

Fidelia Warburton

The Houghton Star

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"GOING OVER"

Behind us are the home shores;
Ahead of us the cannon roars:
Behind—the Life we used to know;
Ahead—the Life with fiery glow.

Waiting, watching, eager for the play
That we shall act in the furious fray,
We gaze on the water's curious spangle
And the sunset's glorious, lustrous dangle—
The bar-colored, circled, resplendent sun,
And the fiery-edged, dazzling sun—
The greenly-spotted, white-streaked blue.
And the purest crystal-brilliant blue—
The gentle rocking of the waves,
And the dashing, foaming, thundrous waves—
The quiet, placid, grey-smooth water,
And the glitt'ring, glistening, glossy water.

We see this all
And it gives us a call
To a life that is more
Than the life of yore
And more than the life of war's dread store—
A call to the undreamed-of life-to-be
When the Hun-cursed world is at last made free.

Clark A. Warburton

A GREATER HOUGHTON?

Where can you find to-day a young man or woman bubbling over with life and tip-toe expectancy, who does not feel within him the pull to be a bigger, more useful man or woman? Ought not our school feel the same pulsating life within her breast?

A greater Houghton! Me thinks I see every Alumnus lift up his head and "pay attention;" every student whose presence graced her halls breathe softer and every one in whose hands now rests the sacred trust of our Alma Mater, say, "We're with you."

Lest I should expostulate in a circumlocutory process of concatenated ratiocination I shall perambulate immediately to the cardia of my elongation. When it was my happy lot to frequent the halls of ye old Sem on the hill the hour spent in that upper room from eleven-thirty to twelve or thereabouts was both a joy and a bore. It was the hour when we could throw off the duties of study and learn of God and his world thus having our lives enriched by truths from men who knew the paths ahead. But sad to say it was not

always so. We sought while still a student there to arouse more interest in our chapel exercises but with nothing constructive to offer little was accomplished. Since then the chapel hour has impressed us with more meaning. To my mind it resembles the family coming home at eventide tired of the labors of the day seated about the large family table where after grace is returned for the evening meal father and mother, brothers and sisters hear of each other's joys and sorrows of the day while father gives loving council and mother tender sympathy, and all inspiring love and inspiration for greater things in the tomorrows.

The past few years of study at the Sem and in college have impressed me strongly that perhaps the greatest factor toward character building of the student is imparted during the few minutes spent each day in chapel. To me the matter of a profitably, carefully and prayerfully prepared chapel exercise is not a mere matter of sentiment but of an ever growing conviction. Without placing the blame on any one let us face the issue squarely and make the chapel hour count for more with both faculty and students.

Now for something concrete and definite toward a solution. Rather than just reading out of a book for a chapel talk why not spend one of the chapel hours each week in discussing some broadening educational subject such as astronomy, geology or other big subject that a professor has fairly mastered and that will start great thots in the minds of the students? Why not take up some branch of study taught in the school that students are hardly aware of and yet it is of vital interest to them? Why not on this educational chapel day enlighten the students on the great opportunity America has today in the educative world? Now that the war is over students from all over the world will come here who hitherto sought German and French universities. The Orient in the leadership of her tomorrows will be especially what we give her in our universities and colleges today. Does not our opportunity and responsibility enlarge our view? Here is a great field for study.

The next subject for another chapel hour would be missions. We cannot estimate the vastness of America's missionary duty and privilege. With Europe bleeding and stripped of her finances the heathen world must turn its eyes to America. Will she look in vain

Why not with the direction and aid of the Holy Spirit kindle the missionary zeal in the students? Students at Houghton greatly need a world vision of missions if previous years are any indication. The missionary cause is not a one horse affair in which seemingly over pious individuals alone are interested but it is a project that the best brains of earth are working on and giving their lives for a cause that lies deep in the heart of the Father Himself. Why not show the unity of the race and how the gospel is able to supply every need of men and women anywhere on earth? Why not study the origin of the first foreign missionary society in America, why not show what the Student Volunteer Movement has done along missionary lines in the colleges of the land, showing how many noble Ho'tonites were its members? Why not set forth what our church is doing and is proposing to do in the near future along missionary lines? What a field of blessing and opportunity awaits us here!

It would be most fitting and appropriate for a school that stands for holiness to spend one chapel hour a week on some vital practicable phase of holiness taken from a new angle if possible that would demand attention and interest. I am confident God will honor our school if it honors Him with a full Gospel. Here is a large field for exposition and experience.

