

# The Houghton Star.

VOLUME X

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1918

NUMBER 8

## I WONDER

I wonder what is life? What does it mean?  
What does it hold for me within its bounds?  
Is there no more of life than what is seen?  
Does it consist of empty sights and sounds?

Who planned for me this life? Why am I here?  
Is this a world of "hit or miss?" Does chance  
Control my destiny? Does no one care?  
Shall all my life be ruled by circumstance?

Is life one stretch of ten and threescore years,  
To spend in building up on earth a name?  
And shall I center all my hopes and fears  
In vain pursuit of pleasure, wealth, and fame?

Wherefore am I to live, if life shall end  
When I shall cross the murky stream of death?  
Must I to that dark place my footsteps wend,  
And close existence with my parting breath?

What is my aim, if this be all of life?  
What matters it if I am false or true?  
What profit all the labor and the strife  
If there be no account of what I do?

Ah, no! I can't believe that it is so—  
Else why these strivings of my inmost soul—  
This restless longing, reaching out to know  
The things beyond, above my own control?

Is there not something nobler—something grand—  
Some goal for me to seek and to attain;  
Some purpose firm for which my life must stand,  
And standing thus, should not be lived in vain?

May I not know the way my feet should go?  
Must I be left to plan my way alone?  
Is there no one to trust? How can I know  
The right, if there be none to lead me on?

There are so many things I do not know,  
So very much I do not understand.  
From everything I see, these queries grow;  
I meet them all around, on every hand.

I cannot see the "wherefore's and the why's,"  
And yet seems that Nature has her laws;  
To comprehend these laws would be a prize—  
To form them, there must be a higher Cause.

No mortal man can make a world, I'm sure,  
And hang it in the canopy of space.  
Yet worlds and worlds are fashioned and endure,  
And each one seems to have its proper place.

There must be some great ruler, then, who stands  
Above this Universe and rules it still:  
But what is my small life to one whose hands  
Form worlds and shape the planets to his will?

And still I somehow feel the master cares—  
He planned my course and Him I should obey;  
He all my noble aims and visions shares,  
And he protects and guards my every day.

How happy I shall be if I may find  
The way my Guide has planned for me to go!  
And I am certain if my heart and mind  
Are steadfast in the search, that I shall know.

Then shall my Lord reveal to me his will,  
And in his service, I shall find delight;  
And daily learning, I shall follow still  
In endless paths of Wisdom, Truth, and Right.

Fiora Presley

## ENLISTS WITH THE SIGNAL CORPS

As the Star goes to press this time one who has been ever present, one who has given unlimited time and energy to its publication is no longer with us. Our own Clark Warburton has enlisted in the ranks of Uncle Sam's Signal Corp and is now in training camp at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Of all triumphs he has won for Houghton this is the greatest. Clark has given himself for us and for freedom. On short notice he left the first day of February; many of us did not know of his intentions of volunteering until after he had gone. But we were not altogether surprised at his going to the colors. It was like him to do so.

Clark was a loyal leader, always anxious to work and sacrifice for the welfare of others and for his beloved Houghton. Yet spectacular as his work has been, it was done quietly, unnoticed and seldom appreciated; but in unselfishness, integrity and ambition we can say with conviction that no son of Houghton has ever been greater. As is only too often the case, we didn't appreciate him while he was with us. The "Star" almost owed its existence to his untiring efforts. You who have read its fresh and illumined pages from issue to issue know little of the life struggle its business Manager of last year and its printer of the present year has expended upon it in the heart of the little office. Last year while he had charge of business

managing the Star's efficiency on this score was almost to be marveled at. The system by which he managed matters here was a model for every business manager who succeeds him. Faithful in that which was least here, he has received a promotion.

Clark ranked high in scholarship, always carried a heavy schedule and always brought his standard of schoolwork up to the top notch. He held many offices of honor in college: particularly will the I. P. A. miss its hustling president. He possessed a thrilling admiration for the best that is in art, science and literature. Contests have resulted in his triumph many times; he has won three times in local Oratorical contests and holds two college prizes in literary contests. He won a surprising Carnegie prize for his essay on world wide democracy in 1916.

Let a service flag be Houghton's in his honor, let Old Glory be hoisted again, and when we see it flitting against the sky for freedom and right we will think of our Clark. Good bye, good luck, God bless you, Houghton's loyal lad in the khaki.

