

The Houghton Star.

VOLUME X

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1918

NUMBER 15

PRAYER TO HOUGHTON

Houghton --here's our proffered wishes --
Hearts and hands that never falter
Cap their praises on your altar;
Opeing you unbounded riches,
Of success.

Outward throw thy guiding light,
Ut afar o'er land and water,
'Er the life of son and daughter;
Nward lead their steps aright,
Nothing less.

Upward do they look to thee;
Pon their ways their lives go wending,
Pon thy light are they depending,
Ntil His fair face they see;
Until then.

God forbid that it should waver,
Ive us yet a broader field.
Rant thy light may brighter yield,
Uiding us to meet the Saviour,
At the end.

Heaven's light shine forth thru thee,
Ope and faith forever blended,
Elping us till life is ended;
Arbor us across the sea,
By that shore.

Though the critics may speak lightly;
Hough time may your strength assail,
Ruth alone must yet prevail;
Hou wilt yet shine far more brightly,
Than before.

Oh, that by your guiding rays,
Utward shining far and wide,
N the flood of learning's tide,
Her lives may turn their ways,
Toward it!

Never dim the name we love,
Either let that name be blotted,
Or the fame of it be spotted,
Ame it next to that above,
So be it.

PROFESSOR BOWEN IS OFF WITH THE COLORS

Once more Houghton is forcibly reminded that her sons are answering Columbia's call. There is another star on our service flag. Monday, May 20, our Professor Ward C. Bowen left our numbers to enlist

for Uncle Sam's service. Amid the cheers of students assembled for a patriotic send-off, and tears of all who have known him so well in school life he is off to fight for freedom. It can be said without a shadow of uncertainty that his has been one of Houghton's most remarkable careers, an example of true integrity and character, always ready to do the most and best for Houghton. He was born in Avoca, N. Y., May 1, 1892. He has lived in Haskinville and Seneca Falls of this state and at Millview, Pa. He has taken four years High School and four years College work at Houghton, graduating from the College department in 1914. He studied Latin, Greek, German, and French while in school here besides completing all the mathematics and science the school affords. He went to Oberlin from Houghton where he took his A. B. in 1915 and his A. M. in 1916. Since that time he has taught Science at Houghton and has meant much to our school activities in every way, always kind, always optimistic and sincere. We shall surely miss Professor Bowen in our midst, yet knowing his sterling qualities of character and efficient management of all phases of duty, we look forward to his future for the Stars and Stripes as one we may well be proud of. May the richest blessing of the Master rest upon this loyal son of our Houghton.

RED CROSS BENEFIT ENTERTAINMENT.

On Friday evening, May 24, the local Red Cross Society gave a very pleasing entertainment, the proceeds going entirely for war work. Mrs. P. B. Loftis, vice-president of the local organization presided over a large audience in which nearly every family in the community was represented. Over forty dollars was placed in the treasury from the receipts for admittance.

The program of songs, instrumental music, and readings was so varied as to be interesting thruout. A patriotic drill by the children of the District School, directed by Miss Mildred Houghton was one of the best features. The spirit of America in times of war was well shown, especial expression being given to the popular reaction which the great war is calling forth in America.

THE PURPOSE OF SPRING.

June has come home with all her verdant glory, apple blossoms and orioles are here, unspeakable joy pulsates every throat and radiates from every flower face, crystal rills keep rippling their own version of happiness. Everything that makes our little domain of Houghton a new edition of Heaven is blended in harmony with everything God has made for mortals.

No more vivid expression of divinity exists than the revelation of a blossoming, singing, ecstatic outdoors. God must have loved the bluebirds. He tuned their melodies to praise Him. It must have taken hours of time before creation to plan the wonderful black and gold wings of one butterfly; no earthly genius has ever fashioned anything half as exquisite. Music masters never learned to transcribe the call of the whip-poor-will or the message of larks and cedar waxwings into nocturnes and revilles. For a wise purpose all of His own, God's wonders in His realm of everywhere have been spoken into existence. As we ponder about it we will come to understand.

