

Fidela Muntunton

The Houghton Star

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KEEPER OF THE TRUST

BY LEONA KATHRYN HEAD

Columbia! Columbia! Thy dawning day is near!
Behold the mists are drifting back to let the light appear!
And see! the rosy fingered touch of sunrise peeps in sight,
The gloom is gone, the darkness past and terror takes its flight!
No more shall Doubt's rude scepter sway in tyranny supreme.
The hour has come! Reality now supercedes the dream;
While earthward wings a legion host in gleaming bright array,
To herald in the morn of morns. America's new day.
What means this sight? Whence comes this throng? and by
whose sovereign will?
On yonder cloud-capped heights they stand, a mission to fulfill!
Columbia! Columbia! thy God is calling thee!
Thy King of Kings, who was, and is, and evermore shall be!
Thru slaughter, woe and hell thy robes are spotless and unstained.
High Heaven's trust, Columbia, thy prize thou hast attained.
Protect thy jewel, thine alone, with eye that knows no sleep.
Yea, with thy sacred confidence eternal virgil keep.
Make way for truth! Make way for right! Make way for
righteousness!
~~Awake to guard integrity, thy sacred right possess!~~
By precept teach the war curs'd earth how hate and strife may
cease
And carry to the universe the olive branch of peace.
The heart cry of humanity comes piercing thru the air,
While mightiest of the mighty lie in ruin and despair;
Arise with love that knows no fear, yea, in thy might arise,
To lift the slaves of havoc's reign and point them to the skies!
Till when at last no longer breaks the cannon's awful roar,
When neither bomb nor bullet flies and shrapnel shrieks no
more,
While sword and glittering bayonet, while shield and helmet
rust,
Still thou shalt stand, Columbia, the Keeper of thy Trust!

ANOTHER GOLD STAR

Again we note on these pages a few observations and remiscences brought to our mind by the news of the death of another of our number, this time on the battle fields of France. Curtis Rogers our former fellow student and genial friend, paid the supreme Sacrifice for right on the bloody fields of conflict, Oct., 1918

Curtis was born near the village of Lincoln Falls, Pa. His mother died at his birth. He found in our former matron Aunt Sarah Rogers a great many of those noble characteristics which make up a good mother and the career of his childhood and youth was an object of great regard to her.

He grew up to be a robust, rollicking lad of magnificent frame, good natured, large hearted, and always fair with his fellow men.

He was always observed to be for the fellow who was down. Tho large and extremely masculine he was never seen making life miserable for the little fellows, on the other hand he was, in the minds of most of the smaller boys a most merciful benefactor.

He attended high school at Estella, Pa., also he was for about four years, '12 to '16, a student at Houghton Seminary. On account of his superb build and physical strength he was a splendid athlete. He seemed to excel at nearly every feat of athletics from the short and the heavy weights to the 100 yd-dash and the high jump.

He was also a good ball player and long was the exile of the unoffending base ball that met his bat in a tight pinch, on the diamond.

"Curt" as we called him was very easy to get acquainted with; his warm smile and gentle manner was quite irresistible to the person who knew men.

His Iron Constitution, his six feet two of almost perfect physique, his zeal for conquest and his indomitable spirit doubtless lead him to chose the heavy tank service when the call came for him to serve his country in the recent ravages of war. He went with a cheerful mien and a bold heart altho it was hard for a fellow of so friendly a disposition as "Curt" to leave the friends and relatives of his childhood.

He possessed an element of positiveness and determination, which made all who knew him either love or respect him. As far as we know he is the most recent one of our number to have fallen in action, and we are glad to know that he died in the cause of right, as his sincere and honest disposition would have willed it.

HOLIDAY BANQUET.

