

The Houghton Star.

VOLUME X

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1918

NUMBER 14

SONG TO THE WARRIOR DEAD

Over the sea, over the sea,
Hark to the echoes resounding!
Out of the field with its smoke and its smell,
Dark with the merk of the scattering shell,
Black as the thundering legions of hell!
Hark to the roar of the luminous core,
Of shrapnel, in death-dealing madness before!
Crack!
The rifles have spoken!
Back!
With courage unbroken
Sweeps the bold phalanx, a thousand strong,
List to the music and join in the song.
Look!
On the ground they are lying!
Gone!
Are the banners a'flying,
Gone!
Is the pomp and the splendor,
Snapped!
The life-line so tender,
Lost to the shuttle and lost to the loom,
Lost to the barn and the loft and the room,
Found, yea found by the cankering tomb;
Found, yea found by the weltering ground,
Far from life's clamor and clangor and sound.
Life is a vapor, a touch of a flame,
And swiftly 'tis gone as swiftly it came,
Leaving the hollow-tongued pomp of a name
Echoing loud through the hallway of fame!
Done, yea done! with the setting of sun!
Life in the living is well worth the giving,
When Death is the dying in valley of blood,
For love of a nation, a name and a God!
But oh, for the peace that is broad as a river,
And flows at a flood tide with banks all a'quiver,
A'down the green valleys for aye and forever!
Are you not tired of the struggle and strife,
Sons of men, sons of men,
Do you not joy in the glories of life,
When your heart throbs with the pulses of ten?
Fight for your country, in loyalty love her,
But think of the God who is watching above her.
Are you not tired of the struggle and strife,
Rulers and emperors, captains and kings,
Do you not hesitate, weary of life,
When scepters are valueless things?
List to the voice of a mightier far,
See on the mountains the gleam of a star,
Turn from the tempest-tossed tumult of War!
Peace on the earth is the joyous refrain,
Peace on the earth and good tidings to men.

Robert S. Chamberlain.

HOUGHTON'S CALL TO YOU

Alumni, faculty, students old and new, everyone who has named the name of Houghton, this message is for You. Did ever a thrilling realization sweep over you of the myriad things the school beside the Genesee has meant to you? Our Houghton! Is there a place anywhere in the wide, wide world associated with more fond memories, more familiar faces --- yes with more loyal devotion for what she has been, what she is and what she is to be --- our Houghton? And did ever an uncontrollable longing sweep over you to turn back the universe a little while and have "the days that were" lived over again with all that happened in them?

To be sure those dear old hours of just yesterday can never be forgotten, they have meant eternal things. After all, the present isn't so different, old students, we are here just as you used to be --- we have the same steps to climb, the same perpetual grind of lessons, examinations just as hard --- of course you remember.

It is springtime at Houghton just now. Spring has come home once more as it did in those bygone days with violets, arbutus and orioles -- and Commencement not so far away, too. And most assuredly there are association privileges and rules as there were in the old yesterdays, lecture nights, student good times, literary societies and all the rest that goes to make up the joys of Houghton days.

After all, Houghton, you've exceeded our dreams of you. You've simply won a place in all of our hearts, and the farther away one is the closer that tie binds. It cannot help but bring tears to every eye. We can shut our eyes and see the dear old campus now, with all that means Houghton there, the Seminary, Dormitory, familiar residences and all the rest. Yes they all are here just the same as when you were here! There is the same road winding down over the bridge to the village and every Sunday morning the same church bell rings its invitation to the little white church that has so many sacred memories connected with it. You are one of the hundreds who all thru life and eternity will thank God for Houghton Church.

Can't you hear Houghton's irresistible voice? She's calling you to come back. Tho' you've roamed

from east to west and have scaled Fame's ladder to unknown heights, don't forget that Houghton tenderly loves you just the same! Everything is waiting just as you left it, the song birds are telling about it, the tinkling brook at the foot of the steps reechoes it, even old Lover's Lane is the same long, long trail it used to be, where so many have started hand in hand to begin an indeterminate future together. Houghton!

