

A. R. Smith

The Houghton Star

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WITHIN THE SILENT WALLS OF MEMORY

Within the silent walls of memory
How often have we paused where some sweet dream
Lies locked within its secret cell.
Too sacred are such hopes---they could not flower---
To share with any save our God.
When was it first the Master laid those walls?
What soft-voiced spirit dwells within that shrine
To draw the veil from off the past--
From hours of destiny (we won or lost)---
That we may better plan our way?
Can mortal say? We only trust, and know
That as from out the vast and unseen deep
This spirit sought its wind-swept nest,
So shall it wing its way---now free again---
To seek the Parent Power at Last.

WHAT NEXT?

With the eventful demise of the late little lamented J. Barleycorn, we are forced to concede, even amid the general gratitude and optimism of the public, with due regard to the validity of our aspirations toward a better commonwealth, that there are still existent and potential menaces capable of fomenting full as serious social troubles as the one whose "taking off" we attended with such a measure of jubilation. Political apportionments of conquered territories, disarmament and international unity are affording in their places, possibilities that may vitally affect nations and continents, or any other racial or political division.

To us, who have been so far and so long removed from what we have called aggregately, the honest efforts of oppressed classes to rise from the heritage of European feudal systems, it is an event of no little amazement to note the growth of a similar class with a similar professed goal inside our own boundaries, and it is not inappropriate that earnest attention be paid it. We ask, by whom? Remedy? Methods?

The last, it may be said, should interest us first. We read of an upstir among the proletariat of Russia, and, coevally are drawn more closely to the reports of wholesale and armed draft resistance in Oklahoma by the I. W. W.'s, an organization that we have been content to jocularly designate, "Wont Workers" and dismiss from our minds. Press reports alternately told of a growing discontent against Russia's participation in the war, and at the same time, of unaffiliated

labor unions throwing calumny on the troops of the United States, and to the two we gave the embracing and easy explanation--German propaganda. Russia finally becomes absolute chaos, with anarchy enthroned. The war ends, and I. W. W. outbreaks occur from the Bronx to Seattle with threats, disorder and dollar-an-hour demands following each other almost without regard to natural sequence.

By whom? Samuel Gompers and the American Federation of labor stand officially aloof, proud of its war efficiency; and demanding with the assurance of attainment, justice in the trying reconstruction period. Yet, it would be a dangerous fallacy not to note a certain wayward movement from its ranks terminating usually, in the bitterest principles upheld by the parent order, The Industrial Workers of the World. A half hundred aliens scheduled for desperation, has nearly one half of its number confessedly believers and teachers of the same obstreperous clique. Conversely, examinations of the propagators of the dangerous internationalist and Marxian theories show such an astounding large percentage of alien born, as to easily reveal the source of these deluding theories, and make counter measures so much the easier to apply.

Granted that a certain radical and revolutionary movement is afoot, it is urgent that these counter measures be considered and put into practice. The first effective blow against this enemy of universal liberty will be struck when the prevailing and thinking, not classes, but individuals recognize the mighty wages of listlessness in the matter. "A little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep," and the shriek of shrapnel and the click of machine guns may supersede the hum of traffic in our industrial centers. If the chief agitators are aliens, why not revise the immigration laws, and thus stamp out the dragon teeth, which otherwise, may grow and spread its vituperative growth in our own fields? Why not add to the usual admission qualifications, requirements affecting his deportment in his own land as well as the educational ones? The term of residence in this country before admitted to citizenship might well be lengthened, and even then, before his full citizenship were announced, placed for a probationary interval, subject to quick deportation at signs of unfitness. We must

not urge plutocratic or capitalistic methods, nor allow an antagonism to labor. Rather let legitimate and sane labor be fostered by fair and profit-sharing wages and suitable working conditions, that the element may be pointed to the highest ideal of our Nation--- a democracy without class distinction.

