

MARCH

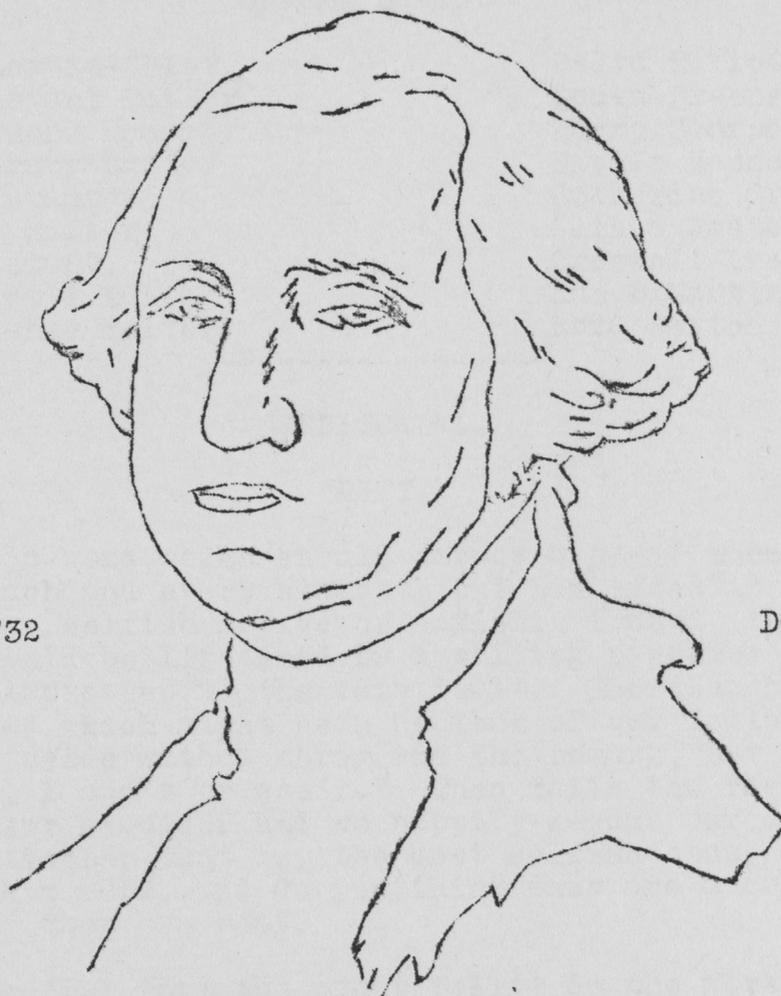
1925

# The Oracle



State School of Agriculture

Delhi, N. Y.



Feb. 22, 1732

Dec. 14, 1799

GEORGE WASHINGTON

First in War, First in Peace,  
First in the hearts of his Countrymen.

Washington's Sayings.

Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness.

Promote as an object of primary importance, Institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge.

No man can with propriety or good conscience, correct others for a fault he is guilty of himself.

Everything will come right at last.

I am growing old in my country's service and loosing my sight, but I never doubted its justice or its gratitude.

The great Governor of the universe has led us too long and too far on the road to happiness and glory to forsake us in the midst of it.

## ORACLE STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief  
Assistant Editor  
Business Manager  
Literary Editor  
Assistant  
Joke Editor  
Assistant  
Athletic Editor  
Exchange Editor

Celia Elliott  
Louis Greenstein  
Harry Scarpati  
Emelia Hansen  
Catherine Grisolia  
Althea Jester  
Croswell Ireland  
Don DiMartin  
Ezra Benton

---

## EDITORIAL.

### DUTY.

Duty is a word which should embody a great amount of meaning to each and every student, but how often it is cast aside for some selfish motive or action. Indeed, the work of one of us should be lightened by a willing passerby, yet how often it is increased to the very limit. The thought of doing some good deed which might help another of our fellowmen is often put aside with a shrug and the remark, "Let the other fellow do it, I can't or won't." Then falls the responsibility from our shoulder and we happily resume our carefree air. Our citizens, that is, the most selfish ones, are often found in such a mood, and do you think they are a credit to this nation? They are not!

The viewpoint, "Let the other fellow do the work, I've got my place and so I'll get the credit, what's the odds?" is often taken by people who finally prove to be the most unsuccessful in life. Too often duty is neglected and with it goes all responsibility. Let us each and everyone reflect upon the duty which is ours--To support the school and its reputation; to co-operate with the faculty and to contribute to the welfare of all school activities and undertakings, and resolve to willingly carry out the work which is measured out to us with a willingness that befits a man. Now do your bit for D.A.S. and its undertakings.

