

The Houghton Star.

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THOU ART LOVE

Leona Katheryn Head

Creator, Sovereign, Triune Life in One,
Whom cherubim and seraphim adore
In reverence as sacred as the sense
Of awe and splendor 'round thy holy throne—
King of the universe in light enshrined,
Justice and judgment, right and equity
Are Thine, in Thee and thru Thee radiate
To all that subject to Thee is, and knows
Naught but the lesser and the finite sphere
Of knowledge and of wisdom in a cloak
Of comprehension fit for mortal minds,
King of the brightness of eternal light—
For Thou art Light and night can only be
A vague miscomprehension of Thyself.
Methinks there comes an answer from the winds.
A challenge from the whirlwind as of yore:
"Ah where were mortals when from chaos void,
The earth was formed, its cornerstone was laid,
When morning stars their adoration sang
To praise the great 'I am' in majesty?
Who shut the sea with doors and set the seal:
'Hence shalt thou come and hitherto thy bounds
Are fixed, the limit of thy proud waves stayed?'
And who hath known the 'hunder's awful voice,
The trackless path of lightning thru the air?
Yea who hath entered in the treasure depths
Of snow and hail—and by whose strength were loosed
Orion's bands and Pleiades' sweet spell
Or Heaven's own dominion set on earth?"
Awe stricken none can answer thee with words
Of supplication, as the attitude
Of man before thy glory must become,
But can but cry in accents of the soul;
"Thou Everlasting Maker, All Supreme,
Lo all but Thee is earthly, humble clay
Of Thy creation, destined to thy will."
Yet thou art Love and unto fallen man
Thou gavest in the language of that Love
Thy all for Thy creation, to redeem
And purify the sinfulness and blight
Of man's transgression in its complex phase,
Both actual and inborn and unknown.
Yea, Thou art Love, the Love that permeates
The heart transformed, the life restored again
To Thy divine approval, to Thy smile
Upon the path of progress unto Thee.
And in Thy Love thou gavest man the way,
The means of access to thy sovereignty—
A Mediator, Christ Thy only Son
The Saviour and Redeemer of mankind.
Lo Thou art Love and for Thy heart of love
Humanity to laud and magnify
Bows at Thy feet to own Thee Lord and King.
Unvarying the Star, the soul's Ideal:
Omnipotent and changeless; thou art God.

IN MEMORIUM

Howard J. Barnett, age twenty-one, died in the city of Akron, Oct. 4, '17, following a severe sickness of typhoid fever. His father and mother went to him as soon as they received notice, and later Clarence went but they were only slightly recognized.

The funeral was held the following Monday at Lockport, N. Y. After a short service at the home of his brother, Wallace Barnett, the ceremonies were resumed at the Wesleyan Methodist church. Mrs. Whitney and daughter of Houghton sang very effectively, "Home of the Soul" and "I want to Go There, Don't You." Rev. Mattoon, pastor of the church, offered prayer. The sermon was preached by Rev. Shea of Houghton. Enlarging upon the text, "Here we have no continuing city," he spoke tenderly of the departed one. Among other things, he repeated what he had heard and also knew, "Howard had no enemies; every one loved him." He was glad, he said, that the last time he saw him it was when he looked into his face at the penitent form at Houghton campmeeting this year.

Here seems to be the proper place to weave in the testimony of Mr. Barnett. Howard was converted at nine years of age, joining the Wesleyan church of which he was always a member. But he wandered from the fold. At different times he was awakened. At the death of his brother Glenn less than two years ago, he became serious. Shortly after this his father told him that his unconverted state was becoming a reflection upon the father, to which Howard replied, "Father, you are not to blame." The Spirit moved the words of exhortation and drove them home, father and son being moved to tears. But how deceitful is the Enemy of Souls, and thus when Howard was taken sick last winter, he was still unprepared. He was away from home. No doctor or minister was present. He needed immediate help and no one to pray but himself. He did pray and relief came. At once he began making things right and at camp this year he was led to the altar by Clarence, who in a vision the night before saw Howard upon the edge of a precipice. Not fully satisfied he went back to Akron, still a seeker. In a letter to a friend at this time he expressed his intention to lead a new life. He had not been there a week before sickness crept upon him. Here

again God's hand enters. Rev. and Mrs. McLeister, pastors in the city who became interested in him at camp, wrote to his parents for his address. This was promptly given and upon its arrival they went directly to him to find him already quite sick and that contrary to his own wishes his parents had not been summoned. Howard was in tears and when Rev. McLeister prayed, without urging he prayed for himself.

