

The Houghton Star.

VOLUME X

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A TWILIGHT REVERIE

William Verne Russell

A somber beauty broods among the pines;
The evening sky hangs heavy overhead;
The wild bird seeks its warm and sheltered nest;
And all is silent as the shining stars
That still are darkly veiled behind the clouds.

Across the lake the twilight shadows fall;
No ripple stirs the reeds along the shore;
The breeze is hushed save in the mountain pass
Where crystal streams spring from the April snow
And deeper darkness holds the world in thrall.

The breeze is hushed and stillness reigns supreme
Save in the hearts of men where wild Desire
And high Ambition hold their sovereign sway,
While Love disdained among the ashes lies,
Her starry mantle rent, her sighs unheard
By those who in the palace waste the sands
Of life in sports and drunken revelry.

The twilight shadows fall across the lake
And sable Night enfold the sleeping earth,
But dawn will come with light and airy steps
And from the ashes lift her sister—Love.

AN OLD MUSICIAN

In an isolated district of a far distant crowded city, the gray squatty buildings are a bleak and unlovely blot on the scenic grandeur that surrounds them.

From a dusty back-garret window of one of these buildings, an old white-haired musician looked out toward the far-away mountains whose snowy peaks glistened and gleamed in the rays of a setting sun. There was a kind of despair on his thin face, and with a sigh, he crossed the room, picked up his violin and sat down to play a few bars. He was unhappy and he wished to drive away his sadness, which had oppressed him in a vague gloom all day. As he touched the first string and sweet notes poured forth, his face relaxed and softened, while as in a vision, he saw himself young and cheerful, full of enthusiasm, and independent of spirit. He saw himself facing the world with bright hopes, as he entered the academy to begin his study of music. There was real ecstasy in the exaggerated, fragmentary flashes of this vision. His

eyes brightened and with a quick movement, he touched a second string, and this softer and sweeter note brought another picture, that of his mother's happiness at his success, after years of study, and her pride in his fine young manhood. As if unwilling to part with this last dream, the old man touched a third string and an irresponsible swinging refrain of a military march began running in his head. He saw himself called to the front to fight for his country and his flag. He heard his mother's voice which expressed profound regret, "Oh my boy, when I think of my years of toil and scheming, of the big dreams I dreamed—" Instinctively the son had realized that obvious sympathy copiously expressed was not the balm for his mother's bruised spirit, hence he elected to regard the call to arms as something to be considered lightly. His consideration was entirely for his mother's peace of mind, when he answered, "It is all for the best dear mother; I am proud to do my bit, and even if I shall die, I shall die that others might live." He touched the last string which gave forth a low and dull note. He saw himself, returned from war, an old man at thirty years, as a result of a sluggishness of mind and body from a fever, which he had contracted during the massing of troops in besieged cities. "Your long exile from the home fires has made you a trifle gloomy, I'm afraid." These words of his loving, patient mother rebuked his soldier's breast, and he tried to throw off his lethargy of body, and answered simply, "I'm only a little tired." Then her emotion assumed the character of a quiet joy. "Sonny, sonny—oh I'm so glad your back—I've missed you!" Finally he saw his mother again, as she had lain on a bed of flowers, ready to be taken from his sight forever. He saw himself, stricken with grief, roaming the world, trying to get away from the loneliness of his heart, where the thought of his dead mother was always alive; at last when his money had given out, settling down in this poor garret, far from his former happy home, to live out the remaining days of his life. The old man sat motionless.

The sky is robed in a crimson gown,
Mingled with tints of blue
And the Sun in all its splendor crowns
The hills with a gorgeous hue.

But soon the shadows dimmer grow
And the colors fade away,
For the Sun in unseen depths below,
Falls till another day.

The rays of the moon passed through the dusty window, rested tenderly upon the upturned face of the musician, and revealed a countenance full of a new and wondrous peace, a peace which is not found in this world but in the next.

