

# The Houghton Star.

VOLUME X

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1918

NUMBER 10

## H-O-U-G-H-T-O-N

Victoria B. Post

If you're looking for a Sem or college,  
Some small place to find out something new,  
If you want to swell your worldly knowledge,  
List to this advice I lend to you:  
Here's a school that's won our loyal favor,  
Fine as any college in the land!  
We will cheer it with a will,  
This old school upon the hill,  
For Houghton and her principles we'll stand!

Chorus:

Houghton is the place where we get an education.  
Houghton is the place where we all like to go,  
Houghton is the place that is full of fascination,  
That is what we students think—We know so!  
If you want a school that will give you inspiration,  
Make your courage bold,  
Here's the school upon the hill—we'll cheer it with a will,  
Three cheers, three cheers, three cheers for the Purple  
and Gold!

Houghton gives us time for recreation,  
All her days are fair, her nights are gay,  
Pleasant seasons of association,  
Lend to hardest work a taste of play.  
When you meet a man from dear old Houghton,  
Maybe he a classmate was of yore,  
You may thump him on the back,  
Hail him Tom or Bill or Jack,  
And still he is your friend just as before!

Other schools may boast of situation,  
Larger hosts to carry out their fame,  
We are quite content with lowly station,  
Numbers do not always make a name!  
To these halls of learning fair we're pledging  
Loyal hearts their precepts to obey,  
Yes we'll cheer it with a will,  
Our hearts and voices blending while we say:

## WHO'S OUT FOR THE LITERARY CONTEST?

Who's who, anyway? What? When? Where? Houghton's Literary Contest 1918, threefold in purpose—Stories, Essays, Poems. Who has not viewed with exultant admiration the Silver Loving Cup, which bears the names of literary aspirants who have won a place of distinction by their prize-winning efforts? Did it ever occur to you that You can have Your name there, if you want to? To attain such an honor should be an incentive to entering the Contest besides the unique opportunity of literary training it affords.

Think of the hundreds of themes you have written in past English Classes! Think of the wonderful ideas and plots they contained! Why let that talent

go unused, undeveloped? Why let others win the prize that ought to be yours? Bring to light all those literary dreams of long ago and now, tell your pen that a glorious task awaits and Begin to Write! Think of all the beautiful unwritten stories your mind has been crowded with so long! Think of the poems that can be idealities, the essays than will be realities—if you Write!

Let's have some interesting competition! Let's have some live-wire pep! Let's have the greatest Literary Contest in the history of Houghton Seminary! Rules governing the Contest are in this issue. Get busy with your pen and submit your productions to the "Star."

"Duo"

## THE BIG INTERCOLLEGIATE PROHIBITION ASSOCIATION'S ORATORICAL CONTEST

Is Friday, March 15, 1918.

Results In Next Issue.

Six Contestants.

Interest Is High.

### RULES GOVERNING THE LITERARY CONTEST

1. All productions entered in the contest must be wholly original.
2. Essays and stories entered must not exceed 2000 words in length.
3. Each contestant may submit as many different stories, essays, and poems as he may choose.
4. To insure the awarding of a medal and the placing of a name on the cup for excellence in a particular division, there must be at least six contestants for that honor.
5. On or before the date specified for closing the contest, each contestant shall submit to the chairman of the Faculty Committee on Student Publications four typewritten copies of each story, essay or poem he wishes to enter in the contest. These copies must bear no mark which would identify the author.
6. All productions submitted in this contest, whether they receive prizes or not, shall become the property of THE HOUGHTON STAR and may be published at pleasure without further permission from the authors.
7. Each production submitted should bear some sign or pseudonym placed beneath its title and be accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing on its outside only this sign or pseudonym, but containing the sign or pseudonym associated with the real name of the author and a statement that his production is original. Absence of this statement will disqualify the production. Contestants who submit several manuscripts should assume a different sign or pseudonym for each manuscript submitted.
8. No production shall contain anything that will reflect upon the atonement, the divinity of Christ, or any other principle held by the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

### THE MACMILLAN LECTURE

Although in the past Houghton has been especially favored above other towns of her size by the presence of noted men upon her lecture platform, she was unusually privileged on February 27th, when Donald MacMillan, the great arctic explorer, delivered an illustrated lecture here. Mr. MacMillan is one of the best educated in the scientific line, of all the arctic explorers. He made three trips with Peary to the North Land. He accompanied Peary on the expedition in which the latter discovered the pole but on account of his feet being frozen was not permitted to be with him when the discovery was made.