Why not a grand reunion Commencement week in June? Why not catch a flyer Houghton bound and come back? Come with the idea that you can and are going to do something for Houghton. If all the concentrated pep and effort of Houghton's alumni could be turned into concrete boosting for the school we love so well, what wonders could happen! We could even have a thousand new "Star" subscribers, the L. S. U. boomed the highest it has ever been, and every old student imbued with a militant spirit to send new students next year by the score. Let Houghton's fame be heralded from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Because her name is Houghton our hats are off to the most remarkable little college in existence. Let's make the Best the Biggest! And doesn't an Old Home Week sound good?

Come back to Houghton,
You'll surely find a welcome true,
For she's been awaiting,
Anticipating too.
Come back where life smiles
With joy and skies are ever blue!
Where'er you are, come back to Houghton,
For Houghton's calling you.

L. K. H.

MAY CONCERT A GREAT SUCCESS

Houghton's annual May Festival, this year an Oratorio, "The Holy City" by Gaul was rendered Friday evening May 10 at the Seminary Chapel by the Houghton Chorus under the leadership of Miss Gertrude B. Thurston, vocal instructor. This production was the last number on our lecture course and was given entirely by home talent, a fact which augments the interest in every May Festival. In spite of the discouraging feature of an intermittent storm during the day, the audience was larger than might have been expected. Decorations were artistic -- in the background a beautiful American flag, a Houghton banner and our Service flag, typifying our school and country and what Houghton has done for her country. The stage was surrounded by banks of evergreen and

geraniums and the entire scheme was worked out perfectly.

We can well consider this May Concert one of the greatest triumphs of the school year. The appreciation expressed by our people reassured the efforts of the chorus for the extensive work its development required. We were more than pleased to be able to listen to such a musical masterpiece as "The Holy City." Indeed it was far more a sacred service than a mere entertainment and its beautiful interpretation was certain to impel an attitude of worship on the part of every listener.

Probably our readers would be interested in a little account of the personell of the chorus. Miss Thurston, the conductor, and Mr. George Laug, President, have expended much worth-while work in making the chorus the success that it is. At present fourteen sopranos, six altos, four tenors and four basses comprise the present status quo. Miss Helen Sicard's wonderful work as pianist deserves much worthy praise as her efforts are much the keynote of success thruout the oratorio. We find it a very general expression that our community would very much appreciate an annual or semi-annual classical production of this sort as a repeated occurrence.

L. K. H.

SHOULD CHAPEL EXERCISES BE ABOLISHED

There has recently been an agitation in certain schools concerning the advisability of continuing chapel exercises. Those in favor of abolishing these exercises bring forward the argument that it is an unnecessary waste of time; a waste of time because no benefit is derived from them. We heartily disagree with these individuals. Whatever the loss of time incurred, there are results that surely more than make up for what is lost. In the first place it is a means whereby the entire student body may get together. It is a bond of interest. It is practically the only chance that is offered in many places for the students to be a unit. It results in school spirit such as is not to be gained thru the interest in athletics for there are always some who do not care for the latter. In a large school it is difficult to know everyone but by constantly seeing each other in chapel the students become acquainted with the faces and finally come to know each other personally.

This is not the only good feature. Frequently the opportunity is afforded of hearing noted men and women who, passing thru the city, are glad to speak to the students. Even when this is not the case, there

is nearly always something said or done that inspires with fresh courage and vigor for the work of the remainder of the day. A respite from the work and worry of the day's program is given.

It has also been found convenient to make announcements in chapel rather than post them on the bulletin board. The announcements made in chapel are more apt to catch the attention of the student than those on the bulletin board.

Organizations

NEOSOPHIC SOCIETY

This is a mosaic. Don't tell anybody but the reporter came Tom Sawyer and put over on his gentle comrades his own onerous duties. Behold, then, our mosaic!

"Hurrah, the Neo's are showing their true worth when they render a program such as was heard in their society hall, Monday evening, May 6." M. H.

"After the business of the society we listened to an inaugural speech by our new President, Miss Eudora Fero, our old President having resigned to do farm service." N. L.

"The program of the evening was of great interest to all present as it dealt with the present world war. Miss Mabel Thurston's production on the 'Fantastic Ideas of President Wilson' was especially appreciated for its thought and human insight." M. S.

