

# The Houghton Star.

VOLUME X

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1918

NUMBER 13

## I. P. A. HOLDS STATE CONVENTION

Yes, we had a great time. Everything that means genuine pep was there, and Houghton's I. P. A. was surely a live part of it. Friday morning, April 12, began with a stir of active preparation and from the time we left home until we boarded the Pennsy, with school yells resounding in our ears, we knew that the excitement of a long-anticipated day had really begun. The trip to Syracuse was not without adventure. Exultantly we viewed the wonderful Portage Falls and with awe gazed upon the scene of the recent wreck at Deep Cut. Safely past it and San Yea we sped on, left Mount Morris in the background and arrived in Rochester at noon. Speaking of baggage! Someway McKinney was always on the job when it came to carrying extra suitcases, there were plenty of "extras" and no mistake. We managed to obtain a delightful noontime repast there, and by one o'clock were watching dozens of towns disappear in the distance as we were trolly-bound for Syracuse.

A tired but merry bunch of Houghtonites arrived at our destination at four thirty to find an inspirational telegram awaiting the orator. Truly Houghton is always mindful of her own! It was the telegram, perhaps more than anything else, that helped to save the day, after a long, weary journey.

We were in time to hear the final remarks of Dr. A. H. Graham of Michigan who was addressing I. P. A. delegates at the afternoon session. It was our good fortune to have with us Dr. Harry S. Warner, National I. P. A. Secretary. His substantial optimism indeed makes him a great leader. The delegations from Cornell, Colgate and other colleges greeted us heartily and Syracuse extended a most royal welcome. Our hats are surely off to the hospitality of the college boys and girls there.

Probably the most exciting feature of the convention was the annual oratorical contest which took place in Craus Chapel Friday evening. There was a splendid audience present and genuine oratory was in compe ition. Amid cheers and colleges yells, Colgate was awarded first honors, with Houghton a close second, Miss Head's "Call to Arms" receiving a

standing in thought and composition above all the others. Especial credit should be given the Syracuse orator for an eloquent presentation of the recent Dry fight in Syracuse. In many ways it was an unusual contest, the orators making one another's acquaintance and friendship rather than stirring up antagonism in any sense. Each orator seemed to display the Christ-like spirit of "in honor preferring one another." Delegates will not soon forget Miss Marjorie Almy's beautiful vocal solo: "I Love My U. S. A.," and its glorious conclusion, "John Barleycorn, pack your duds and be gone! You've no room in my U. S. A.!" The conclusion of the program was an address by Dr. Clarence O. Moore, Anti-saloon League lecturer who was in strenuous campaign activity in Syracuse at the time.

Saturday morning final business was settled, officers elected and resolutions adopted. Incidentally an extemporaneous debate took place at that session. It seemed to be between Political party and constitutional amendment methods of making the nation dry. A letter of greetings from Dr. Ella C. Boole, State President of the W. C. T. U. was read and hailed with a hearty response from the I. P. A. The afternoon and evening sessions centered fire on the Syracuse Dry fight. Wayne B. Wheeler lectured at both afternoon and evening meetings, the latter in Syracuse City Hall at a Citizen's rally, Saturday night the convention ended, a real success in every sense of the word. State officers for the coming year are: Russel Brown of Syracuse, President; Carlos G. Fuller, Colgate, Vice President; Secretary appointed at Cornell; Leona K. Head, Houghton, Treasurer.

Our delegation of eight including Prof. McDowell and Miss Butler as chaperones -- Harry Meeker, Harold McKinney, Georgia Van Buskirk, Ethel Kelly, Lulu Penning, and Leona Head. We landed safely at Houghton at ten thirty Saturday night with perhaps more inspiration for renewed efforts in the Prohibition fight than we have realized for some time. Cheers for Houghton's I. P. A. In the words of Clinton N. Howard we will continue driving nails in King John's casket for soon we will be singing the doxology at his funeral.

