed. He discovered the effect of the rays in passing through a body laid upon a sensitized photographic plate, and, as a result, invented the process of sciagraphy, or shadow-writing.

The production of the X-Rays is purely electrical. A description of the necessary apparatus and its application would not be understood by the average reader. However, mention should be made of the vacuum tubes. These are constructed in different forms to conform to different conditions. The most commonly used are those invented by Prof. Crookes. To utilize most perfectly all the rays produced has led Edison to invent a tube which is better, under certain conditions, than Crookes's.

Edison's part in the discoveries and inventions in this line is by no means insignificant. Many scientists think that the rays would more properly be termed the *Edison Rays*.

Rays of ordinary light are very tame and tangible when compared with the rays of the newly discovered Roentgen light. The X-Rays, when in the vacuum tube, may be bent, reflected, or condensed, but outside of the tube they cannot by any now known means, be focused or handled as can rays of white light.

There is a certain chemical action produced by the exposure of an object to the influence of these rays. For instance, men who have done a great amount of experimenting have become partially bald-headed. Certain salts when exposed to the rays become fluorescent. Edison applied this fact and produced an instrument called the *Fluorescope*. The rays are invisible to the naked eye, but their presence is very easily detected by the use of this instrument.

Although the Roentgen X-Rays have not proved as practical as their discoverers expected, they have been of great use in surgery. In this profession the rays have been used to detect and locate fractured bones and foreign substances.

The early experimenters in this line thought that by the aid of these rays, the action of different organs of the body might be more definitely established; but here they met a serious obstacle. Some parts of the body are more opaque to the rays than others; hence the shadow produced was only an indistinct blur. However, many patients, by the aid of the X-Rays, have found relief which otherwise could not have been secured.

The subject of the Roentgen X-Rays offers a broad field to the experiments of scientists. It will take complicated instruments and accurate experiments to determine laws which shall apply definitely to this subject, and it may be many years before such laws will become universal.

Science is progressive. One discovery leads to another. Fundamental laws must be established in one branch in order that other branches may be perfected.

Fully as much is known about the nature of electricity as of light. This being true, it may be possible, by the aid of the Roentgen X-Rays, to establish a correct scientific theory of both.

The Factors of Shakespeare's Art.

PRIZE LITERARY ARTICLE.

"He was not for an age, but for all time."

—BEN. JOHNSON.



Shakespeare has, for three hundred years, led in his art, and his equal, as a student of human nature, is yet to record himself in literature. Although deficient in book-learning, Shakespeare possessed a knowledge that far surpassed the mere education to be obtained from books. Edward Young has aptly expressed this in the words: "Whatever other learning he lacked, he was master of two books, unknown to many profound readers—the Book of Nature and that of Man."

What were the factors that enabled Shakespeare to overcome the disadvantage of the lack of book-learning? The greatest factor, undoubtedly, that contributed to his art was, as has been said, his wonderful knowledge of human nature. He understood men as well as he understood his art, for he says:—

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely actors;
They have their exits and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwilling to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part."

In his dramas every human passion is depicted—love, jealousy, avarice and rage. The various types of love are drawn in his heroines Juliet, Ophelia, Imogene and Cordelia. The passion jealousy is illustrated in the character of Othello, and avarice by Shylock; while the highest and lowest types of rage are pictured in the respective characters, King Lear and Calibran.

The height, depth and breadth of Shakespear's intellect is revealed in the diversity of the characters of his dramas. How vast must have been the resources of that great mind to have portrayed about one thousand characters, and yet to have preserved the distinct personality of each and every one! Study Shakespeare's men—Hamlet, Shylock, Othello, Lear,

Romeo, Brutus, etc.; or his women—Portia, Desdemona, Beatrice, Juliet, Ophelia, Cleopatra, etc., and note the diversity. The most thorough investigation of Shakespeare's works would fail to reveal two characters that are inartistically similar. All have their peculiar characteristics and are distinctly individual. This diversity of character in his dramas is one of the factors that lends interest to each of his works.

