

The Houghton Star.

VOLUME X

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1918

NUMBER 12

THE NEW HOUGHTON

Yesterday was; today is; tomorrow shall be. In as large a sense as our attainment is the product of past progress so the goal of the future will be the product of present progress. If one truth stands sovereign above all others it is this: "We cannot hold the heaven inspired vision of those who have preceded us in too sacred regard. Lives have fallen for it, greater love the world does not know." For us they have lived. For us they have built a sure foundation. Out of dreams grow empires. Out of tears, prayers, and sacrifice, out of unswerving faith and holy lives has grown our heritage, a college whose cornerstone is principle, whose ideal is character.

All that has been will not be repeated. An unfinished work awaits, a responsibility perhaps too great, nevertheless it cannot be evaded. We are keepers of a birthright that is priceless. Depending upon the triumph of the vision they entrusted to us is the fate of an immortal destiny, the future of a New Houghton.

We have heard of a New Europe and a New Asia; each is an earthly domain whose early existence was the work of a mother nation. The Old Houghton will always be the school beside the Genesee. The New Houghton is boundless as the soul of Omnipotence; its kingdom is not material, but spiritual. Wherever our school has sent a torch bearer to humanity groping in outer darkness for light and the emancipation proclamation of salvation there the dominion of the New Houghton is also. Africa's shores, where sons and daughters of our school are battling with heathen night and superstition for the gospel of the Nazarene, in every phase of missionary work, in the Christian ministry, in service for Uncle Sam at the front where Houghton's soldier boys are upholding the banner of the cross, at home and abroad, unto the corners of the earth and the uttermost seas is the realm of the New Houghton. Wherever hearts know how to sympathize, there Houghton is also, wherever the gleam of inspiration makes the world better and braver there is the spirit that lives and dwells in the vale of the old Genesee, for where God is there Houghton is also.

To lift high the banner of the new and be jealously true to the old means that our Alma Mater shall be compensated with the laurels of the kingdom of right-

eousness. The New Houghton shall bring the glory of our school to her own in the evangelization of the world for Jesus Christ, the brightness of morning sunrise shall burst forth upon the blackness of world despair, bringing reconstruction where devastation has wrought havoc, heralding a blessed liberty, a new gospel of hope to a sin-fettered world.

L. K. H.

HELPFULNESS

Just now Houghton Seminary needs immensely the help of the student body. The year so far has been very successful from the financial standpoint, and the prospects for being able to continue to do business on a cash basis were never better. However financial success is only part of full success. The attendance ~~this year has not been quite normal, and the optimistic~~ spirit, so essential to enthusiastic effort, seems to be a little below par. It is right here at just this time that Houghton Seminary needs the help of every student. Helpful, constructive criticism from friends whose object is to build up and make better, is always welcome. But the main thing for every one is to do his own work so well, and to be so busy in constructive effort, that at any time he can truthfully say that he is doing his best for the highest type of success.

Though war, and farm service, and other conditions may decrease our numbers, and increase our difficulties, it is possible for the student body, the faculty, the alumni, the old students to get under the burden and lift in such a way that the mental, moral, and spiritual conditions of the school shall be placed on a higher plane than ever before.

Students, the school needs every one of you as a booster just now. I am sure she can count on you.

J. S. Luckey

THE STAR LITERARY CONTEST

How about the Contest? Are you in it? Work up that funny incident into a story and hand it in. Get a hustle on and finish that essay. Write a poem for the contest. We want to see your name on our Silver Loving Cup. The Contest closes April 19. Get busy!

TALKERS

Almost everyone can talk, that is, most people move more or less swiftly that flexible organ which is situated in the mouth, but everyone cannot really express themselves in such a way that people can draw a mental picture of the things about which they are talking. In fact I hold that many times the person who says the least really expresses more than the man who takes an hour or two as the very smallest space of time in which he can free his mind of its burden. A very few words or a short exclamation many times make a more vivid impression than a stump speech of an hour—a ranting harangue about something, “vital to the nation’s welfare,” or “of greatest value to the country as a whole.”