#### OUR REASON WHY.

We have been called paradoxical, incomprehensible and absurd. We have been criticised by the fiery ordeal of every notional say-so in the universe; we have been scrutinized by the microscope of conventional, yet unwritten precedent; with unrelenting precision we have been analyzed by the X-ray of what the world calls propriety. But even our keenest critics have been forced to admit that their research has been in vain, that their problem is still unsolved.

Philosophy has mastered all intellectuality; Science has arrested the elements and has surrendered them chained to mankind; Genius in her diverse forms has bridled all creation. But in us Philosophy has encountered a deviation from rule too profound, too puzzling for mastery; in us Science has discovered a proposition fortified against any possibility of arrest or any probability of surrender; mirrored in us Genius beholds itself face to face and dares not attempt coercion. We are the astonishing marvel of the age.

Whether or not comprehensible, we are not comprehended; for the older generation does not understand us. The same as in any form of confusion this misunderstanding has its own psychological cause and its own inevitable result. We are judged from the exterior. Vital underlying principles go unheeded. We cannot be judged as our grandfathers judged our fathers. No more than the twentieth century can be estimated in the light of the nineteenth century, can

we be weighed by the same balances or measured by the same standards as were our predecessors.

Friction is the result of confusion and misjudgment. To the older generation is the privilege of authority and correction. Indiscriminately that privilege is taken advantage of, whether or not responsibility is seen written on the other side of the portal to its shrine. As long as motives are ignored, as long as causes are not investigated, friction will continue to be.

We were born dissimilar; our heredity of likeness was thrust upon us, yet we are blamed because we are proud of being out of the ordinary. We have been reared in a sphere more marvelous in actuality than any Utopian dream of only a recent yesterday,—yet we are censured for being a part of our environment. We stand on the shoulders of an independent Present,—yet we are condemned for looking the Future, not the Past in the face.

We are the despair and, at the same time, the pride of society. While it censures us it glories in us. Still we know our predecessors would not eliminate the anomalousness they censure if with it must be eliminated the attributes they glory in. They would not have us as they are. Accordingly if the older generation can see naught but that which it condemns in us, the reason is because their spectacles have lost their rose color and have become dusty,—and magnified dust is seen, not the younger generation.

We despise self complacency. We have seen it in the world, we have seen it in the older generation,—and we have hated it to such an extent that before the altar of conscience we have vowed that no portal of our inner lives shall be open to its subtle approach. To exist as the carbon copy of another's character would be far worse than not existing at all. Self complacency! Were it a part of our beings, life would seem merely a futile looking back at what might have been like Milton's Satan in "infinite wrath and infinite despair." We refuse to recognize failure, even as a passing acquaintance. Even if a hundred times a day he may force his way into some act of the game we are playing, we ignore the fact he is there. To disdain incompetency is to make way for its rival, efficiency.

In us the very essence of vitality and imagination is concentrated. Every impulse within us is vibrant with all that means Life. There is so much that demands expression, so much that thrills, calls, dares us to what was never before done, to play the game as history has never before seen it played! That is why we seem ever and forever impelled by a force that with



one headlong rush for excitement insatiably cries for the unusual, the spectacular, the supreme. For that force to be so is only natural, only modern. In watching the great conquered, to determine to conquer the stupendous is wholly American in the broadest sense of the word.

We would rather hitch our aeroplanes to Mars or Venus than wagons to stars—for wagons are slow and unsafe, and stars might fall. We apparently take life as a glittering panorama of the amusing, a gay delirium of the frivolous; yet only too well do we realize the nothingness, the mockery of presupposing that perpetually flying after the dazzling comedy side of an existence can ever make restitution for the wrong of its unfulfilled promise, its failure to compensate in terms of what we demand life must give us. In spite of it all, our love for the everchanging and the modern has its own recompense; it is our source of inspiration for action, our incentive to ideality.

We are told we possess no ideals. Is it any wonder we are silent? What care we who thinks we have none? The less our aim is visible to foreign eyes the more sacred it becomes to our own. No matter what else may be risked on the craigs of fool's hill, our ideals cannot be hazarded. Thus through the medium of self sufficiency and consciousness of power we see the impossible as if already vanquished, the unattainable as if already ours.