---

### EASY AND HARD.

Two boys walked out of the classroom together. One turned to the other and said, "Gosh, that was an easy exam."

"Easy nothing!" exclaimed the other, "that was the hardest exam I've had in a long time."

Both boys had been taught by the same teacher. Both were considered students of high standing. Why should they disagree? The reason is that one was prepared and the other was not.

Are your every day tasks easy or hard? You all know what wise men said when Columbus showed them how to stand the egg on end, "That's easy." Every thing is easy if you know how to do it.

This is the time of year when all good farmers take an inventory of their business. Wouldn't it be a good idea for all of us to take an inventory of ourselves? Itemize those things which are easy and those which are hard. Make up your mind that when it is time to take another inventory the ratio of "easy" to "hard" shall have changed.

---L.G.'25

-----  
Contentment shines upon the brow  
Of Farmer Brown, Says he,  
"I used to keep scrub cows, but now  
My purebred cows keep me."  
-----

FOUND    \*\*\*\*\* VALUABLE DOCUMENT AND CODE.

Readers of the Oracle may be interested in the following which was found by a member of the Ag. School Faculty. Perhaps some one can tell us who may have lost it and the valuable document can be returned to its owner.

-----/  
is/in/lov/  
e/with/--  
----/  
----/we/a  
re/in/the/  
same/boa  
t/so/keep/  
quiet/ x  
-----

Vogal gets terribly nervous while practicing the play. I wonder why. He certainly must lack experience along "some"lines.

Mary Conrow is practising "Bloodless Surgery" After cutting a picture from a daily she said, "I never noticed that picture of the dog team on the back and I cut the driver in two."

## LITERARY

### MYSELF.

I have to live with myself, and so  
I want to be fit myself to know  
I want to be able, as days go by,  
Always to look myself straight in the eye;  
I don't want to stand with the setting sun  
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I don't want to keep on the closet shelf  
A lot of secrets about myself,  
And fool myself, as I come and go,  
Into thinking that nobody else will know  
The kind of a man I really am;  
I don't want to dress up myself in sham.

I want to go out with my head erect,  
I want to deserve all men's respect,  
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf  
I want to be able to like myself.  
I don't want to look at myself and know  
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I never can hide myself from me;  
I see what others may never see;  
I know what others may never know;  
I never can fool myself, and so,  
Whatever happens, I want to be  
Self-respecting and conscience-free.

- Edgar A. Guest. -

### MERITS REWARD.

He was a gruff rude mountaineer, typical of that class of people who live back from civilization and who gaze with unfeigned malice at its approach as if something were intruding into their sacred seclusion. He, Dave Carter, was the proudest and most immutable of them all for was he not the son of old Warren Carter who in his day had led the Carters against the Melbern tribe and left them no alternative but to take up their abode in some distant county, and he, himself, in his younger days had successfully defeated the revenue officers.

Carter's rough cabin was built far up the mountain side on a prominent ledge which commanded a view of the valley below. From the gate which was only a gate in name since no fence was connected with it and they always walked around rather than through it, one could see the road for a long distance as it wended its way down the valley. He stood there upon an afternoon in early summer gazing at the figure, far down the road, making his way slowly up the hill.

With a grunt of disapproval, Carter shouldered his gun and went with his dogs into the woods. A few years ago he would not have thought of his late actions as coming nearer than his faintest dream yet now he was lodging under his own roof and even caring for a stranger.

To account for this one must know that Dave Carter's only son had answered his country's call to arms in 1917 and had returned to his own home only to find he had outgrown its possibilities. He therefore left to seek his fame in the cities beyond his native mountains. A few months ago Carter had received a special delivery letter and the postmaster himself had ridden up from the Cove to bring it. Carter had asked him to wait while he tore open the envelope with trembling hands and scanned the sheets of scrawling handwriting. He could not read a word of it. The fact of his illiteracy stung him more than he cared to confess, making him sullen and dangerous when his ignorance was alluded to.

He handed the letter to the postmaster and gruffly told him to read it aloud. At first the postmaster hesitated but then began. He stopped frequently either because of what he read or because the writing was not legible. The mountaineer keenly watched the face of the reader through narrowed eyes. Once when the reader hesitated too long, Carter drew the gun from his hip and pointing it squarely at him commanded him in a menacing tone to continue reading and not leave out a word.