To prove that people may talk for any length of time and not say very much, there comes old aunt Sallie Smith, the town gossip, trotting up the walk. She is ushered into the front room and urged to take off her bonnet. Then the confirmed old busybody is furnished with a cup of tea and a plate of cakes, to all appearances out of politeness, but really as an experiment to see if in consuming the offering the old lady’s tongue may not be too busy to take its usual course. But all in vain! She drinks the tea, shifts meditatively at one of the cakes, and then proceeds to acquaint us between bites with all the news about Mr. and Mrs. Slocum, and about Miss Slocum, and Mrs. Slocum’s mother’s half sister’s husband and, in fact, about everything and everyone until we begin to wonder if she is some species of modern encyclopedia set up on two feet. But finally having finished the cakes, she says that she really must go and therefore she puts on her bonnet and trots away, no doubt to consume someone else’s cakes and tea to repeat to them the substance of the monologue to which she has just treated us. We all give a sigh of relief as we see her retreating back. Has she really said any thing of importance? No, her whole conversation remains in our minds as a sort of dark conglomeration of facts with no visible head, body or tale. Yet she has talked for a space of two hours.

But some people have the knack of calling by a few words a trend of thought which will amuse us for weeks, months, or indeed as long as we remember the individual or his speech. For instance, Silas Skinner comes into a village grocery on a morning in the early fall. The circle of villagers waiting there for the forenoon mail edge along to admit him into their midst and then wait respectfully for him to announce his mission. He chews meditatively for a few moments,

then looks moodily around the room. “The old woman, cleanin’ house” says he. Few words indeed, but the picture which immediately takes possession of my mind! I look at Silas closely. Yes, I am sure by that expression of the face that he breakfasted from the kitchen table this morning and alas!—his was not the breakfast of the ideal farmhouse; it was one of those quickly prepared-picked-up affairs which women so delight to spring upon the hungry man of the house during spring or fall house cleaning. I glance at his knees. I think—, yes when I ponder over the character of the lady of his choice, I am sure that those knees have scraped over endless yards of carpet from which he with painful care has been extricating the tacks which he with equal care and much pounding of thumbs drove there last spring. Indeed, I feel that his eye even now wears a hunted look as if he expects his better half at any moment to pounce upon him with all her house cleaning instruments and whisk him away to the scene of conflict from which he has just escaped. What pictures will one small statement bring up!

To illustrate further the power of words let me draw again from memory. One morning I was awakened by a series of bumps and thumps and poundings, as of a mental striking another mental. The noise seemed to come from the region of the kitchen. I dressed and hastened downstairs to find my mother calmly preparing the table for breakfast. I gazed at her questioningly for a moment until she turned and said quietly, but impressively, “Your father is putting the coal grates in the range.” I walked to the window in expectant waiting for I knew what was to follow. The noise in the kitchen grew more pronounced. There were more of the pounding noises and then a lull during which the sound resembled the grinding together of metals as though the grates were being drawn back out of the stove. Again came the pounding and hammering and then again the grating. Suddenly there was a crash as of some weighty object brought down heavily upon the smooth top of the range. There followed a rush of feet across the floor, the outside door opened, and I saw a large metal object flying through space until it struck the ground fully thirty feet from the door. It was the coal grates which father was putting into the kitchen range. I had not strolled to the window by chance; in fact, I had gone there expectantly and with a definite purpose. My mother’s simple statement had touched the chord of memory and because of the like experiences of the past, I was able to predict, and to predict rightly, the outcome of the occasion. Such is the power of a few words.

A Student.

THE HOUGHTON STAR HAS A RIGHT TO EXIST.

THEREFORE LET'S MAKE IT BOOM.

This is an age of conservation, conservation of food supplies and natural resources. Every housewife has felt the effects of the time. We have our meatless and wheatless days, we have the Red Cross to support, we are expected to buy Liberty Bonds and to invest our extra nickles and dimes in Thrift Stamps. Is it not then in order that one should challenge any institution, industry or association existing in our United States, to give an account for itself? May not one ask of any organization what its purpose is, what good it is doing or is it merely existing because it was there in the past? Is not one justified in enquiring from the Union Literary Society of Houghton Seminary what right it has to expend so much energy in putting forth the Houghton Star? Perhaps young men may be so tied down by the responsibility for its success that they cannot leave school for farm work. Perhaps young ladies are spending hours working on its staff that might otherwise be spent in Red Cross work and in knitting for the soldiers. In fact if the Star has not a legitimate mission to fulfill it has no right to the precious paper and work required for its printing.