## MEDITATION

An hour of musing holds me bound.  
 I think of LIFE with joy and cares,  
 And ask myself the question:  
     Is it vain?  
 E'en here in God's creation  
 Men are held in sway.  
     By evil power.  
 Why? may I ask of things  
 Innumerable. Does God still reign?  
 The battle's roar; the disappointment;  
 Shame; and failure to attain  
 To heights of good—these,  
 Who knows and understand, but God?  
 I fain would know the way  
 To victory. Is there no other path  
 But strife and fighting long,  
 The heights to gain?  
 O, messenger of peace. I pray thee  
 Tell me why the bitter cup of grief,  
 Is there no hope for man?  
 Or, is there path to glory yet untried?  
 Where is the Sovereign Power  
 That moulds a life, and makes it true  
 To virtue and to right?  
 Far in the distance do I see  
 A ray of hope. It is a cross.  
 Hid from it streams a flow  
 Of crimson tide. 'Christ'?  
 Did you say? 'The man of Galilee'?  
 Ah, yes! "I am the way, the Truth,  
 The Life," He said. But did he mean  
 That I might 'taste and see'?  
 And will he come and break  
 The chain, and set me free?  
 I seek his touch divine.  
 Oh, faith, reach out and take  
 The proffered gift of Life.

—C. Lawrence Hill

## HILLSDALE'S LOUDEST CHEER

There was a gay crowd upon the college campus. Hundreds of students had assembled to celebrate the last social function before commencement. Blue and white pennants added beauty to the scene. Senior gowns and mortar boards dignified the occasion. College songs, class yells and band music rent the air of that June morning, as the time for the review drew nearer, the crowd became more compact, and soon these sweet words of The Blue began swelling through the trees:

"When the eastern sun is sinking  
 Toward the crimson west,  
 Thoughts of thee fond Alma Mater  
 Fill our loyal breast.  
 Hillsdale, Hillsdale, now and e'er  
 May thy name be dear,

Ever on through life to conquer  
 And our hearts to cheer.

When the clock in the tower began striking ten, the students formed in lines along both sides of the central building. "Tunk," the peppery little yell master, bursting with enthusiasm, sprang upon his stand and began the song:

"Come boys draw near,  
 And we'll sing a song for Hillsdale,  
 Let your hearts proclaim  
 The love we bear for the White and Blue.  
 'Tis for fame our men are fighting  
 And if we cheer they cannot fail.  
 So gather round and lets resound  
 Three rousing cheers for old Hillsdale."

This song was followed by the long, slow locomotive, and then the line for review began marching between the rows of students. It was composed of those who had won special honors in athletics, oratory and other college activities. First in the line was Delape, the old state quarter back. Behind him was Harward, who was the main cog in the machine that "drubbed" fast Albion eleven. After these came debators, singers and declaimers. How each one was cheered as he passed along!

Down at the station a little old man, dressed in a faded blue uniform, slowly alighted from the train and after glancing about in bewilderment for a few moments, he sauntered up to a policeman.

"D'ye know where the 'Old Fourth Michigan' is holdin' their reunion?" he asked. "Up back the college campus, go right up this street here," replied the official, pointing with his stick so that the gentleman would not be confused.

"O! I can find it all right then." "Yes," replied the officer, "when you reach the college, ask anyone and they'll show you where to go."

When the aged man reached the extremities of the college grounds, he paused a moment and then shyly approached the hilarious crowd of young people. An intelligent looking gentleman, with bowed spectacles, wishing to be friendly and perceiving the questioning look upon the old gentleman's face, stepped over and kindly offered his hand to the veteran. "What's go'in on here?" asked the old soldier. "It's the review of the college heroes," replied the professor. "Puts me in mind of how the Rebels yelled when they thought they had us down at Shiloh, but we whipped 'em after a while."

After gazing for some moments in amusement upon the scene a sparkle of mischief lit up the veteran's face. "Guess I'll see if they'd cheer me too."

So drawing up his withered form as erect as possible he "fell in" at the rear of the line just behind "Genk," the baseball captain. The brawny athlete received a most hearty applaud and the crowd were about to disperse but "Tunk," had seen the gray haired man in blue and had caught sight of the little brass button on the lapel of his coat, and raising the megaphone to his lips the yell master spoke to his colleagues, "Here comes a civil war veteran, lets give him a yell, three rahs for the vet!"

"RAH! RAH! RAH! VET!"

"Yaha Vet! Now! Come On!"

Then came Hillsdale's loudest cheer:

"Yaha Vet! Yaha Vet! Yaha Vet! Yapa!"