We are the offspring of Romance and Achievement; our birthright is our similitude to those our parents. We are the product of the twentieth century; to us the twentieth century has given the colossal responsibility of protecting her trust, of attaining her ideal. We are conscious of the fact that not only the fate of a mere tomorrow but even the destiny of an indefinitely infinite future past a mere tomorrow is on our hands. And we look upon the Herculean task not with fear, for fear means cowardice; not with indifference, for indifference means submission to the commonplace; but with loyalty to our standard of aggressiveness in the contest to place what the earth calls impossible underneath our feet. Accordingly, in us the twentieth century shall find power and preparedness to answer her challenge.

Yet leagues beyond the heights for us to win marked by the eyes of today is the goal we ourselves have fixed. For our horizon is not the visible sky line of what others think we can do, it is as boundless as the soul of Omnipotence. When our dawn of dawns shall break with Realization and Fulfillment as its heralds, Earth shall understand our reason why and Time's voice echoing to Eternity shall proclaim it is true.

L. K. H.

### WHAT IS YOUR PRICE?

In a former article under this title we discovered the price of a few. What we now desire is to ascertain whether the final outcome is commensurate with the object received or the goal attained. Political men, who have had their price, have succeeded for a time but later lost out and spent the remainder of their days in ignominy and reproach. Individuals who have been unjust in their treatment of their fellowmen and put through some underhanded deals, have lost the confidence of their friends and have been stigmatized as rogues unworthy of favorable comment. Men who have been traitors to their country have been courtmartialed or swung upon the gallows as public examples, while others guilty of lesser crimes have spent their days behind prison bars wearing strips and breaking stone. **WAS IT WORTH THE PRICE?**

The political pull may have been, for the time being, great, the underhanded deal small, the article pilfered worthless, but the same spirit has caused men to become criminals and later to rue the day they were born. Were our accountability to cease with this life, death would be welcomed by many as a friend to relieve them of the pressure of unfriendly criticism. But we must all appear before the judgement seat of Christ there to give account. We may escape detection here, but no man can get beyond the all-piercing, all-searching gaze of the Triune God. Many shall there find themselves shut out from eternal blessedness, because in this world, **THEY HAVE HAD THEIR PRICE.**

### NOTICE! NOTICE!! ATHENIANS.

Every College student come to the great debate next Monday Evening.

Shultz and Hale, Affirmative

vs

Lee and Searles, Negative.

### I. P. A. ATTENTION!

Don't forget the monthly program, Feb. 22. The question of the National Party will be the issue of the hour.

### STUDENT VOLUNTEERS.

The annual convention of the Student Volunteer Movement will convene at Elmira College Feb. 22--24. A number of notable missionary speakers are scheduled. Houghton will have two delegates.

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## Editorial

## THE ETERNAL NOW.

That age which was characterized by chivalry is no more. Those black years of Inquisitional suffering are a thing of the past. The days in which chauvinism and militarism held sway are fast disintegrating in the fiery cataclysm of war, but the attainment of Freedom and Democracy may be measured in terms of moments. History is being made and completed so rapidly that the human mind is staggered by the inferences deduced. So rapidly do events transpire in these strenuous days that wars, revolutions, and treaties may result in only a few hours, which if in any former period, would require years and years to accomplish so much. Like the phantasmagoria on the magic lantern are introduced abruptly, tarry a while, and are cut off soon to give place to other scenes, so now are events precipitated upon us, endure for a time, then vanish into interminable forgetfulness. These hours are more pregnant with meaning than any since "God's eternal heart-ache on Calvary." If one has accepted the opportunities to which the world is giving birth today, he may awake, after a pleasant dream, to find himself in the hinterlands of success. If he has, on the other hand, failed to see the meaning of things he will soon be aroused by the inexorable sting of unaccepted opportunities. Not all, therefore, who sleep beneath an unmarked grave

in the war zone will be clothed in the immortal robes of Freedom and Liberty, but the dazzling garments will be given also to those who did not by one supreme effort "pay life's glad arrears" on the battlefield, but who gave their little all, day by day, year by year, in bringing the world up to the note which vibrates with the Infinite, struck to the rythmn of eternity. Get into the habit of thinking in world terms, crowding each moment so full of God-directed, constructive effort that there will be no reconstruction period after the war because constant ameliorative industry has not been found wanting during the progress of the war.