The civilized world is an arena of conflict, a fury-maddened field of torture, a universal military pageant. Each cannon report is an echo of one more life paying the supreme depth of devotion, each bugle call accents the reality of a thousand more home circles with a loved one lost. Yet Freedom smiles upon Death and calls her "Emancipator", just as a prisoned bird exults to see a bleeding hand reached to rescue it. To reconstruct we must devastate, to redeem we must kill, to liberate we must subjugate. To champion a century veiled by the far-distant future our century must suffer and die. Peace and human brotherhood will come. These are the ideals for which we fight.

Yet the scar is left. As Pilate taught Jesus men can crucify, so nineteen eighteen has taught enlightenment that crucifixions are not mere words much talked about when wierd tales of ancient martyrdom are told. Humanity's heart is a throbbing ache, too sensitive to trust to verbal mutilation. But out of every Gethsemane's lone garden has risen a supplication, like incense rising from an altar to the skies.

And God has answered with a gift of healing sympathy. He sends His archangel, Springtide, to tell creation that He has not forgotten. On the margin of every heart's winter He opens the portals of gladness and the Eternal, in guise of nature, comes to earth once more to wipe away tears and heal broken hearts. And that is the purpose of Spring, the miracle of His wise design revealed to humankind.

THE KING'S CALL

It was in the deepening twilight of a beautiful summer evening when the sky was warm with the afterglow that follows the setting sun. In the quiet gloaming, disturbed only by the gentle breeze laden with the aroma of flowers, a young girl sat in deep thought.

The face that looked out into the distance was unusually fair and marked by a depth of thought so often lacking in the faces of even beautiful girls. The blue eyes were wistfully looking into the future. Life was before her and different voices were calling. Which should she follow?

The voice of Fame was calling loudly. Her friends and even masters had told her that with training her power of voice would bring the world to her feet. This was tempting. She loved to feel her power, to see people swayed by her voice, moved to tears or mirth at her will. Would she follow this profession?

But other voices were pleading with her. She weighed their worth as they passed before her, Honor, Riches, Society, and lastly and most mighty in its power to allure --- Love. She saw his dark eyes pleadingly bent upon her, heard his voice calling, almost felt his arms extended towards her. Could she resist that vision? What better could life afford than to be first in the heart of such a one. Ah yes, she was first but---he had played, he had trifled with the hearts of other girls while to her only did he give his sincere heart's love. No, she could not yield her heart to own him as lord of her life.

But now came the call of the Highest. She gazed with tear-filled eyes and throbbing heart at the vision of the Man of Galilee, the One who had died for her, as He stood with thorn-crowned brow and nail-pierced hands asking for her heart's love.

"Oh heart I made, a heart beats here!

Face, my hands fashioned, see it in Myself,

'Thou hast no power, nor mayst concieve of Mine,
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love;

And thou must love Me, who hast died for thee!"

Oh, here was something that emptied her heart of all else save a desire to please, honor and to follow this Savior, "the One altogether lovely."

She saw herself so unworthy, so lowly, so incapable of guiding her own life aright. Yes, this call satisfied her longing dissatisfied heart. "Her soul was made for God and He alone could fill it." Casting herself at his feet she gladly yielded her voice, her love, her all to him who had died for her and a richness of

Divine Love, unutterable Joy, and Peace everlasting flowed into her soul.

"I heard Him call 'Come follow,'

That was all;

My gold grew dim,

My soul went after Him,

I rose and followed

That was all.

Who wouldn't follow

When they heard Him call?"

Did the future look dark and the way narrow to this young life? She had given up bright prospects, rich hopes, human love—all good but not the best. As she responded to this highest call, the veil seems to be drawn aside. She sees with this best that she has chosen, she may have all the rest that is good. "For He who wore thorns holds worlds in His hands"—and oh how much more beautiful these gifts since she knows the giver. "The very possibility of friendship with God transfigures life." She uses her voice for Him, she looks and speaks and does for Him who had died for her.

And now the love that she had refused when it interfered with the Highest call, returns—but oh how changed! His handsome face is lit up by a noble purpose in life; his bearing denotes straightness, purity and true manliness. His life has been ennobled, strengthened and bettered by her decision and he honors her as only a true man can honor woman.