What a thrill of delight stirred that old veteran's soul for, just as the cheers ceased the college band struck up on his favorite tune: 'Bring the Good Old Bugle Boys.'

The old hero passed joyfully along but before he turned to his comrades, he turned and as he waved his old army cap in adieu, they heard him say "Thank you."

#### COLEMAN--BOWEN

A very pretty wedding occurred on the 18th of April when Miss Lelia June Coleman, daughter of Professor J. J. Coleman was united in marriage with Professor Ward C. Bowen. A serious yet cheerful spirit pervaded the room as the bride's father performed the ceremony.

Both the bride and groom are very highly esteemed among us as well as elsewhere. They were very kindly remembered by their many friends as the numerous gifts which were received, gave evidence.

We desire to take this opportunity to offer our best wishes to Professor and Mrs. Bowen for happiness and joy.

#### TAKING LIFE EASY

You hear the expression every day. In fact you hear it so often that it gets to be a nerve-wearing proposition. Looking for an easy time is the surest method of finding an external difficult one. Clock hands move swiftly enough without being watched. Taking life easy has a contemptuous disregard for passing hours and days. Yes procrastination is one unforgivable sin of the age, because lost time means lost opportunity carrying with it the mark of slackerism. Benedict Arnold took life easy at an hour of peril, and history records him its chief of cowards. The world will have a long time to go on existing before it

will arrive at the place where easy-going people are its leaders.

Did you ever notice that some folks need to be cranked every time work in any one of its aspects comes across their pathway. Others are self starters. Human dynamos deserve the greatest envy of all earthly mortals. They possess the enterprising ambition that never recognizes defeat, that never submits to failure. In fact human dynamos are the cornerstones of progress. They put heart and soul into every task hands find to do. Life has given them two tasks, laughter and work. Both are identical. Work smiles its self into achievement and Heaven answers "well done." Human dynamos are priceless, not only are they determination incarnate, but they fill the world with determination. Not only do they believe in intense personal activity, but every thing and everybody they come in contact with into dynamic motion. The world takes up the strain and pulsates the triumph of lives ennobled and humanity inspired to a larger plane of usefulness.

But not so with the croaking easy-goer. His favorite song is "Rock me to sleep," his favorite past-time is loafing. No, this doesn't refer alone to chronic loafers, it means the fellow who pretends to be working and doesn't know how. That individual is not only an easy goer, but he persists in preaching easy-going to innocent bystanders. In reality there is just one place in the world that he would honorably grace. It is a tombstone beside the grave of all of his type who have died previously. but, sadness and dirges-easy goers live at least a century. In fact they are too easy going to die when their natural time comes.

Christianity can make a human dynamo out of a mere slacker whose sole ambition is to take life easy. Oh, that there were more such transformations! Yet as long there is a world with all kinds of people in it, perhaps it is inevitable that easy goers shall exist a menace to life and a curse to enlightenment. Let us pray that their shadow may ever grow less!

#### A SOLDIER'S TESTIMONY

(Extract of a letter from Arthur J. Karker, a former student at Houghton, now at the Medical Corps at Columbus Barracks, Columbus, Ohio.)

I am still here at Columbus with prospects of staying quite a while.

The sergeant in charge of our office is getting a commission and another fellow and I have been placed in charge. The other fellow I think is to get the command, but our ranks won't differ much and we were

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## THE HOUGHTON STAR

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## STAFF

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## Editorial

### AGGRESSIVE GERMANY--INDOLENT AMERICA

We have been at war a year, last April 6,—and during that time we have suffered disillusionment in many ways.

The chief way however, has been that those who thought if America would enter the war the enemy would at once "incontinently drop its guns and raise the white flag of unconditional surrender." However such was not the case, for Germany did not become greatly alarmed with our advent into the war but rather treated it contemptuously.

In another respect we have suffered disillusionment. We have been forever under the impression of an adequate preparation for war, yet it has been officially announced that we were "grossly and grotesquely unprepared," and even now could not hold more than a sector of that huge battle front. Furthermore, if we have good luck we may, if there are no more strikes and the weather is clement, build half as much tonnage as the German U-boats will destroy. This has been our failure but what has happened in the camps of our enemies? Has Germany been asleep?