"Mr. Shultz the editor of our famous 'Star' being present was called upon to speak and responded nobly, commending the society and calling for united support for his noted periodical." N. L.

"On May 13 we had an 'old fashioned variety' program. Paul Steese's paper on 'Trials of a Freshman' was unique for its originality of thought and rendering for one so young." N. L.

"The dialogue, 'Rejected,' given by Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Wilcox was a true rendering of what has often taken place. We are sure that the sufferers had the sympathy of their audience." N. M.

Space fails to tell of many another good things done. But there are still better things ahead. Don't miss seeing the Slowlys at our Society next Monday evening. H. H.

AT THE ATHENIAN.

The Athenians are finding much that is instructive and interesting in their war programs. The program committee has done commendable work.

There will be some time in the future another number given to the debate class. These numbers are eagerly hailed by the students who attend in great numbers altho at some meetings there have not been the numbers that might be desired now they are coming up to the old standard.

Let us make the most of the few remaining meetings for all too soon we will be separated and gone to our several homes for the summer.

At Sunset in Houghton, 8:33 P. M.,

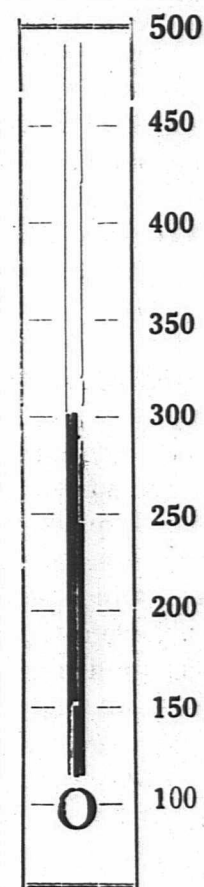
June 5, 1918

A Great Opportunity Ends

You cannot afford to miss the Commencement Number of the Star. Everyone wants this coming June issue. It will be a worthy souvenir of the year. Nevertheless we cannot afford to send out a lot of comparatively expensive copies to those whose subscriptions have expired. Our thermometer is still rising. Come on and send in your fifty cents. Do not delay because you have twenty days in which to do it. Do it now! It is to the advantage of you subscribers to renew as soon as possible because to that degree, which you enrich our finances, we are able to produce a better June issue.

We are forced to adopt this policy that no one whose subscription has expired shall receive the commencement number. We expect immediate consideration of this. Every single son and daughter of Houghton can boost this much. Fill in the renewal blank enclosed in your Star and mail today!!!!

New Subscription Thermometer



THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published by the Union Literary Association of Houghton Seminary, eighteen times during the school year.

Subscription price, 50c. per year; foreign countries, 60c.; regular issues, 5c per copy. PAYABLE IN ADVANCE to the Business Manager.

Entered at the postoffice at Houghton, N. Y. as second class matter.

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Editorial

THE HYDRA-HEADED CAMOUFLAGE

"Who steals my purse steals trash,
But he who filches from me my good name
Steals that which does not enrich him
And makes me poor, indeed."

Several times our editorial columns have asked some pointed questions about you and your price. A little eloquent fire has usually been back of it. Then we were talking about material values, but when spiritual values are involved, an aspect of broader importance comes to the front. There is a spirit abroad in the land "seeking whom he may devour." It is a detestable camouflage, because it solicits life values and gives cheap nothingness in return. It is hydra-headed, because try to kill it as righteousness may, it comes to life again somewhere with all its disgusting characteristics. Imp Sentimentality is its name. It is easy enough to be one of its victims. It comes as an "angel of light" and only too often would deceive "the very elect." Sometimes it is scarcely a comical proposition to put up danger signals, but for a brave crusade against sin of any description there is no better time than house cleaning time.

How many flirts have you met in your life, anyway? Size the entire consignment of them up in the light of fair judgement and tell me how much you think they would sell for. Ten cents apiece? Quite a good estimate. Like Judas did, they have sold out,

betrayed themselves; they aren't worth ten cents now, there is little but frivolity left! They have their price, so have you if you are one of them. People are going to judge you by the way you give them an opportunity to do so. The time they spend gossiping will be in exact proportion to the time you spend flirting. Unless you want everybody in school to think that you and your pal have settled it for life, for better or worse, for diamonds or dishpans---you are ready to get the inextricable knot tied immediately, quit playing the part of sentimental children!

