

The Houghton Star.

VOLUME X

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TOMORROW'S CONQUEST

Leona Kathryn Head

What does it mean, O why must this be so,
This crushing weight of trial swift and keen,
This night of shadows and we fain would know
The answer to our cry: "What does it mean?"
For what is life, a fleeting mist that ends
In dark seclusion like the close of day
'Till sorrow's night forever stings and rends
A heart that grieves in destiny's stern sway.

O Disappointment, daughter of stern Fate,
Still seekest thou to hold tomorrow's key?
Why dost thou stand a sentinel at the gate
Between defeat and possibility?"
The west wind moans and sighs, the sea is dark
The tempest rages 'neath the starless sky
And shipwrecked on the shore our fragile bark
Lies helpless with no aid, no haven nigh.

But hark! I hear a voice! "Hope is not gone,
O exile of the storm, a light is near!
See thou! Take courage, 'ere another dawn
The waves will calm, the gloom will disappear!
So mend thy broken craft, set out to sea
At daybreak, for a conquest must be won
In spite of all, the victory thine will be
To morrow at the setting of the sun!

"Arise! Leave yesterday far, far behind!
On with the voyage, onward with the quest,
For what is life if not to seek and find
The grandest and the greatest and the best?
Exist and yet not live? When joy complete
With Opportunity lures thee, calls thee still?
Push on ahead, can anything defeat
Determination, purpose and a will?"

Heed not the breaking waves and storms, my soul,
Delay not, wait not on the shoals of time,
Thy days are far too short, so seek thy goal.
The heights, the depths, the infinite sublime.
Behold yon eastern sunrise gleaming bright
And Inspiration calls thee to begin,
The sea calls, and her scepter is in sight,
And conquering, sail on thy crown to win!

EDITHE PARSONS READS "ENOCN ARDEN."

It was just before the entertainment of Monday evening, November 26, 1917. Expectation was high, for was not the artist reader, Edith Parsons, member of the faculty of oratory of Syracuse University, to portray the story of Enoch Arden? And were we

not to be made to feel the more the motivation of the poem through the setting of Strauss' musical tones, rendered by Miss F. Hellner? We had already felt the personal touch when Miss Parsons had kindly appeared in our chapel exercise and recited James Whitcomb Riley's "Just Bein' Good." The rendering of that little piece had been enough to make us feel that our artist knew her art and held a deep appreciation for simple living and pure goodness in the world. But now she stands with commanding yet unassuming grace before an expectant audience, and we know no disappointment is in store.

It needs not for me to repeat the story in detail. All know it. All, or nearly all, had read it. But not all had so felt its heart throb as now. It was almost as though Tennyson was before us himself to give us the simple, beautiful, yet pathetic truth of Enoch and Philip and Anna Lee. We forgot it was a story. We saw it as real life. We rejoiced with Enoch when he won fair Anna. We admired Philip in his courageous disappointment. We were fearful with Anna when Enoch left for unknown, far distant lands. It was hard to condemn Anna when after long years Enoch had not returned and was supposed to be dead, she responded to the suit of Philip, true lover that he was. We felt also, with Enoch in his keen dissatisfaction coming home. But our own purpose to accept in humility and quietness the most heart-rending situation as it seems God's will was strengthened in Enoch's loving, brave renunciation of himself for the sake of those he loved, whom now he saw happy without him. Yes, it was a wonderful story with deep lessons for our every day living. One could not listen to it without feeling a nobler aspiration rise within. And therein was the art of the work. The art of poet was heightened by the art of the reader. We saw not the poet, nor the reader--we saw life--and life in those ideal colors that heightens living and makes it better. No higher tribute can be paid to Miss Parsons than that she succeeded so well in hiding herself and letting us see and hear her living theme. This was the more remarkable when one considers she was above the average woman in avoirdupois; yet her gesture, carriage and movement was natural and well placed. Too many readers affect a supercilious attitude, not she. Her form was commanding yet retiring. Her voice

was clear and strong, yet under perfect control, was modulated and musical, free from coarseness and nasality. The execution was all that could be desired. When one stops to think one knows there must have been years of application to bring about such perfection; yet there was no impression of the studied art. I tell you we could not help but admire her.