Mr. MacMillan's lecture was the narrative of his

last trip. He was sent out by the Geographical and Scientific Society. This expedition, costing one fourth million, was one of the most expensive ever made to this land. His stories of the Arctic Region banished some of the perverted ideas of that land and showed us things in their true light. Photographs, taken mostly by himself, were thrown upon the screen in all nature's beautiful coloring, serving to intensify the interest of the pictures described by the lecturer, and to make them vivid, striking, and instructive. When the lecture was completed, ambitions to go to the arctic lands as explorers or missionaries were stirring many youthful hearts.

Mr. MacMillan intends to take up aviation work. He predicts that in a few years trips to the Arctic Regions will be made in areoplanes in such a short time that such trips will not be as rare as they have been hitherto. He believes that had it not been for the present war areoplanes would already have been put to this use.

M. G. M.

### ON BEING A GRIND

From the standpoint of the students, the reputation of being a grind is in most respects undesirable. A grind may be loved fervently by the instructors who are so fortunate as to have the estimable privilege of gently guiding his feet into the most intricate mazes. The students, however, shun him and muffle their tones when they pass his door lest he should suddenly rush out, clutch them by the collar and force them to listen to a thesis which is in the making in order that he might judge of the effect produced on them. Fortune be thanked that all students are not grinds. What an abysmal tomb would a college be if no one had any inclination to pursue fleeting pleasures. No doubt a scattering of grinds here and there in an institution of learning gives a tone of abstruse profoundness to the school but in a school the size of our own beloved Seminary, two or three of the genuine article are sufficient to render the atmosphere sufficiently learned.

Sometimes, however, we find grinds that are really human. This comes as a great surprise to the majority of mankind and nearly upsets the equilibrium of the poor teachers who have received the impression that the aforementioned grinds were merely "book-worms." What a shock it must be to the teacher as well as to the remnant of the class to discover that "Old Faithful" has not devoured the assignment. It is said that once upon a time there was a student who never, absolutely never, failed to get every word of his

lesson. The pedagogue had come to depend upon him to so extensive a degree that the former did not consider it necessary to even know what the subject for discussion was. If the other members of the class were unable to display their brilliant powers, he called on our hero, who went over every word of the assignment verbatim while the teacher and his companions in blissful ignorance calmly slept through it all. One eventful day, however, the worm turned and he upon whom so much depended failed to respond. Alas for the professor! He stammered and stuttered around for a few minutes and was at last obliged to dismiss the class on the plea of a previous engagement. Such is the fate of all who put their trust in grinds for at the critical moment they are apt to be found wanting.

B. W.

#### STATE STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONVENTION AT ELMIRA

One of the most important gatherings of the State of New York was held at Elmira, February 22nd to 25th. About one hundred fifty delegates, representing nearly every college of the state were present. Dr. Barton, former missionary to Turkey, now at the head of the American Board of Foreign Missions, Mr. Gould who has spent seventeen years in India, Dr. Yard seven years in China, Dr. Mabie of the Belgian Congo, Dr. Snell of South America and Miss Fairbanks of India enthused the convention with a greater vision of the world's vast harvest field by presenting the needs and conditions of their respective fields. Dr. Turner, general secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement was also in attendance and urged upon the delegation honest investigation and complete consecration to the Lord's will at whatever cost.

The keynote of this convention was "World Wide Democracy through Christian missions." At the Student Volunteer Conference at East Northfield, January 3d to 6th, the students, professors, and leaders of the church present were led to a united conviction that the program of Jesus Christ offers the only hope in the present world catastrophe and the only solution of all international problems. They also faced the immediate need of recruiting a greater number of qualified, Christian men and women for foreign missionary work. They were convinced that this immediate need is only a prophecy of what the demand for leaders will be when peace is declared. In view of this united conviction the following program was accepted:

1. Two thousand students enlisted in the study and discussion of Christian principles based on:

- (a) The Life and teaching of Jesus Christ.
  - (b) The need of these principles in the world to-day.
  - (c) The need of these principles in the inter-racial and social life of North America.
2. A call to decision for Christ and his service at whatever cost---on the campus, in the nation, in the world.
  3. An adequate number of qualified men and women enlisted for the foreign missionary program of the Church.
  4. One half million dollars for the foreign missionary program of the church, and such funds as may be necessary to meet the need arising from the war situation in 1918-1919.

The adoption of this program in every institution of higher learning was the slogan of this convention. What is Houghton going to do about it? Is she willing to sacrifice a little time and pleasure in order that she may better fulfil her mission in the present world crisis? This is a question which lies within the power of the faculty and students to decide.