And students to say the least it is pitiful! On the altar of mere foolishness priceless things are often sacrificed. Hearts are not mere playthings, easily smashed and easily mended with the glue of forgetfulness! The scar is left a hideous mark of irretrievable regret. It cannot be erased in a day, sometimes not in a generation. "They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

A price is paid for sentimentality. It costs in terms of human value; it is paid for with the coin of remorse. So many lives should never have lost childhood's radiance. That simplicity, that sincerity, that true characteristic of the ideal, integrity, never would have flown away if --- but "if" is a little word with a big destiny involved. The price was paid --- a fearful expense.

Sentimentality is the curse of coeducation; it is the hydra-headed camouflage of the modern world. It still exists, but what shall we do with it? Purgatory is too good for it --- any intelligent Pope would leave it unpardoned, unshriven, and excommunicated. Perdition is too good for it; Satan would grin and say that Imp Sentimentality was coming home on a furlough after his dispicable work on earth had rivalled all good in existence, Purgatory and Perdition are too good for the rascal --- let's ship him to Berlin! At first glimpse of Imp Sentimentality more men of Von Hindenburg's army would die from an immediate epidemic of yellow fever than U. S. shrapnel could kill in a year. To Berlin with the viper --- let's sing the doxology while he goes!

Leona K. Head

THRIFT STAMP DRIVE GOES ON

Had Kaiser Wilhelm seen the Houghton stampede for Thrift Stamps Thursday afternoon he would have dispatched his generals a speedy wire that it was but a matter of days until his satanic militarism would quake beneath the folds of the Stars and Stripes unfurled at the sound of a militant tread of an army of

Houghton girls marching for Thrift Stamps.

It all happened so suddenly that Prof. Bowen didn't know how it happened. Ask him and he will tell you that he made several speeches in chapel to the tune of a thrift stamp hustle, but when it actually came he wasn't looking for quite such an onslaught. In fact a messenger was sent to warn him of the sudden attack and he ran all the way from Houghton Post Office to the Sem grounds, arms full of thrift stamps, breathless. Speaking of "stamp, stamp, stamp," we'd say the girls were really marching. Stamp room was packed with girls and how they bought 'em. There's nothing like pep when it gets started right. More stamps were bought in less than half an hour than had been purchased any day since the drive began. And as a sequel the boys got jealous and one patriotic fellow purchased stamps for every boy who had not done so. So much for coeducational competition. A thrift stamp surely is evidence of practical patriotism. She's a hustling old Houghton after all.



HOUGHTON'S NATURAL RESOURCES

When you stand at the top of the steps that lead down from our campus to the village, do you ever stop to think about the possibilities of our natural resources? Few of our colleges have as much at command as this little realm offers. Cornell has a hydraulic laboratory at the lower end of its campus, but few have natural gifts like ours.

Let us consider how a few of these possibilities might be developed. Suppose a dam should be built of concrete and stone, about twenty feet high and sufficiently strong to stand the greatest possible pressure surrounding conditions could offer. Such a dam should be built from the rocks opposite the heating plant across the gorge to the place now used by an ash pile. First let us consider what good this would do for the village. We all know that the trouble in the valley is not so much the water as it is the sediment carried into the valley in time of high water. It also fills up the outlets to the river. Right here the dam would be worth its cost if nothing more, as the water comes down the hillside during spring thaw, and rains carrying gravel and loam with it. As the volume of water increases naturally the current increases, and with it comes great masses of earth, small trees, stumps, etc. These are all left in the valley as the course of the water changes and covers a large area of ground.

Now the dam would cause a large reservoir of water thus checking the swift current and doing largely away with erosion. At the outlet of the dam the increased power of the water would deepen the channel of the creek to the Genesee and leave a free passage toward the river.