A great many people seem convinced that it is best that the Star of Houghton should continue to shine. Many old students anticipate its arrival and welcome its coming like as if it were an intimate friend. In a measure it attains that to which it aspires and to that degree is comparable to the Star of the East. It guides our thots from afar back to cherished memories of Houghton. It still bears forth in its humble way the inspiration of this noble institution. The inducement this paper affords for writing, results in profitable literary developement for students. The training the members of the staff receive is also very beneficial. It is the voice of the institution, it is the Seminary's representative going out among her sons and daughters and those interested in Houghton's welfare. The Star weighed in the balance will not be found wanting, except that it wants to be boosted. The Star is not merely a worthy organ of our school but is an indispensable one.

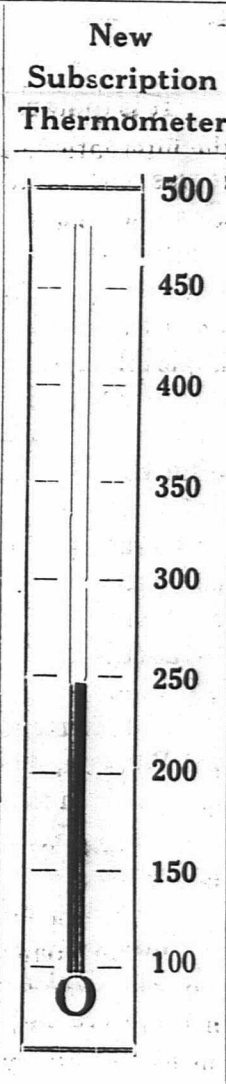
Since we are satisfied that this paper should continue its bi-monthly visits, let every one of its friends boost it. You can help by your suggestions and advice. Let the staff know what feature of the Star pleases you and what feature displeases you. However, of all things do not criticize and condemn anything unless you can show how it may be improved. Any-

body can pick flaws but few have anything constructive to offer.

One of the very finest conditions that will enable the staff to publish a better paper is an enlarged number of subscriptions. We should like to know why there should not be five hundred subscriptions to the Star. What is more, we have determined to find out why and unless some very strong arguments are presented to us we shall not be at all happy until we have that many. That means just about a doubling of our present subscription list. That should not be so difficult, Houghton people. Houghton people when supporting a worthy cause, as a unit have ever proved invincible. This will be made an easy matter if one and all resolve to put it thru. You may as mentioned before offer suggestions and advice to the staff but do not fail to solicit subscriptions among your friends who are or should be interested in Houghton. Send to us addresses of those who might be interested in subscribing to the Star. Many students who have attended these halls are not at present subscribers, many old subscribers seem to have lost interest and have not continued their subscriptions. Then, too, we would remind those whose subscriptions have run behind to avail themselves of an early opportunity to remedy this condition.

It seems reasonable that every one who has ever attended this school should retain a sufficient amount of loyalty to his Alma Mater to subscribe to the Star. It takes such a little more work to put out a good paper than it does to publish a poor one. It takes more money though and the only way to get more money is to get more subscribers.

There is virtue in the Star so let's boost it. Let us take our eyes off from the mistakes and failures of the past but partaking of the measure of its success press forward to a better future. We can have five hundred subscribers by June 1 and have a June issue that is worth the price of a whole year's subscription if we do our part. Let the subscriptions come!



THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Editorial

THE NEW SERVICE

It is quite remarkable to notice with what celerity the internationalism of unity is coming to the front. It was only yesterday that people--those even who were not abnormally selfish, heaped in their coffers treasures that became tainted having no circulation and as a result were of no service to mankind. This is not the status, however, of present day living. That despicable ego of yesterday has died and from its ashes is born a new spirit--not of self but of others. It is the international idea of service. An idea that takes into account the complex peoples of the world. The thought is that there are no isolated countries any more; there are no racial barriers; there is no hindrance that can not be removed if we lose ourselves in a labor of love for others. We are therefore, our brother's keeper and as such must answer judgment as to our ability to help him.

As this magnanimous spirit gripped us we felt that Belgium, Poland, and Armenia stretched forth frail hands in most pitiful entreaty that we should help them. We have helped in the past, we will in the future.

Do not spend your money thoughtlessly. If you spend it for something which you do not really need you are a double loser, for not only do you lose the cash but you drain so much more on an already overburdened country, that in the long run you are tak-

ing the food out of our mouths.