Ethelmay Kelly, '19

LIBRARY CONCERT

Friday night, the 25th, a concert was given in the auditorium of the seminary. The proceeds of this concert were to be used for the needs of the library. In spite of stormy weather the attendance was large.

The first part of the program, given by members of the music department, was very pleasing and showed both talent and hard work. The work of the Girls' Glee Club was especially good. The only complaint we could make was that they did not satisfy our desire for more. The other numbers were well given and surely no one could fail to enjoy each one.

The principal feature of the evening was a recital, "The Littlest Rebel" by Edward Peple, presented by Miss Charlotte Butler, the instructor in oratory. Miss Butler has received excellent training and is an excellent reader. The story of "The Littlest Rebel" is very absorbing when read but given, as it was, by an expert it was fascinating. By means of her portrayal, we were able to see the scene as she pictured it. We are indeed favored in having such pleasures strewn along our path.

DR. MILES LECTURES

When we learned that a change had to be made in the program of the lecture course, we did not know what a treat was to be ours. Dr. Robert Parker Miles spoke to us on the subject "Tallow Dips." As he himself said, it was different from anything we had ever before heard from the platform. His portrayal of character was exceeding realistic. We were indeed glad to have the privilege of listening to him even for a short time.

BRADFORD'S RECEPTION FOR HOUGHTON

On Saturday, December 29, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson, of Bethesda Mission, Bradford, Pa., gave a reception to students of Fairmount Bible School and of Houghton Seminary who were then in the city. A very enjoyable time was spent together

rehearsing the history of school days and refreshing our memories with by-gone experiences. The June issues of the Houghton and Miltonvale papers, for a number of years back, were examined. The pictures of the faculties, students, and graduates brought to our minds many pleasing memories. After two hours of social enjoyment refreshments were served and prayer was offered to the throne for God's blessing to rest upon the faculties, the students and the schools, that the schools might be genuine holiness centers; the faculties spirit filled individuals, and the finished product of the schools, men and women who should go out to bless the world with their lives by spreading scriptural holiness wherever they go.

YE ATHENIANS

Shall the citidal fall? Shall the structure be destroyed? Shall the ruin and decay continue until all is demolished? No! most assuredly no! All you veterans and patriarchs awake! Stir yourselves into action so that not only you may rise out of your dormant state but that you may guide your new comrades. Let us demonstrate that the Athenian Literary Society shall endure! Perhaps you old members have failed to realize that you are obliged to maintain its ideals and to direct the new members aright. Perhaps many of the new and old are even oblivious to the fact that the society has deteriorated. Perhaps you have failed to appreciate that in spite of the boundless tenacity and wonderful persistence displayed by the Program Committee, quite frequently the program has been lacking in one or more numbers. In some instances ample excuses have been made by the members for their inability to take part. In other cases members have brought discredit to themselves and to the society by totally ignoring their obligations. When requested to appear on the program so many cringe and shrink, attempting to evade the request; and even if at length they finally come to the conclusion that they can make the sacrifice, they consider that they by so complying are conferring a great favor to the Program Committee and indeed to the whole society.

What is wrong? That is exceeding difficult to state, this averse condition having arisen from a lack of consideration of certain principles that are somewhat intangible but from causes that are not wholly unscrutable. The Society as a whole is undeniably afflicted by the absence of a common purpose and a common goal. This lack of cooperation unless remedied will result in its downfall. By a process of discrimination or elimination the society should be con-

posed of those members who will do their "bit." A society of five live members would be more of a credit to Houghton Seminary than seventy-five who take no interest.

The Athenian Empire had but one Golden Age of Pericles. The Athenian Literary Society may have many of them or better still one never ending one. Let us revive ourselves, become instilled with a common purpose and aim for a common goal. Let us not give up the conflict until the things that are become as those that were. Let us all strive to do our part much better, let us fight a good fight and then trust that after our departure from here like the Athenians of old that we too may have as a token of remembrance of our past a monument either great or small erected in the Street Tombs just outside the gate.