But there was another thing besides mere technique that brought admiration. Shakespeare said of Brutus, "There was a man." With greater emphasis could it be said of Edith Parsons, "There was a woman." Sincerity and goodness shone from the eye. Humble dignity accompanied the bearer. One could not but believe she was true to herself, to her God and her fellow-man. And all this with a fine physique lent a personal magnetism that could not be resisted. Yes we shall not soon forget the exhibition of true art of last Monday evening.

In a word it was the expression of the aspiring art of the following lines:

"If I could clothe each jeweled thought,
That comes to me in nature's bowers,
In classic language such as taught
Away from Western wood and flowers,
If I could sing the sweet refrains
Than in my soul in silence cluster—
From many a heart I'd strike the chains,
And give the stars of hope new luster."

H. & M. H.

MCKINLEY-STEESSE WEDDING

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Steese was the scene of a pretty wedding when on Thanksgiving, their daughter Grayce was united in marriage with Rev. Ora Glenn McKinley. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Myra Steese, and the groomsman was Mr. Lee. (Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played by Miss Lelia Coleman.) The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. J. Coleman. Rev. McKinley, formerly a student here, is pastor of a church in Africa, Ohio. Both the bride and groom have many friends who wish them the greatest happiness and success in their pastoral work. Immediately after the ceremony light refreshments were served. A reception was held after which Rev. and Mrs. McKinley left for a wedding trip. After December fifth they will be at home at Galena, Ohio, Route 3.

"And nothing is but what is not." How fortunate that soul who always weighs the potential results of any anticipated course of activity before his thought has passed into the forever ineradicable act.

THANKSGIVING EVENING IN HOUGHTON

From the time of our pilgrim fathers down to the present day, Thanksgiving has been, beside that which is implied in its name, a day of feasting. So, true to the custom, the dinner formed an important feature in our celebration in Houghton. All gathered in the reception room of the Dormitory and at six o'clock adjourned to the dining room. Here, an excellent dinner, accompanied by the music of the Victrola, was enjoyed. After all had partaken to their utmost capacity, several toasts were given by different students. The subjects of these were in the form of well-known proverbs. Prof. McDowell acted as toastmaster for the occasion. The crowd then formed in line and marched to Steese's to serenade and congratulate the bride and groom, Rev. and Mrs. O. G. McKinley. After returning to the Dormitory informal games were engaged in, to the enjoyment of all. Especially pleasing was the fine talent displayed by the boys and girls in dressing clothespin dolls. Mrs. Bowen's numerous and varying biographies also excited much interest. The conclusion of the evening's entertainment consisted of songs. All were enjoyed immensely, but special mention might be made of the technique and talent displayed by Mr. Davis in leading his chorus in "Star-Spangled Banner," and the sudden ability in the musical art of Mr. Overton in directing the singing of "Swanee River."

The color scheme which was carried out in the decoration of the dining room was red and green, while banners made gay the walls.

None who were present can deny that "Dean" knows how to plan a pleasant evening's entertainment.

M. G. M.

JUNIORS AND SENIORS MEET.

The Junior and Senior College classes passed a very pleasant social evening at the home of Prof. Coleman Nov. 16. Though not intended for a surprise party or at least not called one, surprises were in store for both boys and girls. The girls acted the part of children again, and their manner of dressing as well as acting showed very plainly that they had not entirely put away childish things. Mrs. Green alias Miss Grange was their mother and she showed great ability in the way in which she calmed contentious spirits and dried imaginary tears.

The boys were dressed in their cutaway tuxedos or dress suits. They were introduced by Mrs. Coleman who acted as their mother, as English Lords just over from England and therefore unacquainted with Yankee ways. Each of the mothers spent the evening by showing the other what a wonderful family she had

and through their ingenious devices the "Green" girls and the English Lords were finally united in a joyous company each doing his best to make things interesting. After refreshments had been served and flashlight pictures taken they departed for their homes feeling that they had spent a profitable and enjoyable evening together.

What do you say Juniors and Seniors? Let's meet again before the year's over.