Coming back to the sermon, Rev. Shea related that the prayer was, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." As he never resisted the truth but, like most of us, was slow to grasp it, we firmly believe that according to His Unchanging Word, God answered that heart cry. Then Rev. Shea, after speaking words of comfort to the relatives, said for the benefit of the young people who came from Houghton, that if Howard could speak from the eternal world his message would warn us of the uncertainty and shortness of life and encourage us to live the holy aggressive life for Christ. We will not soon forget the words of Brother Shea. At the time it melted our hearts and our tears only evidenced the desire to renew the friendship so suddenly severed, where sickness, sorrow, death and parting never come.

Howard is gone; it is difficult to realize it; we miss him. With his optimism, good cheer and warm heart, he won a place in our affection. As we were gathered at the house before the funeral, someone remarked, "I wish Howard were here." The circle was not quite complete.

In conclusion just a personal word. While I never had dreams come true, nor dreamed of death, I feel honored by the close relationship suggested by the fact that upon the night of Howard's death, I dreamed that my own youngest brother had died. The last time I saw him, the morning he left for Akron, Clarence and I sang with him, "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand" and "I Am Going to Heaven in the Good Old-fashioned Way." How little did we realize the first! How true the second! When I heard that part of the song, "With a song on our lips," which was sung at the funeral, I thought "how appropriate," for when I see Howard again I expect to hear, even above the angel choirs, his rich tenor voice raised in the songs he loved to sing and in the songs he has since learned to sing in the praise of our Saviour who doeth all things well.

Earl Barrett

MOTHER

Francis Markell

Figuratively speaking, mother is the morning and evening star of life. Her watchful eye is the first to behold, and the last to be withdrawn from the cares and trials of the household. Her influence for good is more decisive and far reaching than the decisions of a supreme court. Numerous instances might be given where mother's conduct has moulded for God, for truth, and for righteousness, the lives of those to whom she has given birth. Where God's law might have been brok-

en, a mother's love and influence has been stronger than all the subtle forces of evil, therefore she has held the heart strings of the would-be wayward son or daughter, and has led them on to a life of truth and virtue.

Mother's love and tenderness are surpassed, only, by the love and tenderness of God. Her influence is not exceeded by the popular influence of any earthly potentate. The bursting forth of a rose-bud into full gloom is indeed very enchanting. The young maiden, in the pink of health, with her active, sprightly step, possesses a charm that is hard to resist. She may be led forward to the altar a handsome bride, bedecked with silks and jewels rare. She may awaken interest and win the admiration of all, yet mother's attractiveness is infinitely more sublime. Heaven has bequeathed to her charms of love and tenderness that are not of this earth, earthy. They have their source in the infinite heart of God, and "God is love." No sacrifice is too great, no suffering is too intense, if only the object of her affection is shielded from error and disappointment. Fathers may forsake their sons, brothers and sisters lose respect for each other, yet mother's love remains ever the same.

On one occasion a wayward son had broken the law, therefore he stood a criminal at the bar of justice. His father refused to assist him in his defence because he had been guilty of corrupting the family name. His brothers and sisters held aloof on account of the reproach he had brought upon them. But his mother, true to her nature, secured a seat in the court room as near to him as possible. She bore the reproach as well as the intent gaze of curious eyes during the trial. When the verdict, guilty, was pronounced, she sprang forward, threw her arms around him, and, with a heart affectionate and loving, still owned him as her son and showed her ceaseless interest in his welfare.

Mother—mother. How dear the name. What fond remembrances flood our memory and cause our souls to respond to the ecstatic sound. Our hearts must cease to beat ere the benign influence of that name shall have been forgotten. It is engrained in the very warp and woof of our being. Our infant lips repeat it over, "Mother—mother." In manhood we will not forsake it. In old age we will reverence and honor it. He who turns from it with words of sarcasm and of reproach is not a man, but a monster, worthy of the lash as well as the ostracism of society. May his kind be few, his name perish, and his memory decay.

Can we find a substitute for mother's love? By no means. The deep heart yearnings of the bereaved

answer, "No." The unsatisfied, wandering affections of those who have been separated from her care answer, "No, no." Our ability to discern between true maternal love, and that vainly bestowed by one who endeavors to fill mother's place answers, "No, no, no." We discern between true and false affection just as clearly as we discern between a living man and a lifeless statue. As clearly as we discern between the affectionate, smiling face of her who gave us birth, and the face of one to whom we are total strangers.