The letter was from Carter's son. He wrote that his pal and best friend, Thomas Hilton, who had crawled out over the trenches under the fire of the German guns to drag him back to safety when he lay wounded in No-Man's Land, was himself wounded in the noble act. Even up to the present time he had not fully recovered but the doctors prescribed that he live away from the noise of the city where he could get peace, rest and plenty of fresh air. Carter's son asked that the father give his friend a chance to rebuild the broken body which he had given to save the life of another. He begged that the father care for him as if he were his own son and added that the innate merits of his loyal friend were such that by his own worth he would win his way into their hearts at home.

Carter had received him with civil coolness but Mrs. Carter received him warmly into her household and cared for him with motherly tenderness.

But Hilton was a likable chap and his winning personality and open-hearted cheerfulness made friends for him even among the frigid criticizing mountaineers. Carter was the last one to thaw into friendship toward him.

When Carter returned, the afternoon was mellowing into early twilight. He approached the house under the cover of the woods and stopped before he went closer. He saw Mrs. Carter sitting on the porch with Hilton at her feet reading a letter to her. Carter could hear his low musical voice from where he was, yet he could not distinguish the words. Then he heard Mrs. Carter say in a pleading voice, "Read that letter again to me, Tommy, if you don't mind, cause hits so nice to know he writ it with his own hands and seys he give his love to his mother." So the young man reread the letter to her and again explained the meaning of certain parts.

A lump rose in Carter's throat as he watched the two, the eager face of his wife and the pale interested face of the man. He swallowed his mountaineer's pride and stepped out to the porch. Carter laid a freindly hand on Hilton's shoullder and firmly grasped his hand. "You've bin square, Tommy, you played the game right. Here I've bin treatin' you sorta mean-like all the while. My son, he knew you was white. Any man thet is willin to give his life fur his friend has got his heart in the right place. From now on ye kin count on me to be a freind to you like you hev bin to my son. If thets a letter from him would ye mind if I heard what he seys too?" So young Hilton read the letter aloud for the third time but this time his face lit with a happy glow that appeared there for the first time since he came to the mountains.

E.T.H. #25

#### A VIEW FROM DAIRY BUILDING

As we look from the window of the assembly room we can see the high rock ridged mountains which rise abruptly skyward on the other side of the peaceful half frozen Delaware river. The hills are beautifully blanketed with snow which at frequent intervals is swirled into motion by the wind.

At the foot of the hill is the State Highway leading from Delhi to Andes. Along this road a farm team and sleigh slowly wends it way toward the village with its daily supply of milk or possibly for a fresh supply of farm necessities.

Between this road and the steep rock ledged side of the mountain lies a large estate with its numerous buildings huddled together, as if man attempt to keep warm.

As we look a little to the North we view the cozzily settled village of Delhi, which seems to be very busy pouring smoke from its innumerable chimneys.

Directly below us the beautiful State School picnic grove is situated consisting mostly of beach trees. In this grove is a fountain, some benches and a speakers' platform.

I think that we do not stop often enough to consider the beauty of this scene so carefully painted for us by the most skillful of Landscape Artists.

N. S.

THANKFULNESS

It was Springtime, and I was strolling along a country road. The sweet odor of the spring flowers and the blossoming trees was wafted here and there by the velvety breeze. The birds sang of the joys of Mt. Olympus, and their songs showed plainly that their hearts were bubbling with glee. Enchanted, I became happier, and forgot the little cares and annoyances of the day.

I looked on the verdure-clad hills and the wide-stretching meadows. Instinctively, I asked myself, "Who is the owner of these meadows?" but I checked myself. What difference does that make, anyway? I can enjoy them fully as much as if they were mine. I can love and enjoy the slender grasses, gently swaying to and fro with the breeze; I can love the golden buttercups and the dear, common daisies; I can listen to the birds singing in the trees. "I am not own an inch of land, but all I see is mine; Truly, I am monarch of all I survey." I'm thankful for the balmy air, thankful for the springtime and its joys, thankful for being alive, thankful for--oh, a thousand things. As Stevenson says: "The world is full of so many good things; I'm sure we should all be happy as kings."

S. D.-T.C. '25

-----

Jake Lemon's fence is busted  
His tractor made it so  
To stop the thing he trusted  
Too much to yelling "Whoa".

Mary C. - "Whose farm are you going to stay on this summer?"  
Gladys - "My own."

Ireland's favorite expression was, "Damn the women."  
Now--, "Isn't Kuppie grand."

K. Morse - "Why does Osborne talk so much?"  
N. Morse - "He must have been vaccinated with a phonograph  
Needle."

You can do anything with a pen, but a pencil must be lead.

Sherwood - "Did you enjoy the amateur dramatic show last  
night?"

West - "Well I thought it was too realistic."

Sherwood. "Really"

West - "Yes, it said on the program 'One hour is supposed  
to elapse between the first and second acts' and  
it actually did."

