

Fidelia Warburton

The Houghton Star

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MY ALMA MATER

The gold and purple sunset
Was fading slowly away
And the slow dreamy chirp of the crickets
Was the end of another day.
Down the little New York river
On the track of the setting sun
Came a light, warm, gentle wind
And the evening had begun.
On the bank above the river
Stood a College tall and strong
And from the lighted windows
Came the message of a song.
I listened and it thrilled me;
Ah, it touched a vibrant string
And through the windows of memory
Sweet bells began to ring.
"When the eastern sun is sinking"
How well you know the rest,
"Tho'ts of thee, fond alma mater"
Came the words so blest.
I thought of when first I heard them
Of hopes both grave and gay
Which like the dew of morning
Fled silently away.
The friends I have known in the "old days"
Seemed gone to another sphere
But the same old spirit of Houghton
Was faithfully constant here.
And in sunshine or in shadow
In radiance or in gloom
In the heart of the greatest conflict
Its always found some room.
My tho'ts wandered back in memory
To the time when I had begun
My life with my alma mater
And the heart streams of fun.
Then the times when life seemed dreary
And the friends who pulled me along
And made my life seem happier
With a ring of a cheery song.
And then will I remember
How after the war broke out
Some of our fellows marched away
Jolly, true hearted and stout.
Some of them never returned again
And hearts both "broke and bled"
And the song of our alma mater
Floated among the dead!
The song rolled on thru the twilight,
I listned, it faded away
And my soul was filled with thankfulness,
As I longed for another day.

"O'er the earth her fame had risen
Like the morning light
And she came the earth to gladden
And dispel the night."

J. D. W.



DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS LECTURES ON GERMAN ATROCITIES.

Dr. Hillis spoke to a comparatively large gathering, both by formal address and by illustration, for two hours to a feverish responsive audience. His remarks bore that pungency which alone characterizes the man who has personally seen and experienced that which he speaks. The graphic pictures which he brought to us in his forceful, plain manner will be quite ineffacable for many days to come. Dr. Hillis showed to us more concretely than we have seen before why we were in the war. To quote him, "No one can ever be the same after he has once been in devastated Belgium and France. The Germans have destroyed two hundred and thirty billions of dollars of property. In their retreat not a single form of destruction is overlooked, villages, fields, orchards are destroyed, wells are poisoned, old men and women are wantonly killed. All fiendish inventions of cruelty and incendiarism are worked to their greatest capacity."

Dr. Hillis spoke of being by a barbed-wire cage which contained thirty German officers. He spoke to one and asked him how he was faring, "Oh," said the officer, "we are alright, we are suffering a little reverse now but in a few days the good old German God will come to our aid." Dr. Hillis remarked that the Huns God was our Devil. They are so vicious and perverted that they cannot tell the difference between God and the Devil.

Again Dr. Hillis spoke of the bravery of our American troops. They are the only troops, or ours is the only army, to take a trench and keep it; our boys never retreated a single inch.

It may be interesting to learn that the Hun prepared even more carefully for peace than he did for war. He has bought 62% of the great waterfalls of Switzerland which are capable of supplying electricity to those countries within a radius of five-hundred

miles. He has bought and holds the bonds of multitudes of banks, factories of industry in Italy, he has taken from the countries which he has plundered one hundred billions of dollars.

After the lecture Dr. Hillis showed us slides of photographs which were taken and which are kept to testify against them on the day of reckoning. And the proofs are a great plenty and adequate too. He closed by paying a high tribute to our President who has been inferior to only one—Abraham Lincoln.

WHAT EUROPEAN WOMEN HAVE DONE IN THE WAR

The baby was crying fretfully, in fact he had been cross all day. His sister could not soothe him, his mother's efforts were of no avail. Little brother was out in the yard giving some ear-splitting yells which gave Mrs. Black's aching head another painful twang. She lifted the baby to her other shoulder with a sigh. It did seem as if she had had her full measure of care of late and that very day still another anxiety had been added to the list: England had declared war against Germany. When the news had spread about their community nearly every man in it had risen at the call to arms. Among them had been her husband. The tears coursed freely down Mrs. Black's cheeks. The baby stopped crying a moment to follow their wet course down her face, little realizing the sorrow that was almost tearing out the mother's heart.