Germany has immensely augmented her position, "from both the military and diplomatic point of view." True, she has not been able to gain any considerable portion of territory in the west altho nothing has been definitely decided. Everywhere else she has gained

ground. Germany has driven the Italians out of Austria and has invaded Italy. She has made the rich country of Roumania her vassel. She has, by her subtle and intrepid system of diplomacy, caused Russia to withdraw from the war and annexed her western provinces which are so abundantly replete with prodigious stores of oil. Germany has further opened, for her "Ally, the Unspeakable Turk," a route to Persia, to Afganistan, and to the borders of British India. All of these gains have been territorily and what of a commercial gain? She has gained access to the chief graneries of Europe and Asia, "to inexhaustible mines of copper and platinum;" she has gained immensely by the addition "of great subject peoples" who will add greatly to her financial and military purposes. She has, at the same time, remained unmolested at home. The great "wedge" of which we formerly heard so much has never been driven and the enemy was never in a more propitious position to prosecute the war than she is now.

These are not pleasant facts still we must face them. Now is the time to begin to tighten the iron-band around Germany. Now is the time to push her back on her own territory and to shorten the war by so doing. We can do this by purchasing Liberty Bonds, Thrift Stamps and War Saving stamps. We must do it or by this time next year Germany will be a bigger gainer than she was this past year. We must sacrifice and toil. If we do all we can victory for "God and man" will prevail against the "Devil and the Hun." G. B. S.

### FACULTY RECEPTION

It is not at all remarkable that the Faculty should have given a reception for Prof. and Mrs. Bowen. Mrs. Lelia Coleman Bowen, the daughter of Rev. J. J. Coleman, our Professor of Theology, graduated from the Preparatory Department of Houghton Seminary, has since that time been a student in our College Department, and is this year an assistant in Latin. Professor Bowen, the son of Mrs. P. S. Bowen, Principle of the Preparatory Department, graduated from that work in 1911 and from the College Course in 1914, then returned in the fall of 1916 to teach here for two years. Students and teachers alike are therefore interested in them, not only as Houghton products but as young people whom any institution might be glad to recognize as her alumni.

The reception was given in the Seminary on Wednesday evening, April 24. Miss Moses was in general charge of the occasion and she fairly outdid herself in making the reception a success. The study hall and

the library were fragrant with evergreens and made cheerful by red geraniums. The eastern half of the study hall was shut off from the rest of the room by evergreens, forming a most charming, flower-filled retreat for the serving of the guests.

Dean and Mrs. Hester headed the receiving line, followed by Prof. and Mrs. Bowen. Dean Thurston, Mrs. P. S. Bowen, and Rev. and Mrs. Coleman completed the line. During the evening Miss Middleton and Miss Bullock sang delightfully and Miss Sicard and Miss Bullock were at the piano as the refreshments were served by Mrs. Hester and Mrs. Fancher.

The reception was well attended by the students and a few townspeople were present. All were glad to have this opportunity of showing their regard and esteem for Mr. and Mrs. Bowen. The Star wishes to join with students and faculty in expressing its appreciation of the two and in extending to them the heartiest of best wishes and the sincerest hopes for the best of success in all ways.

A SOLDIER'S TESTIMONY

Continued from page 3

told that we were to run things together. So, if things go on as outlined, I probably will be held here for some time.

I won't object to that. I am enjoying my church privileges here too well. I get to all the meetings with the exception of a Sunday morning service occasionally. It's hardly like being in the army to be able to mix in so much of civilian life.

I am glad for salvation this morning and that through grace I have been kept without sin. The pressure of things comes hard at times, but with never any appeal from inside. Quite the contrary, the things I see and hear only seem hideous and loathsome. I am glad for the privilege of finding congenial association in a Holiness church. Few other camps are so located."

LOCALS

Lois Butterfield, who has been attending business School in Syracuse, is home for a few weeks.

William Cawkins and Ruth Weaver were married last week. Mr. Cawkins went to the army Tuesday, making one more star for our service flag.

Miss Butler has been called to Philadelphia by the sickness of her father. Louise Middleton accompanied her on her trip.