Also in so doing this large reservoir of water would make a beautiful lake just back of the halls, splendid for boating, bathing, and in winter skating. Ice could be obtained from it for the use of the townspeople. But should one desire to know its greatest use both from an industrial and financial standpoint, it might be well to read U. S. Bulletin, obtainable at the Dep't of Agriculture, on fish farming. Some very interesting facts are stated. Another possibility would be the fact that there would be power enough to run a small turbine during much of the year. This would offer splendid opportunities for an electrically-equipped laboratory for scientific use. The study of generators, motors, lighting systems, voltage and a hundred other things could be more efficiently accomplished.

Of course during spring when the usual freshet is expected, the water could be let out of the reservoir. When the great spring thaw and rain came it would take so much time to fill the basin above the dam, the valley would be drained, especially when the creeks were ready to flow toward the Great Lakes.

Some of the above may simply be a few new ideas, but careful study of the matter will prove conclusively that some very necessary steps ought to be taken in regard to the water proposition at Houghton.

Arthur Northrup.

Athletics

Basket Ball has been the game of the year without a doubt. But where is our Big Baseball League with all the pep Varsity vs Prep-Freshies used to put up? Lets have the fans out.

Girls' Athletic Association, where? We'd say the goods exist all right the hikers that do exist. A trio of girls walking thirty-two miles one day, to Deep Cut Wreck and return sounds like adventure. But Almeda Hall, Sarah Shaver and Mildred Parmele did it.

Those new tennis courts surely mean practical school spirit. We're glad they are coming.

The President of the Boys' Athletic Association has been put in mender of delinquent footballs, mits and gloves. Let us trust that he works up a lasting business.



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Corrections and additions to the list
for May 1, 1918.

Private Clark A. Warburton
Co. C. 319 F. S. Bn.
% Chief Sig. Officer
A. E. F.

Private Warren H. Jones
Troop F, Fort Brown
Brownsville,
Texas.

Lieut. Robert H. Presley
326 F. S. Bn.
Camp Wadsworth,
Spartansbery, S. C.

Private Arlie Dryer
U. S. S. Oklahoma, U. S. N.

Private Arthur J. Russell
21st. Co., 6th Tr. Battalion,
Depot Brigade,
Camp Lee, Va.

Private Wilford Kaufmann
Co. L, 308th Infantry,
Am. Ex. Forces, France.

Private Leland McElheny
Soho St. Canadian Ord. Co.,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Sergeant Robert Kaufman
Co. 23, 6th Bn. 163 D. B.
Camp Dix, N. J.

L. Cpl. Wm. S. Lewis
Reg. No. 02498
No. 3, Canadian Gen. Hospital
B. E. F. In France.

Private Harland J. Strahan
Co. C. 306 F. S. Bn.
Camp Jackson, S. C.

Locals

SCHOOL NOTES

Sarah Shaver's sister-in-law of Olcott,
N. Y., has been visiting her this past
week.

The brother and sister of Edwin
Lapham have been visiting Houghton re-
cently.

Lawrence Hill was at Mattoons at
Rushford over Sunday.

Lawrence Spencer went to his home in
Ohio, Saturday, with the intention of
enlisting.

David Reese recently enlisted. A sp-
cial chapel service was held in his honor
before he left. His class, the Juniors,
had a hike and gave him an enthusiastic
send-off at the train.

Gratia Bullock spent the week end with
friends at Forestville recently.

Lillian Hampton has returned to school
after a short illness.

An epidemic of three-day measles is
passing through Houghton.

A number of Iva Benning's friends
gave her a pleasant surprise by having a
birthday party for her Monday evening
at the home of Misses Hill and Rank.

We are pleased to notice the military
enthusiasm of some of our young co-eds.
A small squad of them was seen drilling
under the command of Hill, on the cam-
pus one night recently.

Harold Luckey was home from Gene-
seo to attend the May Festival.

Winfield Stugart of Driftwood, Pa.,
was back in Houghton visiting last week.

VILLAGE NOTES.

Alfred Parker has returned home from
his work at Hammondsport, to resume
his work in Well's Garage again.

Frederick Hauser is very ill. We wish
him a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Benton and daughter
Mable, left Saturday for Gowanda, where
they expect to spend at least a year with
their daughter, Mrs. Cookson, while Mr.
Cookson is in the Y. M. C. A. work.