Ellis Hopkins

THE REVIVAL MEETINGS

Revival Meetings! what blessed memories of other years throng the mind and a glow of joy thrills the heart at the very sound--Revival Meetings! Perhaps it was to some school house we would drive in the frosty winter air, night after night. What pleasure to gather up the neighbors into the already crowded sled and speed on to the bright little building where old time melodies rang out in beautiful harmony to the song in the souls! Oh how God came down in very truth; and under the melting influence of the Spirit, hard cases gave up, whole families were saved and time and time again hungry, convicted souls plunged into the fountain and came through with a smile on the face and a shout in the soul that had to find vent.

But such scenes are all too rare today and should we not ask, "Why?"

The last Sunday morning that Sister Hattie Crosby was with us before leaving for Africa, she and her sister sang one of Mrs. Morris' hymns, "When He is come to you." Bishop J. F. Berry says "When He is come . . . unto you'--- to you, pastor; to you, Sunday-school teacher; to you, member of the official board; to you father or mother---you will become a storm-center of a new and mighty evangelism, and all the forces of evil cannot keep back the incoming tides of saving grace." Does this not answer the question?

Houghton's Special Meetings this year were conducted by Rev. J. R. Babcock, Conference President, who was with us two weeks, Feb. 9 to 20. The truth was given in a clear, practical way and some precious souls sought God for pardon and purity. As these walk in the light and let God bless them Eternity alone will tell the full fruitage of this meeting.

But our hearts are saddened as we see those whose faces show the unhappiness and dissatisfaction within, rejecting Jesus and thus keeping their hearts closed to their only hope of true happiness here and Heaven hereafter. A few years ago a Houghton Student knelt at the altar, "but the next morning," she wrote, "the old world looked too good to give up and you know the rest." That poor girl not long after went out into Eternity. "What shall it profit a man if he

gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Fellow student, fellow citizen, reader, let us use the very best of common sense and ask ourselves candidly, "Whither am I tending?"

Shall we not seek to make every church service and prayer meeting a special service for the Salvation of Souls? The present need is so great! I Tim 4:12.

Marion Whitney

STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONFERENCE

Most of the readers of the Houghton Star understand the meaning of the Student Volunteer Movement. For those who do not I will try to explain it. It is an organization of the college students all over the United States who have dedicated their lives to foreign mission work. Each state has a separate organization and these are all united to form the national association. The New York State Conference of the Student Volunteer Union was held this year in Albany, February the twenty-first to the twenty third. It was our privilege to have eight delegates at the conference. Incidentally it might be well to say that the delegates are not necessarily volunteers.

Some of us who attended the conference felt that it marked the beginning of a more spiritual epoch in our lives. In that conference we sat under the appeals of missionaries and of natives from many different parts of our globe. "Come over and help us! We are crying for the light. It is not fair for you who have so long had the gospel to refuse to share it with us." How our hearts throbbed when the vision of the world need was opened up before us. No longer can we view the work of God as a narrow field. There is a place for every one and for every talent we possess.

A special appeal was made to the soldiers in camps in this country who had been downhearted because they could not go across. "You may still go across the waters and battle for Liberty. There is a battle front where the need is as great as it ever was in France. Some have gone over the top. Others are now going over. Don't stand and look on. Come over and help us."

Miss Huie, a Chinese girl, told us, "China needs education, she needs medicine, she needs social development. Yes, she needs all these but the most desperate need, the thing China is calling for most loudly is the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ. If she does not have this, all the rest will only increase her sad need." Many doctors are needed in China. This would be a good field for some of our young people who are anticipating the study of medicine. Dr. Carl-

ton who has been in China thirty years, said that they had been most happy and satisfying years and she would not wish to exchange that life for any other.

Russia was presented to us as a needy mission field. We do not generally think of it as such but it is a fact that this is the time when Russia needs evangelization. Heretofore the people have been forced to believe according to the dictates of the government. Now that they have escaped from the yoke of bondage it is necessary that they should be taught concerning the freedom and liberty to be found alone in Jesus.