Holiday boxes! How the folks at school enjoy them. Everyone who was present at the five course dinner given by the Dorm girls the last Friday evening of the holiday vacation will never forget the kind hearts who shared with their brothers, and sisters too. And to prove it was five-course and there was plenty to feast upon, the time consumed along with the eatables nearly two hours. Mr. Clocksin and Miss Grange pulled the wish-bone upon condition that the disappointed one attend the others wedding. Miss Grange

lost. Amid the merriment which ensued the plum pudding came with plenty of real sauce and laughter for the Jack Horner who looked for the plums. May the kindness of reciprocity be shown the benefactors of humanity.



HAZEN KELLEY RELATES EXPERIENCE ON WESTERN FRONT.

Owing to the inclement weather a small audience greeted Mr. Kelley Friday evening, January tenth, but the speaker made each one feel lasting benefit for the tempoal effort. Mr. Kelley was one of a company of Americans who went in the American Field Service two years previous to the United States in th war. Speaking of the voyage, he said one German submarine was seen at a distance of three miles, but every one was satisfied with the sight of one.

Owing to the fact that he won the championship for bomb throwing at a meet in which all the Allied armies participated, Mr. Kelley was given recognition and was finally sent out as ambulance driver and road mechanic, being second in command. Nine different positions were occupied, the first being between Rheims and Soissons, territory which was later occupied by Americans after the capture of Chateau Thierry.

A very interesting account of trench life was given, mention being made of "the friends who are always with us." There was no sugar when the food was obtained from the French Army, and there was an unaccountable scarcity of salt. Goat's milk was meted out for five weeks. Mr. Kelley in speaking further of the meals said, "We had black French war bread, vegetables and carrots, carrots, carrots. We also had meat. Tho many of the men ordered the cook to 'take the harness off the meat,' horseflesh was not in common use."

A startling fact was that which showed how many wounded there were from gas, hand grenade, and bayonets. In one attack, thirty-five hundred wounded French soldiers were taken from the field. The death toll was not known, Mr. Kelley stated. In speaking of prisoners, the statement was made that the Allied Nations will bear a clean record in the annals of history because there was no retaliation of atrocities.

The indomitable French courage was clearly portrayed by two incidents, one of which was a French mother. She had given her husband and two daughters in the service, and the speaker saw her bravely bid her last child, her baby, goodbye, and then go sob-

bing on her way to Paris.

The usual tribute was paid to the societies and organizations which work for the comfort and relief of the men at the front. Mr. Kelley said, "It was one big mess of fellowship from the time you stepped in till you came out."

The pleasing personality and touches of humor of the speaker held the audience to the very end.

Held for Assault and Battery

Serious charge made by Royal Woodhead against Eddie Stamets

Final now on--Judge Sicard presiding

The Literary Societies of Houghton Seminary are sitting as one body while a mock trial is in progress. Some of the special features of the case are that a young fellow, Eddie Stamets, heretofore a peaceable and respectable citizen, assaulted and struck Royal Woodhead, another gentleman living in Houghton leading a quiet and peaceful life. The indictment brought against Eddie Stamets by the Grand Jury is Assault and Battery. The trial began Monday, January 13, 1919. The prosecution read the indictment and then stated what he would prove.

Immediately followed the impaneling of the jury which was very difficult owing to continuous objections by either the District Attorney or the Counsels for the defendant. There were two seats challenged on the ground of partial insinity, and inability to concentrate sufficiently to follow a trial. Finally however, the jury box was completed, and at the next sitting the witnesses will be examined. The proceedings will be published in each issue of the Star. Keep posted.

Open Forum

After two weeks of vacation which we have all enjoyed, we are glad to again take up our school work. Although some of us were not permitted to spend our vacation at home we had a very pleasant time in Houghton. There was something to do most of the time to keep us from getting homesick.

This is almost the close of the first semester of the school year and soon we will begin the second semester. As we enter upon each New Year we usually resolve to make the New Year the best of our lives. Why not as we close the first half of our school year look

over the past few weeks and see where we might have improved our time, then enter upon the new semester with a new determination to do better work? Not only that it may be the best year of our lives but that we may do our best to make it the best year Houghton has ever known. We will have many new things to meet which will seem hard but we have a God who has gone this way before us and is always willing to take us through. Let us each one look to Him as never before.