## TRIALS OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL-MARM

You talk about the patience of Job! Gracious! Job had nothing to try him. Now if he had just been a country school-marm, no one would have dared to come within a radius of ten miles of him. Trials, well, I should say so. If you just want your feelings to sink way down in the muck, well, just change places with me. I'm a country school-marm.

And such a school, I'm never sure what next those "darlings" will think of. First it is to change themselves into some gorgeous animal which never set foot within Noah's Ark, but leave it to their imagination. One actually believed himself to be "Jack the Chimney Sweep" and deemed himself to be at home in the interior of the stove.

As for dirty faces, hands, and muddy feet, there never seems to be at any one time all of them, who are presentable when company knocks at the door. It is Francis who has not had his hair cut, or Nill who has been making mud pies and has cracked a goodly portion of it over his clothes and face which even the time wringed towel and washdish has failed to hit the high water line. At any rate, it is first one thing and then the other until my hopes of putting my best foot forward has long since gone to the bottom most pit.

But it is not only their acts which I have to contend with, it is also their numerous speeches for all times and occasions. Haven't I already been likened to a fiery red bird of unknown origin and pedigree or again told that I was to be put in a dinnerpail and taken home? Am I not always answering questions such as: when was the War of 1812; why did not Columbus sail through the earth instead of all the way around?

Then there is the weather which we all have appreciated to a more or less degree during this past winter. Haven't I been cooped up in a four by six corner of the globe for well nigh two months without even a chance to see the bright lights? Has not there been a whole week when there was no mail because the only possibilities of getting anywhere was by means of an airplane. Then did not one realize that she did really enjoy those humdrum old advertisements and periodicals which fill up the mail bag for the country school-marm.

However there is a glorious side. Francis does come, eventually, with his hair neatly cut to a snood style, Bill does have a clean sparkling face in the morning and one can always get free soap, clean towels and melt snow for water when needed. One must not mind those questions, they can be easily answered. Last but not least the weather has, ever since history began, changed.

No, I'd not change places with Job even though he is world famous and I'm only a country school-marm.

E. A. Y. --T.C. '24.

STATE SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE  
Delhi, N. Y.  
ANIMAL HUSBANDRY DEPARTMENT

February 1, 1925.

	Breed	Age	Days Fresh	Milk	Fat
Bertha Veeman Pontiac DeKol	Hol.	10	123	4,730.3	166.3
Tilly 2nd of Mohansic	"	3	282	10,695.6	392.8
Mahala Queen Pontiac DeKol	"	2	184	5,461.2	169.3
Dutchess Brisbane Ormsby DeKol	"	2	120	3,285.4	111.7
Vermont Owl's Addie M	Jer.	8	221	7,599.4	325.5
Golden Owls Golden Pride	"	7	266	5,949.5	296.8
Vermont Owl's M.	"	4	324	6,908.0	349.0
Village Side Anna	Ayr.	9	225	9,081.4	353.6
White Beauty of Delhi	"	2	301	6,409.5	237.9

Nuway Lohishe Korndyke has finished an official record of 13,107 lbs. milk and 589 of butter in 261 days as a four year old.

Jap Owl's Lady Matilda made the R. of M. and as a two year 2 mos. old made 5237 milk 307.5 lbs fat in 281 days. We have two nice heifer calves from her sired by Jap Sybil's Camboge and Sir Jap Owl's Addie. Her seven nearest dams have official records and they average 13,192 of milk and 867.4 of butter. Her Grandam is Jap Sayda's Baroness who was champion 4 yr. old of New York State with 14,438 milk and 1019 lbs. butter.

We have just recently purchased two cows, an Ayrshire, Jessie Bloss of Maple Crest and a 4 year old Holstein cow, Snow Gale Reliance which topped the last State consignment sale at Syracuse. The herd has just been tested for the third time for tuberculosis and passed a clean test. Dinah, Laura, and Bertha have recently freshened and this month we made 10,485 lbs. milk compared with 8,251 during January last year.

We have fed a few cows on a home grown grain ration of barley, peas and oats, with good results. This ration could be supplemented with a little oil meal and would make a very good ration. The barley and oats yielded well but the peas did not yield quite as well. However without supplementing the ration the cows did not lose body weight nor drop off much in milk production.

From January 1924 to January 1925 we butchered 31 hogs which dressed 4697 lbs. This is an average of 151.5 lbs. Total amount received on the local market for these pigs was \$712.56. Since January 1st of this year we butchered two hogs which dressed 493 lbs. and 420 lbs. respectively. At the present time we have two brood sows and 16 pigs.