Yes now she could respect him and return his love; and they two together can make the world really the better for their lives.

Now he can exclaim with Tennyson

"Man am I grown, a man's work must I do,

Live pure, speak true, right wrong

Follow the Christ, the King;

Else, wherefore born?"

M. R. W.

COMMUNITY RED CROSS MEETING

May 22, there was held in the church Wednesday evening a great community meeting. Neither the speakers, altho very good, nor the singing, which indeed was patriotically fine, called forth the big crowd, but it was the occasion that made them attend. A humanitarian feeling always takes hold of people when they learn that by a little sacrifice they may alleviate suffering or even prevent death. Think of the matchless comfort which comes to the soldiers thru the labors of the Red Cross.

The principal speaker of the evening was the Rev.

Balmer of Fillmore. He spoke of the horrible way in which the Huns are conducting this warfare. To make us see and feel he cited many concrete instances of Teutonic frightfulness and withal he aroused us to a point of action. We were, however, not in a passionate frenzy but clothed in our right mind, with reason still on the throne.

Mr. Richer of Fillmore, next spoke to us. Altho brief, his remarks were very natural and the sympathetic complexion of some of his statements was exceedingly pungent.

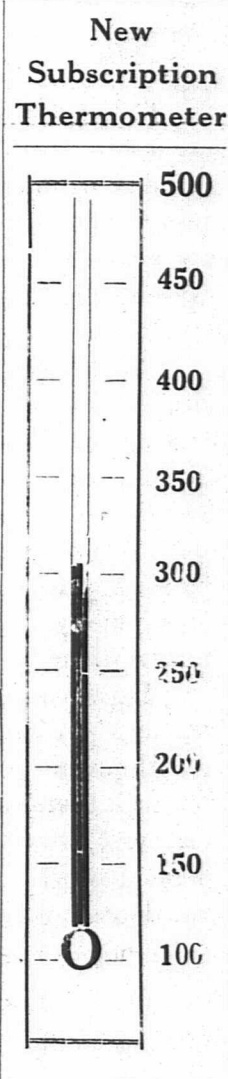
After he was thru speaking, Mr. Balmer, Mr. Richer, and President Luckey passed thru the congregation with pledge cards and received more than double our quota four hundred and twenty-five dollars. Was not that a fine showing! A Liberty Loan flag was presented to the Seminary for having a hundred per cent, both in faculty and student body, credit for buying War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps. Altho we are not financing the war, we are, however, justly proud when we go so far over that which we are expected to do.

RENEW AT ONCE! LAST OPPORTUNITY!!

It is difficult to play a good tune harping on one string. Mr. Hartman, the noted violinist, does it very skillfully on his violin. The melody is one unmingled with confusing chords. The music which has emitted from this section of the star may have proved tiresome but no one can deny that it has been explicit.

We are glad to report favorable results. Subscriptions and renewals have been received though not in the numbers we aspired they would come. We thank those who have helped by promptly heeding our call.

The hour is at hand! Renew today! Get a new subscription too if you can. Please heed this request for it depends on you whether or not the extra expense of the commencement number causes us to meet the terrible disaster that is impending.



THE HOUGHTON STAR

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STAFF

Editor-in-chief	G. Beverly Shultz, Theo. '18
Associate Editor	Leona K. Head, '20
General Reporter	Beulah Williams, '20
Local Reporter	Marion McMillan, Prep, '18
Organizations	Dorothy Peck, '20
Alumni	
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Editorial

THE HEART CRY OF THE HOUR

The spirit of the times is upon us. Only yesterday we knew it not: today the lightning of realization blinds our finite vision. The call is for everything life and its blood, arms and their consequence, love and its service. Faith is not all, jealous guard must the watchmen at our gates keep. Night is here and cannot ask for day.