Shakespeare's breadth and wisdom might be illustrated by quoting a few of the numberless quotations that he has given to posterity. How much of wisdom is expressed in the following words:

“There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.”

Who is not familiar with the words:

“All that glitters is not gold.”

What a lesson is taught in the verse:

“The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is often interred with their bones!”

Note the wisdom in the lines:

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.”

And again the verse:

“Our doubts are traitors,
And make us loose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.”

How comprehensive must have been Shakespeare's knowl-

edge of man, to have expressed such truths, and how essential a factor it was to his art.

It may seem surprising that of all the plots of Shakespeare's dramas, but one, that of the *Tempest*, is entirely original with Shakespeare. The ideas and outlines for his plays were borrowed from old English plays, from chronicles of historical events, from translations of Italian novels, French romances, Roman annals and from translations of the plays of all of these countries. The prosaic facts of English and Roman history were dressed in living verse, and all of Shakespeare's dramas reveal his force to transform crude material. This ability to assimilate bare details and meagre outlines, and "by breathing into them a new soul, make them his own," is one of the potent factors of his art.

Shakespeare's skillful use of blank verse was another forcible factor of his art. Although blank verse had been employed by former dramatists, it devolved upon Shakespeare to develop its unlimited possibilities for dramatic literature. Blank verse, rhyming verse and prose were first combined in Shakespeare's dramas. These different modes of expression have been adapted to the characters and to the ideas expressed by them, with a skill that reveals Shakespeare's mastery of the art. Those to whom is given the expression of the loftiest thoughts generally speak in blank verse; while the subordinate characters usually employ prose. This dextrous combination of blank verse, rhyming verse and prose, removed the artificiality and monotony of the earlier dramas; and it did much for his art.

One of the potent factors of Shakespeare's art was his

able command of an extensive vocabulary. No other known writer has possessed so varied a vocabulary. It has been estimated that in his thirty-seven dramas, over fifteen thousand different words have been employed. Shakespeare's power of discrimination in the choice of words with which to convey to his reader his exact thought, added another factor to his art.

The poet's treatment of the Unities of dramatic composition was also an essential factor of his art. He seems to have created a new system of unities, employing the Unity of Action, but utterly disregarding the Unities of Time and Place. For the only dramas in which the three Unities are observed are the "Tempest" and the "Comedy of Errors." To conform to all three of the Unities, restricted the freedom of thought, and hence Shakespeare's system did much to develop the drama.

No poet has exerted so great an influence upon the drama, and upon all literature, as has Shakespeare; and his works will undoubtedly be read as long as the English language is in existence. What is the secret of this influence? What was it that enabled Shakespeare to express the loftiest and the lowest of human passions? Was it not that he possessed not one, but all of the factors which are essential to genius; as has been said—"The characteristic of Chaucer is intensity; of Spenser, remoteness; of Milton, elevation; of Shakespeare, *everything?*"

FLOYD L. CARR.

I'll be a Scientist.

When great men are few, in the eyes of the world,
When Ed'son and Tessa from heights are down hurled,
When there is a chance a big name to raise,
Then I'll be a scientist one of these days.

There are times when I wonder if science will die,
But if 'twill live ever, emblazoned on high,
Then my name will shine in its glorious ways,
For I'll be a scientist one of these days.

In my own mind there's not a shadow of doubt
That I'll be a man who'll be talked about
For the works that he does—scientific ways,
For I'll be a scientist one of these days.

I'll be a great man in the eyes of great men,
To me they will point as a scientist then,
And I'll be feted and feasted, you know how it pays,
When I am a scientist one of these days.

I'll find some large bones in a mountain or cave,
Geological riches of which I will save ;
A mastodon great with a long name I'll raise,
And so be a scientist one of these days.

I'll travel afar over mountains and sea,
Wherever a science a-lurking may be,
And bring up the wonders from oceans and bays,
And I'll be a scientist one of these days.