The school has recently started its own flock of sheep by purchasing five purebred Cheviot ewe lambs. These lambs are of fine quality and type and are good individuals for foundation animals.

## ATHLETICS

At last we are sure which team is the better. Our third and last game of the series with D.A. proved it. The score of the games played was two to one in our favor. The support given to the team at the game was one of the reasons the team was victorious.

D.A.		F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Van Dyke	R.F.	0	0	0
Becker	R.F.	0	0	0
Carpenter	L.F.	4	0	8
Slade	C.	5	3	13
Hogancamp	R.G.	0	0	0
Hubbard	R.G.	1	0	2
Lee	L.G.	0	0	0
		<u>10</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>23</u>

AGGIES				
DiMartin	R.F.	3	1	7
Ireland	L.F.	7	0	14
Clark	C.	2	0	4
Constable	R.G.	0	0	0
Goldstein	L.G.	0	0	0
		<u>12</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>25</u>

### HOBART GAME

<u>HOBART</u>		F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Foote	R.F.	0	0	0
C. Cowan	L.F.-C.	1	0	2
Klum	C.-L.F.	4	2	10
Cowan	R.G.	0	0	0
Whitmore	R.G.	0	0	0
H. Cowan	L.G.	0	0	0
		<u>5</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>12</u>

AGGIES				
DiMartin	R.F.	5	2	12
Ireland	L.F.	4	1	9
Clark	C.	5	0	10
Constable	R.G.	0	0	0
Goldstein	L.G.	2	0	4
		<u>16</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>35</u>

### ROXBURY GAME

<u>ROXBURY</u>		F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Pohlmann	R.F.	3	0	6
Bookhout	L.F.	6	0	12
Lewis	C.	1	0	2
Glatraw	R.G.	2	0	4
Van Loan	L.G.	0	0	0
		<u>12</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>24</u>

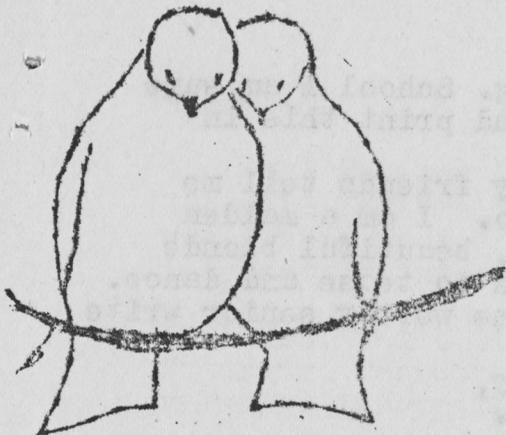
AGGIES		F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
DiMartin	R.F.	3	2	8
Ireland	L.F.	5	0	10
Clark	C.	3	0	4
Constable	R.G.	0	0	0
Goldstein	L.G.	0	0	0
		<u>10</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>22</u>

This last game with Roxbury was a poor game as all those who saw it will testify. Our team could not hit the stride they were accustomed to, although the Roxbury team was a little rough in spots. But things will be different when they visit us. We ought to turn in a victory then. We will try to find our standing in the League and let it be known,

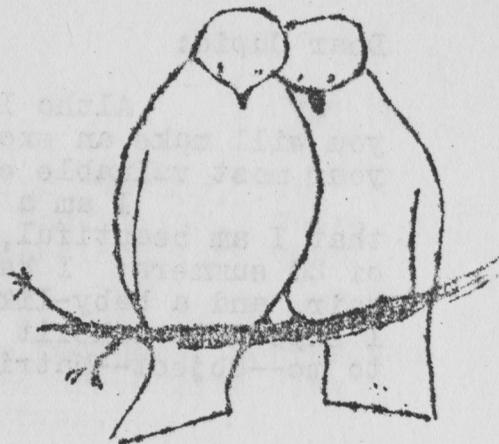
\*\*\*\*\*

Regret Expressed by Congress over Retirement  
of  
Hon. John D. Clarke

Mr. Clarke's loyalty and devotion to the cause of agriculture, which has been shown during many trying hours and days in our Agricultural Committee and evidenced by his effective and infailing support on the floor of the House, entitle him to the everlasting gratitude of the farmers of the Nation. The country is too prone to measure a man's service here by the regularity with which he answers roll calls, or the number of times he takes part in the debates on the floor. The gentleman from New York (Mr. Clarke) has been faithful in attendance and effective in debate, but his greatest service has been rendered in our committee, where he has given the best of his fine talents in behalf of America's basic industry. It is through this association on the committee that we, his fellow members, have learned to know and love him. I regard him as one of the most valuable members who has ever served upon that committee, and know that he enjoys the respect and confidence of the Democratic Members equally with those on the Republican side. I am sure I voice sentiment of this House when I express the hope that the people of his district whom he has represented so back to this body that he may continue his work so well begun. I am sure we all feel a keen regret at his leaving and without regard to politics wish for him and his the very best that life has to offer.