Are we buying war stamps as freely and often as we should? Are we going to stand by the President by administering to our own selfish interests, or are we buying stamps, studying economy and doing as much as lieth within us. Truly we can do without more than we do when the boys "over there" are making the supreme sacrifice. If we can now is the time to do it. Let us keep Professor Bowen busy all next week selling war stamps. See who will have bought the most when the week closes. The fight is on! How many, please?

HOUGHTON'S RELIGIOUS LIFE
DURING THE WEEK.

It may not be wholly out of place to give our readers a little glimpse of our religious life. Sunday morning the boys and girls, altho in separate buildings, have purely voluntary prayer meetings from 6:15 to 7:30. Then at night from 6:45 until 7:30 there is a young people's meeting after which is the regular evening meeting. On the following Tuesday evening is the college prayer meeting which lasts from 7:00 to 8:00. Then upon the first, third and fifth Fridays of the month we have prayer circles from 3:15 to 4:00 p. m. This is our religion in practice.

The student body hailed with deep feelings of gratitude the remarks of Pres. Luckey relative to the improvement of the athletic grounds. For some time we have felt the need of attention along this line but because of the stress of external conditions, because of sacrifice we are called upon to go thru on account of the war we have not urged the matter. However, as the spring days approach us and new life comes bubbling to the surface it is proper that we catch the same spirit and rejuvenate the waste places. The "spring labor day" can not come too soon for us.

We are very glad to announce that our annual Literary Contest is progressing very favorably. The material is coming in rapidly and by all appearances there will be no need of begging for material. Houghton takes great pride in the fact that whenever she is called upon to render service her response is immediate and positive. As the different departments offer intellectual appreciation in their chronologic order we always find a disposition on the part of the student body to do their part in any activity that is worth the effort. There need not be, however, any great discrimination made, for by the process of substitution

and elimination we have done away with the useless and substituted for it the practical and the remunerative. Oh! sometimes there is a modest reticence observed but always upon sufficient explanation the modesty is overcome and the desired results are obtained. Truly Houghton has a right to live, to grow and to win.

G. B. S.

THE HAWKEYE GLEE CLUB.

As the last number of the Lecture Course, the Hawkeye Glee Club gave a concert in the auditorium of the Seminary. The majority of those present expressed appreciation of their efforts, altho parts of it were a little below our standard in regard to lectures. The instrumental numbers were very pleasurable and received our approbation. Altho we were disappointed in the class of entertainment we received, yet no doubt in many places the Hawkeyes would receive a much heartier welcome than we accorded them.

In addition to the past numbers of the Lecture Course, we also have a May festival. Greater interest is centered in this concert, because of the fact that it is made possible thru the efforts of our own students. Much time and labor is spent thruout the year in preparing for this. We are certain that it will be a success this year as it has been previously.

MISS HEAD TAKES SECOND PRIZE IN I. P. A. CONTEST.

Miss Head and a delegation of eight others went to the I. P. A. Contest at Syracuse Friday, the 12th. The judges accorded her second prize. This is two years in succession in which we have won prizes at the State Contest.

HURRAH! HURRAH!
The PURPLE and GOLD.
The Royal Purple and Gold
They're OUR Colors!
HURRAH!!

Students' Philosophy

Oh Houghton, what is the matter with you? You have lost something that is vital to your honor. If you have not lost something, then you are sadly lacking in that which is necessary for your honorable existence. Patriotism. How grand is the sound of that one word

yet why are we falling short of its demand? Look at our school flag. It is torn and tattered enough but worst of all it is so small as to be almost invisible at a little distance. What a dishonor for Houghton to have such a flag flying at the top of a tall pole.

But the flag is not the only failing we have in patriotism. Night after night students will go to the store for candy and peanuts. Why don't we save our pennies for War Saving Stamps? Some of our students are now in training camps or "somewhere in France." They are giving their strength, their lives, all that is dear to them that we might be free. Over there, life-blood is freely flowing that we should no longer be ruled by Kaiserism. What are we doing? Let us rally to the cause and buy a Thrift Stamp or a Liberty Bond. Let us help those who are giving their lives for us. Then may we hasten, in the little way that we can, to establish firmly the foundation of peace forever.

RED INK

While I have been somewhat acquainted with red ink for some time (my English Professor is fond of that color) yet I cannot understand many of its attributes. That red ink is useful is beyond question. Else why do the Professors use it? Yet many times it brings mortification and annoyance rather than encouragement.