We might write on indefinitely but time and space must be considered. We do wish that our readers might have received inspiration like to that we have received. We have determined that the vision shall not have come in vain, that we shall live close to God by His grace and do all in our power to carry His message to the ends of the earth. Will you not help us? Have you heard the Macedonian call, "Come over and help us." God is saying, "If you have no square excuse for not going, I want you!" Shall we listen to His call? If you cannot go in person you can send others, you can send your money and your prayers. Let us all keep on our faces before God praying that he may use us just where He sees fit.

Hear the call -- 'tis ringing out
On the self-denial route!
You may have a name immortal
If the cross you shoulder here,
In God's plan of world redemption
Find your place if far or near.

AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY.

Arrangements have recently been made with Miss Master, manager of the County Home Bureau, to come to Houghton on the third Wednesday of each month. She will give a course in food selection and meal planning and preparation. All the house-keepers and young women of the town and school are invited to attend these lectures and demonstrations, which are furnished gratis by the state.

The lecture February twenty-fifth was on "The Nourishment of the Body." The next three lectures will deal respectively with cereal cooking and breakfast menus, meat cooking and dinner menus, vegetable cooking and supper menus. Miss Master hopes in the last lecture, to give some information about milk and to do some demonstrating.

This course is something that no woman or girl can afford to miss and it is hoped that three-thirty

March nineteenth will find the majority of Houghton's women in the Seminary reception room. Miss Master requests that all students desiring the bulletins and mimeographed sheets distributed at these lectures leave their names with Miss Kelly. DO IT NOW!

FACTS CONCERNING THE PIANO

\$270 in cash and pledges have been received.

A piano of a standard make costs at least \$660.

The student body subscribed over \$40.

We thank you, students.

The time for paying of pledges has been extended until March 15.

Send in your card or money (if you haven't already) as soon as possible:

Khaki News

DELL MORRIS TELLS OF CURTIS ROGERS' DEATH

As you perhaps know, "Curt's" tank corps, the 27th and 30th divisions, were the only Americans in the Somme sector. I happened to meet "Curt" at the beginning of our operations against the Hindenburg system. It was on our first drive. "Curt" was on a detail bringing up tanks. That day I was moved causing me to lose track of him thru the fighting system proper. He was often near us but we were on a rush job on light railway so I could not see him. Then we moved up for the drive across the Selle river and billeted in a village called Busigny.

On the 16th of October the boys were told to get ready to go over in the morning. My detail was told to be ready to move up at any moment. It was at this time that I met Roger's Sergeant. He was all in. His canteen was riddled with machine gun fire and he had one ball in his back but would not go to the hospital because he felt bound to report at Headquarters. He told me that the tank was hit three times and after getting out they found no shell holes to get into. Rogers, he said, was true blue. He could not use the lower part of his body so he laid on his stomach, and with a gun in each hand tried to shield the sergeant who tried to get some prisoners to assist the wounded. That was the last I heard of him. We moved in and built some bridges and then followed the battle of Jone de Mer Ridge.

Wag. Dell C. Morris,
Co. 102, U S. E.
A. P. O. Am. E. F.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Editorial

MANLINESS

Persistence is one of the most salient characteristics that distinguish a great man from the common proletarian. If one has decided that he will be great let him forever ignore that part of society which offers merely dazzling and showy considerations for whoever accepts such compensation will, upon inspection, find shallowness and unrest. Let him not attempt to reconcile his conduct and manners of living with the customs and whims of an unreflective world.

If one has seen a brother fall by the way and he feels it his duty to help the one in need, may he do it, even if some good people should become suddenly shocked. Every one should be true to his own act and should even congratulate himself if he has done something strange which has broken "the monotony of a decorous age."

A great man sees in a moment what other men see after long study. He gives expression to truths with comparative ease while meaner minds scarce ever feel the import of the truths being announced. The great man by his actions and manners solves questions which are too profound to be asked. Why do not we of Houghton, not only aspire to be great, but actually put a practical coloring to our ambitions?