There is a vital and an endearing tenderness in love of a mother for her son, that relegates to the background all other affections of the heart. It remains unchilled by selfishness, and undaunted by the approach of danger. It is not weakened by his apparent unworthiness, nor is it stifled by seeming ingratitude. It flows on as ceaseless as the rolling tide, overcoming every barrier and rising higher as necessity demands. No sacrifice is too great. She will willingly surrender any pleasure for his benefit, rejoice in his successes, and offer a prayer of thanksgiving if he become famous. Through misfortune she will comfort him, through disgrace she will love and cherish his memory. If the world forsake and cast him off, she will still be more than all the world to him.

We cannot discount the influence that mother exerts over the lives of her children. They may, for a time, forget her teaching and prayers, become careless and wander into the paths of evil. They may prove ungrateful and impenitent for a season, yet the roughest and the most hardened wanderer, during his lonely hours, will be touched upon the remembrance of her name, and bless the being who gave him an existence. Many reckless sinners, even though hardened by the evil influences that surrounded them, have been convicted upon remembering the character and the prayers of a virtuous mother as well as the purity of her love. They have pondered the paths of their feet, renounced the evil of their ways, become truly penitent, and returned to mother and to mother's God.

How often have we heard of a mother struggling with poverty yet withstanding every misfortune, in order that her children might some day find a place among the world of men. The example she has set, and the courage she has manifested during these times, has borne fruit in the life of her son, and he has faced the perplexities of life with the determination that what mother has done for him, shall be repaid in part by the assistance and comfort that he will render her in her old age. He is awake to her honor and standing in the world, therefore he stands forth the champion of her rights, as well as her protector and com-

forter.

The more we reflect, the more are we conscious of the fact that a mother's love, patience, courage and influence bear fruit that is enduring. It is the reflection of the more perfect Being from whom it emanates.

A mother may sometimes control a son's whole nature. A word of counsel, a little encouragement, a gentle reproof when such was needed, an exhortation to deal wisely, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God, and the destiny of an individual has been so guided that later in life he may, like Lincoln, guide the destiny of a nation. Mother's smiles, mother's words, mother's counsels have been an inspiring force, therefore a nation may be blessed and benefited thereby.

Indeed, the more we study the subject, the more we brood over the scene, the deeper becomes the conviction that no influence is more lasting, more far reaching, or of such wide extent. How essential therefore, that we treasure her memory and her sacred affection, as well as honor and respect her for her own true worth.

No doubt the saddest thing that can be said of a child is that he is motherless—she has died. It is the sum total of all earthly sorrows and resounds as a voice from the sepulchre filling our hearts with sadness and bloom. Deprived of earth's greatest blessing, the affectionate counsel and benign influence of a mother's life. Left motherless, he is the subject of many temptations, in addition to his being a prey to a thousand and one misfortunes from which a devout mother would have shielded him without the affected superiority of a guardian or a friend.

We are sometimes unmindful of mother's sacrifices, mother's love, mother's tears, mother's sorrows. Burdens are sometimes thrust upon her which we might have borne. How heedless we sometimes are of her anxiety and cares. But when she has departed, leaving us to tread life's rugged pathway without her assistance, it is then we fully learn to appreciate mother's worth, it is then we wring our hands in sorrow because we have not been more considerate, loving, and just.

While we have time and opportunity should we not love, honor, and respect the best of earthly friends, appreciate her love and faithfulness, save her as much sorrow and anxiety as possible, then after the brittle thread of life has been snapped asunder and mother has passed beyond this vale of tears, permit her prayers and the influence she shed around us in our youth to ever keep us from polluting our lives with the accursed things that are ruining men's souls.

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Editorial

SEMPER ASCENDENS

The ideals of Houghton Seminary must stand tho "the elements melt with fervent heat." Indeed, if it were not for the existence of these principles, which have so long characterized us as a school, there would be no Houghton. In a word, our sole claim for existence is that we may give expression to the highest and noblest in life. When these, therefore, cease to be manifested in the lives of the students, obviously the mission of the institution in this world is at an end. When Houghton fails in not sufficiently impressing her children to that extent, her life is dwarfed and decay is inevitable.