There's the North pole and South pole and air ships and such,
And so many more things, that there'll be, O! so much
That it'll take longer time than here one can stay.
Shall I be a scientist some future day?

You see there's so much it will make such a din
That I'll be dead tired before I begin ;
I guess I'll let things go their stupid old way,
And not be a scientist some future day.

The Situation in Europe.

PRIZE POLITICAL QUESTION SKETCH.



During the past few years much has been said about arbitration and "peace" in Europe and America, and yet, rulers and parliaments have continued to make requests for increase of military strength. Of course larger armies and navies mean heavier taxation, which has already reached an extent burdensome to the people. The principal cause of this struggle for military power is the distrust and jealousy that the European countries have of each other. As to the relative strength of the powers, England would undoubtedly come first, then Russia, then France, Germany, Austria, and lastly, Italy.

Of these, France and Russia have formed an alliance; while Germany, Austria and Italy, form what is known as the "Triple Alliance." The Franco-Russian alliance is of five years standing, and so far has been a strong one. Although having such different national characteristics, the French and Russian people have shown much sympathy and friendship for each other. In the Triple Alliance, Germany and Austria are quite firmly bound together, while Italy is less desired by the other two members on account of her debility as a military power.

Nothing has brought this to our attention so much lately as the Armenian troubles, and the present war between Greece and Turkey.

This first originated in the refusal of the Powers to allow Greece to aid the Cretean insurrectionists. The Creteans are of the same nationality as the Greek, but are now under Turkish rule. At this opposition the hatred of the Turks became so great in Greece that war "broke out" between Greece and Turkey. The Turkish land force is far superior to that of the Greeks, while it is otherwise with their navies. It is quite apparent that the Greek forces must soon surrender to the Turks.

European diplomacy is likely to be disappointed if, with the end of this conflict, does not come a settlement of the Turkish question, which has so long perplexed the best of European diplomats. Sufficient proof has been seen in the recent Armenian massacres to show that the Turks are unfit to govern an alien race with any degree of justice. Evidently it is now but a matter of time before the Turk will be compelled to hand over the European part of his kingdom to some one of the European powers. For a long time Russia's diplomatic efforts have centered on a Russian control of Turkey at this event. It is only natural that Russia should want an outlet in the Mediterranean for her fast increasing commerce. In any manner she has no intention of letting any other country gain control of Turkey. The principal antagonist to Russian ambition here is England, who fears that Russian control of Turkey would bode no good to England's Empire in India.

Russia of late has been the dominant power in Asiatic affairs. She has strengthened her control in her vast Siberian possessions by building a railroad across it. This railway is the longest in existence. Russia has at present considerable

influence in China. It was Russia that loaned China the money with which to pay the Japanese war indemnity.

Here, too, the interests of Russia and England come in direct contact. While Russia governs the whole Northern part of Asia, England governs the most important part of Southern Asia. The fact that Russia's Siberian territory approaches very near to India, in Western Asia, has given English statesmen no small amount of apprehension as to Russia's future policy, namely, that at some future time she may attempt to despoil England of her Indian possession. Great care must be taken to avoid an open rupture between England and Russia, as that would probably involve the rest of Europe also.

In the Asiatic, as well as the Turkish question, a mutual understanding between England and Russia would be of great advantage. It is said that the Czar of Russia, as well as English statesmen, are in favor of such an understanding, but as yet neither has had the audacity to propose it.

But as to a settlement of the Turkish question. As has been said, Russia has long looked forward to the possession of Turkey at the first opportunity. As England could not very easily thwart a plan that had always been the dream of the Russians, let us propose that Russia, by the agreement of the Powers, especially of England, occupies Turkey, and has full control of the Dardanelles, England's share would be sole control of Egypt and the Suez canal. France, as the ally of Russia, and being a strong advocate of peace, would probably agree to this—Morocco she would naturally expect as her share. Tripoli would naturally go to Italy. Germany, while not a Mediterranean power, and being against all of this op-

position, would be satisfied with a good share of uncolonized Africa. With Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Egypt and Suez in her possession, England would be well able to resist any undue extension of territory or influence on the part of Russia in the Mediterranean. The Turks should retain possession of Asiatic Turkey, with the exception of Armenia, which would do well under Russian rule. Their capital would be changed to Damascus or some other place.