E. M. H.

#### OUR GOOD REVIVAL

For a few weeks past the people of Houghton have had opportunity to again prove the power of prayer and the result has, indeed, been satisfactory.

Three prayer meetings a week had been held for some time before the meetings and the Church and Christian part of the student body were in good condition to help the seekers when the services began on Tuesday February 19, with Rev. David Anderson of Houghton, N. Y. as the evangelist. We are indeed indebted to Mr. Anderson for the truth which he so ably presented to us, and we feel that his influence will pervade our lives for many years to come. We honor him for the straightforwardness and fearlessness with which he condemns sin in every form and we realize that it is always the truth which "hits" and gives us the right conception of our condition.

We thank God for the results of this meeting where so many were helped greatly, but realize that this is only the beginning and that we must pray just as diligently and watch ourselves just as carefully as we go out to cope with the realities of everyday life.

Students, let us make this a revival which shall never be forgotten in our own lives, and in the history of our school for the steadfast and careful lives of her pupils and the standards which they have upheld.

H. A. S.

## THE HOUGHTON STAR

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## Editorial

### THE ENCHANTED UNIVERSE

Winging its magical way from the land of magnolia blossoms to the land of Summer-Yet-To-Come, flinging its jubilation from day-dawn until nightshade, the first bluebird has arrived. Did you hear his joyous intimation? "Spring is coming home---coming now---coming here!" Everything contains new hope this morning, melting snows, liberated brooklets, budding trees, the tang of genial breezes, the call of woodland dryads, water nymphs and meadow fairies. Bleak yesterdays are obliterated; the indicative mode and present tense of today is thrilled with action; the universe is enchanted and its charm spells life enthroned.

Suppose a sunrise came but once in a century. How crowded would be each eastern window, how thronged the path that leads to its mountain top! Yet sunrises come every morning. They do not disturb our slumber, but oh, what we miss! Have you learned the interpretation of the language of winter trees, stern and unadorned; do you understand what the tinkling rill has to tell you; is the silent message of a wild rose sacred? What do you feel in the breath of spring, what do you see in an ecstatic outdoors? Nothing but the commonplace, nothing but sordid self? Then you have missed the rarest of God's earthly expressions to his creation!

We are too frightfully busy. The push, the stress,

the strain, the mercenary values of "things that be" has stolen much of the sweetness of association with God's glories in his realm of everywhere. The mysteries of heaven are revealed every day to the heart that seeks for them, the promise of new majesties is fulfilled every hour. For those eyes who see things, nature has pulsated with a "mysterious bloom;" something unexplained runs hintingly across the "infinite acres of dust," to the bosom of God who is fathering those luminous star-children as he rocks them to and fro in the cradle of immensity. The telescope sees new worlds coming into existence; the microscope sees the infinitesimal with its sparkling suns and circling planets, all under the guidance of the Eternal Mind. The grass is literally the verdant life of the world. Even in the botanical realms flowers like human beings have their pre-matrimonial romances. Thru all this, therefore, the enchanting history runs, unfolding the dazzling galaxies of star-dust, unveiling the glittering infinitesimal of chemistry, rejoicing at the matchless mystic unions of the flower-world which all rest sublimely in the cryptic days of the Eternal Energy.

From the shadowy glimmering of the hazy past, we move in the "fountain-light" of our day to the "master-light" of the invisible to-morrow. The "Eternal Silence" beckons us on to life and thot. Are not the stars God's thot's in brilliance? Are not the depths of old melancholy ocean his thots in sublimity? Are not thots of humankind about immortal mortals? What breathes the everlasting green upon the spiritually desolate soul? Who lids the comfortless gather up blighted hopes from which burst forth symphonies of angelic sweetness? It is none other than the Enchanted Universe speaking mutely the eloquence of the ages.

"Duo"

And what a pity we are so blind! We do not see that it is sin for us to have a frivolous time while the other fellow is struggling alone in toil and suffering. What a pity we are so tired! Somebody else didn't sleep last night at all---frozen ground is the only place of repose for many a soldier "over there." What a pity we are so unappreciated! Who appreciates the boy who was mutilated and torn in the trenches of Flanders just today and died with a smile and the words "For the freedom of the world?" What a pity we are so selfish! Thousands have forgotten that self exists, have given all there is of life for America's spiritual emancipation; have left bleeding footprints in the snow like the martyrs of Valley Forge--yet nobody has paused to think about it, yet unselfishness is certain to exult in the fact that nobody cares! What a pity we are not

living for all there is in life! Inspiration will thrill every second when we attain the eminence of wanting to suffer for freedom, for righteousness and for others.