I often wonder what red ink thinks about and how it feels when it is used for display purposes. Perhaps it is somewhat egotistical and likes to be looked at. If this is the case one would think that it would not permit itself to be degraded by appearing as corrections on theme papers. This would be beneath its dignity. Red ink seems to have lost all regard for the feelings of the students who are compelled to use it. It stands out in bold color and unfeelingly condemns the author for his poor work. It even condemns him for using itself. It is a wonder that in spite of its egotism, its lack of sympathy, that it preserves its beauty, nay, grows more beautiful as the days go on. It has, however, a mistaken sense of beauty. It delights to live in leaky pens and ooze out and stain the fingers of the writer, thinking to make them more beautiful. It is rather stubborn in sticking on to one's fingers when it is so plainly not wanted.

But still its beauty increases, so enticingly that I am constrained to write my themes in red ink. These of course are corrected in black ink and do not look so spotted up and do not glare at you so as does red ink. Black ink is more modest.

THE FOLLY OF THE WISE

To the making of books there will surely come an end but the wisdom of the wise will endure from everlasting to eternity. Such are the happy conclusions which one may at any time draw from the amount of advice that is so gratuitously given without the faintest solicitation. Advice that would cause the most closely united friendship, built upon the securest foundations after hours of toil and hardship, to break and fall. Yes, I say, wisdom is very practical in a wholly ideal world. It would not be difficult at all to be wise and to live wisely if we lived in a world where sensibilities had no existence and no filial appetencies were ever felt. That is exactly correct. In such a world, deprived of those faculties of which there are no truly human characteristics, there would be no need of the cold sober thing we call wisdom. But the world would gladly have us come to their way of thinking of things. If their interests are not like ours, they would have us throw ours away. Perhaps they cannot understand a certain action, they are not able to see why a thing is done. If one tries to explain, wisdom sees but one path to which you must conform unless you are to lose your grace in wisdom's eyes. Further the omniscient usually know the good and bad of a course of action so unless you conform to their criterion of a perfect soul you are socially ostracized. The conclusion is therefore that we are no longer friends because we differ. The warfare is against man, not principles. I may say consequently that the wisdom of those wise whom I know is sheerest folly.

VITA IMMORTALIS.

What means the jubilation Springtide brings,
Pulsating, luring, thrilling o'er and o'er?
What means the fluttering sound of birdlings wings,
With life responsive answering once more?
And Nature's own, long lost again she sees,
Transformed, reshapen, beautified, set free—
While wildwood choirs flute their harmonies
Atune with mirth's unceasing ecstasy.
Lo all is life, revealed from Life above,
New kindled how its flames of freedom burn!
For nothing dies, but sleeps to wake in love,
Nor fails the heart that waits for its return.
Though darkness precede dawn, it cannot last,
And just behind each storm cloud, though disguised,
A rainbow waits the calming of the blast,
God's herald of the Promise realized.
Yea nothing earthly dies, and can the soul,
God's own conception, God's incarnate Might
Of Life, a part of its Creator's whole,
Be changed to naught in void, oblivion's night?
What is this apparition earth calls Death?
Whence comes its power to annihilate

Life whose beginning was Jehovah's breath,
Inspired in dust of man's primordial state?
Must there be pensive, dark, morose suspense,
Inadequate, uncertain questioning,
When double proof, enduring evidence
Exists that death may have no blight nor sting?
The Son of Life, the Triune gift to earth,
Rose from the dungeon tomb of mortal clay;
Then once again—Salvation's twofold birth—
Christ in the finite whispers, "Endless day?"

Whence comes this inner consciousness, the thought
That speaks in silence its assurance why
The miracle the hand of Life hath wrought,
Though worlds may perish will not, cannot die?
There is a dream that mortal never names
Nor comprehends in full reality—
"The soul whose pre-existence childhood claims
Can have no end but immortality."

For Recompence shall come, her arms entwined
New hope undying, and the soul of man
Attracted by the God of Life divine
Shall wake and break its bands, and rise again.
Immortal Life! On morning's pinions flown
Complete, responsive to a seraph call,
In its Great Origin shall find its own
In new perfection, Life's eternal all.

No end but Life, and God is Life entire,
No bound but space, no goal but endlessness,
Omnipotence attainment to inspire,
The Infinite infinity to bless.
With yesterdays a nothing at the gate
Whence beings of forever onward glide;
Redeemer and redeemed inseparate,
Creation in Creator glorified.