THE WAY TO SUCCESS.

When a man meets another man, he always gets an impression of the other man. It may be a good impression or it may be a bad one; but without any exertion whatever an impression is stamped upon his mind. It may be that no two persons would have the same impression of the same man. This impression does not in any sense prove the character of the man. Most men have that inward nature of desiring people to think of them as high in their character, and would therefore naturally appear as that in public. Because a man wears flashy clothes and looks rich in dress gives no proof that he is wealthy. If you see a student pondering over an Astronomy book, or calculus, or Vergil, it is no sign that they are educated; but if they should begin to explain the contents as a teacher, it would give sufficient evidence that they were acquainted with the subject. So it is with the stranger you meet — he may look intelligent and be mannerly, but it is no proof that he is a man you could trust, for he might be a wolf dressed in sheep's clothing. The man lives within the body, and it is he that speaks and does and not the house he lives in. We cannot see the man with our eye; we see him with our mind; we only see the house he lives in. This is the very reason why more people do not see God. They are looking for something visible. If they were only to open their spiritual eye, they would see the God that made and cares for them, and gives them the beauties of life—the God that gave His only Son for their sin. But men do not see Him.

In coming back to our subject, man lives in the body and is governed by an intellectual organ called

the will. Of course all men have different make of will. Some have strong wills and some have weak wills. A man with a weak will is undecided and cannot decide; he sees right but drifts toward wrong. He does as other people tell him, and so is kept in a state of dependence on others. The student in school has a weak will who always wants to study his lessons with a brighter student than himself. He wants the other student to tell him instead of finding out for himself. The other student tells him until it comes to examination, and then the weak-willed student flunks. "The strength of the will," says James Freeman Clarke, "constitutes that quality of the mind which is prompt to decide, and having decided cannot be moved from its purpose, but holds on through evil report and good report; overcomes obstacles; shrinks from no difficulty; relies on his own judgment; does not yield to fashion, and presses to its mark always." So we see by this that a strong willed man will succeed some way or another.

It is not the person with the brilliant mind that always has the strongest will. A hare inherits a swifter pace than the snail, but the snail may distance him in the end by slow and sure progress day by day. It is not usually the most brilliant scholar of a class, (who wins the honor of valedictorian), that wins the highest place in after life. He depends too much on his smartness rather than hard work, and thus is weakened in his power in the world. We must have a will to desire to do right down hard labor. The student who perhaps is limited in his means and is obliged to go through school under difficulties, and work at physical labor much and thus endure the hardships and temptations of life is far more capable of going out into the world than the valedictorian of his class. Which is the more honor—to be the valedictorian of a class that has been in school only four years or to be the valedictorian of hundreds of people in a life's career? Orange Judd is a triumph of clear grit who had a strong will and a determination to succeed. He started for school without a dollar and had no prospect for earning any. He earned corn for working for the neighboring farmers, he carried it to the mill and had it ground himself. He milked two or three cows a day for a pint of milk, and lived on mush and milk as his chief sustenance for months. He worked his way through Wesleyan University and took a three years post graduate work at Yale. His work in life resulted in great achievements for the benefit of the farmers of today. By his strong will he succeeded. He was as the carp that swims up stream and jumps

Continued on page 6

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Editorial

GENIUS OR PLODDER

We believe that the man who plods unwaveringly on from day to day; who never lies down on the job; who gets every lesson thoroughly and completely is the man that wins out in the long and final pull. It is not the genius who is so marvelously perceptive of a broad scope of truth that is the man who finds himself ultimately crowned with success. No,—every thing that he gets has come so easily that he never needs to put hours and hours on his lessons and as a result he loses that beautiful quality of perseverance. The geniuses grasp is so comprehensive that he arrives at conclusions by merely a glance and so loses that routine, which the more common use, the very thing that is most beneficial. Never worry because you are not a brilliant. They have their hour and evanesce, while the plodder builds so securely that his foundation remains tho the heavens may fall.