In which direction will the proclivity be? It is for us to decide. It is ours to press the fight unceasingly. If, therefore, so momentous a problem stares at us squarely, what will be our attitude? Shall we lose all sense of proportionate values, and permit that which has been gained by toil, weariness, sacrifice and death to slip consciously from our grasp?

The founders of our school have fought thru tears and prayers, have heralded their convictions from east to west, and have given their last ounce of strength for the promotion of their profoundest beliefs. What a heritage to posterity! Shall we suffer the standard to be lowered, having been purchased at so costly a

price? No, forever no! But rather will we unfurl to the world the identical principles of our fathers. We will lift with more vigor, and in the end, will leave unimpaired for posterity, the legacy so prayerfully bequeathed to us.

G. B. S.

ATTENTION!!

From out these very halls have gone boys who are now in training camps, far beyond the circle of our immediate association. Yet, they are nearer to us than we are to ourselves, for we count it an honor unique to give them more consideration and thot, than we do these at home, because of their peculiar position.

These fellows must not lack or suffer because of any service we might fail to render. Negligence would be criminal. The magnanimous spirit which they manifest is worthy of all we can possibly do here to make camp-life bright, wholesome and exhilarating. Let us then, deluge them with news from their Alma Mater.

We sincerely pray that each moment of the hour, each hour of the day, may be replete with a charm that will "glide into their darker musings with a mild and healing sympathy that will steal away their sadness e'er they are aware of it." So if we do our part here, and we will, we may confidently expect that comfort will attend them. Ours it is to write letters and cards, to pray God's blessing upon them. Theirs it is to prove true men of America, ours to prove true to them.

G. B. S.

Students' Philosophy

[We introduce this department to give the students opportunity for friendly rivalry in the ludicrous, or to express their thots on interesting current phases of life or items of school interest. Ed.]

As a school we are patriotic. The other day in stndent body meeting, the question of our not having a flag flying on the campus was mentioned. The idea of doing something about it was greeted with enthusiasm, but it was thought by many that the faculty ought to have the honor of furnishing and maintaining the flag. The willingness of the students to do their part was shown in that they elected a committee to put up and take care of the flag and another to furnish a flag. We students want to display our patriotism.

No doubt Houghton is the best place in the world. In fact, it is fairly socialistic in spirit. Many persons, even among the younger students, believe in

having everything in common. How fine it would be if this feeling were only universal! All bicycles, for instance, would become common property and everyone would feel free to use them at will. Since this feeling is so prevalent already, we believe it should be universally adopted. But until such a system is inaugurated by the vote of the populace, we would be very glad if persons of this communistic disposition would kindly let us know where the borrowed articles may be found.

The helpful spirit and comradeship manifested by the old students toward those who are now passing thru their first weeks in Houghton seems worthy of mention. These students, instead of being treated with condescension and disdain as inferior creatures, as is done in some schools, are considered equals and are made to feel at home. In many places the new students are imposed upon, and their ignorance of customs and rules is unkindly taken advantage of, but this is an unknown procedure in Houghton. On the whole, a Freshman could scarcely wish for better treatment than is given here.

It seems that we college students are getting along very slowly in our studies this year. The term is nearly a quarter gone already and the time has flown so fast that it seems as tho we were hardly well started. Some of us feel that our teachers don't push us fast enough that they dwell too long on one phase of the subject. I really haven't learned to concentrate upon my studies yet. What's wrong? Do our professors underestimate our ability or are we more stupid than we supposed?

Once upon a time several little boys ate in a big house with a number of little girls. One night before supper the little boys got gay in the big house, singing loud songs and pounding their small feet. As this was very rude to the little girls and to the kind ladies who took care of them, the little boys were no longer allowed to eat with the little girls. Now they have their meals of bread and water in the cellar until they get over being small rough necks. Let this be a warning to other boys—big and little.

PATRIOTISM IN HOUGHTON

While we are usually a peace loving school, nevertheless in this time of world wide war, we feel it to be not only our duty but indeed our privilege to "do our bit" for the country that means so much to each one of us. There are many ways in which we may do this but we are especially interested in helping our boys who at present are in camp receiving training in order that they may be able to represent us at the front.

The problem was discussed in a meeting of the student body called for that purpose. Mrs. Bowen appealed to us to show, in some way, our respect and admiration for the boys who far away from home and friends and exposed to all evils, are preparing to fight for us. It is true that these young men are obliged to enter the ranks but they do it cheerfully and without complaint. Surely we should be glad to do a little when they are giving not only what they possess, but that which is of infinitely greater value,—themselves.