L. W.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

Youth and age are not contrasting antonyms. Years cannot make youth aged; time is but an agency that fulfills but cannot alter its spirit. To be enthusiastic, to be happy, to be courageous, to be invincible is to be ever young. Where life is there youth is also.

Friendship and youth are synonymous. Youth demands sympathy, deserves encouragement and delights in comradeship. Youth possesses a heart with an aching void that nothing but genuine understanding can satiate. The very soul of youth needs tenderness, concern, and a sense of fairness and trust displayed toward it. And to find complete comprehension of youth's problems in the older generation is impossible, because our predecessors have forgotten that once they were young. They do not remember the unsolved equations of life that beset college days like a tempest on the Galilee of yesterday.

They do not remember, and though they can be excused for forgetting on the grounds of the never-ending care and responsibility of maturity, still the fact remains that they do not understand, whether or not they could if they tried.

And where must we look for understanding --- not in the older generation for there we do not find it, not in the world, for its sympathy is enticing toward the glitter of the unreal. Naturally the answer comes back: "Among one another we must look for sympathy and concern. Youth must help solve youth's problems, youth must help fight youth's battles. Youth must find confidence recompensed in both." And friendship is the consummation of this confidence.

Friendships are manifold, positive and negative, real and different. A dormitory full of girls presents a unique and significant status of social life. It is worth while to have a girl chum, when one is a girl and possesses girlish problems. Likewise boys are one another's friends and in real friendship find a source of deep understanding and sympathy. Thereupon follows the significant fact that Houghton pos-

sesses co-education, and that freindship is one of its cornerstones.

Coeducation is not crime. It is God's idea of a well balanced order of college life. We have ridiculed this fact so long that our minds are biased to such an extent that the connotation of co-education is sentimentality. We have deceived ourselves, and this deception is leaving its footprints in the way of those who follow in our steps. Our thinking powers have been ornamental. We have acted the part of children without an ideal, of sanctimonious slackers without an interpretation of human nature in youth, for we have cursed co-education.

And why so? Is it because people stubbornly refuse to see, or is it because they haven't taken time to investigate? It is a fact that the results of co-education have not always been perfect, but why? Is it the fault of co-education? Emphatically no!! It is the fault of a misconstrued interpretation, and this has occasioned the necessity for restrictions. We have been afraid of a sense of propriety and it has scared us toward sentimentality. And logically it follows that we have been sentimental and restrictions were imposed by our elders because they had to be; because the existing status of affairs necessitated association ruling.

Excessive association has been our fault and the fault of the age. It has been the fault of our underestimated ideals. Altogether too long we have persisted in maintaining the thought that boys and girls cannot be friends for simple friendship's sake, ordinary good pals, comrades battling together for one great goal. The fault of association lies in the psychological standards we have given it. We have not demanded and insisted upon palhoo and unsentimental friendship. Whose fault is excessive association? The fault of our ideals of co-education. Remove the fault and no longer need we fear broken school ruling. Remove the cause and commonsense will supply limitations, voluntary on the part of students, instead of conscripted obedience. Boys and girls have a God-given right to be friends. But why, in the name of a school with high ideals, why not have fewer steady "go togethers" and more general association, like a big family of brothers and sisters, with the faculty as our dearly loved parents? Why not forget the silly side of school life and let friendship be a natural outgrowth of "mankind's greatest blessing," Hard Work? Let us use at least half the brains that Our Heavenly Father gave us and thank Him that Houghton means co-education.

Leona K. Head

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Editorial

UNITY MAKETH PROGRESS

For a long time past, many in our church have felt the imperative need of creating restraining influences, and of producing unitary forces to work in a concentrated movement in effecting a central head. We cannot hope to advance as a church: we dare not hope to be effective in the world, unless we are securely united the whole to each part, each part to the whole. Since disunion and party strife has been the cause of every downfall, let us, therefore take warning and guard carefully against the possibility of failure. Just merely to hold our own is not enough but it is our duty to forge ahead and make the world feel the regenerating influence of a God-fearing church that stands as a unit. Victory and conquest are for those in agreement, retrogression and death are for those in disagreement.