L. K. H.

Organizations

NEOSOPHIC NOTES

The Neosophic society is keeping up its record for good work. At one of its recent meetings an original program was rendered. Those who took part on the program were not even given the privilege of presenting Encyclopedia investigations as their upper classmen are wont to present. It was a relief to hear something fresh and invigorating and something which had really taken work. We all seem perfectly willing to spend ten minutes gathering haphazard notes for a discussion of a deep subject but when we must give our own work we are unwilling to have the production sound flat. In each number of this program careful preparation was very marked. Miss Marion McMillan's poem showed splendid creative ability. Everyone enjoyed the parody on Swanee River which Miss Farmer and Mr. Hill rendered. Miss Thurston's rendering of several original instrumental solos was richly appreciated.

Such programs as these are often a means of awakening interest. When in society work we depend on magazine articles and newspaper reports alone we become narrow and uninteresting. It takes no great amount of work to give another man's idea of a question but it does take time and effort to present carefully our own ideas. Let us cease being mere copyists and have more individuality in our society work.

ATHENIAN NOTES

On March eighteenth the Athenian literary society rendered a Red Cross program which brought a little closer to us the work which that great army of laborers is accomplishing. We especially appreciated the life and work of Clara Burton as presented by Ira Bowen.

At the last meeting the Russian situation was discussed to some length. Almeda Hall read a paper on "Russia's First Revolution." Fred Walburton gave us some idea of the work of Trotzky and Kerensky. Leona Head presented a review of the book, "Personal Experiences in the Russian Republic" by Ruth Pierce. Professor Hester expressed some of his views on the future of Russia which were intensely interesting.

The executive committee has appointed Mr. Shultz as permanent critic. We all feel that his ability to point out our weaknesses and to arouse us to increased action will be of great benefit to the society.

We must not permit our ardor to cool because of the warm evenings this Spring but try to be present at each meeting and keep up our word in attendance.

MISSION STUDY CLASS

An organization of the girls of the school has been formed for mission study, according to the program prepared, for all Student Volunteer bands in all the colleges of the United States, at the Student Volunteer Convention at Northfield, Mass.

The work is being taken up under two heads. Miss Hillpot directs the Mission study using Sherwood Eddy's "India Awakening." Mrs. McDowell is in charge of the study of Social problems.

The girls are taking an active interest in the work both in attending and in preparing the special exercises. Every one feels free to participate in the open discussion of the questions. This adds interest and is of great help to all.

The work is not intended for Volunteers alone but every girl will find the hour from six-thirty to seven-thirty on Saturday evening very profitably spent if she makes it a point to be present at the Dormitory.

Locals

SCHOOL NOTES.

Clarence Barnett is home from Ann Arbor for a few days.

Eleven students with Miss Butler as chaperon, took a hike to Caneadea Gorge last Saturday afternoon. Their glowing tales of a delightful time have made their friends envious.

Blanche Trafford has left school to work on the farm at her home in Michigan.

Bond Fero, Burton Ketch, and Paul Butterfield have gone to take up farm work also.

Prof. and Mrs. J. J. Coleman gave an afternoon tea to a number of girls Wednesday to announce the marriage of their daughter Lelia to Prof. Ward Bowen, on April 18, 1918. Prof. Bowen expects to enlist soon. Carrie Coleman will be home from Philadelphia to be present at the wedding.

Marion Johnston and Sarah Shaver have returned from their respective homes where they spent Easter.

Eleanor Farmer, Grace Terry, and Almeda Hall went to Belfast recently to do some spring shopping.

Freda Freeman has gone home for a week's vacation.

The Seniors and a number of their friends enjoyed "sugaring off" at Winifred Fero's home Friday evening.

A fine delegation of students and two members of the faculty left Friday for the State I. P. A. contest at Syracuse, N. Y.

Lulu Benning, '18, who is teaching at Knapp's Creek, N. Y., this year, came to Houghton Thursday night. She went to Syracuse with the other students to the Convention.

Edwin Lapham has been quite sick this last week.

Great fears were entertained by all when the whereabouts of Elsie Hanford could not be ascertained Wednesday night. However, when it was discovered that none of the young men were missing, hopes that she might be somewhere in the village rose. The searching party, consisting of Miss Thurston and Miss Grange, found her at Shea's wholly unaware of the consternation she had caused.