The students immediately responded to the appeal and expressed their desire to do all in their power to cheer and encourage the soldier lads in their times of loneliness and temptation. It was decided to send all the magazines and papers that could be accumulated, to the Houghton boys now in camp. Another means of manifesting our interest is in the letters which are to be written. Though all are not personally acquainted with these boys, yet they could write newsy epistles which would be greatly appreciated. If they would be glad to receive these letters, how much more would they enjoy hearing from their friends.

Recognizing the fact that plans have a more satisfactory culmination if the work is systematized, the student body elected several committees to have charge of these matters. Furthermore, it was that best to divide the school into groups, each of which would be allotted a particular time, during which they would be responsible for writing letters, if the acquaintance warrants it, if not, cards, to our soldier boys.

The first committee, G. Beverly Shultz, chairman, and Elsie Hanford, is in direct control of the task of organizing the school into groups for the purpose of scattering the letters all along instead of having them all in a bunch. It is the duty of the second committee, of which Claude Ries is chairman, to correspond with the old students with regard to sharing the opportunity we have of brightening the camp life for some of our friends. The other members of this committee are Harold Lee and Lelia Coleman. The mission of the third committee is to collect magazines and literature of any kind that would be helpful and entertaining. The members of this committee are Carrie Coleman, Dorothy Peck and Lawrence Woods, chairman.

Although we do not flatter ourselves that, in consequence of our efforts, the life in camp will be all sunshine and smiles yet we do feel that perhaps sometime they will help to pull someone out of the blues or strengthen them to adhere to the principles, upon which Houghton is based. If this be so, we shall be amply rewarded.

B. W.

Professor McDowell in English, "Will Miss Darling answer the following?" A slight ripple of laughter. "Will Miss Darling please answer?" Audible giggles followed. Professor then apologized to Miss Deary for using her name so familiarly.

Miss Thurston gave her Musical History Class a snap quiz on "Early Christian Music."

Cherry evidently did a little bluffing for she wrote, "David composed the music besides writing the words for our Psalms."

Luckey, making a famous remark, "I feel silly but I'm too lazy to laugh."

Locals

The Trip to Lockport.

A few of the students and Professor Smith motored to Lockport to attend the funeral of their friend and classmate, Howard Barnett. We left Houghton at ten o'clock Sunday morning, the weather was fine but somewhat cold, and though it was an occasion for solemnity, we could not but enjoy the beauty of the country. Since we took the "longest way around" we did not reach Mr. Barnett's until 6 P. M. About 5:30 Monday afternoon we left for Buffalo on our return trip, and having been delayed for some time around Lockport, reached Buffalo at 8:45 P. M. Two of the girls of the party found the mother of one of our former students, Merton Davis, at the Y.W.C.A. and thru her learned that Mr. Davis was in the Sister's Hospital there; having received a serious cut on his foot. As most of the party knew Mr. Davis, we called on him before leaving the city. Since we came back by way of East Aurora, we stopped there and went through the Roycroft buildings. The rest of the trip was uneventful and we arrived at Houghton about 8: P. M.

M. S. W.

A meeting of the men's division of the Student Body was announced by President Luckey to be held in the studyroom. We gathered together expecting to hear from the Dean as we had at a similar meeting held a few days previously, but to our surprise, we were addressed by Mr. Lapham, president of the Boy's Athletic Association the last part of last year. He informed us that a meeting of that body was in session. After the discussion of a few minor subjects, such as who should pay for the window light broken by the football, officers for the first semester were elected. Mr. Woods was elected President; Mr. Ries, Vice-president; Mr. Meeker, Secretary; and Mr. Shultz, Treasurer. The regular committees—Baseball, Basketball, and miscellaneous were elected and the meeting adjourned.

Faculty Notes.

Silently, one by one, in the record-books of the teachers, blossom the little round zeros 0 0 0 D-, the forget-me-nots of the pupils.

Longfellow.

The new ruling that those who receive a grade below 60 or whose average is be-

low 65 shall forfeit all special privileges including "association", has reduced some of our young men to a state of sorrow. "Stug" however, maintains a defiant front.

Miss Elsie Hanford, besides being a college Junior and Assistant Librarian, teaches the Elementary Algebra and Plane Geometry classes.

Prof. H. H. Hester directs the activities of the Sunday School. The Loyal Sons are especially dear to him.