Christainity is tried in the fiery furnace of sacrifice and terror. All that is superfluous in her will be consumed. This is the avengers hour. Think of it! Not one, not one thousand, but millions are facing Death! Christless graves are being filled every minute. Unsaved are the multitudes for whom Calvary's Cross was uplifted. Reviled and crucified afresh is the Nazarene, yet always the same his words are: "Father forgive them."

Do we believe that God reigns above it all? Have we, as a nation, read His fire blazoned injunction: "Without me ye can do nothing?" Where is the faith of our fathers, where are the holy lives of saints and martyrs? Shall the Lost call for an intercessor and none answer? The world's most supreme crisis is at our doors. America to Your Knees!!!

ARBOR DAY

We have enjoyed another Arbor Day together as one big family. We did not fall behind the least bit,

in team work and hearty cooperation, from those held in former years. Our enrollment has diminished making it different numerically but in the great essential, the spirit of brotherhood and fellow-feeling, we were as strong as in previous years. As one professor expressed it, we always leave the field feeling that we know each other a little better. Is not this worth much in itself? We go to school for many days and do not become acquainted in heart fashion, yet we go out to work for one day on the campus and find out the characters of our fellow students. Can such a procedure be condemned as impractical and useless? While we are in school we need to be initiated into the school of fellow-feeling and mutual sympathy, that we may, after having left these sacred halls, understand more effectively the approach to individuals. With this ideal in mind we are already looking forward to next Arbor Day.

"STAR" CONTEST

We are just over with our annual Literary Contest. The contest includes such literary material as essays, poems, and stories. The purpose for such a contest is to reveal powers of writing ability in the individual and to develop his natural literary capacities by offering them in a way he can do it without embarrassment to him and with benefit to the public. Of course the "Star" has by doing this, received much material which it publishes from time to time.

We are glad to announce to our readers the results of our recent contest:

- Essay--- 1st Prize, Winifred Fero.
2nd Prize, G. Beverly Shultz.
- Story--- 1st Prize, Freda M. Freeman.
2nd Prize, Freda M. Freeman.
- Poem--- 1st Prize, John D. Wilcox:
2nd Prize Ethelmay Kelly.

JUNIOR, SENIOR PREP BANQUET

On May 31, 1918 at eight o'clock the Seniors with President and Mrs. Luckey, Mrs. P. S. Bowen and Miss G. Thurston were assembled at the Vocal Studio where they were pleasantly entertained by the Juniors.

After spending an hour in listening to a Patriotic program of music and readings, they were taken to the piano studio. Here all were seated around a prettily decorated table and were served to light refreshments.

The Toast Mistress, Miss Ruth Kellogg took her place on the floor and introduced the speakers of the evening. Eudora Fero, Eleanor Farmer, Marion McMillan, Winnifred Fero, Grayce Bremigen, and Edwin

Lapham all gave very interesting toasts.

As most of you know the Senior class president, Mr. D. Reese has been taken away to war. He remarked before he went that he disliked going before the Junior and Senior Banquet because it was something to which he had been looking forward. Pen and paper was passed around the table and each one wrote an interesting paragraph to Dave about the Banquet and other things that would be of interest to him.

Miss Thurston was asked to give a few farewell remarks to the Juniors and Seniors, as this is her last year in Houghton.

President Luckey now gave a few remarks after which all returned to their various homes, feeling that they had spent a pleasant evening together. N. L.

JUNIOR--SENIOR COLLEGE OUT FOR A GOOD TIME.

It was at the close of one of those beautiful Arbor work days, that Houghton alone knows anything about, that the College Junior class gave the College Seniors a paper chase up the Centerville road, thru woods, down ravines and up again to a shady nook up the Houghton creek. Talk about Daniel Boone following an Indian trail. Ours seemed more like a labyrinth than any Indian could devise for was not our math genius Ira Bowen the leader?

After whiling away the time in pleasant chats, calling back many happy old days spent our eyes gazed on what our stomachs desired more to feel. It was "splendiferous" refection, for how could it be otherwise when Elsie Hnford, and Ethel Kelly had the oversight. Then came the games. Think of playing hide and go seek in the woods with Lee as "it!" Well Meeker soon found his nest in a fir nearby and with what melodious warblings did he entertain the rest of us and caused Lee many a quick and hurried chase.