With control of Turkey in Europe, and the Dardanelles, and consequently of the Black Sea, the Balkan states, which have the same state religion as Russia, must some time come under the Russian crown. Their population is of the same race that inhabits the greater part of Russia—the Slav race. Austria has declared that she did not want these states.

England and Russia then could and should agree upon a line between their present territories in Asia, limiting their further increase of territory. For instance, that in Western Asia, where their territorial boundaries so nearly meet. Afghanistan should not be colonized by either Power, but should forever remain a barrier between India and Siberia. On account of the great population of China, that should continue to remain an independent kingdom.

When some such settlement as this is made—then, and not until then, will come peace. Whether a settlement of the Turkish question is made at the end of the present Grecian Turkish war, remains to be seen.

CLIFFORD CARR.

Prophetic.

IN my study, impersonating a literary island—for I am surrounded by books and magazines—I delight to sit and muse, as an occasional diversion from my labors and rest to my mind and nerves.

My sanctum is not elegant. It is not richly carved nor orientally decorated. It is a simple, much cluttered office, the very place, when I am alone, for my reveries. I even come back after business hours, when other engagements are not pressing, and sit unseen thoughtfully unconscious and dreaming amid the conspicuous emissions of a sweet scented Havana.

At such times my thoughts run on no special subject. They drift into channels controlled by circumstances alone. I have never caught myself building air castles although my thoughts seldom stay at home. They are like some snappish little dogs. You collect them, you bring them to a starting point, and back they go, snapping and snarling, until with disgust you give them their liberty. And what a liberty they take!

You sit down and think of the funny old woman that came into your office during the day, then of funny old people in general—perhaps you're queer—undoubtedly; still you have many good points. Well, so has your best friend, Jack. You think of the times he and you had in school—school days. What an exhaustable subject! Where are they all, the boys? You think of the mischievous tricks, and laugh a little. How that laugh makes you alive to present situations! How it brings to you in sharp relief an image of your office! You sigh, yawn, and rise from your comfortable chair. You pace the floor a few times and go out.

And so it is. Thought is fickle in a reverie. It is trying to equalize the constant strain of the mind in the mix-ups of the day. It is being brought to its normal condition by in-adhesiveness. It is setting the brain in order for the next day by cleaning out the memory corners.

It is on a pleasant June evening, and an unusually quiet one, the anniversary of my graduation, that I grasp a thought, very pleasant and restful. It was naturally of my school days. My mind ran on. Suddenly I thought of a letter I had received in the morning. I reached into my inner pocket, withdrew and read aloud:

*“Dear Friend:—*In answer to the inquiry as to the welfare of my little daughter, I am pleased to state that she is rapidly improving. I can say, and I think without boasting, that it was my medical skill which brought her safely through. Thanking you for your friendly interest, I close hurriedly as business is pressing.

“Your true friend, JAMES KELLOGG.”

I re-read it. I studied it. What pleasing recollections it

recalled! I sat, my body present, my mind absent. What a pleasant faculty of the mind (pleasant *sometimes*) to be able to thus dream the scenes of the past as we once saw them!

There is Stephens—Bradford, his name was. We used to call him “Brad” and “Senator.” He sat behind Kellogg once. A progressive fellow then, now a lawyer. Black eye, the next thought. Brad’s black eye, too. How did he get it? Why, from Cameron, you see—Francis—good-hearted, as a boy; a hard-working insurance president now. Aha! my policy, in his company? Yes; runs out this month. Memorandum book—pencil—scribbling. This awakens a new thought, as I put away my book. I was the defence for Cameron a short time ago. Fair case. Tolerably fair case; and, for a wonder, I saved my friend a few hundred dollars.