We are all glad to see Max Molyneaux's
smiling face again after his lengthy tour.

Mrs. Leo Raub was in town Monday
visiting her sister Mildred Jones.

Prof. Hester's have moved into Ben-
ton's house and Kellogg's will occupy the
one vacated by Hester's.

Rev. Shea preached for us at the church
Sunday night. He left for Manatoba,
Canada, Monday, where he will spend the
summer in evangelistic work.

Mrs. Hubbard has returned from Mil-
tonvale, Kansas, where she has been ma-
tron and Dean of Women in the Dormi-
tory for the past year.

"I HAVE GOT \$10 WHERE I CANNOT SPEND IT"

When father was sick he gave me \$1.00
a month to help with the milking. I got
up at half past four and milked four or
five cows. I have sent \$10 to the Bank.
I have got \$10.00 where I cannot spend it.

We want Thrifty Boys! Boys who
work hard for what they make.
Bring \$1.00 or more here. We want
Thrifty Boys!

BANK OF BELFAST Belfast, N. Y.

Students' Philosophy

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

How little we can judge of realities by what we see on the surface! Every one seems to instinctively put on the best appearance. Nearly everything is veneered and polished so that we can not see what is beneath. There is everything in keeping up an appearance. This is not necessarily deceit. It is not essential for everyone to know all our little trials and perplexities. It would only make the world more miserable. Sometimes it is not easy to maintain a brave and courageous exterior when we are crushed and utterly disheartened. But in doing this we not only lift up the fallen spirits of those with whom we associate but we also strengthen ourselves.

To many it is an irksome task to keep up appearances. Not only are feelings hidden but sometimes people do not care to have their financial circumstances known generally. Such cleverness is used in screening themselves from the keen eye of the public that very often when in reality they are as poor as paupers, the world deems them in very comfortable circumstances. I have known people who dressed as though they had at their command all the money they could possibly use. At home the house was scantily furnished and their was barely enough to eat. Of course they took pains not to invite friends to the home. It was all they could do to keep up appearances elsewhere.

This is a sad condition of affairs. How much better it would be if everyone tried to be natural and sincere. It must be a great strain on the inventive genius to everlastingly have to be concocting some scheme to keep others from discovering the truth. In all cases the truth is much more desirable.

B. W.

We wonder about the significance of the On Time Card Prof. Hester carries with him almost constantly of late.

In Bible Class

Prof. Coleman-- "Mr. Rothrock has not been here for three weeks."

Winnifred Fero-- "My, but it seems a lot longer than that."

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banquet.

Mr. Meeker, Tostmaster, introducing
Mr. Searles— "We have just been giving
our attention to turkey stuffed with sage,
now we will give our attention to a sage
stuffed with turkey."

Kelly— "Oh, Dorothy, Mac is making
eyes at you."

Dorothy— "Well, who has a better
right? We have been studying economics
for the last six months."

Ries— "Hey, Meek, why does Miss
Stahl wear such tight gloves?"

Meeker— "Oh, Barrett has gone away
and that is the only way she can get her
hand pinched."

A Girl's Ammunition

The girls will go meatless,
Submit to be heatless
But as for powdering they say,
No matter who tells them
Or who compels them,
They'll ne'er go without it a day. Ex-

One of the girls— "I think a man the
most desirable thing in the world."

Miss Sperzel— "I think a piano far
more desirable."

Question: "Why?"

Answer: "Because I can make a piano
support me, and a man— well, it's
doubtful."

Paul LaVere left a box of crackers in
his office desk one day. Next day he de-
voured them ravenously. Just as the
last one disappeared somebody came
rushing in with the information that a
procession of mice had been seen parad-
ing from the desk only an hour before.
Paul was horror stricken. Suffice it to say
that he went home and drank a quart of
catnip tea.

Leona Katheryn was studying poetry
aloud. "Man proposes but God disposes,"
she read seriously.

"And what happens when I propose?"

Glenn Molyneaux interposed.

And L. K. H. replied absentmindedly,
"God disposes—and he has woman to
help him."