"From what source would come their daily bread now?" she asked herself again and again. Her husband was earning twenty-two shilling a week as car-cleaner on the Great Western Railway. How would she and the children get along after his payments ceased?

This happened in the summer of 1914. By the next January things did not look so dubious. First, there was twenty-seven shillings a week as a separation allowance because her husband was at the front. In addition to this there were five shillings more which Mrs. Black earned at the factory. She was doing her bit for the war.

It was one of the most significant decisions that have been made since the world began when women like Mrs. Black hung up their aprons in the kitchen and began a new career in the world of industry. They did not have to enlist. They simply walked down to a large building on the corner on which a sign was painted "Women wanted." Women were doing it all over Europe. They are to be counted among the

hundreds of thousands. And they do not have to force their way into this new world. They are now invited in.

Before the war it was said that woman's place was the home and every other place was man's. This saying is now one of the "back numbers." Every day battalions of men go to the front and perish in the great onslaught. Their places must be filled and who is there to fill them but the women? The most popular motto at the present time for the men is "Teach the Women." At first the men demurred, saying that women did not have the mental capacity to understand their work, and that they didn't have the strength for handling the tools. But the government took the work in hand. "We shall see," it said when some doubted women's mental capacity. Also it promised to furnish tools that the women could handle easily.

This is the reason that woman is taking such an important place in industrial affairs at the present time. If there were any fears in regard to woman's efficiency and capability they have been done away with forever. There is evidence of this efficiency everywhere in Europe. She has shown herself to be practically able to replace any man in any calling.

Take, for instance, Henrietta Boardman. "Somewhere", in England, this girl has arrived at one of the highest skilled operations in the munition works, tool-tempering. She sits before the Bunsen burner and holds the tool in the flame while it turns all beautiful tints of straw color, purple, blue and red. She must be able to distinguish just the right shade for its perfection. She does the work so well that all the tool fitters in the shop now have the habit of bringing to her all their tools to be tempered, in preference to any of the other workmen. She was the first woman tool-temperer in England. So far there has been only one other. Furthermore, she is considered to be the best at her trade in King George's realm.

Who is not thrilled to admiration and patriotism when he hears of the "Canary Girls" of England? These girls have cheerfully sacrificed their complexions, in fact all their claims to good looks to work in a factory where a certain chemical that is used turns the hair and skin yellow. "Why should we complain?" they ask laughingly when someone comments upon their bravery. "Just think what the men are having to do. We are doing so little compared with them."

Probably the women who undertook to do agricultural work were the first who attempted to do "War Service." This work must go on, whatever may come, for so much depends on the country's food supply be-

ing kept up. The women entered into this enthusiastically. There is nothing in this particular kind of labor which they have not attempted. They donned trousers cheerfully and immediately engaged themselves in the rather heavy work of plowing, cultivating, haying and harvesting.

Women in all the warring countries are acting as mail-carriers and street-car conductors. There are whole women navies in England who are burying coke today. Still another very unpleasant occupation of the one thousand seven hundred and one jobs that women have successfully undertaken is window-cleaning. While walking down the streets of some of the European cities today an observer would notice women in the khaki costume of industry hanging by rope supports at some perilous angle outside the window of some tall sky-scraper. She is pluckily "doing her bit" She has licked the Kaiser.

Are not these women enough incentive to spur any patriotic person to even greater efforts in the cause of right? Ought we not to profit by their example? Ought we not at once look about us to find some door of industry where we can make use of what talent we possess? O Women of America! rise to this example.

Do the people ever stop to realize what will be the outcome of this great feminist movement? After the women have had such an opportunity of showing their abilities in carrying on men's work ought there not be equality of men and women after the war? They never had nor will they ever have again such an opportunity to show that they are not inferior to man in mental capacity or in capability. The world will be brought to a better understanding of how invaluable are woman's hands and brains in business that heretofore has been managed almost entirely by men.