Z. M. K.

Ideals,---what are your ideals, the ideals of our school, church, community? Some one has said "Hitch your wagon to a star." Have you ever thought of the endless perpetual onward stellar movement? What a long rope between our ideals and us, sometimes, yet all will be well if the wagon is hitched. Some people outgrow their ideas. They are progressive, growing. I would not give much for the stability of a man or woman who has no higher ideals today than he had in the far off yesterdays. True, the bigger the wagon, the longer the rope of connection and the farther the star. Henry Ward Beecher says of plans in life, "Do they really go up and consciously take hold of the future and the spiritual?" Or do we choose those things which lie so closely along the earth that no one could ever see a higher objective? "Are your ambitions and desires embracing others or are they with the mass who sordidly elbow their way thru this world with no thought but for self." "Hitch your wagon to a star."

Exchanges

Owing to the recent postal restrictions we have not been able to exchange publications with other schools, altho we have received a few copies. We shall be glad to enter into the lists of "Give and Take" and expect to increase our exchange list.

The Junta, Indiana, Pa., is a well edited paper with good work in all departments.

The Huntingtonian, Ubee, Ind., has a splendid cut for jokes. Why not more cuts?

The H. S. Citizen, Dunkirk, N. Y., is a splendid example of feminine ability. Your "Extra" page is "something new under the sun."

With six hundred and fifty stars in the service flag twelve of which are gold we do not wonder that the Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y., is a military sheet.

Miltonvale, Kan., our sister college sheet. An elevating article, "Are Great Writers Human." by Professor G. Tremaine McDowell furnishes food for thought.

We seldom try to determine how human our writer idols are. We are pleased to welcome this clean uplifting paper to our table.

Real kernel in a nutshell is the Middlebury Campus, Middlebury, Vt. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the editor is also one of the fair sex.

We always welcome the Apokeepsian which seems to interest itself in each Department. It appears however to have somewhat of a bias toward athletics if the consumption of space is any positive warrant. Comfort yourselves with the thought that life is but once and the conservation in life comes soon enough.



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Hold On To Uncle Sam's Insurance!

W. G. McAdoo, Secy. Treas. Dept.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Editorial

WHO IS GREAT?

While these lines are being written America is mourning the loss of her most typical American citizen--Theodore Roosevelt. What marked him so distinctly as an American? Well, one of the salient characteristics of the American people is an aggressive spirit, which not only seizes one at some critical period but which is the normal condition of this Republic. He it was who was so intensely practical, a man of affairs yet a most genteel and considerate man in his domestic relationships.

We all are more or less familiar with the rise of Mr. Roosevelt, from the small county office at which he began until he reached the zenith of political glory--the presidential chair, and at this time the career of a great man ends. Had the Colonel stepped from political activity as he did from the office of President the whole world might have creditably cried, "Behold a man" he was the noblest of them all. But alas, his subsequent career is somewhat stained. After making a trip thru Africa and on his return incidentally meeting with much honor and prestige from regal and imperialistic quarters, he became inflated with the belief that the world could ill afford to be without his leadership. It is at this point that history should cease to be recorded, yet the historian is not partial

but must tell the truth. Displeased with the political regime under William H. Taft, a man who was elected thru the influence of Colonel Roosevelt, he entered the field of politics again. Not as formerly however, with the spirit that when his opponents criticized he would say, "I am too busy to throw mud" but now as a combatant, who would answer his antagonists with all the vitriol and spleen of his being. No longer did he work for the people primarily but now it was for Mr. Roosevelt first. This, however, was a violation of a fundamental principal of life. His personality was no longer the attractive one of earlier years but rather had used itself in more common ways. He had pressed his point too far, the people reacted; he had arrived at the highest pitch of performance but he strained and broke it by striving to go beyond. He, however, is not the only man of history who has failed at this point. Let us briefly examine a contemporary.