G. B. S.

A problem is facing us. You know it, I know it, everybody knows it. War time is leaving its unhesitating footprints on the schools and colleges of our land; and war has not spared Houghton. The personnel of our students is different, many who have fought the hardest for Houghton and for scholarship record are now fighting for the land of the free and the home of the brave. Those faces, familiar but no longer with us, cannot be forgotten. Yet they are gone and we who are left must fill the vacant ranks. Yet we still must play the great part of a great school whether we want to do so or not. We are being watched, we are being imitated; as we go so go others who will fashion destinies woven into existence by the governing force of our counsel.

Let us wake up! A conflict is awaiting the best that is in us. It is a fight for Houghton Seminary. You are a slacker if you wouldn't give your life for Houghton! And your school needs your spirit now, faculty and students, she needs all the life, loyalty, and the pep, pluck, perseverance and red-blooded patriotism you possess. And are you ready to get busy with a smile and help the Star make this semester the best Houghton has ever known?

L. K. H.

## Organizations

## NEOSOPHIC NOTES

Personal views on the termination of the war as expressed by Prof. Hester in the last meeting of the Neosophic society, proved exceedingly interesting. He first compared this great war to the war of 1793 and then to Napoleon's great twenty year's conflict. He quoted the Review of Reviews which states that the war will probably end a year from next summer. A noted writer says that this war is really two wars, the first one lasting only from the first August to Sep-



tember, during which occurred the Battle of Marne in which Joffre was the hero. Here the Germans were defeated in their purpose to capture Paris.

The second war began 48 hours after the first one ended. The purpose of the Germans in this is to make use of her submarines in such a campaign of frightfulness that other nations will be warned and fear to take up arms against her. In spite of rumors that Germany's internal conditions are not conducive to victory in this war, she has held out.

Prof. Hester's personal views are that the termination of the war will not come until at least three years from next summer. We will be interested to know whether he or the editor of the Review of Reviews is correct.

M. G. M.

#### ATHENIAN NOTES

Monday evening February 3 the Athenian Literary Society met for its first meeting of the second semester. According to the constitution this was the time for the election of officers. A previously appointed nominating committee presented the nominees and the following officers were elected: President, Claude Ries; Vice President, Harold Mc Kinney; Secretary, Dorothy Peck; Treasurer, John Wilcox. These officers acted as a committee in appointing the remaining officers: Chaplain, George Laug; Sergeant-at-arms, Lawrence Spencer; Pianist, Helen Sicard; Chorister, Gratia Bullock. Harold Lee, Mrs. McDowell, and Ethel Kelly were placed on the program committee.

#### NEW OFFICERS ELECTED

On Friday, February 8, occurred the annual election of officers of the Union Literary Association. President Luckey was reelected as President; G. Beverly Shultz was elected Vice-President; Helen Sicard was elected Secretary; and Prof. Fancher was reelected Treasurer. Other business was also looked after such as accepting the resignation of Mr. Everett Lapham manager. Mr. Harry Meeker was elected to fill the vacancy.

At a yearly meeting of the Student Body officers were elected for the coming year. Mr. Harold McKinney of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, was elected president of the student body. His position also includes the presidency of the student's Senate. Miss Peulah Williams of Painesville, Ohio, was elected Secretary and Mr. John Bruce of Pittsburg, Penna., was chosen Treasurer.

G. B. S.

Don't worry over trouble, it never broke a date yet.

#### IS HOUGHTON SUPPLYING HER MISSIONARY QUOTA?

As three missionaries have recently died and all have at some time past been students at the Seminary will Houghton now as in the past give of her best to fill in the ranks made by the ravages of death? The laborers are few, the need is imperative, but the reward is eternal.

We listened on Feb. 5 to a program given by the Y. M. W. B., the most instructive in biographical sketch and the most stirring in missionary zeal that we have heard since we came to Houghton.

Miss Elsie Hanford gave a brief sketch of the lives of Mrs. Sprague, Mary Puell and Miriam Day either as she had known them or as she had received information thru relatives. She instructively gave to us in a general way their splendid lives of activity both at home and abroad.

Mrs. Butterfield gave in a very touching way the early childhood and later life of Miriam Day. Her talk was very vivid and real because she knew Miss Day very intimately. Miriam worked at home in the fields doing nearly a man's work yet at the same time maintained excellent grades at school. Her study of human nature was untiring. She tried in her method to link together the human and the divine.