As this little paper goes to press from time to time, there seems also, to go with it,—a little more spirit—more loyalty—more fidelity. Not to the paper alone—far from that, but to the school, to the state. We are deciphering the vision of life from the hazy entanglement of work. Forbid, O God! that our hands shall e'er be idle.

Winter is surely here if falling snow is a sure indication.

Students' Philosophy

Not long ago students used to spend much of their time downtown. This was injurious. More than harmful, for it was producing a deleterious habit. How different is the case now! In the place of going down to the station, we go to the Gymnasium; instead of spending an idle hour doing nothing, we play basket ball; if we "flunk" our "exams" we don't play, but we want to play so we raise our scholarship. Is the "gym" a real benefit to Houghton life?

Luckey is the man who is fond of the boys.

Life in Houghton is a definite combination of phantasmagoric changes both simultaneous and co-taneous in congruity with objective phenomena if one applies the ratiocinative method.

Organizations

NEOSOPHIC NOTES

During some of the past years the Athenian society has without doubt taken the lead in literary work. Whether because of lack of interest or because of other reasons the Neosophic meetings seemed to lack that "snap" which of course should characterize meetings of such organizations. This year the "Neo's" are doing work equal to their upper classmen. The productions show more thought and more careful preparation than in previous years. The meetings are well attended and are enthusiastically conducted. Surely they are to be congratulated.

D. E. P.

ATHENIAN NOTES

It has always been the idea of the faculty that society hour should not be one of mere recreation but rather a period of brisk literary work. With this in mind the program committee of the Athenian Society this year are trying to choose topics for study which will be of special benefit to the members. We have already had an "Army and Navy," a "Red Cross" program, and a program wherein the "Life and Works of James Whitcomb Riley" were studied. In the near future some of our great writers and scientists as Wordsworth and Edison will be studied. Some time will be devoted to music also. The lives of the great composers will be discussed and their works will be rendered.

Any college or other student who is a high school graduate who is not a member of the society is invited to become a member. We need your help in carrying out our plans and you need us in your development.

D. E. P.

Alumni Notes

The number of alumni and old students of Houghton who are engaged in educational work in the high schools and colleges is large. The following are some of them.

C. Floyd Hester, college '13, is teaching economics in the high school at Chippewa Falls, Wis. He is also doing night school work.

Clare Dart, junior '16 and Oberlin '17, is instructor in physics at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Shirley Babbitt, junior '14 and Ann Arbor '15, is instructor in English at the University of Nebraska.

Harriett Meeker, junior '15, and Oberlin '16, is teaching in a high school at Newport, R. I.

Gertrude Graves, junior '15 and Oberlin '16, is instructor of German in the high school at Albion, Pa.

Bethel Babbitt, junior '15 and Oberlin '16, is instructor in the high school at Bessner, Mich.

Leo G. Raub, junior '15 and Oberlin '16, is assistant in Physics at the University of Nebraska. He is also a student there, and expects to obtain his M. A. in June.

Francis Woods, junior '16 and Oberlin '17, is a teacher in the high school at Brocton, N. Y.

Belle Russell, junior '14 and Ann Arbor '15, is teaching in the Emporium, Pa. high school.

Jesse Frazier, junior '15 and Oberlin '16, recently resigned his position as teacher in a New Jersey high school. He is now at Little Ferry, N. J., recuperating from an operation, and expects to enlist soon.

Edith Hogg is taking a post graduate course in domestic science at Cornell University.

The following from the Pensacola Journal of October 25, 1917, will be interest to our readers:

"Yesterday morning, with the droning of seven airplanes o'erhead, in the beautiful First Methodist church occurred the marriage of Lieut. L. L. Babbitt of New York and Miss Grace D. Neilson of North Carolina, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. D. P. Slaughter.

The bride wore a becoming plum-colored coat suit, while Lieutenant Babbitt wore the navy uniform.

Lieutenant Babbitt has just recovered from an appendicitis operation at the Pensacola hospital, and his friends rejoice to know that his nurse in the future will be one of his own choosing.

The next two weeks will be spent in New Orleans

and other Gulf coast resorts, when they will return to Pensacola to make their home until under orders to report for duty elsewhere."