Law! tiresome, money-making law! Fighting (literally) profession; yet I love it. Let’s see: there was Carr—two of them—Clifford and Floyd. Hold on, now! yes, it *was* Clifford who studied for law, and got it, too. Who else? Why, Robinson, John—“Jack,” though, by our appellation. Stamm—ha, ha—studied law at first. Gave it up, though, and went to teaching school. Made a fine teacher. Married? Yes, married a school teacher. Pshaw! how forgetful I am! That wasn’t Stamm, it was Creagh. He was a fine fellow and made a fine pedagogue, too. Stamm became an orator. Yes, that is a fact. Queer, when I have listened to him so many times, that I should forget, when I have sat wrapped in pride and pleasure under the influence of his sentences.

Well, now, how many did I say? How many lawyers? There’s Charlie Stevens—two Stephenses—lawyers; names spelled different, though—and Toney, too, and I’ve had cases

with all of them but Stephens, Charlie. He lives in Philadelphia. I hear he's a "cracker jack," as we boys used to say then.

A heavy rap on my door. My servant, John. What? my wife sick? Call Dr. Palmer immediately, I say, and hurry home. The Doctor soon arrives and readily prescribes. I follow him out of the room. "Any danger, Doctor?" I ask. "Pooh! none at all; needs exercise. "By the way, Doctor, do you remember the boys at school years ago? I have been thinking of them all this evening. My thoughts have been ten or twelve years in the past tonight." "Well, I guess I do." he answers, in his usual blunt, decisive manner. "I have another call to make to-night, so I must be going—" "Good night." "Good night, Doctor—coming in the morning?" "No, not a bit of need of it—Good night!"

I retire. In the morning I am late at my office. I find my partner and clerk busy. I take up my morning paper, as usual, and hurriedly scan its columns. My eye rests upon the following: "Arrived from San Francisco, Mr. S. H. Crane, B. L., at the Massasoit House." An old schoolmate in town, eh? Well, I *must* see him. Regardless of impatient clients I slip up to the Massasoit and inquire for Mr. Crane. Number one thousand eighty-four. "Here, porter, show this gentleman number ten eighty-four; here's his card." I am admitted to Mr. Crane's presence. He is sitting with his feet upon the stand reading a paper. Upon my entrance he stands and reads the card handed him by the porter. As he reads a flitter of recognition lights his face and we shake hands; an honorable, jovial hand-shake. What past life it recalls! How I would like to meet all the boys! 'fraid I never will, though.

Do we talk on business? *Not much, we don't!* but of happy days, past; days never to reappear; days which gave way to the pressure of real life. "Oh," says my friend, "I have a short letter which, undoubtedly you will like to read:"

"*Rome, Italy, May 17.*—My Dear Crane: Your letter at hand. Yes, there are plenty diversions for your hard-worked faculties here. Many places of interest to visit, many curious scenes to witness. My studio is centrally located, very convenient. I would be very much delighted to have you spend the winter with me as you plan. Am at work now on a series of portraits of the statuary in the Vatican.

"Your friend in school days and ever,

"GEORGE R. STEPHENS."

"You see," says Crane, "that George is becoming famous. By the way, Carr—Floyd is a surgeon in my place." "In San Francisco? that so?" "Yes; he's doctored me several times: very skilfully, too." "Well, I am glad to hear it." And so we talked, first of one, then of another. "Say, do you know," he broke in suddenly, "I have often thought what the Forum has done for its members. A large number of us boys, now, became lawyers. All chose some profession. When I came to Boston this time I stopped over and visited the old city and the High School. Our dear professor, you remember him, of course—Mr. Prentice—well, he's getting pretty gray, but just as jolly and good as ever; too far along in years to be spry enough to take care of the schools, though. They have a neat, large building now. The school has grown much larger since we were graduated. I have all the diplomas I ever earned, hung in a circle upon my office wall, and the one from Hornellsville High School, dated '97, occupies the center."