Woodrow Wilson has been hailed as one of the greatest statesmen. He is a marvelously acute diplomat, a proponent of "open diplomacy" yet it would be hard to find an example of a more secret kind than that with which he deals or rather employs. The addresses of the President are the embodiment of rhetoric and elegant writing and there can be no doubt that his messages will receive a classic distinction. By the introduction and frequent repetition of his elevated ideals he has won the confidence of the people. He appeared to be no partisan but rather a universal man. We thought him to be infallible, but alas! he was human like the rest. For a moment his broad vision became blurred, he lost the world-large idea in the din of party strife. He did not ask the people to stand by him as he struggled for justice, humanity and liberty, but on the contrary called for a Democratic congress.

If this were the only instance where President Wilson has shown a party spirit he could perhaps be excused and the event would soon be forgotten but it is not. It happened that in the early days of the war Colonel Roosevelt wanted permission to take across an American force. This Mr. Wilson did not think to be sound policy so "Teddy" was sorely disappointed.

We have in mind another instance of this magnanimous spirit shown to the opposite party. General Leonard Wood, a Republican, formerly was rather high in command of the army. He is the originator of the Plattsburg idea. No one doubts his ability, but Mr. Wilson has stationed him back in Kansas instead of sending him across. The explication of his actions is not as difficult as interpreting his "open diplomacy."

The fatal mistakes were the sacrificing of the universal and eternal for the temporal and partisan.

Both are great men although radically different temperamentally. Both achieved wonderful success, yet why could they not have lost sight of self enough as would have buried forever personal ambitions. True greatness consists in a continuous attitude of self-denial, using the eternal as a measuring line rather than the temporarily expedient.

Locals

Miss Peck took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Shultz on Monday evening.

Mr. Fred Warburton who has been attending school in Oberlin is now here with his sister.

A good number of the students remained in Houghton during the holidays.

Mrs. Georgia VanBuskirk visited Mrs. Henry Fuller of Rochester during the holidays.

A number of the students attended the entertainment at Fillmore, Jan. 14.

Mrs. Clara Tear Williams visited her daughters Mary and Beulah during the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Ward Bowen has gone to Ithaca where her husband is. They have rented a flat and will live there for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ward have left Houghton to go to their winter home at Seneca Falls where they will care for his mother during the winter months.

Dr. James A. Dodds, Superintendent of the Rochester District of the National Reform Association, lectured in Houghton Wednesday evening the 15th of January on the subject of Mormonism.

Miss Hattie Crosby is in Houghton visiting her sister Mrs. Gerritt Visser for a few weeks before sailing for the mission field.

Miss Carrie Coleman spent the holidays with her parents here.

Captain Warner Swift visited a friend in the village for a few days recently.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Watts on their way to California stopped in Houghton for a few days to visit their daughter Jessie.

Alumni Notes

This department would announce that an Alumni Bulletin will be put out after Feb. 1, for the purpose of finding old Students who do not have access to the

Star, and awaken some live interest in that periodical. Be sure to address your letters to

Leona K. Head,
Spring Creek, Pa.

Where, Oh where are the staid Alumni?

Where, Oh where are the staid Alumni?

Where, Oh where are the staid Alumni?

Lost, lost in the wide, wide world!

It is hard to imagine how far and wide the two thousand of the "staid Alumni" and old students have scattered. They have gone from France to Alaska, from Alaska to the islands of the Pacific, yet your Alumni Editor is finding it unmistakably true that "where the Alumni are there Houghton is also." There is a little gleam of the dear old Seminary in almost every corner of the world.

In all the letters that come to this department there are several things that make us think that every effort expended in this behalf is tremendously worth while. Most of all is the note "between the lines." Someway it can't be quite expressed, nearest to accuracy we would call it "homesickness for Houghton." You who are there cannot quite realize it the same as those who are gone because you have Houghton with you always. But someday, perhaps next year, you, too, will be among the missing in the halls of the old school. Then you will understand.

Some good things have come for this issue. Among them is a letter from Sam Miner, which we appreciate heartily.