MARRIED AT LYNNDON PARK

Frances Ethel White Is Bride of Rev. George Beverly Shultz, of Barberton, Ohio.

FALCONER, Nov. 28 - A pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Charlotte A. White of Lynndon Park, this evening at 8 o'clock when her daughter, Frances Ethel was united in marriage to Rev. George Beverly Shultz of Barberton, O. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Sarah E. Shultz, of

Barberton, the mother of the bridegroom.

The bride was becomingly attired in white silk crepe de chene with a veil of tulle held in place by white sweet peas. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses, chrysanthemums and sweet peas, and maiden hair fern. Little Miss Dorothy White a cousin of the bride and Miss Oneida Johnson, a niece of the bridegroom acted as flower girls. Both wore pink crepe dresses and carried pink sweet peas.

Miss M. Enid White, sister of the bride who acted as bridesmaid wore a dress of blue china silk and carried pink roses and chrysanthemums. Sim I. McMillen was best man.

Promptly at 8 o'clock Miss Doris Dyer struck the first chords of Mendelssohn's Wedding March and to its strains the bridal party entered the parlor and took their places under an evergreen arch. After the ceremony and the congratulations a wedding supper of four courses was served. Miss Hazle Dyer, Miss Ruby Brakeman and the Misses Esther, Ethel, Eva and Luella Forsberg were the waitresses.

Both the bridegroom and the bride are well known in this village both having attended Falconer High School. Mrs. Shultz graduated with the Class of 1911 and from the Teachers' Training Class in 1915. Mr. Shultz graduated from the Houghton Theological Seminary in 1918 and is now taking post graduate work there. After December 2d the young couple will reside at Houghton N. Y.

Guests in attendance from away were Rev. Sarah E. Shultz, Mrs. William Johnson and Oneida Johnson of Barberton, O., Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burt and Mr. and Mrs. Harriet Peters of Bath, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hunter of Kennedy, Mrs. Bertha Summerson of Warren Penn., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dyer.

The young couple received many beautiful presents, among them a polished oak dining table, cut glass, tablecloths, silver ware and many other things.

CONGRATULATIONS IN ORDER

All the readers of the Star cannot fail to be interested in the doings of the Editor-in-chief. Although in the past he has conducted himself in a somewhat marvelous way, we feel that at the present time he has surpassed himself. Long ago in the beginning of things God saw that man was not fit to remain alone and made woman in order to meet his need. "Bev" apparently realized this same lack and decided that it is not good for man to live the life of a hermit. As a result of this momentous decision, our editor has taken unto himself a wife.

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Editorial

Utopian Democracy not much. As far back as any one cares to go in the study of ancient nations and peoples, the careful observer of history will note one feature of action which will characterize all peoples everywhere and at any and all times - and that phase of social life is worship. It is not contended that there has been or even is to-day no variety of devotion but on the contrary many and widely divergent have been the objects of worship. Man therefore we may conclude is a worshipful being and whether or not he worships God is immaterial to the contention. The unmistakable evidence that he has worshiped something from the day of his appearance until now proves conclusively that he instinctively worships.

Just prior to the French Revolution, under the influence of the versatile Voltaire, men grew tired of the Christian conception of God; became weary of the creeds and pompous ceremonies; despised the extravagance of ritualistic and priestly orders; viewed with uncontrolled contempt the bossism of the clergy and the black ignorance and superstition of the laity, so the Bolsheviki of the French Revolution brushed aside these old customs and ideas and substituted for them the deities of "Liberty" and "Equality" and "Fraternity" It was the assumption of the Revolutionists that the

ideals for which these words stand could all be simultaneously realized and even to-day among our people do not these words have a peculiar charm, are there not multitudes who think that these ideals can be experienced simultaneously? These truly are the "catch words" of Democracy yet they are not so "catchy" to critical minds. Would we, as American citizens, consent to be under absolute liberty, equality, and fraternity?