QUITTERS

The world admires a loser, one that has played the game to the finish; one who has battled "in season and out of season," against foes far superior to him in number and strength, yet I say the world admires such a one. But what of a quitter? His name is spelled with eight of the smallest letters—ignominy. He is despised. It is the "quitters" glorious custom to sit down and enjoy a few superficial reveries

when a bit of hard work looms up before him, or a simple reverse come to him in blessed disguise. Why do people fail after they have left school? Why do they fail in school? The answer is simple—they are quitters. No one can hope to be a child in its mother's arms and at the same time go out and work with the father. Just so in life, if you have not muscularized your brain, if you have not overcome the obstacles and barriers that experience has motherly placed there for you how will you succeed when the tornadoes of life press upon you. You will go down for you have built upon the sand.

BACK AGAIN

Our blood tingles with new life, new hope and new responsibility as we once more enter these halls to study life's primer more aggressively than ever in the past. Now at the inception of this new semester is a most propitious occasion to some resolves. There are obvious reasons why some of us should do this, shall I tell? Well, I hardly dare do that but "murder will out" by way of the examinations. We are all glad to be back and we promise to seize the tomorrows more firmly, more tenaciously than we did the yesterdays.

Students' Philosophy

In many ways we can justly be proud of our school. To criticize unfavorably therefore may seem ungrateful but it is far from being so. On the contrary because it is so nearly perfect we notice the little imperfections the more and desire to do all we can to eradicate them. One of these is the habit acquired by some people of littering the library tables with little pieces of paper and pencil shavings. This gives a untidy appearance which ought to be avoided since strangers so often visit the library.

Should a person or a group of persons perform an act of charity or public beneficence we believe they should be encouraged by a word of praise. Praise is such a scarce article of trade that one is not always understood if he is so unfortunate. We will however run the risk and stand liable to eternal misunderstanding. The boys who cleaned off the steps are heroes. Blessings on them. They bravely resisted the fireside and went forth to combat with the stern fist of winter. Boys we heartily thank you, and should the occasion arise again don't forget your duty for if we should do it you would be robbed of these praises and we would awfully hate to have anything like that happen.

Alas what has become of the good old chapel talks? We do not mean sermonettes but those good old fashioned chapel talks of the Luckey, Bedford, Frazer type. The kind that stirred a fellow's inmost being and set to vibrating the dormant powers that needed only to be awakened to be set on its quest for greater things in life. Why not make the thirty minutes spent in chapel a delight rather than a bore? Why not spend one hour a week preparing a good, breezy, instructive, soul inspiring chapel talk?

With satisfaction we have recently listened to some very constructive chapel talks. Fine, we congratulate you! But what is the matter with the other professors? Give us the best you have is all we ask. We appreciate something different occasionally.

Not long ago a question of a certain action in regard to a disciplinary measure enacted was under the light of discussion by two older college students. It was just an ordinary discussion—but its conclusion was striking. "It is the Faculty's action," one finished, "and we will stand united for its enforcement. To be a Houghton student means to be loyal." Loyalty has been the watchword in times past; loyalty on the part of students has been largely responsible for as well-regulated a system of school life as we have. The fact that we are to some extent a self-governing body is significant. We should be awake to the situation and come to a clearer realization of the full meaning of representative student government. It means School Democracy in the strictest sense of the word. Our student Senate is a body which demands respect and deserves loyalty to its standards and its decisions. True School Spirit is local patriotism. It means allegiance pledged to the Purple and Gold; it means another triumph for the school beside the Genesee.

ATTENTION!

WHAT IS YOUR PRICE?

A noted literary man once said, "Every man has his price." We are forced to disagree with him for there are a few, THANK GOD, who prefer death to compromise or defilement. However, he proved to the world that he had his price by selling himself out for political prestige. Many since his day have followed his example and proved recreant to their trust, false to their friends and traitors to their own best interests. For instance; Benedict Arnold, or some hypocritical, backslidden preachers who have sold out to the liquor interests for gold.