There may be times when you cannot find help, but there is no time when you cannot give help.

ALBANY LAW SCHOOL

This course of study leading to the degree of L. L. B. extends over a period of three years. Students who have pursued one or two years in a law office may enter the second year class as a candidate for a diploma but not a degree.

The high standard of the school and the facilities which the city affords with its legislature, courts and library, offer unequalled opportunity for a thorough and practical training.

J. NEWTON FIERO, Dean.

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of

General Merchandise

in

Allegany County

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JOHN H. HOWDEN

FILLMORE, N. Y.

Locals

FACULTY NOTES

Prof. McDowell and Miss Butler chaperoned the delegates to the Syracuse convention.

The members of Prof. Fancher's classes had a delightful vacation while he was away a few days last week.

Pres. Luckey has been attending the Lockport conference at Appleton, N. Y.

In accordance with his usual prohibition enthusiasm Prof. Hester dismissed his Greek class Friday morning and escorted them to the train to give the delegates to Syracuse a good "send-off." The yell they gave was original to say the least. It was, "We are the Greeks! We are the Greeks! Barbarians, you must flee!"

VILLAGE NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. John McDonald have returned to town after spending the winter in Bolivar.

Mrs. Lillian Burr spent last Saturday in Hume with her sister. While there she called on Mrs. C. A. Cronk at Mrs. Ostrum's.

Mr. Weaver and daughter Ruth were callers in Hume one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Crandall and children, also Grayce Bremigen motored to Pa. to visit his people. They went Saturday and came back Sunday.

Mr. William Allen from Jackson, Mich. has been spending a few days with Merritt Parker and family.

Mrs. Whitney preached a fine sermon at the church Sunday night.

OUR SERVICE FLAG

[We are about to open a department that will attempt to keep before our readers the proper intelligence about our boys at the front. We would be favored by any information about any whom we have omitted, or by any corrections. 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
San Antonio, Texas.

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.

Corp. Carroll Daniels, Signal Corps
Co. C, 306 Field Signal Bat.
Camp Jackson, S. C.

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

Continued on page 10

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Jolting Breezes

Lillian Hampton going home for the week end.

Kelly— "When are you coming back, Lillian?"

Lillian (absentmindedly) "Next June."

Kelly— "What are you talking about?"

Lillian— "Walter Herring, of course."

Elsie H.— "I never was in love."

Laug— "Nor I."

Elsie— "Well it will be one awful splash when we fall in, won't it?"

In French, discussing the probable delay of the Hawk Eye Glee Club.

Dorothy— "They cannot possibly get in, the trains are not running."

Professor Fancher— "Well there are public highways."

Miss Peck— "Oh, yes, and bicycles, too."

Almeda, Kelly, and Warburton, playing with flies after waiting fifteen minutes for Professor Hester.

Kelly— "Where's Prof.?"

Freddie— "Don't know."

Almeda— "Well let's go—we've waited long enough."

As they leave the room they read the announcement—

"No Freshman Bible Class today.
H. H. H."

It is reported that Alice lost her toothbrush recently.

Class Elpocation.

Miss Butler— "We will now turn to 'Old Aunt Mary.'" See astonished slowly right-about-faces.

Ruth recently celebrated her seventeenth birthday. Some of us older ones, who knew what that means, could appreciate and sympathize with her feelings. Some of the joy was allayed, however, when Pres. Luckey came around with his annual announcement— all who have reached seventeen should see the change in the red book.

Prof. Coleman has purchased the hill by his house. It is supposed that the primary reason for its purchase was that the family might study geology.

Miss Head, rendering a flowery translation in Greek— "The cattle were dividing grass from mother-earth."

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Dorthey— "Oh I hope Jonsie never pays his."

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Columbus Barracks, Columbus, Ohio

Owen M. Walton, Co. M, 331st Infantry
Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio

William Gearhart, 306th Guard & Fire Co.
Box 617, Port Newark Terminal
Newark, N. J.

Norris Luckey, Co. M, 7th Infantry
Camp Greene, Charlotte, S. C.

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Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J.

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Burdette Wolfe
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Fort Brown, Brownsville, Tex.

Kenneth Babbitt, Marine Guard
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Camp Cody, Fleming, N. Mex.

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Company C, 319 Field Signal Bat.
Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio

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Company M, 303th Infantry
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Merton Davis | Canadian Army
William Davis | Exact data unknown
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