Let us examine this doctrine a little closer. If liberty to the individual exists there will be some who will develop unequally, because of constitutional traits of character, because of a more conducive and beneficial environment, and thus the inequality will break down all artificial equality of social conditions. If equality exists then society will be deprived of liberty for some portions of society are more energetic and aggressive than others. Should the state or other authority attempt to restrain those who are ambitious, those who are inventive, and keep them equal with the vagabond and serf, soon that procedure would take away all incentive for discovery and improvement and society would be leveled to barbarism. Do you still want to have equality? Listen, there are thousands of wretched beings toiling in life-destroying occupations and should they suddenly drop out of existence and should no others stand ready to fill their places, the economic conditions of the world would not greatly suffer. A thousand devices latent in inventive brains would quickly make good any momentary loss." In fact these people continue to exist after the work which they know how to perform has ceased to be of benefit to society. They are employed for a remuneration not exceeding the price of getting the work done in some better and easier way. They are, one can readily, see a barrier to the aggressive worker. They hold progress back, they keep invention down, and still they say that unskilled labor creates the wealth of the world. The truth is, however, they hardly create their own subsistence. Now really would it be so truly utopian to have a Democracy where we had the most absolute reign of liberty, equality and fraternity?

MARRIED AT LYNN DON PARK

Continued from page 3.

Strange will it seem to recognize Mr. Shultz as a benedict yet we shall all be glad to see him so happily situated. No more shall we behold that pensive, dreamy look upon his face. Instead of soaring among the Stars as was his wont, he will suddenly descend to earth to the realities of refractory nails and green wood. Far be it from us, however, that his life will be less

happy than it has been. Even fractious stove pipe will seem as nothing if there is a gentle word and a sympathizing smile to mitigate the toils of the irksome task.

It is very hard to refrain from moralizing a little and giving a bit of advice to this young couple. It is a well known fact that people who have had no experience have a great deal of advice to give. We shall, however, curb our desires and leave our friends to their happiness and to each other. We are sure that all the Star family heartily joins with us in offering Mr. and Mr. Shultz our warmest congratulations and best wishes.

A NEW THANKSGIVING DAY.

As Christians and citizens, as friends and neighbors' as a community we are met together to rejoice and to praise God for his blessings and mercies on this New Thanksgiving Day. Yes, this is a New Day. Our President has said it well in his notable proclamation a few days ago: "We have special and moving cause to be grateful and to rejoice. God has given us peace: . . . not peace alone, but the confident promise of a new day . . . in which justice shall replace force and jealous intrigue among the nations. . . . A new day shines about us in which our hearts take new courage and look forward with new hope to new and greater duties."

The past Thanksgivings were great days that marked the passing of great crises in our history. We would not minimize them. Had it not been for them we had not had this grand New Day. Those were so provincial in the very nature of the case circumscribed in their scope, this is a universal Thanksgiving Day. Don't you catch the inspiration of this hour! Hark! from little Serbia and Montenegro, from stricken Armenia, from classic Italy, from huge, lumbering Russia, from sturdy, old England, and big-hearted America, from heroic France and brave little Belgium from men and women and little children there arise today a universal Thanksgiving shout; "Peace; Peace! Praise Jehovah; Praise Jehovah!"

Let me inquire what is the meaning of this new day? The answer is found in the philosophy of the Thanksgiving attitude, enforced as it is by the recent world events. Says Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, "Gratitude is not merely a thing of beauty, it is a source of power." Consider the fretful, peevish person, the man who worries, the man who never has time to stop and "count his blessings, business is so pressing." That man is sapping his vitality and undermining his strength. Henry

Bergson, the noted French philosopher, has voiced the same thing in his observations of the German and French peoples. Some of us were inclined a few years ago to doubt his prophecy as to the outcome of the war. But we know now he was right; for as Carlyle has said, "The seer is a prophet because he sees the truth, and the truth is ever fundamental and eternal."