L. K. H.

#### HINTS ON HANDLING THE FACULTY

The faculty is a constant source of study. Some students study them more than their text books for if once the instructor's character is puzzled out they don't need to study the text book so much. What emotional feelings those teachers inspire; sometimes wonder, frequently amusement, and very often, anger. In passing, it should be noticed that an experienced hand soon learns that it never pays to become angry at a member of the faculty.

There is that type of student who doesn't need to handle the faculty thus. Such have no need for it for they are the "goody-goody" kind. They always have their lessons, they never disturb others, they never annoy the others. they always pay strict attention, --- and you know the rest.

Then there is the opposite; the ones who work harder to get out of their lessons than it would be to get them. They lay awake nights making up stories to tell the faculty after they have skipped classes and then worry themselves sick wondering when they will be found out. These belonging to this class are often very clever while others simply try to be so. They study the weaknesses of each member of the faculty. They learn their hobbies. They try above all things to get and then to keep on the right side of each of them. They usually know better than to tell all they know, choosing as their motto, "what folks don't know won't hurt them." The deans get many special attentions. Boxes of candy, hunks of lemon pie, and other sweets are not rare articles among these worthy people especially before some entertainment. A little personal illustrations will vividly picture to you a very common means of handling the deans and other members of the faculty as well. When I first came to Houghton, I was a good example of the type who delighted in breaking rules but was terribly afraid of the consequences; so much that I very seldom indulged. One day, however, yielding to temptation, I went auto riding. Everything went fine until upon returning to Houghton, who should we meet but the dean! I was more than frightened and so rushed to one of my friends for consolation. She immediately said, "That's simple. Become penitent, get the 'weeps,' and go confess to the dean." More than one, I believe, has found this policy successful. It is really the best way

in the long run for "Truth will out" and so I advise this method in preference to others.

I might write page after page on this topic for each person has his own way of handling the faculty. However, I advise each of my readers not to borrow from the experience of others but to learn for himself. Experience is the best teacher.

A Student.

#### MISSIONARY NEWS

The Missionary spirit of Houghton Seminary seems all at once to have taken a great leap in advancement. The reason for this is no doubt the visit of the two missionaries, Miss Nancy Barts and Miss Ruby Payne, who were here on Sunday and Monday, March 3rd and 4th, previous to sailing for Africa on March 9th. Mrs. Mary Clarke, Superintendent of the Y. M. W. B., was also here and did her bit, (and a good bit it was) by means of her earnest chapel talks, to inspire anew our zeal for both foreign and home missions.

On Monday afternoon a reception was held in the dormitory reception room for Miss Barts and Miss Payne. A pleasing program was provided of which a vocal duet by Rev. Mrs. Whitney and Miss Marion Whitney was the first number. A few moments were then devoted to earnest prayer after which another vocal duet was sung by Miss Gertrude Thurston and Miss Bertha Grange. Miss Barts then gave an earnest talk on the serious spiritual side of her work which has been extensive throughout the West and will be ever more so in Africa. Miss Ruby Payne, who will take care of the medical department in our missions in Africa, closed the program by an especially interesting talk full of particulars concerning her medical practice among the Africans.

On the following day, during chapel, the new missionary plan was presented to the student body, subscriptions were taken and four hundred dollars raised for the new missionary fund. This fund is to be raised every year from now onward, and will be gladly given as a permanent monument to the zeal and labor of our martyred missionaries who have gone out from Houghton to sacrifice so much for the work in foreign lands. This year the money which, when entirely raised, will amount to about five hundred dollars, is to be given for the support of Miss Clara Campbell who will go with Miss Barts and Miss Payne to give herself over to the work at the African Mission. We count it a privilege to sacrifice for so noble a work and we look forward to the time when Houghton shall support two missionaries instead of one.

F. F.



—Taking outside  
seam pants measure

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## Locals

### SCHOOL NOTES

The brother of Mildred Jones has been visiting her this past week.

The boys are holding prayermeetings

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often since the revivals closed. Their perseverance speaks well for the results of the services.

Winfield Stugart spent the week end at his home in Driftwood, Pa.

Lillian Hampton went to her home at Portageville, N. Y., for over Sunday.

Edna Caryl spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Wiseoy, N. Y.

David Reese has left school.

Mr. Bolander of Cuba N. Y. has taken up some school work here.

Mrs. Lynde has been visiting her daughter Winnifred.