Of course it would not do not to have class yells for we had the champion yellor of the school along, our sagacious Meek. The darkening hours soon began to come and the happy upperclassmen soon wended their way back to the old Sem where the Prep Juniors were giving the Prep Seniors their last respects, or to be more dignified perhaps it would better be called "The Junior Senior Banquet." Here at the wails in the solitudes of the evening our cheerleader lead us in a yell after which we sought our own abodes.

Who are Juniors? We are Juniors.

Juniors Juniors! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Who are Seniors? We are Seniors

Seniors Seniors! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Varsity! Varsity! Rah! Rah! Rah! C. A. R.

Students' Philosophy

The Athenians have boundless enthusiasm. It is all about a mock trial which is going to take place next Monday. All conversation seems colored to a depth never before attained because of the manifest interest. Usually one sees anywhere from five to a dozen now in one end of the hall, now in a class room, and they have gone so far as to convert the "Star" office into a consultation chamber for their curious intrigues. Let them use every available nook without any questioning whatever if that will in any way insure us a good, lively, and interest-compelling trial. To the noble Athenians we extend heartiest wishes for a successful performance.

ATHLETICS VS FACULTY PROBLEMS.

Houghton has long faced one proposition which, sooner or later must be solved. In a word it is the recreation problem. We have often wondered why a denominational school like our own with the beautiful religious atmosphere it possesses should find itself in at least the temporary embarrassment of not knowing what to do with coeducation. Association is the Sphinx riddle here, unsolved and to a great extent unsolvable. We don't like to admit that fact, but facing "things as they are" we have to. Rules there are; adhered to in letter not in spirit, they make the problem greater than before. "What are we going to do about it?" can be asked with a great deal of fair minded justice.

. Who said that Athletics will solve the riddle? Somebody, and whoever he was "bring him to the head of the class." Lets think it over a little. Suppose every recreation minute at Houghton were occupied with live athletic activity! Base ball teams in the fervor of competition, basket ball teams full of live wire enthusiasm, tennis courts never vacant outside of study hours. Talk about life being worth living! Studies would possess a new attractiveness and reception room affairs be forgotten in wholesome outdoor sports. Young people are bound to make a novelty out of something. Why not broken tennis rackets and baseball bats instead of broken hearts and rings? What are we going to do with coeducation? Starts the fellows on a Home Run with the girls rooting for Varsity.

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Northrup:--"Say John, what's the name of that horse you rode Sunday?"

Wilcox?--"Napoleon Bonaparte."

Northrup:--"Well I guess all that's left of him is the Bony part."

WHAT A SCHOOL

TEACHER DID

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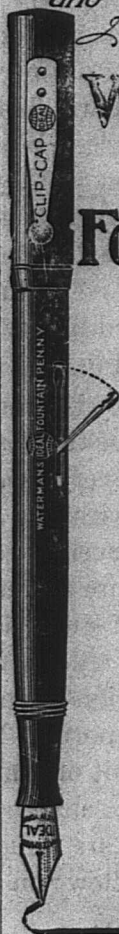
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See

Warburton

About It



Locals

Claude Ries received word last week that his brother Clarence had been drafted. He went to his home in Akron, Ohio, returning to Houghton last Monday.

John Bruce was called home recently by the sickness of his mother.

Two crowds of young people have made trips to Portage recently. In each case a fine time was reported.

Gilbert Clocksin has left school and returned to his home in Montana.

Miss Butler and Louise Middleton made a trip to Olean recently.

Francis Bunce has returned after a short vacation spent at her home in Buffalo.

Ruth Readett Whittaker, one of Houghton's graduates of '14, has been visiting Dorthey Peck.

Lawrence Hill has left school to take a pastorate at East Chazy, N. Y.

Eleanor Farmer was the week end guest of Nora Mattoon recently.

It may be a matter of interest to Houghton students, townspeople and alumni to know that on Monday night, May 27, 1918, the evening train pulled in on time.