Somewhere in France

Nov. 24, 1918.

Dear Star Readers:

I have just received a most welcome letter from the Alumni Dep't of the Star, and it surely brought back the "good old school days." How I long to be back in the same place again and have those good times with the same bunch of boys and girls, but that is past history now. Things have changed so much, and no doubt there have been many changes that I know nothing of as yet.

I heard the other boys saying a great deal about the terrible plague of Influenza that is in the States and the fact that many were sick and dying. And word comes that Harry Meeker and Billy Russell are gone too. It doesn't seem possible that such can be the case. What makes such things happen? It wouldn't have been so bad if some of us "over here" had been "bumped off" by the results of the War, but for them to be snatched away while still in camp is truly sad.

Perhaps some Houghton boys have given their

lives over here, but I have not heard of any. Even if some Houghton fellows were really near, I could not find them, as I do not know the address of any. (In fact it is probably true that none of the Houghton boys in France know the location of the others. A printed list of all in the service would be fine, with their present addresses.) We are all surely delighted to hear from old student friends.

We surely did study while at Pittsburg, and we also had a fine time. We left Pittsburg the last of July, direct to an embarkation camp, where we staid only a few days before boarding the old boat. And say, Houghton folks, we will be just as glad to board the old boat that takes us back home as we were then.

I can't give you much of an account of my life in France, but it has surely been a wonderful experience. It has not all been sunshine, and many times far from it, but with it all, we have had a very enjoyable and interesting time. After being transferred from one place to another for about two months, we had crossed almost the entire country and seen much of the customs and peculiarities of the French people. Finally we were sent to the 24th Aero Squadron for real work, where we are at present.

I enjoy going into the French homes and studying the characteristics of the people. I am so glad I studied French at Houghton, for it helps me out quite a lot. Little did I think I could ever use it, or I would have studied it much harder. There is a little girl (only nine years old) who reads to me and then corrects me while I read. Some evenings you might see Marcelle and I sitting by the table reading by the light of an oil torch or candle; over by the fire place sat old grandpa, with the mother mending by the light of the wood fire—everything ancient and somewhat grimmy—but I just enjoyed it.

I would be glad to hear from any of the Houghton people. Letters do a fellow so much good when he is away, in France, you know.

Sincerely your old schoolmate,

Address:

"Sam."

Pvt. Samuel O. Miner,

24th Aero. Squadron,

First Army Observation Group

American Exped. Forces.

The Alumni Dep't is also the recipient of other news from Houghton's soldier boys. One whom the "Star" can never forget for his services in years past is Corporal Clark Warburton whose present address is Co. C, 319 Field Signal Bn., Am. Ex. Forces, A. P. O. 774. He says that he finds France a beautiful

country. There are no special canyons, mountains and lakes, but the ordinary countryside is a succession of ever-varying hills and valleys winding in artistic irregularity. As a rule the climate is a little different than at home. He also writes that tho the work of the Signal Corps has been within the lines, still he has been thru the first big drive of the American Army, with the tremendous glare of the big guns, the thunder of bombs and holes they plow in the earth big enough to bury men alive, the zipping rattle of machine guns, and fires from burning ammunition heaps, Boche planes overhead with their peculiar sounding motors and many air raids, "tumbledown walls, six foot holes in the side of houses; and one mountain literally torn with shell fire. At one time we would climb to the top of a hill and see a row of trees which marked the line of the first German trenches."

For genuine bravery in the awfulness of the great war, Houghton has a right to be proud of Merton Davis, and hail him as a hero of heroes. Think of it! He has belonged to what is known as the "Suicide Brigade" and has been a "Gunner." Into the jaws of death and the mouth of destruction he has been, in No Mans Land, fighting for us and for the Flag, with the courage of a man who dares to face anything. In spite of all, the last heard of him, he escaped unharmed and is safe since the armistice was signed. He was transferred recently. This Dep't will try to locate his present address and have it published.

'Ey Yi, Hy Ky, Pink and Green
Seniors, Seniors, Seventeen!"