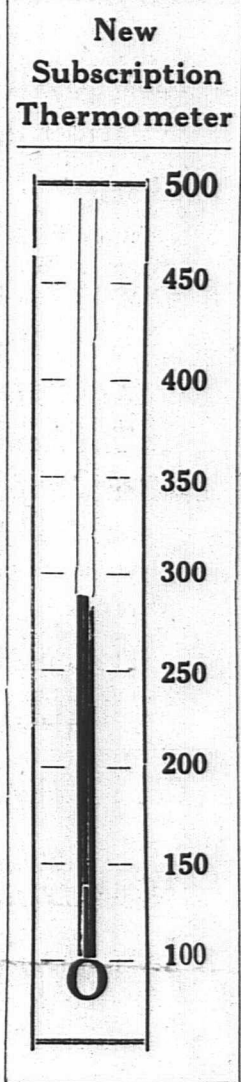
Dr. Ruby Paine, who with Miss Barts, started for Africa but was forced to return, is spending a few days with her sister Mrs. Butterfield.

STOP! LOOK HERE!

Roses point their heads to valleys below but thorns point ever upward. A rose is indeed grand during its temporal triumph but it soon shrivels and dies. Thorns, however, stick and sometimes stick right fast. We trust that the friends of Houghton are not merely fragrant fading roses but are gifted with the stick-to-itiveness and endurance of a thorn. Everybody get behind our subscription campaign. The temperature of our thermometer is rising. Let's make it hot! One good thing about this thermometer is that if we heat it till it breaks it is but very little trouble to get a new one.

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[The Star desires that all information about the Houghton boys in the camps or at the front be addressed to John Wilcox' Houghton, N. Y. The Star also wishes that the friends or relatives make such corrections as are necessary. We very earnestly desire your cooperation in this phrase of its publication. Ed.]

Lieut. W. LaVay Fancher, Signal Corps.  
Massachusetts Institute of Technology  
Boston, Mass.

Lieut. Leman Babbitt  
Instructor, Naval Training Station  
Pensacola, Fla.

Lieut. Max Reed, Signal Corps  
Mass. Inst. of Tech., Boston, Mass.

Sergeant Robert Kaufman  
Officers' Training School  
Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J.

Sergeant Robert Presley  
3rd Company, S. O. R. C. T. C.  
Camp Morse, Leon Springs, Tex

Sergeant Carroll Daniels  
Co. C, 306 Field Signal Bn.  
Camp Jackson, S. C.

Corp. LeRoy Clow  
112th Infantry  
Camp Hancock, Ga.

Corp. E. Curtis Woodhead  
Co. F, 306th Infantry  
A. E. F., via New York

Private D. C. Morris  
Co. E, 102nd Engineers  
Chestnut Ridge Camp, S. C.

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Camp Sherman, Ohio

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Port Newark Terminal, N. J.

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Co. M, 7th Infantry  
Amer. Ex. Forces, France

Private Ransseler Johnson  
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War Risk Insurance  
Camp Dix, N. J.

Private Ellis Hopkins  
Camp Dix, N. J.

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Base Hospital B-8, Co. F, 61 U. S. Inf.  
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Private Shirley Babbitt  
Co. C, 306th Infantry  
Am. Ex. Forces, France

Private Leslie V. Lane  
Battery D, 305th Field Artillery  
Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I.

Private Ami Cookson  
Am. Ex. Forces, France

Merton Davis | Canadian Army  
William Davis | Exact data unknown  
Leland McElheny

Private Burr Rosebrook  
Naval Training Station  
Portsmouth, N. H.

Private Arlie Dryer  
U. S. S. Pennsylvania, U. S. N.

Private Wilford Kaufman  
Am. Ex. Forces, France

Private S. Clare Dart  
Co. M, 308th Infantry  
Am. Ex. Forces, France, via N. Y.

Private S. Clare Dart  
Company M, 308th Infantry  
Am. Ex. Forces, via New York

Private Leo G. Raul  
Detention Camp, Aviation Corps  
Waco, Texas.

Private J. Irwin McCall  
Battery C, 307 Field Artillery,  
Camp Dix, N. J.

Private Samuel O. Miner  
28th Service Company  
Carnegie Inst. of Tech.,  
Pittsburg, Pa.

Private Pierce Woolsey  
29th Company, 8th Troop Battery  
Camp Sherman.