The following letter was received from our former Professor Bedford in response to a letter of thanks sent him by the student body for his efforts in behalf of our Gym:

Your letter of appreciation of my efforts in behalf of the Houghton Seminary Gymnasium brought vividly to my mind some of the pleasantest years of my life. Houghton has done much for me every way and I love her as my Alma Mater. If I have rendered her any service in the past it was no more than my due. While I am thankful to receive such a splendid letter from the Student Body through you as its representative yet I feel unworthy of any special consideration in this matter.

I am so glad that the "gym" is soon to become of real service to the Seminary. It was once a dream of mine that I might have the privilege of the gymnasium while connected with Houghton but though deprived of the fulfillment of my hope I am glad that others are to enjoy the larger opportunities.

May the Lord continue to bless "Old Houghton" and its faithful and efficient President and loyal faculty.

Yours truly,

H. C. Bedford.

Locals

Mr. D. L. Presley from Rochester, N. Y. spent Thanksgiving with his sister, Mrs. F. L. Crawford.

Mrs. W. K. Moyneaux and family are visiting her mother and Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Molyneaux.

Miss Lillian Hampton is entertaining for a few days her cousin, Miss Laura Jones of Belfast, N. Y.

Mr. F. A. Butterfield and son Arthur are spending a few days in Houghton.

Miss Ruth Lee is here visiting friends for a few days.

Mrs. Bullock and daughters went to Olean on business on November 30.

Mr. and Mrs. George Woodhead and daughter Fredna of Elkland, Pa. are visiting at C. E. Woodhead's.

Miss Lula Benning is visiting in Houghton during her Thanksgiving vacation.

A number of the Dormitory girls enjoyed a spread Friday evening, the 30th.

FACULTY NOTES

A pail of lobsters has been imported for the Zoology Class by Professor Bowen. This, however, has brot upon the professor considerable censure. For the animals, although concealed from sight, do not hesitate to announce their presence thru the medium of the nasal passages.

Ira Bowen assists the Professor of Science by conducting the Physics and Physical Geography labs.

One thing for encouragement, the faculty is increasing in numbers and we shall not lack for a Luckey president for some time to come.

Miss Hanford is trying the lecture method in Geometry.

November 29 a company of Houghton students accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hester journeyed to Portageville. We were sorry they were obliged to go so far, but unfortunately Portageville is our nearest wet town.

The one essential weapon of a dean---a high-power flashlight. Experience has shown this instrument most frightful to evildoers, "for men love darkness."

Mrs. McDowell entertained a number of the preparatory girls last Thursday.

J. E. H.

SCHOOL NOTES

Miss Ethel Bryner and Miss Loise Middleton spent Thanksgiving at the former's home in Pleasantville, Pa.

The girls of the Plus Ultra Sunday School Class met at the Dormitory, Nov. 23, and spent a pleasant social evening together.

We are glad to welcome into our midst a new student, Miss Stall, of Akron, Ohio.

On Friday evening, Nov. 23, Miss Dorothy Peck entertained a small crowd of young people in honor of Miss Nellie Bedford, a former Houghton student, who was visiting here.

Miss Nora Mattoon spent Thanksgiving at her home near Lockport.

The "Flunkers" are enjoying their daily hour of study after school. Perhaps this will lessen the number hereafter.

On Thanksgiving Day, Miss Sanders entertained at her home in Portageville, the following friends: Miss Farmer, Miss Sicard, Mr. LaVere, Mr. McKinney, and Mr. Laug.

The students have greatly enjoyed the helpful talks of Rev. McKinley in both chapel and prayer-

meeting.

Miss Almeda Hall entertained over Thanksgiving a friend, Miss Alice Bowman, of Gowanda, N. Y.

Miss Warburton, Miss Freeman, Mr. Searles and Fred Warburton were at Floyd Crawford's Thanksgiving.

Meeker and Coggin made a hurried trip to their home in New Jersey last Tuesday, leaving at 4:35 P. M. and returning at 9:30 P. M. A general sensation of sorrow was felt at their absence.

Miss Pearl Hill is visiting her brother for a few weeks.

Messrs. Wolf, Hopkins, and Johnson visited the school on their way to training camp. Johnson favored us by a talk in chapel.