Rev. and Mrs. Anderson were guests at dormitory for supper recently. Mr. Anderson conducted our worship.

The Sunday afternoon prayermeeting was held at the dormitory last time. It proved to be one of the best services of the Sabbath.

Mrs. Peck was the guest of Mr. Meeker at supper at the dormitory one night last week. She conducted our evening worship.

Miss Hillpot and Elsie Hanford, who attended the Student Volunteer Convention at Elmira reported in chapel Tuesday.

Prof. Hester received word Tuesday of the death his father. He and his brother John left immediately for their home in Burr Oak, Kansas.

### VILLAGE NOTES

Miss Beatrice Hale spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Caneadea.

Miss Gladys Crandall is sick with typhoid fever. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Clare Calkins from Warsaw has brother, Will, for a few days.

Mrs. Frank Lowe has been quite ill with la grippe.

Last Friday the Parkers attended a family gathering at Caneadea. It was in honor of Corp. Wier Kellogg, who was home on furlough from Camp Wadsworth.

Frederick Hauser has been entertaining the measles the past few days.

Mrs. Olive Cronk has gone to Home to live with Mrs. Ostrum.

Miss Esther Busch spent the day Wednesday in Rochester.

Mr. S. D. Wilcox was home a few days last week.

Mrs. Crace Sloan Overton, of Cuba, N. Y., was the guest of Prof. Coleman's a few days recently. Rev. Overton and little son were also in town a few days later.

**Students' Philosophy**

There are many traits of character in our student body that are very commendable. Especially are some very noticeable among the upper-classes. May I just mention one which a casual observer might see at most any time if he happened to leisurely stroll into the reading room? If I had friends visiting me I would not accompany them into the library unless they would consent to be blindfolded. It is not altogether uncommon to see a student occupying from one to three chairs. He will sit in one, and put both feet on two others. How ridiculous! O would some power the gift to give us to see ourselves as others see us. These are days when the nation asks for economy and so does Houghton Seminary. Let us think, students, what we are doing and how the public would view our action, and then conform accordingly.

Of the many courses of study that Houghton offers, there is none more interesting and instructive than the course in debate. Oh! to be sure, if one does not get the spirit of love for the work debate will be as dry as "Math." But to the point. If you heartily enter into the spirit of the subject; if you try to learn, through research work, all about the subject in hand; if you energetically strive to out do yourself—then debate will be no longer a bore but a glorious subject teeming brim full of interest. We are enjoying a series of debates which Professor McDowell is now running. It is our hope that the practice we receive will be of invaluable benefit to us after we have left these venerable classrooms.

I want to sigh for those who hate me,  
I wish to weep for those who love me;  
My life should be a sad estate,  
If I've a heart for any fate.  
With this I welcome fiercest battles,  
Bitter words or childish prattles;  
For life consists in bitter things,  
But it's all the same to him who sings.

Alas! by some degree of woe  
We every bliss must gain;  
The heart can never transport know  
That never feels a pain.

—Lord Lyttleton

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## Jolting Breezes

Query: We wonder how purely accidental trips to Fillmore, and walking home in the rain appeal to Mr. Hill!

Miss Middleton— "Are all of you going downtown with me?"

Douglass (volunteering): "Not all of us, but I am."

Soph: "I hear Sears and Roebuck have offered \$100 reward for an article of merchandise they cannot produce."

Freshie: "I shall send for a second-hand casket."

Who was the Professor who offered this question to his class, "Do you like your instructor? If so, why not?"

Half of the world can't make out why the other half gets married.

One of the Latest?

'Arf a hinch, 'arf a hinch,

'Arf a hinch honward,

'Ampered by 'obble skirts,

'Opped the four 'undered.

Beware of Mrs. Bowen who is no respecter of persons. She warily entered the hall in quest of the perpetrators of a disturbing conversation. Alas! she was not a little surprised to find only our honored President and worthy pastor.

A Modern Dinosaur.

Doras— "Whenever I pass through Rochester I take in two or three theaters."

Alice— "Probably that is what accounts somewhat for your size."

'Tisn't Polite to Contradict.

Evangeline Clark of but four summers-- "Take me to the Dormitory and get me some jam."

Miss Farmer— "But we do not have any jam over there."

Evangeline— "Oh, you contradictory old darkey!"

Almeda to Sally: "Oh, Sally! We've got our quartet now."

Sally: "Oh, isn't that nice. That's where two plays, isn't it?"

Miss Head is on one continual round of "go." She says, "When I get where I am, I find myself gone."