ADVICE  
to the  
LOVE LORN



Dear Cupid:

I am a lovely little raindrop from the sky. Please tell me whether I shall light in a rich man's mansion or in a poor man's humble home.

Rolly Polly.

Dear Little Raindrop:

Start dropping and let the winds of destiny guide you. But where ever you land, willing hands and a ready smile will help you along the way.

Yours sincerely,  
Cupid.

Dear Cupid:

Last night I met a very interesting, handsome young man and during the evening his attentions were freely bestowed upon me. But when we parted he assumed a hurt feeling and I am sure he will not come back. What shall I do?

Puzzled Sophie.

Dear Sophie:

Remember the dear one you left behind. Too much attention by the handsome young man is worse than too little. Keep him at arm's length.

Cupid.

Dear Cupid:

I am in love with a Canadian girl but she seems to be very indifferent. Each night I go to see her but I am not sure that I have captured her heart. Please advise me as to what will be my best course.

Your lovesick friend,  
Ed. Nichols.

Dear Ed.

Ask Barkley and see if "Barkus is willing."

Sincerely,  
Cupid.

Dear Cupid:

Altho I do not attend the Ag. School I am sure you will make an exception to the rule and print this in your most valuable column.

I am a farmer's daughter, my friends tell me that I am beautiful, but I don't think so. I am a maiden of 20 summers; I have large dreamy eyes, beautiful blonde hair, and a baby-like expression. I love to tease and dance. I expect to inherit the farm. Won't some worthy senior write to me--Object--Matrimony.

Yours hopefully,  
Bule Eyes.

Dear Blue Eyes:

This, as you may note, has broken our rule, but we are willing to help any maiden to secure her soul-mate. I can assure you that there are many honest, conscientious worthy, etc, seniors who will jump at the proposition you offer. One question--You say you are a maiden of 20 summers, but how many winters?K??????????

Sincerely,  
Cupid.

\*\*\*\*\*

FRAGILE ---HANDLE WITH CARE.

"Yes, my boy, I reckon you can have her," sighed Old Man Hawkins to his daughter's suitor, "but take good keer of her for she's been riz kinder tenderlike.

"Eight acres is all I ever ast her to plow between sunup and dark. She can do light work sech as well diggin' and steer brandin' but she ain't used to no rough stuff, so you'll have to be gentle with her.

"I tell you it's mighty hard to have to give up my little sunshine, for from now on I'll have to split my own wood and tend the stock and shovel away the snowdrifts and do all the other little chores that it seems like a woman wuz just cut out to do.

Take her, son, but, for a lovin' old father's sake, treat her gentle." --

Country Gentleman.

\*\*\*\*\*

Persons whose names will figure prominently in the income-tax lists this year.

Authors of cross-word books.  
Dictionary publishers.  
Pencil and eraser manufacturers  
Bobbedhair barbers  
Evening-coiffure manufacturers.

## PERSONALS

The Country Life Club held a meeting Tuesday, Feb. 10. The feature for the evening was a mock trial. There was a very good attendance and the proceedings were very interesting and educational.

Mrs. Smith attended Training Class Teachers' Conference Saturday, February 14, at Utica. She returned with very valuable information for the Training Class.

Mr. Lewis, the dear daddy of the Ag. School has been ill. We sincerely hope he has now fully recovered.

The Year Book, "Fidelitas", is nearing completion, it is in the hands of the printer at this date, and bids fair to being the "best yet".

The Country Life Club held a meeting Tuesday, February 24. It furnished a great amount of enjoyment for the faculty and students. The entertainment for the evening was furnished in comedy form, each student contributing their talents, and Mr. Evenden gave an interesting talk on the South.

The Year Book Dance was given Saturday, February 28. The music was ably furnished by Edgerton's Orchestra. It was a great success thanks to the good attendance and the efforts of those in charge.

The Annual Ag. School play, "Come Out of the Kitchen", is to be given in the Delhi Opera House, Tuesday evening, March 10. This play was given in New York Theaters and proved to be a great success. Come and see if the Aggies can make it one!

Prof. A. R. Fenska from the State College of Forestry spent Tuesday, March 3, at the school assisting Prof. Harvey in the Forestry work. Prof. Fenska discussed Forestry with the individual students and gave other practical help.