And so he went on telling me about the things so interesting to us both. Soon, too soon in fact, came my friend's train time. I went to the depot and saw him off. What a strange feeling when he had gone! A sort of foreign, lonesome one. You've all felt it; you know how it is. I hurry back to my office to get some work and drown my lonesomeness. Harsh way to suppress one's feelings, but the most effective.

I am the last to leave the office this evening. I remain to complete, if it is possible to ever complete my reverie. I sit curled in a chair, my feet upon the desk, lost in the land of thought. I flit here and there. I just skirt the most territories; but as I reach one more prominent, I explore. Colbert and Robinson, two great friends there, now partners in the grain shipping business in Chicago. Partners. How one thought suggests another! Partners—see! I glance across the way, and there glittering in the setting sun, I see “Cunneen and Woolard, Civil and Electrical Engineers.” My eye rests upon a catalogue of suburban dwellings. I pick it up. On the cover I read: “Designed by R. V. Woodbury.” Aha! got track of another of my old mates, have I? Queer coincidence; but near that lays a magazine open to an article the subject of which attracts my attention. I look through it hurriedly and find at the bottom the name “J. Lyman Hutchinson.” Well! so Lyman is a man of letters, is he? I turn back and read the article with a thoroughness which would have done credit to Carlyle.

I am hardly through reading when there comes a rap upon my door. Businesslike I shouted, “Come in!” At this summons in walks Mr. Butler. You see I am Mr. Butler's attor-

ney, and as he is a busy broker I do not know when to expect his calls. After making known his business he says: "I expect a change in 'bulls and bears' to-morrow. I am very busy at my office and I must get back to get ready for it," and so he goes out.

I begin my thinking again, suggested by his sudden appearance. There's Davey; wonder where he is? I know he's a mechanic somewhere. Made several important inventions in the line of locomotives last year. I saw an account of it. Think he's in Dunkirk, N. Y. Yes, and there's Killeen and Walbridge—one far south, the other sometimes south, sometimes north. Killeen, lighthouse inspector of the Atlantic seaboard. Walbridge has undertaken the arduous task of draining the Everglades of Florida.

Now, I split my ticket last year; the first and last time, too. And I wouldn't have done it then if it hadn't been to elect S. V. Carey, an old schoolmate, you see, to the House of Representatives. I think a good deal of his party for nominating him.

And so it is. Here I am in the "Hub of the Universe." They are to the west of me, to the east of me, in foreign countries—south—now; for instance, Deo. Robinson, manager of the Yerkes telescope, twelve hundred miles in the State of Wisconsin. Mars? Yes, Mars. He made a discovery concerning Mars. What funny English! I should think it would be, discovered a fact. Yes, Deo became a scientist, not limited to astronomy, though. Accepted the present situation only temporarily. He is not a position seeker.

How can I ever forget them? Those—boys once—young

men once—successful men now—lawyers, doctors, etc., all prominent. How my memory flies back on wings of recollection! How sainted seem those days in which we were started on our voyage! How bright seem those faces which set the rudder and with the big bellows of knowledge filled our sails when we were launched. Some of us faltered. Our sails flapped and lagged, but none of us stopped entirely. We are pretty well across now. We have all tacked in cross winds. We have all beat against head winds and adverse currents; yet we are better for it.

The “vampires” have been good to our numbers. Our ranks are unbroken. We are all here yet. Ding, ding—midnight. Well, well! my reverie ends. I must go home. Ah! but this is not the last thought of the boys. How can I forget them? I never can—they nor the teachers—nor the dear old school.

FOR THE . . . LATEST THINGS

In Lawns, Organdies, Batiste,
Dimities, &c.. go to
TUTTLE & ROCKWELL'S.