HOW ABOUT IT?

Are we free or are we not, that is the question. To be sure there is an instinctive feeling of freedom yet the reasons, when we try to look into them, do not appear so obvious as the tacit recognition. What do different theories have to offer?

The will is determined when under some influence it does some particular thing. It is an effect which, of course, is the result of adequate cause. It is supposed that the strongest motive always influences the will. 'This motive must be an inducement which is completely perceived in the mind, for an essence that is out of the mind has no ability to affect it.

The necessitarians assume that the motive or excitement has an advantage before the effect is produced and this previous tendency they denominate as "the strength of the motive." One intuitively perceives that the motive with the least advantage would necessarily be the weaker and the one with the greatest advantage would be the stronger motive.

Now the volitions or choices are elected in consequence of their apparent goodness, which appears to the mind as the most pleasing thing or the most agreeable solicitation. If these choices elect objects according to their goodness, then the will invariably acts along the line in which lies the greatest apparent good, and the immediate motive is the one that determines the action. If this theory be accepted then indeed we are not, as we so often vaunt ourselves to be, free moral agents. But all minds do not see things in the same mould, thus there is another side.

The Free-Will advocates believe that motives are measured by capacity. Human experience amply shows that the opposite motive is often resisted or that the will has the undeniable power of contrary choice. A boy placed upon shipboard was told by his father not to leave his post of duty. The ship was on fire and as the flames drew nearer they began to play upon his face, yet in the midst of this excruciating pain and altho he perished, he remained true to his stand. He withstood the most intense and powerful motive that could be brought "to bear upon the human Will." He chose to follow the weaker motive. Now as usual the necessitarian is on hand and says, "Yes, but the inferior motive was to the mind at that time the greatest good or the strongest motive." This is the usual necessitarian dodge. To this we reply, "Meliora video, proboque deterior sequor." Even if Horace, who wrote these lines, volitionally chose the worst, he prevolitionally preferred the better. If we meet the issue squarely and say we are not governed by any plan but meet the ever present with a will to overcome,

then we are free. If we cannot foresee into the future those things which have never been perceived, and which at the same time are simple, then we are free to act.

As time rolls us on and we meet every difficulty freely because there is no plan by which we have to go, no past groupings projected into the future, nothing that would bind us either past or future but to the present. Are we free or are we not?

PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST IN INDUSTRIAL ECONOMICS

The National Industrial Conference Board Offers
A Prize of One Thousand Dollars
For the best monograph on any one of the following subjects:

1 A practical plan for representation of workers in determining conditions of work and for prevention of industrial disputes.

2 The major cases of unemployment and how to minimize them.

3 How can efficiency of workers be so increased as to make high wage rates economically practical.

4 Should the State interfere in the determination of wage rates?

5 Should rates of wages be definitely based on the cost of living?

6 How can present systems of wage payments be so perfected and supplemented as to be most conducive to individual efficiency and to the contentment of workers?

7 The closed union shop versus the open shop: their social and economic value compared.

8 Should trade union and employers' associations be made legally responsible?

The contest is open without restriction to all persons except those who are members of or identified with the National Industrial Conference Board.

Contestants are not limited to papers of any length, but they should not be unduly expanded. Especial weight will be given to skill in exposition.

The copyright of the prize manuscript, with all publication rights, will be vested in the National Industrial Conference Board.

Each competitor should sign his manuscript with an assumed name, sending his true name and address in a sealed envelope superscribed with his assumed name. No manuscript will be accepted the real authorship of which is disclosed when the manuscript is received by the Board, nor any which has been previously published in any way.

Manuscripts, to be considered in the contest, must be mailed on or before July 1, 1919, to the National Industrial Conference Board, 15 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, marked "For Prize Essay Contest in Industrial Economics."

The right to reject any and all manuscripts is reserved. The Board may, however, award honorable mention to several manuscripts and arrange for their publication in full or in part, at compensation to be agreed upon between the Board and the authors.