Mrs. Mary McDowell spoke very ably of how she knew the girls in school. An expression of sympathy and sacred respect were the sentiments to which she gave deliverance. In speaking of Mary Buell she said, "Mary never was a great social mixer but she was a spiritual leader. If ever she reproved it was in a discreet and christian way. She never made enemies but rather friends." In speaking of Miss Day, Mrs. McDowell thought she was the most brilliant girl she ever knew or had ever attended Houghton. A book was her constant companion, whether at work or play, although she ever had time to speak with her friends.

Miss Hattie Crosby spoke of how she knew them in Africa. Her talk appealed to the heroic, to the spirit of sacrifice. She related many experiences of their untiring efforts; of that spirit which was more than duty asks of it, in other words which gives a labor of love. Miss Crosby read to us a letter written by Miss Lulu Tanner telling of the deaths. The world has lost three brave sacrificial souls, yet we do say O God! Thy will be done! May the influence of that service never cease until it has landed some on the shores of the mission fields.

G. B. S.

## Alumni Notes

We are very much pleased to see the interest this year that has been taken in reading the Alumni Notes. Of course much interest is always manifested in learning the whereabouts of old school-chums and now all the more so since we have enlisted for the cause of individual liberty. Because we are glad to hear from at the camp, those whom we have known in the past, there will be a few excerpts from various letters received by the students. Before the holidays the Houghtonites composing the Sunday School sent all students from Houghton at the cantonments candy, edibles, and a book or two. Many interesting replies came to our Superintendent. These are typical ones;

"I wish through you to express my thanks for the handsome Christmas remembrance. Good books are a pleasure to me at all times, and I especially appreciate this pocket edition at time. It is most fitting. I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to the Sunday School not only for the gift, but for the thought that prompted the remembrance.

May God especially bless the Sunday school work in Houghton this coming year, as well as each member connected with it. Sincerely, W. LeVay Fancher."

"I want to thank you all for remembering me so well on Christmas Day. It does a fellow a lot of good to know that he has friends who think of him. Houghton will always be a very dear place to me for I formed ideals and friendships there which will make my whole life better. At present I am doing my best, with God's help to show the boys here the "Better Life." I ask your prayers for myself and all the boys in the camps, for we truly need them. Sincerely, Carroll Daniels."

Another name for the Honor Roll:

Clark A. Warburton

Company C., 319 Field Signal Bn.  
Camp Sherman, Ohio.

## Locals

### FACULTY NOTES

Little Miss Esther Isibella arrived at the home of Professor and Mrs. Fancher January the Second.

"Prof. Ike" Bowen still has an affinity for 99s and 100s in final exams we notice.

Prof. McDowell has lately been mentioned by the class leader as one of the venerable fathers in Isreal.

Prof. Fancher and John Wilcox went to the woods one afternoon and made up three cords before returning to supper. John says the Professor is a first class woodsman.

Prof. Luckey has been giving his astronomy class a series of lectures on the Spectroscope. With this instrument white light is decomposed to form the spectrum—violet, blue, green, yellow and red. By means of it also many elements existing on the earth are found also to be present in the suns outer surface.

"For a laggard in love  
And a dastard in war  
Was to wed the fair Ellen  
Of brave Locinvar." (Scott)

Mr. Meeker, ejaculated Miss Butler, read that again and put some disgust into your voice. What would you think of a man who was slow in making love!

President Luckey has returned from the board meeting held in Syracuse recently.

Prof. McDowell, who has been suffering from the La Grippe is quite himself again.

We are also glad to know that Miss Thurston is convalescing from a severe cold.

Prof. and Mrs. McDowell were "chaps" for a party of students who attended revival meetings at Fillmore Friday night.

### SCHOOL NOTES

Carrie Coleman has gone to Philadelphia where she will study music. A party in her honor was given in the dining hall of the dormitory Monday evening of last week.

Bert Bassage of Corning, N. Y., one of our former students, visited here Friday.

The Seniors of '17 and '18 spent a most enjoyable evening at the home of Mildred Jones last Friday.

Wallace Hanford, one of last year's graduating class, has been visiting here for some time.

Vivian Saunders, of Portage, N. Y., another Senior of '17, has been the guest of Mildred Jones.

June Bolles, who attended Houghton last year, made us a brief visit last week.

Leona Head is with us again. Her influence will soon be felt in the I. P. A., and the Star.

Ross Ricketts, a former student, has been visiting friends here.

Bessie Lewis spent Saturday night and Sunday with Miss Hillpot.