In all the history of Houghton Sem who could ever forget those twenty "Seniors of Seventeen" whose motto was "Ad Vincendum Eximus." Yes they "went out to conquer" from the portals of their Alma Mater. There were Wallace Hanford whose ambition was to have a chaperon, Lulu Benning who edited the "Pink and Green" Star, "Spenc" who never (?) went on moonlight walks, Sue Dart Boice and her "Sweet Smile," Vivian who took valedictory honors, Agnes Francis who wanted to teach, "Fliss" Sawyer who always sat up front in class, "Bee" Hale who could run a Ford and Fred Warburton who ran the "old gray horse." Then there were "John D." with his stump speeches, "Jonnie" Houghton who wanted to vote, William Kaufman who knew the Miltonvale College Song and all the rest of the jolly twenty. We will welcome their letters and news from the "Seniors of Seventeen" in another issue. In the entire Alumni there is not a class with more genuine spirit to answer the summons. We can always count on them.

One more Alumni Note must be added. In reply to several inquiries the Alumni Editor would say that the Editorial article in a recent issue was not intended in the least the way many old students took it. In fact it was a challenge for the Alumni to take a more active part in Houghton's present interests we are sure. But inasmuch as an interpretation is sought for let it be thus: Facts of the case are that the old students of Houghton do possess definite concern for the New School of today as well as for the Old School of yesterday. We certainly do care for the present student body; we get better acquainted every time the Star arrives, and it is the Alumni who cheer the loudest when we hear of your successes. But did we hear you say that you present students are not interested in the Alumni and old students? Oh we know better, so we do! Did you ever stop to think that the heritage you have was handed down to you? Does the Houghton of today owe nothing to the Houghton of the past? Well—we'll change the subject. The Houghton of the past knows that we owe a great deal to the Houghton of the present. We know something about what it means to get out a school paper. It takes the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job. We are mighty glad to get our Star and take our hats off to Editor Shultz and his staff who are achieving such a good sheet this year for us. If you will notice, at least fifty per cent of Star subscribers are old students—so this ought to be proof of something. So when everything is said, we all have a great many mutual interests in common. The only question is how we all can "pull together" for the best advantage of those interests. Every booster is always a warm friend. Blest be the tie that binds dear Houghton to her sons and daughters, all over the world!

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A Bit of History

Co-education existed at Houghton as far back as ten years ago. As proof of this we would cite the following instance. A college lad went walking with his lassie one bright afternoon. They reached the Dorm just fifteen minutes after the supper bell rang. The Dean was very indignant. She said: "There ought to be a fine imposed for such tardiness. First offence fifty cents, second offence \$1.25, third \$4.00 and so on!"

The young offender looked up with a grin.

"Dear Dean," he asked, "how much would it cost for a Season Ticket—like that?"

Where Was She?

It is rumored that John abducted the fair Lina to Pittsburg during the holidays. Who knows? He neither left with her nor returned with her.

Not Strange

1st Alumnus: "I heard McKinney felt led to return to Houghton instead of going to Michigan."

2nd Alumnus: "Oh why not? Look at the Williams' there."

War Didn't Hit Bascom

Hoover's meatless days affected everybody around Houghton Seminary excepting Bascom, who had Fish not only on Friday but on every other day.

Nina to Eudora: "I would like to know who is mysteriously giving me skates, Unless he makes himself known I cannot go with him." "Oh my," said Eudora, "I'm in the same fix."

Eddie: "Say, Dan, why didn't you stay in Olean where you got such big money?"

Dan: "Oh I'm going to work in the woods."

Eddie: "Whose woods, Dan?"

Dan: "Ellingwoods."

Eloquent Speakers

In chapel Pres. Luckey called upon Lieutenants Johnson and Kaufmann for speeches.

Lieut. Johnson: "I never made a speech. I can't now. A merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you." He sat down.

Lieut. Kaufmann: "I am glad to be back and see you all again. That's all."