Mrs. Mary Hubbard-McDowell, as librarian, has under her suzerainty the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior preps during study hours. The little ones do quite well, considering their youth and verdancy.

Prof. Bowen has been conducting a series of studies on the earthworm. After dissecting and making a brief study of the inner portion of his worm, Meeker suggested that a quality of the lovely creature be gathered and sewed occasionally at the Dorm; hoping thereby to cut down the feed bill.

At the instigation of the Faculty it was decided that all should turn out Friday and harvest the campus "spuds." A precipitation of H₂O, however, made this impossible; and for that reason and due to the fact that Monsier Columbus sighted Guanahani Island on the morning of the 12th, we were granted a day of rest.

Prof. and Mrs. McDowell spent Saturday with their cousins, Misses Mabel and Ethel Acher, who are now living at Rushford.

Prof. J. J. Coleman held the quarterly conference on the Allegheny charge for Rev. Fero.

J. E. H.

School Notes

The students are thanking Christopher Columbus and Professor McDowell for a holiday to-day, October the twelfth. The day had been set for the boys to harvest the potato crop on the campus and for the girls to cook and serve the dinner at the Dorm. Of course with the prospect of such a day ahead, books were pushed aside the evening before. So it was a sad bunch of students that awoke to find it raining this morning. The students were soon made happy however when they learned that, thru the intervention of Professor McDowell, they would have Columbus Day as a holiday.

Mrs. Mann has been here visiting her husband this week.

A number of students who were classmates with Howard Barnett, went to Chestnut Ridge to attend his funeral.

Mr. LaVere, Mrs. Van Buskirk, Mrs. Hester, Lelia Coleman, Grace Steese and Myra Steese went to Rochester last week.

Miss Blanch Trafford was happily surprised Friday when her friend came to Houghton for a few days. He has been in the navy since last spring, and has a short furlough.

Ethel Kelly went to Rochester to visit her brother over Sunday.

Mrs. F. S. Lee is visiting her son Harold, on her way home from Cattaraugus.

Mr. Visser will spend the week end at Ithaca with Miss Rosa Crosby, who is in the hospital there.

Miss Grace Bremigen is in Canisteo, N. Y., visiting her sister, Nettie. Her father and mother from Potterbrook, Pa., are there also.

Miss Bernice Westaway's mother and sister visited her over Sunday.

L. J. C

Village Notes.

Mr. James Frost and Alfred Parker made a business trip to Wellsville Wednesday.

Rev. D. S. Bedford and family are visiting at the home of Mrs. Houser.

Robert Presley left for training camp in N. Carolina Wednesday of this week.

Mr. Leland McElhaney is visiting in town.

Mrs. Hester, Mrs. Steese and daughters, Myra and Grace, Mrs. Coleman and Lelia, Mrs. G. VanBuskirk, Mrs. Frank Lowe and Mrs. Anderson were among those who went to Rochester Thursday.

Howard Hopkins is working on the new hardware store at Fillmore, N. Y.

The Ladies of the Red Cross met at Mrs. P. B. Loftis's this week.

Two automobile loads of Houghton young people attended the funeral of Howard Barnett, at Lockport, Monday.

Mr. Earl Lynde has been visiting his brother, Roscoe Lynde.

Mr. James Frost left for Bradford, Tuesday.

Mrs. Lillian Burr spent several days this week with her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Fox, who is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. George Farwell have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. R. Lynde, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnett returned from Lockport Wednesday evening.

Rollin McMillan left for Ohio last week and is now working in Cleveland.

Miss Lulu Benning of the class '17, is visiting her sister here. She is teaching at Knapp's Creek, N. Y., this year.

Mr. Crosby and his daughter, Rosa, and Miss Gratia Bullock went to Ithaca recently. Miss Crosby is in the hospital there.

M. G. M.

Organizations

We believe our readers would like to know the officers of our splendid missionary band. Indeed the band is starting the year with an aggressive spirit and a

healthy missionary atmosphere. Our officers are as follows: President, Gerritt Visser; Vice President, Paul LeVere; Secretary, Lelia Coleman; Treasurer, George Laug.

Active steps were taken towards an active Student Volunteer Band. We miss the stirring chapel appeals of our missionary filled Professor James Elliott. We trust he is not keeping all his missionary spirit bottled up where he is now located.