For all new and stylish shades of
Kid and Silk Gloves, long or short
lengths, with or without buttons,
go to

TUTTLE & ROCKWELL'S.

For new things in Ladies' and
Misses' Ready-made Suits, Silk or
Velvet Capes, Calico Wrappers and
Muslin Underwear, go to

TUTTLE & ROCKWELL'S.

For Latest Novelties in Ladies',
Misses' and Children's Millinery, go
to

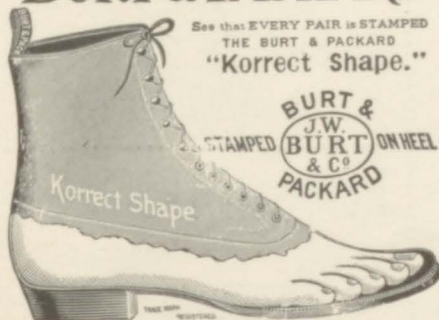
TUTTLE & ROCKWELL'S.

For largest stock of
Carpets, Draperies, Curtains, &c.
go to

TUTTLE & ROCKWELL'S.

NICHOLSON & WIRT

WEAR THE
BURT & PACKARD



Stamped on a Shoe,

means

STANDARD OF MERIT,

A Reputation we
feel entitled to,
being one we have
earned. . . .

You will recognize in our shoes exclusive styles, and all the requisites of
serviceable foot-wear. Don't take our word for it, but come and see for
yourself.

NICHOLSON & WIRT.

Erlich Bros.



—148—

MAIN STREET.

LADIES' AND GENT'S

FURNISHINGS.

Millinery, Cloaks and Suits.

Fancy Goods and Notions.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

SIMMONS & HOWELL,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Coal, Wood, Lime

AND

CEMENT.

E. H. NELSON,

Choice Confectionery, Tobacco
and Cigars.

Ice Cream and Soda Water.

Fishing Tackel & Base Ball Goods

Cor. Canistee & Franklin Sts.

B. I. BLACKMER

DEALER IN

FINE

Groceries & Provisions,

24 WASHINGTON ST.

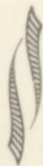
R. W. BARNEY,

Surgeon Dentist,

92 MAIN ST., (Up Stairs.)

Near Page House.

*City Steam
Laundry..*



48 Broad St.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Rough Dry Family Washing,

Which includes all starching.
For particulars, inquire at the office.



Lace Curtains
and Pillow Shams

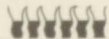
A SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.
IN CHARGE OF LADY OF EXPERIENCE.

- - - W. H. PRANGEN.

*Wettlin
The Florist.*



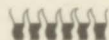
Flowers, Plants, Seeds.



HEADQUARTERS FOR

Roses, Carnations,

and all seasonable flowers.



The only first-class Florest es-
tablishment in this section.

Main St., opp. Page House.

**Acme
Litho. and Printing Co.**

12 Seneca Street,
Barnellsville, R. Y.



Book, Commercial and General
Job Printers.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE
New Dinner Wear

AT

The Peoples' 5 & 10c Store?

MRS. A. MCFARREN,

129 Main Street.

Have you heard of "The King of Kings?"
There is also "A Tea of Teas!"

AND THAT IS


NEU-ROT-ICO TEA!

The Great Dry Drug Medicine.
A Positive Cure for Constipation.
Purifies Every Part of the Body.
Insures a Perfect Complexion.

25 DOSES---25 CENTS.

Every Druggist has it. There is Nothing "Just as Good."

ASK FOR NEU-ROT-ICO TEA

The Sherwood. 

Corner of Canisteo and Cass Streets,
Hornellsville, N. Y.

J. C. FOX & CO., Proprietors.

A. J. WOOD, Resident Partner.



*On the paved street connecting
the two depots, one block from
Main street, half a block from
the Opera House and Park, and
on the Electric Car Line to Can-
isteo. . . .*

RATES.--\$2.00 per Day.

Rooms with Private Bath--\$2.50.