The truth Bergson saw was just this: The Germans were an ungrateful people in that they ever sought to vindicate and elevate themselves by the force of might. Their god was the god of the underworld called Mere Efficiency; any way to get there and the devil take the hindmost. Such a spirit consuming its own vitals, without power of renewal, was bound in the end to empty itself and come to naught. But the French were a grateful people. Their force was the force of right that could humbly wait the vindication of the world. Their god was god of the upper world, above themselves; something more than Mere Efficiency. Theirs was rather the god of the good Samaritan who was willing to go out his way to lift a brother, even though he must lose time and money in the act. Such a spirit of gratitude, depending not upon itself but something higher than itself had power of renewal, was ever adding to instead of subtracting from itself, and could never be defeated.

And this is the meaning of this New Day for the nations and for the world. Will the nations learn the lesson? That depends on how we answer the question Will I learn the lesson? Let us then here highly resolve that in the year ahead we will remember oftener to say "Thank you" to our friends and especially to those across the sea to lend a helping hand wherever we can find a need. Above all let us lift our hearts very often toward heaven and offer a heartfelt "Thank the Lord."

And even in Germany, yes even cruel Germany, and in Bulgaria, and Turkey, and Austria-Hungary there is a sense of great relief, and there are those who in increasing number will join the glad thanksgiving shout, "Peace, Peace, the divine dove of peace has come."

Open Forum

One of the things that Thanksgiving helps to bring about is a thoughtful reflection upon the good things that have come our way thru the year. Each of us started to think of our happy lot as soon as the preparation for Thanksgiving began in earnest. Then with a heart full of love we especially thanked God on

Thursday. Most of us thanked God for his benevolent care over our school.

Those who are not intimately acquainted with the school maybe do not realize the way God has been working in our midst. The school year started with more Christian boys and girls than ever before. Their devotion to true principles and love for God has made Houghton even more than in some of the past years a Holiness school. Their prayers and testimonies ring for God. It makes one hungry for the religious services to commence. During the year at different times young people have given their lives to God. Particularly is this so among the boys. Doesn't the reader feel we surely have something to praise God for? Houghton has always been a blessing to anyone who has attended but this year in a greater measure it is true. Glory and praise to our living Redeemer.

Reader, what does school life mean to you? What are you here for anyway?

Well, of course you say for an education, but do you fully realize the importance of an education and the wonderful privilege that is yours today, but tomorrow has passed away, is left far in the distance never to return again.

Your mind is carried back to those years spent in the old Sem, your cheeks moistened with the warm tears which are freely flowing, yes, your very heart throbs within you. Ah! why is all this? How well you remember your negligence while blessed with such golden opportunities, the matter weighs down heavily upon you, you seek for consolation but there is no mercy for you now. No kind teacher to instruct you, no sweet voice to lend encouragement, your school days have passed, your opportunities are forever buried.

Is this going to be your cry?

Thank God these great privileges are still within your grasp, the matter lies with you not to come short of your duty.

The quality of sarcasm is not desirable;
It cometh as a firebrand from Hades
Upon the person closest by:
It is thrice curst---
It curseth him that hits and him that's hit;
'Tis most cowardly in the mighty,
It becometh the fool less than his cap and bells;
His sceptre shows the force of mirthful power---
An attribute to laughter and mild pleasure,
Wherewith are passed the slowly moving hours.

But sarcasm is outside this sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of cowards---
It is an attribute of the evil one, himself:
And sarcasm doth then show likest his
When it cometh from an unbridled tongue.

Mutt and Jeff.

Locals

Mr. Harry Bullock and family attended Thanksgiving with relatives at Cattaraugus.

Miss Ruth Houghton spent Thanksgiving with her people at Cattaraugus.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson spent Thanksgiving with their son Volney Wilson.

Mr. Charles Weaver and daughter Ruth are visiting their son and brother Earl and family at Hornell.

Mrs. Hester, Mr. Visser and Zola Kitterman went to Albany to attend the Student Volunteer Band Convention but were notified when they got there that there would be no convention until later.

Mrs. Myra Lee spent Thanksgiving with her husband at his parents' home. Mr. Lee had a few days furlough from Camp Dix.