Private Arthur Russell Data unknown

Alumni Notes

Crystal Rock, Prep. "Whom Houghtonites remember for her ever loyal and optimistic work while with us, at present is teaching school near Wiscoy, N. Y.

Cpal Smith Gibbs of the same class, is located at Titusville, Penn'a. where she and her husband Rev. Maurice Gibbs have the pastorate of the Wesleyan Church and publish the ever interesting little paper "The Crusader."

Miles Wagner, who was a vocal student at Houghton 1914-13, is located at Bradford, Penn'a. where he has a prosperous business and a lovely home with his wife whom her Houghton friends remember was formerly Miss Edith Faust.

Rev. Eugene Bardwell, who studied college and theological work at Houghton the year 1914-15 is at present paster of the Union Church at Kusheque, Penn'a. and also has charge of a methodist church near there. As one would expect he is doing his utmost to take the light of the gospel to the world that waits for it.

Walter Lewis, theolog' 16 has a pastorate at Horicon, N. Y. and with the same earnestness that characterized his efforts of yore is carrying the work forward.

Winfred Pero, who was with us last year has very recently been married and is preaching in the northern part of the state.

### Jolting Breezes

Pleasant Contract--"Mike," "Phwat?"  
 "I was just thinking. After we get out of the trenches an' back home again how nice an' peaceful that old boiler-factory will sound to us."

Junior--"What did you get in that test?"

Freshie--"Fourty-five per cent."

Junior--"That's pretty poor."

Freshie--"Yeh! Poor but honest."

Whitney Shea has the spirit.--He recently served his father at breakfast with his egg fried in paste. Even such Hooverizing can be made relishable, for Mr. Shea really enjoyed his egg--until papering was resumed and the discovery made.

McKinney surely believes that the "longest way round" is the best way. While searching for the "Belmost" in Syracuse he led a hungry bunch of Houghtonites around a triangle of streets. Arriving at the same corner they started from, he exclaimed in surprise--"How on earth did we ever get here?"

As the members enter French class--  
 Ries- "Goodmorning Jim."

Miss Hall--"Goodafternoon Jim."

Prof.---"Well goodnight Jim."

She sewed a button on my coat  
 For I was far from mother;  
 "Tis such a thing," she said lower,  
 "As I'd do for my brother."  
 She looked so pretty sitting there  
 I quickly stooped and kissed her.  
 "Tis such a thing," I said to her,  
 "As I'd do to my sister." Ex.

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J. NEWTON FIERO, Dean.  
ALBANY, N. Y.

## L. E. WILES

DENTIST

FILLMORE, N. Y.

During high water—"And what would you give me to carry you across?"

Beatrice-cooly—"And what would you take?"

John—meditatively—"Why, most anything."

McKinney left in charge of the class stands before them—

Miss Freeman—"Well why don't you teach if that's what you're to do?"

McKinney—"Oh I am only to hold you here, and one has to stand up to hold anything, you know."

Meeker—arguing vehemently on Evolution—"But—how do I know that my father, or my grandfather, or my great-grandfather, or some of them was not a monkey?"

Miss Stahl—"But Mr. Meeker—we don't all look like you."

In Bible Class—"How many James were there?"

Bright Student—"Two—Frank and Jesse."

Ira B's thoughts recently have been much impregnated with his past episodes, both recent and remote, due possibly to his brother's trite maneuvers.

Ira's mama would occasionally permit him to spend a "little while" with the fair sex—carefully designating the "little while" to be fifteen minutes. Ira's mathematical mind was very active in his early days even as far as girls were concerned. Either by calculus-geometry, or we know not what, he approached his mother, "Say mama can I spend two 'little while' with Alice?"

### "Over There"

An American officer in France one day complained to one of the army doctors that he was troubled at night dreaming of lice. "Well," replied the doctor, "you know there's an old saying that what runs through a man's head in the daytime he's liable to dream of at night."

### At Rochester

Professor McDowell—"There's a child's restaurant, a few block's from here."

Mac—"Nothing doing! It would take a full grown one to satisfy my appetite."

Dan C.—"Searles and I played a grand duet this morning."

Iva B.—"What was it?"

Dan—"On a cross-cut saw!"