National Industrial Conference Board.

By Magnus W. Alexander,
Managing Director.

Boston, 15 Beacon St.
February 8, 1919.

Alumni Notes

Hail every Alumnus who has named the name of Houghton, and especially you of the class of '17, your valedictorian of the "Pink and Green" is about to speak. From her address at 175 North Clinton St., Rochester, N. Y. she writes as follow.

Dear Alumni Readers---

Greetings! One of your number calls you for a chat of good old Houghton days, of the school and its people, its faculty and even its rules.

Let me tell you briefly what I have been doing this winter. I have a good position in a Bank at Rochester, N. Y. and I like my work very much. It is always exacting, and at times strenuous, especially at the first of each month but I am so interested that I do not mind the long hours or the balances that are sometimes difficult. I operate a Book-Keeping machine.

I find the pastor and the people of the First M. E. Church very cordial and I have won a place for myself there, in church and in Sunday School.

Every fifth Sunday I teach a Class of youngsters at Iola Sanitarium, and I love them every one. The other Sundays I often visit some hospital or country institution to cheer whomever I may. With more than 100 other girls I am living at Strong Hall under the care of a wonderful house mother and her very efficient helpers. Strong Hall is under the supervision of the Y. W. C. A.

I have "Gym" work and Bible Study in the Y. W. C. A. administration building one evening per week, and I am taking an eight weeks course in Recreation Training, supervised by a National leader in that work.

Busy, happy, healthy, able to eat well, sleep well

laugh well, surrounded by friends, at work with congenial people, what more could I ask?

Sincerely,

Vivian E. Sanders. Prep' 17.

The "Star" is more than glad that the censorship regulations have been released, and that we will be able to get a great deal more news from our Soldier Boys who are either in the Service at present or recently returned. A message that may well be to the Houghton people comes from the pen of one dated at Souilly, France, at Yuletide.

"A Happy New Year! Ring the bells loud and long again and again! Get the horns and the drums, the fiddles, cornets and cellos. Celebrate and then celebrate again and again. Make the hills ring and the mountains resound! For Peace and Joy have come once more to earth. Give praises to the Prince of Peace for His kingdom is reestablished in the world.

The world has never seen such a New Year as this. And yet to one "over here" on the recent battle field where the dominion of the Hun was broken, we find no appreciable change in our surroundings, only instead of operating telephone and telegraph stations we're taking up telephone lines. We are at Souilly, where we moved shortly after the beginning of the American drive west of the Meuse.

The 319th are Army troops of the First Army, and maintained communication systems between Headquarters and various locations of the Signal Corps. Our regular work began in the Chateau-Thierry drive when the First Army was organized. On that front we were located near La Ferte and worked between there and Chateau Thierry. During the St. Mihiel drive we were located at Toul. We could watch the flashes of the big guns as they fired on Mt. Sec. Have you any idea of the amount of wire used at the front? In the area from Verdun west thru the Argonne and from Souilly north to Sedon and Meziere there is said to be 10,000 miles of wire. Our organization has been salvaging wire at the rate of 150 miles a day.

The other day the Commanding Officer sent me on a trip thru the "north country." I surely saw some of the real battlefield ruins -- it is impossible to describe them, at least to do so in a way that Americans could understand. Yet the transformation of the people of France is marvelous, and well worth every sacrifice the world has made for it.

Corp. Clark Warburton.

Co. C. 319 Field Signal Bn.

Am. Exped. Forces.

Ray Russel sends a congenial "Hello, Houghton, I'm enjoying my work. Good Luck and Best Wishes

to all of you!" Ray is at the Nation's capital, doing statistical work in the Quartermaster's section of the War Dep't. He writes that the city is beautiful and well worth seeing. So much, and good luck to Ray.