Houghton was well represented at the revival meetings at Fillmore last Friday night. Several crowds of students went down.

Frances Bunce and Imogene Bowder went to Belfast Saturday.

The early Sunday morning prayer meetings are proving a help to all who attend.

Winfield Stuggart went to his home in Driftwood, Pa., over last Sunday.

The Freshman and Sophomore Preparatory classes met in the dininghall last Friday night. Fveryone present reported a splendid time.

Hortense Luckey has been visiting her cousin Ruth Luckey.

M. G. M.

### VILLAGE NOTES

Mrs. R. C. Lynde is visiting her daughter, Winnifred, for a few days.

Mr. P. B. Loftis has been on the sick list but is much better now.

Merton Fox and family visited Mrs Burr Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lapman from Burt N. Y. have been in town a few days visiting friends and relatives.

Mr and Mrs. Strong have moved into their house on the hill.

Mrs. Fassett visited Mrs. Lowe last Friday

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Crandall were in town a couple of days. They were returning from their trip to Penn.

We are glad to learn that Miss Georgia Whitney is gaining rapidly after her sickness, and will soon be able to take up her work again. V. E. P.

In preparation for the coming revivals, two prayer meetings a week are being held one on the hill and another in the valley.

### "I WORK AFTER SCHOOL"

Father has a store. I work after school for him. He pays me a small amount. From that amount I have him keep for me 10c a week. I have had him put my money in the Bank. I am banking it, because when I grow up I wish to go into business.

We want the Business Boys! Ambitious young fellows, who want some day to own a business of their own. Start now with \$1.00 at this Bank. We want the Business Boys! BANK OF BELFAST, Belfast, N. Y.



## Jolting Breezes

### A Correction:

Editor of "Jolting Breezes" produces testimony that Bev's score of 2 to 1 was a mistaken count. It should have read three fouls and a home run.

Faculty meetings certainly seem to be getting rather serious. Only today we saw one of the teachers coming out of faculty meeting with the nose bleed.

### Aspirations of the Coming Generation.

Mr. Timothy Butterfield, age five said, "When I get big I'm going to have a pink mustache like my papa and be a preacher and help Mr. Sicard preach so he will get done sooner."

A little girl once remarked, "When I grow up I'll marry a preacher or a doctor. If I marry a doctor I can get well for nothing and if I marry a preacher I can be good for nothing."

### A sore disappointment.

Meeker and Gratia were about to take dinner at the Prospect House at Fillmore when much to his internal dismay Meeker found that he possessed no money; his pocket book lay home on the dresser.

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Allegany County**

**Our Prices Merit  
Your Patronage**

**JOHN H. HOWDEN**

FILLMORE, N. Y.

'EVERY THING TO HELP YOUR GAME'  
Sporting Goods, Athletic Supplies, Guns  
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Tires, Bicycle repairing and INDIAN  
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**CITY STEAM LAUNDRY**  
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"The Home of Good Laundry Work."

**L. A. WEBSTER, Prop.**

Branch Agency in Houghton

Logic— Students go to school to cultivate their faculties.

The teachers are their faculties.

Therefore the students go to school to cultivate their teachers.

Telegraphy vs. Wireless Telegraphy  
Irishman to German, "We tore down an old castle the other day and found a bunch of wires under it proving that we had telegraphy hundreds and hundreds of years ago."

"That's nothing," said the German, "we tore down an old castle the other day and there were no wires under it. Therefore we had wireless telegraphy hundreds of years ago."

The Keys of Heaven

—(As Lee was surveying a new key he possessed) Is that the key you get in with nights?

Lee: I should say not! Its the key I have to get out with.

The sequel: Must be Dad wouldn't have locked him in if he didn't want him to stay! Congratulations!

The happiest trail in U.S.A.—

Michigan to Rushford, via Houghton. The match factory on the hill still continues grinding — and precept upon precept, line upon line its grist is — new matches.

Bright Pupil.

Teacher: Give me a reason why it is wrong to have more than one wife.

Freshie: No man can serve two masters.

As heard in the Classes.

Latin pedagog: Give me the principal parts of skito.

Freshie: Skito - bitere - slapsi - killum.

Physiology grind — Give the names of the teeth.

On Regents Papers --- Incisors, molars, canines, and cuspidors.

When the first vote is taken, the verdict announced,

Unanimous sure 'twill be carried---

A Houghton young lad is a model young lad

When he's dead or asleep or --- married.