A few young people enjoyed a fine time at Rev. A. D. Fero's on Friday evening.

Miss Ethlyn Stebbins is home on a six weeks vacation. She is a graduate nurse of the St. Luke Hospital of Utica.

Rev. A. D. Fero has gone to take up his work on the Forksville charge.

Alumni Notes

Dear Readers of the Star:

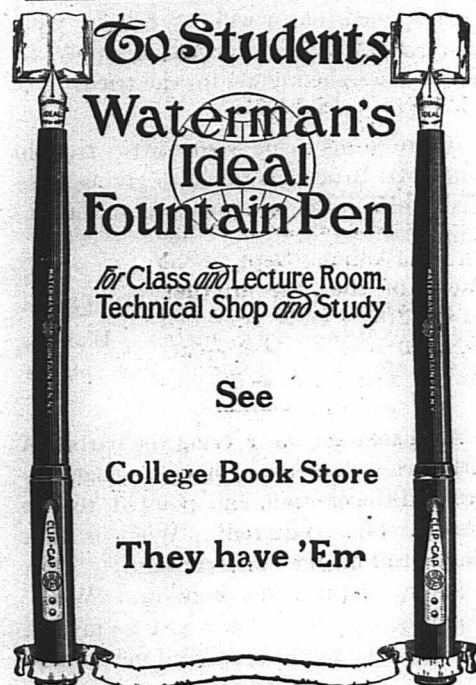
Everybody is wondering what has gone wrong with the Alumni Dept. of the Star. The facts of the case are that the member of the Staff who is supposed to locate the whereabouts of old students and report them to you has been completely under the weather for several weeks. Indeed it has been a long trying time, for I have been so seriously ill for seven long weeks that even yet I am unable to do any reading or writing but am dictating this letter as Mother writes it. I have heard from some Houghton stud-

ents, and it has surely helped to cheer the tedious days of suffering. Getting well is a slow process because it has been Spanish Influenza followed by nerve exhaustion. The doctor hopes I will be well by Christmas, and I surely will be happy to have escaped thus easily.

Alumni, readers and old students, do not fail to send the Star a letter telling where you are and what you are doing. Soon, very soon, we expect to have all the graduates of the classes from 1912 to 1918 located. In the next issue we will tell you about the graduates of last year and other old students who were in school then. A letter was received not long ago from one of the Alumni with the request that the present student body at Houghton could be introduced to the Alumni through the pages of the Star. If some member of the Star Staff would write up an article telling us as much as you can about this year's new students we would appreciate it. Such a personal introduction would help us to understand better who is taking part in the good times you are having this year at Houghton.

With best regards, I remain,
Sincerely yours,
(per M. A. H.) Leona K. Head.

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If anyone sees Mary rising don't be alarmed, for after taking a huge spoonful of baking powder it wouldn't be surprising.

Eddie's Papa:—"Little Eddie, are you content with your tests?"

"Yes Sir, I answered all the questions."

"And how did you answer them?"

"I said that I didn't know."

"I understand that your son has got his B. A. and his M. A."

"Yes, but its his P. A. that supports him."

Miss Moses in Physics exam: "What happens when a light goes into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees?"

Bright Max—"It goes out."

Child—"Father, what is a vacuum?"

Parent—Vacuum? why, 'aint you never learned that in school? It's where the pope lives."

Examiner—"How is Central America divided?"

Pupil—"By earthquakes."

Lie on your back and spit straight up. It is decreed that it will not fall in your face. For further information apply to Willie Mae, she knows, for she tried.

There seems to be some little trouble since Mr. Bruce has taken to giving Miss Fish small presents, chewing gum for example.

Alzada's and Mary's favorite haunts are barnyards on dark nights. Exciting adventures are to be had in such places.

As A steamer was leaving the barbor of Athens a well dressed young passenger approached the captian, and pointed to the disaent hills inquired, "What is that white stuff on the hills, captian?" "That is snow," replied the captian. "Well" remarked the lady, "I thought so myself, but a gentleman has just told me it was Greece."—Young people