Prof. Savage of the State College of Agriculture spoke twice on Friday, March 13, before the student body, giving many new and practical ideas regarding feeding.

Director DuBois gave a talk on Delhi Community interests at a Community Meeting held at the school Friday, March 13.

Commencement Events, for 1925

STATE SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE, DELHI, N. Y.

Annual School Play, March 10th  
Annual Stock Show, March 28th  
Sermon to classes, Sunday evening March 29th  
Director's reception to Students and Alumni, Tuesday evening,  
March 31.  
Annual Class Day Exercises, Wednesday afternoon, April 1st.  
Annual Agricultural Course Commencement, Wed. evening, April 1.  
Teachers' Training Class trip to New York, May 1st.- 4th.  
Annual Agricultural School Alumni Meeting 10:30 June 22nd.  
Annual Alumni picnic, Noon, June 22nd.  
Annual Teachers' Training Course Commencement, 2 P. M. June 22nd.

\*\*\*\*\*

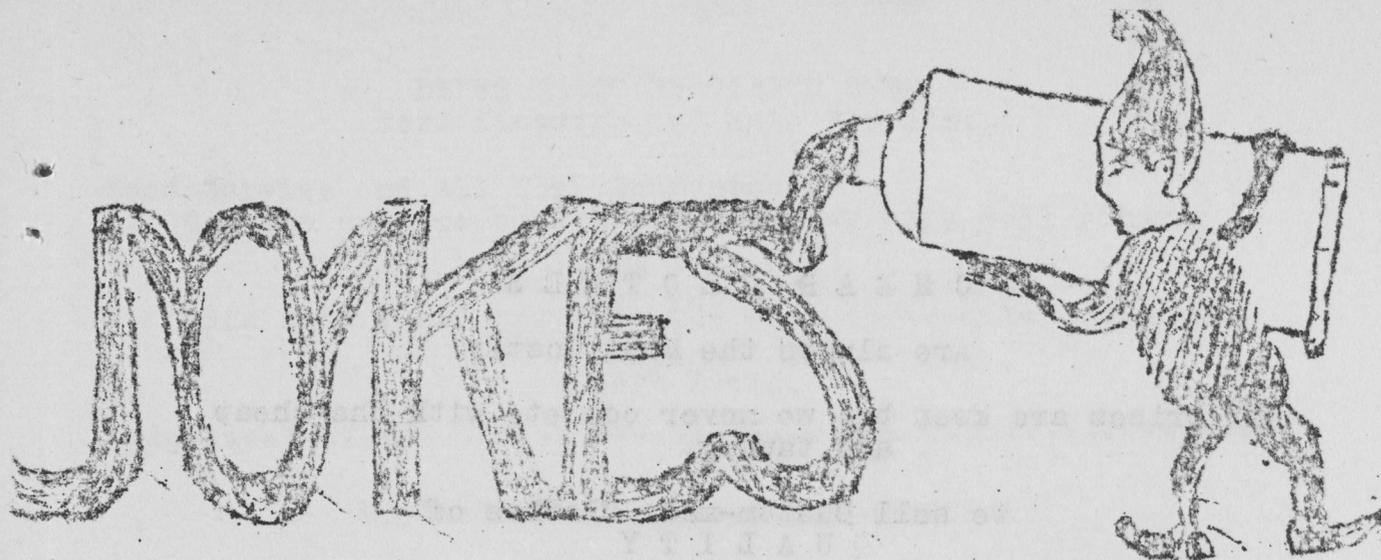
EXCHANGE

The Oracle acknowledges with great pleasure the following publications.

The Aggie Observer, State School of Agriculture, Canton, N.Y.  
The Kalends, Delaware Academy, Delhi, N. Y.  
The Oracle, Jamaica High School, Jamaica, N. Y.  
The Voice, State School of Agriculture, Cobleskill, N.Y.  
Academy Life, Gan Falls High School, Gan Falls, N.Y.  
The X-Ray, Sacramento High School, Sacramento, Cal.  
The Echo, Oneonta High School, Oneonta, N. Y.  
The Stylus, Brockport State Normal, Brockport, N. Y.  
The Chronicle, Niagara Falls, N. Y.  
The High School Patriot, Hempstead, N. Y.  
The Sphinx, Ellenville, High School, Ellenville, N. Y.

To the Aggie Observer: By the addition of a cover to your school monthly has improved your paper immensely. We have found a paper of this construction, attractive and looked upon by all and within the student means.

To the Voice: We suggest a few more stories.