We receive a brief note to the Alumni Dept. from Robert Chamberlin. He writes: "I was called to camp, but did not get a chance to go because of the armistice. Tell Houghton I haven't forgotten her nor have I forgotten that I have the honor of being an Alumnus of a school that stands for things worth while. Her glory and honor lives for God-- and such a life I mean to be. The times change. We are not our own-- but our lives are possessed by One Above. Let us not think, speak, or act except as He wills. Two stupendous conflicts are ended at last. Still mankind is not perfect---will not be until the day when the New Jerusalem, prepared in glorious array, comes down to Earth."

We will welcome whatever literary material Robert Chamberlin has for the "Star," as the Alumni are glad to hear from him, and welcome anything from his pen he chooses to favor us with.

Alumni Folks, let us keep the fires of memory burning in our hearts for Houghton. And let that favor touch our pens in a letter to:-

Alumni Dep't of Houghton Star,
Spring Creek, Penn'a.

Locals

The Student Volunteer Convention of the state of New York, an organization of the colleges, met in Albany, New York, the 21, 22, 23 of February. Houghton delegation consisted of Rev. Charles Sicard, Alice Hampe, Zola Kitterman, Beulah Williams, Miss Hillpot, Mrs. Hester, and Mr. Visser.

Mr. C. A. Robinson and Mrs. Geo. Carson are visiting Mrs. Whitney on College Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Bullock Sr. are spending a week with their son, Harry, having just returned from the South.

Rev. Adam Shea has returned home after having toured Indiana and Illinois.

Rev. John Anderson has returned from Buffalo where he has been holding evangelistic services for some time.

Henry Barnett of College Hill is at Lockport.

Mrs. Alfred Parker has resigned from the position in the Post Office and is succeeded by Anna Houghton.

U. L. A. met the 24th of February, for its semi-annual election of officers. The officers for the ensuing year are: President, J. S. Luckey; Vice-President, Paul Billheimer; Secretary, Bessie Fancher; Treasurer, Fred Warburton; Advertising Manager, John Wilcox.

Prof. H. R. Smith, of the English Department, is at a big Bee Convention at Cornell University. Dean of Women, Kelly, has been supplying in his advanced English classes.

Miss Winifred Fero has been home the past week on account of illness.

Miss Belle Moses, instructor in the Science Department, has been ill the past two weeks, but was sufficiently recovered as to be at school Thursday and Friday.

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Snappy Smiles

Worst Scandal of Season at Dorm.

(Zola Kitterman falls into Red's arms, by mistake of course.)

(Red runs to Miss Grange.) Red— "Oh, Miss Grange, this is awful."

Miss Grange— "What is it, sonny?"

Red Graves— "Why, all of these girls are trying to kiss me, and I am so bashful."

Miss Grange— "Oh well, never mind. When anything like that happens again you come to me and then I will be able to help you along this line."

Mary gives her pie to Mr. Northrup.

Miss Grange— "The way to a man's heart is thru his stomach."

Mary— "Oh, I didn't mean it that way. Anyway, Mr. Northrup, you're old enough to be my father."

Bev— "When are you going to leave school, Beulah?"

Beulah— "Perhaps next June."

Bev, disgustedly— "Oh! not before that?"

Northrup— "Hey! Hey, Bascom, do Fishes have hearts?"

Bascom, with his Yankee spirit— "Do Woodbridges?"

Mrs. Shultz to Lina— "Is this your book?"

Lina— "Yes."

Mrs. Shultz, turning to flyleaf— "Why, how's this?"

What she was on flyleaf, "John Bruce."

Gratia Bullock— "Oh we had the best dinner today!"

Red Graves— "What did you have?"

Gratia— "Company."

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it "home,"

A heap o' sun an' shade, an' yer sometimes hev t' roam

Afore ye realy 'preciate the thing ye lef' behin'

An' hunger for 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer mind.

It don't make any differunce how rich yer git to be,

How much yer chairs and tables cost how great your luxury.

It ain't "home" to yer, tho' it be the palast of a king

Until, somehow, yer soul is sort o' wrapt roun' everything!

—Anon.