I shall give the numbers on the program and then proceed with a quotation from one of them which perhaps may be of more interest to our readers. Miss Rank read us a paper on the "Faith and Ritual of Islam," in which we learned many facts hitherto unknown to us. "Ethics of Islam" was treated by Dorothy Peck. A quartette consisting of Messrs. Mann and J. Hester and Misses Sicard and C. Coleman beautifully rendered a missionary song. Warren Jones' paper on the "Division, Disintegration and Reform of Islam" was interesting as well as enlightening.

We quote from the first paper read, "The Koran is smaller than the New Testament and has one-hundred and fourteen chapters having the titles borrowed from some word or phrase in the chapter, as the Cow, the Bee, the Ant, Smoke, etc. The book has no chronological order, but is a mass of jumbled laws, legends, prayers and imprecation. It has numerous historical errors, it perpetuates slavery, polygamy, divorce, religious intolerance."

"Mohammed himself is considered to have existed before Creation, to have been perfectly sinless, and was the model of piety. The evil in his life is believed to have been permitted or commanded by God and is a sign of his superiority. He dwells in the highest heaven and is several degrees above Jesus."

C. A. R.

At the Athenian Army and Navy Number

The Athenian Society held its second meeting of this semester on the evening of October 1st. The officers for this semester having been elected on September 17th., Ira Bowen presided and Almeda Hall filled her place as secretary. The program for the evening was an "Army and Navy Number." The society opened by singing a patriotic air, after which Clark Warburton in the capacity of chaplain read some very interesting passages from the Bible touching upon the question of war. After finishing the formal duties

**We Have
The Largest Stock
of
General
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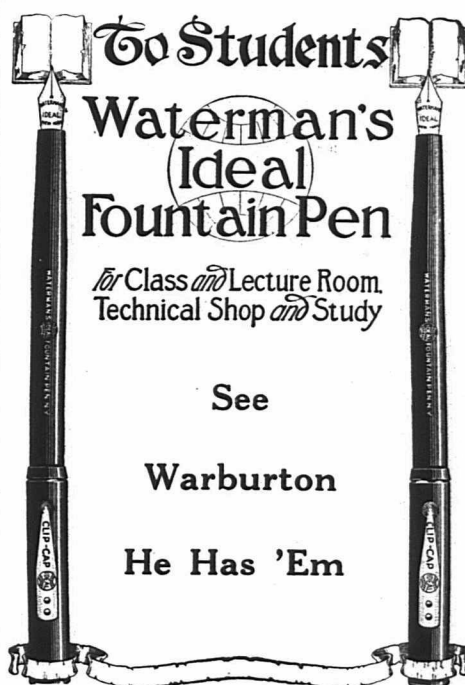
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of the chaplain, Mr. Warburton as the first member on the program explained completely "Our Draft System." The second number on the program was given by George Laug on "The Training Camps." His talk gave everyone present at the meeting a good idea of the number and location of our training camps. Carrie Coleman then sang a solo "Keep the Home Fires Burning." The sentiments of the song being perfectly in keeping with the spirit of the meeting, it added a great deal to the interest of the program. The fourth number "Our Navy" was given by Warren Jones. "Aviation," the last subject, was discussed by Harold Luckey. Mr. Luckey told many interesting things about the subject. After singing "The Star Spangled Banner" the society was dismissed.

W. H. J.

Neosophic Notes

The autumn days are bringing some of nature's richest gifts. With the opening of the school year we find not only the joy of mingling together in the beautiful "out of doors," but also in the weekly meetings of the Neosophic Society.

We are glad to welcome into service the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Miss McMillan; Vice President, Miss Farmer; Secretary, Miss Shaver; Assistant Secretary, Miss Parker; Treasurer, Miss Butterfield; Sergeant at Arms, Mr. Stugart; Janitor, Mr. Woodhead.

On Oct. 8th, the meeting was opened by the old song "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys Are Marching." Devotionals were conducted by Mr. Lawrence. After "Madam President" had taken her place, and the business session was over, we listened to a reading by Mrs. VanBuskirk entitled, "Tribute of a Canadian Father to His Son." The sentiment was most excellent. Then the Misses Farmer and Butterfield rendered a duet accompanied by Mrs. Hester. We could not but appreciate the spirit and talent of the young ladies. Mr. Woodhead gave a reading "The Model Man-?" from which our boys may draw many lessons. After the critic's report great enthusiasm was manifested in singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

Truly we appreciate the interest shown by the Preparatory students and by a few members of the Athenian Society who were present. Let us each put forth a noble effort to make this year a grand success.

C. L. H.