A conductor on the "Alton" who was collecting fare, came to a young lady and repeated mechanically, "Miss, your fare!" "Sir!" exclaimed the young lady, somewhat confused. "Isay your fare!" "Well that's what the young men say in Bloomville, but coming from a stranger I----!" "O, ah! I mean your ticket," said the conductor, more confused than the young lady.

"Why don't you have your hair bobbed." "I can't decide on the style". answered Sophie. "I don't know whether to have it look like a whist-broom or a feather duster."

West - "I've learned to play the piano in no time."  
Biggar - "Yes I've noticed you do."

Dot- "I had such a lively nut Sundae."  
Hilda - "I have one calling tonight."

Osborne - "Why do blushes creep over girl's faces?"  
Kinch - "Because if they ran they would kick up too much dust."

Mrs. Smith - "Miss Grisolia, name the five races of man."

Miss Grisolia-

- 1- Horse race.
- 2- Automobile
- 3- Foot race
- 4- Five-mile race.
- 5- One mile race.

We all wonder why Mary Doig blushes so when she hears a chevrolet coupe stop in front of the D.S. Building.

The D.S. Building is being turned into a picture gallery. Even Mrs. Clinton is collecting the boys pictures.

Girls are prettier than boys, naturally, -No-artificially.

C H E A D C L O T H E S

Are always the Most Costly

Our prices are keen but we never compete with the cheap  
and tawdry.

We sell Custom-made Clothes of  
Q U A L I T Y

ONLY AND WE BID FOR THE PATRONAGE OF MEN WHO WANT GOOD SER-  
VICE AND TAILORING OF STERLING MERIT.

See our Values at  
\$25 to \$45

ELLIOTT & NICHOLS

THE QUALITY STORE

\*\*\*\*\*

Dr. G. P. Schlafer - Dentist.

Phone 189

Delhi, N. Y.

Hours 8-12 A.M.  
1-5 P.M.

\*\*\*\*\*

H. A. HOOS

WHOLESALE

&

RETAIL

BREAD

ROLLS

CAKE

DELHI, N.Y.

DAVIS SANITARY BARBER SHOP.  
Cor. Kingston and Main Streets.

Good Service and All Work Guaranteed.

Come in and see us--If you like our work tell others;  
If not, tell us.

This shop furnished with the best up-to-date equipment.

Albert Davis,  
Prop.

\*\*\*\*\*

Stylish Merchandise for Students.

There has been several changes in young men's suits since last year, and you will find here a fine choice, made of high grade fabrics, with the new ideas, patterns and colorings.

It will give you pleasure to be fitted out with one of our new hats or caps that will be very becoming to you in the latest style, also shirts, ties, hose etc.

For the ladies we have a fine assortment of yardage goods in different materials for spring requirements, as well as gloves, hosiery, fancy underwear etc.

One Price to all

Cash only.

Aaron Stern,  
Delhi, New York.

\*\*\*\*\*

"FEED VIS MILK"

Feed Prices are much lower than a month ago. Milk Prices are as good as a month ago. This seems to us is as it should be.

Our stock of feeds are ample to meet your requirements and if in the market for feeds or grain, will be glad to figure with you.

Neverfail 24% Dairy Ration sure brings results. Many satisfied users assure us of this fact.

We have a good line of Poultry feeds and have a dandy line of little Chick feeds bought for spring.

"Limecrest Limestone"

We know of no better ground lime than this product. Very white in color and finely ground. Our sales have increased each season on this lime. We expect a car of this any day and will be glad to show you this line.

A. E. PAGE.

TRY THE DELAWARE LUNCH

-FOR-

REGULAR DINNERS

HOT SANDWICHES

HOME BAKED BEANS

ICE CREAM & SOFT DRINKS

"In Season"

IT WILL PAY YOU TO WALK UP TOWN.

ARNOLD & LEWIS

Props.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE GENUINE

EVERFAST

WASH FABRICS

Attractive wash fabrics dyed by special process. They hold their original beautiful color through every phase of wear and laundering. Let us show them to you. There's an interesting display in the Wash Goods Section. Call and look them over.

GEO. D. ARBUCKLE.

\*\*\*\*\*

CHAS. T. TELFORD.

Delhi

N. Y.

----- o -----  
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR VEHICLES

GRAHAM BROS TRUCKS

SERVICE STATION

Tires

BATTERY STATION

Accessories

----- o -----  
Complete line of Farm Machinery  
With largest stock of repairs  
in Delaware County  
Representing

International Harvester Co.

John Deere Plow Co.

Oliver Plow Co.

New Idea Spreader Co.

Hunt-Helm & Ferris

Sharpless Milker Co.

and other leading lines

----- o -----  
COME IN AND HEAR OUR RADIO AND USE OUR REST ROOM.