THEY HAVE HAD THEIR PRICE.

Such individuals would be fair types about whom to write a lengthy criticism and thereby to warn others of the inevitable doom awaiting such reprehensible conduct.

Not all however have wisdom enough to profit by such warning, for, notwithstanding all that has been said from the pulpit and the chapel rostrum, the student body of Houghton Seminary still has among its number THOSE WHO HAVE THEIR PRICE.

Some rate themselves no higher than the value of a pair of gloves or rubbers, \$1.00. The price for which others sell themselves is a book-strap or a pair of mackinaw mittens, 10 to 25 cents; while others stoop so low as to fix their price no higher than a bottle of ink or a lead pencil, 5 cent dudes. IS THAT YOUR PRICE?

We spoke of one class who would be fair types to criticise, BUT, -- LISTEN, -- the student who poses as your friend and companion in study, then deliberately takes your gloves, rubbers, mittens, book-strap, tablet, pencil, or ink is too low down on the social scale to make it worth while for an honest individual to waste paper and ink in writing up an extended criticism.

Fellow student, ARE YOU OF THAT CROWD?

Yours for a clean record,

A Student.

Locals

VILLAGE NOTES

Several of the girls of the village attended a variety shower for Nellie Smith on Decemer 27th.

On January 9th occurred the marriage of Mr. Glenn Talbot and Miss Nellie Smith. They will be at home on Fox Hill after February 15th.

Miss Ruth Weaver entertained a few friends one evening recently.

Mr. Loftis has purchased the Buck property and it is understood that he is to have possession the first of March.

Part of the water system is frozen up and those in the upper part of town are without water.

Mr. Doolittle and Mrs. Sutter were married January second.

Miss Winnifred Lynde is now rooming at Mrs Burr's.

Mrs. Lillian Burr attended a funeral at Caneadea one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Washbon are both on the sick list.

SCHOOL NOTES

All the students report a very pleasant Christmas vacation.

Our examinations are over at last! That long, dragging, dreaded week is a thing of the past. And indeed, no one is sorry, for now we can settle down to the regular routine of school work and truly enjoy it--until the novelty wears off again.

Mr. Ben. O. Trafford, one of our last year's graduates, is with us again and will attend school here this semester.

Miss Ethel Kent, of Hinsdale, N. Y., recently visited Beatrice Hale for a few days.

We are indeed sorry that some of last semester's students will not be with us next term. Mary Warburton and Etta VanName will teach near their respective homes for the rest of the year. Margaret Middleton did not return to Houghton, but remained in Boston where her Christmas vacation was spent.

We gladly welcome Miss Johnson and Miss Andres of Syracuse, into our midst.

Frances Bunce is ill with la grippe.

Messrs. Everett Lapham and Harold Luckey will not attend school this semester. Everett expects to enter in some department which aids in the production of war munitions. Harold will attend Geneseo Normal. He has already made the Glee Club and no doubt will make a very enthusiastic increment to the Normal's athletics.

Saturday evening January 26 the Loyal Sons' Sunday School Class held a reception at the home of Edmund Peck. They enjoyed a fine repast of maple sugar and apples. All pronounced it to be one of the best yet.

Lois Butterfield is expecting to take up work at a business college in Syracuse.

We are glad to welcome two new Theologs: Mr. Clocksin from Montana and Mr. Rothrock from N. Y.

M. G. M.

THE WAY TO SUCCESS

Continued from page 3.

waterfalls against the current. Anyone can drift down stream, but it takes grit and a strong will to face the unfavorable circumstances of life.