Misses Lelia and Carrie Coleman gave a utility shower for Grayce Steese.

M. G. M.

VILLAGE NOTES

The entertainment Monday evening was much enjoyed by the townspeople.

Chas. Weaver and daughter are moving into the Hopkins house.

Mrs. R. C. Lynde has been spending a few days with her daughter.

Mrs. McMillan and son Wayland, left Friday night for Marengo, Ohio, where she had been called by the illness of her mother.

Mrs. Sutter has returned from a visit in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Lillian Burr spent Thanksgiving with her son and family.

Mr. Loftis was in Rochester Monday.

The Red Cross met at the home of Mrs. Burr this week.

Alfred Parker is driving team for Mr. McKerrow.

Miss Esther Busch came home Friday to spend Thanksgiving with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Messner are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Steese.

Mrs. Lapp and son of Rochester spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Lowe.

M. M. Parker and family and C. W. Hill and family spent Thanksgiving in Fillmore.

Miss Luella Crosby spent a day in Olean.

Mrs. Peck was called to Geneseo by the death of her brother.

V. E. P.

Jolting Breezes

KNEW HIS BIBLE

On board a steamer "somewhere in the Atlantic" a seasick soldier boy was having a session at the rail.

"Hello! what's this you're doing?" remarked a passing officer.

"I'm rendering unto the sea, sir, the things that are the sea's, sir," gasped the soldier lad.

Cherry: "Say, Leete, I saw your picture, yesterday."

"Where?"

"On a salmon can, you fish."

A Bit of Optimism for our President

When you walk the floor with baby,
In an all night crooning song,
Be thankful you're not in Greenland
Where the nights are six month's long.

Autoing on a bleak November night:
"What's the matter, Pete—got a fit?"

"No, a severe chill."

AT THE DINNER TABLE

Miss Hall: "Harold wants to go to cosey corner when he dies."

Meeker: "But what if he found the dean there too?"

Miss Thurston: "But I don't expect to have anything to do with Harold, after we die."

Mr. Reese sat winding his watch, with that far away dreamy expression all over his face, during the entire lecture.

Prof. Bowen, exasperated: "Well Dave are you about ready for bed?"

Drowsy Ed, from his room adjoining the parlor: "Hey Dorothy, I wish you would quit cracking your gum."

IN COLLEGE RHETORIC

Prof. McDowell: "What does a fellow do when he wishes to retire in a fine fashion?"

Spencer: "Puts on a negligee."

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FILLMORE, N. Y.

Markell: "Harold, do you ever attend a place of worship?"

Slopfeet (absent-mindedly): "I am going to see her now."

In Creek Class. Professor Hester: "This old book of mine has sure run its course in the family. I had it in the first place, then my brother Floyd used it, then John; Edna had her turn at it, afterwards Bill Kaufmann, and now I've come back to it again."

Lee, (opening his to the front page and "Grayce Steese" on the fly leaf): "This one's got a good start."

LITERARY CRITICISM

Discussing the relative values of beauty subjectified and pleasure objectified.

Professor McDowell: "Now Mr. Markell would you say that a Merry-go-round, being a beauty subjectified, is pleasure?"

"No Sir!"

"Oh come now, put yourself back forty years—wouldn't you think so?"

A painter falling from a ladder, covered himself and everything in sight with a vivid green paint.

"What happened to the man?" asked a passing lady of the grinning newsboy.

"Oh the Irishman had the nosebleed."

"My sister was married three times," said the girl with the green eyes, "and the last time she told everybody that he was the light of her eyes and she'd never marry again."

"He was the kind of man that sings, 'Keep the Home Ties Burning,' to his wife as he steps down town at eight o'clock in the evening and then comes creeping home at three in the morning. But then she expected that—the last watch always goes out, you know." Ex.

Billy Sunday stopped a newsboy and inquired the way to the postoffice.

"One block and turn to the right," said the boy.

"You seem a bright fellow," said Sunday, the evangelist, "do you know who I am?"

"Nope."

"I'm Billy Sunday, and if you'll come to my meeting tonight, I'll show you the way to heaven."

"Aw, go on," said the boy, "you don't even know the way to the postoffice."

Ex.