On Decoration Day a crowd of students and townspeople marched to the cemetery and decorated the soldiers graves. At 10:30 A. M. a service was held at the church and special prayer offered for the nation.

Rev. David Scott, one of Houghton's old students who has been pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Fillmore, N. Y., has gone into army Y. M. C. A. work.

Chris Smith and P. B. Loftis made a trip to Camp Dix, N. J. recently to visit the Soldier Boys there. They have many interesting stories of camp life to tell.

The epidemic of three day measles is still doing its work in Houghton.

The Preparatory Class of '18 will hold its graduation exercises at ten o'clock, Saturday morning, June fifteenth. At noon of the same day will be the annual Alumni Banquet. Saturday evening the commencement exercises of the Theological and College departments will be held. The Baccalaureate Sermon on Sunday morning will be preached by Rev. William Frazier, a former member of our faculty.

OUR SERVICE FLAG

Additions:

Private David A. Reese,
11th Co. Care Sergeant Sward,
Columbus Barracks, Ohio.

Private Curtis Rogers,
Co. A. 65th Eng.
Heavy Tankmotor Unit,
A. E. F. Via New York.

Private Charles V. Harris,
Battery B. 4th Field Artillery,
Hattiesburgh, Miss.

Ward C. Bowen,
9th Co. Madison Barracks,
Sacketts Harbor, N. Y.

Data supplied:

Private Leland McElheny,
Canadian Ord. Co.
Camp Niagara.
Niagara - on - the - lake
Ontario.

Private William Davis,
Co. G. 2nd Bat. 1st C. O. R.
Care Army P. O. London.

Gunner Merton Davis,
Canadian Army,
69th Battery,
Care Army P. O. London.

There are several Houghton boys who have gone to camp but whose addresses we have not yet been able to obtain.

Jolting Breezes

Overheard in the Choir

Mrs. Peck -- "May I sit by you, Mr. Visser?"

Visser -- "Why -- you will have to ask Her."

-- And he still holds that he didn't understand the question.

Mrs. Bowen -- "Miss Moses you would have a lot better looking room if you would dump out and wash up a lot of these dishes."

Miss Moses -- "Don't you think it! I'm going to keep every one of Ward's pol-wags until they get to be singing frogs-- and then I shall send him their pictures."

Working out the details for the public pantomime. Jane -- "And how far are our relations supposed to have gone?"

Lin't Graves -- "Oh quite far--nearly as far as they really have."

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S. W. N. Y.

Dean Hester -- "Now my young man you must check this passion for such excessive association."

(---?) "Alright just hand me the check."

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Meeker—"Prof., I've had every lesson every day for two days. But I'm afraid I'm coming down with nervous prostration."

Pres. Luckey—"Twould be quite a shock wouldn't it?"

It does beat the nation
How procrastination
With pluck and sheer awkwardness win
He "sat on the lid"
Our Wilson did
Till he and Caranza fell in

In Geography Class

Miss Butler—"Now in this present war, who is our principal ally?"

"France"

Miss Butler—"Yes, and now Carl can you name an important city in France?"
"Somewhere"

Why Waste Time?

Castner—"Why do you consider Kelly superior to Markell in intelligence?"

Spencer—"Markell buys his restorer by the bottle, doesn't he?"

Castner—"Er-er yes."

Spencer—"Well Kelly isn't wasting any time on a hair restorer; she's buying the hair!"

Overheard conversation with Miss Butterfield: "I have too many men already."??

Forming the line for march at the May Concert.

Meeker—"Miss Thurston may I have you?"

Miss Thurston—"Oh but I am already engaged."

Miss Grange enviously—"Well no wonder she's giving a banquet."

Lynford Sicard—"Will you go for a walk with me?"

Little Miss Mattoon—"No I have a boy out home I like better."

Lynford "Oh, I'm so relieved!"

Rev. Anderson making his garden with Prof. Smith's horse:—"Say Claude I wonder if Job ever run a one-horse plow?"

Dorothy (in French class) "I don't know my French today. I reckon he will kill me. One consolation though he can't eat me!"

Kelly:—"No that's true, he can't eat pork."