Success does not depend upon the house we live

in, figuratively speaking, for some of the men who have become famous in life have been men of small and feeble bodies. It is said that one of America's most prominent astronomers is only four feet high and would hardly outweigh a boy of ten, but there are few who can outweigh him in intellect and achievement. Alexander Stevens was a dwarf, but he did a giant's work. With only a broken scythe by sheer force of will and work, he overmatched in the harvest those who had fine mowing machines. Indiana's greatest governor was Oliver P. Morton, who went on crutches. John Calvin had ill health, but was one of the most eminent reformers of the sixteenth century. Robert Hall was another man of this character. Although he was feeble in health and suffered greatly, yet as an English Baptist preacher he accomplished great good as a reformer. Elisha Kent Kane another feeble character in body, yet his work as an Arctic explorer has not been excelled. By these few examples we are able to see that success does not altogether depend upon the body. It is the man that lives in the body and if he has a strong educated will whatever the surroundings may be he is sure to succeed. If a man has a will, whether weak or strong, it is essential that it be educated. Andrew Jackson was a strong willed man and put forth to do whatever he undertook with all his might and strength. He hurried into battle plundering and ravaging everything that was in his way. He had a strong will but an uneducated one. Abraham Lincoln, a man with no less will power than Jackson, was calm and meditative. He shared the care and troubles of others. Jackson's career was as a wild ravaging storm, while Lincoln's was as a shining light, shining forth unto the perfect day.

Every man is what he is in life by his ability. He makes himself. It is true that men may be born with some natural talent; but unless he has a will to use this talent in its proper way it will be of no use to him. This question was once asked a little boy of ten years: "Who made you?" The lad measured with his hands about the length of a baby and said: "God made so much and I grewed the rest." This is exactly true in respect to ourselves. We may be born as said before with some special talent, but unless we educate that talent and put our mental powers to work on it, it will be of no use to us. We are truly self-made men, and if we ever accomplish anything in life, it is because we had that will power to do it. There is nobody on this great earth that is more capable and has a greater chance to do good in the betterment of the world than a man with a good, strong, educated will that is in harmony with the will of God.

Samuel Miner

At the Dinner Table.

Claude: "You'll be old enough for association the first of next month, won't you Dean." Eddie: "O I'm going to take you to the next lecture, Miss Thurston." Marion: "O Eddie, that isn't the way to go at it."

"Start the day with a thought that holds sweetness within

As the perfume is held in the rose,
For the day that with beautiful thoughts may begin

Holds its beauty all thru till its close.
Here are sunshine and song, here are laughter and light,

Here are balsams for worry and fear—
For the happiness held till the hush of the night

Leaves a blessing that glows with good cheer."

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Jolting Breezes

Dr. Miles, lecturer and author, when commenting upon the faculty said, "I think that Prof. McDowell is the sweetest little boy I ever met."

Woe unto the Alarm Clock. It now lies buried in the ash can.—Meeker in bed. The alarm goes off and the dial points at a quarter to seven. He hastily dresses and runs all the way up to the dormitory only to find it shrouded in darkness. Going to the back door he finds Miss Grange in the kitchen. He asks, "Is it not time for breakfast?" She replies, "You're here once in time for breakfast. It is now a quarter of five."

Encouragement for Rip Churchill—We were rather surprised but pleased to see him escorting Alice so nobly from the Post Office to the Dorm the other evening. We are especially elated because we see an omen signifying a brilliant social career. All successes must arise from small beginnings.

Congratulations to "Mack"—We rejoice in the pronounced development with his social relationship with Beulah. She saves her piece of cake and sends it by a special messenger to Mack. What a kindred feeling to make such sacrifices!

Freda, back from vacation, to George—"O I am so glad to get back!"
When George is absent, "O I can't wait for vacation to come!"

Talk about your "indoor sports". The fellows think there is nothing more exciting than taking a bath in a room 30° below zero.

Barrett seemed, at the lecture the other evening, to be uneasy in his "Stahl." We saw him break forth and leave before the entertainment had finished.

Announcement—The trio was encored the other night by special request.

Gracia has many suiters with Bev in the lead. The score is 2 to 1 his favor.

We lament the fact that Ries' affections are not affiliated with Houghton for he deems it necessary to journey to Chesboro to find suitable companionship.