For the next chapel hour I would propose the topic "Our Library." Houghton has a very valuable asset in her library. Many students do not realize what a rich lore of the ages is locked up in that room next to the Study Hall until Houghton school days are over. Why not give a discussion, digest or book review on the books there found, taking up the religious biographical and scientific works especially. A mere mention of a timely article in a recent magazine on the reading table may be valuable to some student.

My last suggestion would be a series of lectures on some great religious theme before the thinking public today such as "The Second Coming," "Prophecy," "Inspiration of the Scriptures", etc., the series changing during the term. This being done by the pastor or some residing preacher or evangelist of ability.

Other men and women forging ahead other schools and colleges are seeking how to be better prepared to meet the ever enlarging responsibilities and privileges of life, shall Houghton Seminary lag behind and allow others to fill the places God has designed us to fill? Emphatically, "No!" A glorious destiny awaits us if we but meet the crises prepared in both soul and mind. And Houghton shall be master of the situation, giving her students that which shall make them realize what is just ahead of them, what large possibilities are lying

dormant with them and so make them prepared to meet the issue fully armed. Then and then alone shall Houghton be greater than ever in the past.

What say ye?

Claude A. Ries

LIBRARY CONCERT

The Annual Library Concert was given in the Seminary Chapel on Friday evening, Jan. 31. The Concerts have been given for several years past for the benefit of the Willard J. Houghton Memorial Library and each year his son Leonard Houghton of Washington, D. C. gives to the Library Fund as much money as is taken in for admission up to the amount of \$100. There was a very large crowd present and every one seemed to enjoy the program very much. The numbers were given by the members of the Oratory and Music Departments.

The program consisted of Piano Solos, Piano Duo, Quartette, Sextette, Vocal Solos, Vocal Duet, selection by the male Quartette and Readings. The numbers were all very well rendered. One number on the program especially good was a Vocal Duet, Belle Nuit rendered in French by Berenice Fish and Mildred Davis.

It is certainly true that we do not have to go outside of our own school in order to find talent.

WILLIAM CALKINS RELATES WAR EXPERIENCES

Houghtonites were privileged to listen to a very interesting account of war experiences when Mr. William Calkins, who has recently returned from France addressed the students and citizens at the chapel, February the fourth. In his introduction, Mr. Calkins said he felt like the negro who said he had "made an agreement between his feet and himself never to leave the states again."

Mr. Calkins sailed in the Louisville, an American transport, July 18th, after having been stationed at Camps Dix and Milis. A short stop was made in Liverpool and the trip across the channel was made in one night. After the arrival in France, the soldiers marched about five miles in the rain, carrying packs that weighed about seventy-five pounds.

The first rest camp reached in France was described. The soldiers waited an hour and a half in the pouring rain before the order to "fall out" was given. In a tent about eight feet wide, fourteen men were quartered. "The only way we could sleep" said Mr. Calkins, "was to lie on the wooden floor and put our

feet up the pole. Of course the last one down had his feet highest on the pole."

Working in the mess kitchen occasionally gave opportunity to increase the regular fare. This consisted of soup which was half grease and contained one or two pea beans sometimes and the usual hard tack. The pea beans were so rare that some thought they should be used as watch charms.

By box cars to camp near the front was the usual order of events. Sometimes the trip was made in trucks. Only the men in Sanitary Train were thus privileged, infantrymen had to trust to their feet. In describing one camp in which he was located, Mr. Calkins spoke very highly of the Texas boys.

Arrived at the actual front the soldier was obliged to wear a helmet and become accustomed to a gas mask. Each became desirous of doing this before being long at the front. Work for the medical men usually began at eight o'clock and lasted until two in the morning.

The day the armistice was signed the American boys were so demonstrative that the French thought they "were going crazy." Mr. Calkins said he was glad enough to return home, and gave a tribute of thanks to the various war organizations. He said, "The Salvation Army did a splendid work. If I ever see one of the officers on the street, I'll drop some money in their basket."

The return home occupied nearly two months and some unpleasant things were experienced. For just out of the hospital it was rather strenuous to sleep on the ground or in "pup tents", and be otherwise exposed. "I had one bath in that two months and had my clothes off once," said Mr. Calkins. He learned to shave, clean his teeth and take a bath in one canteen of water and still have some left.

PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT

GOVERNMENT LOAN ORGANIZATION

An Opportunity for Church Spirit in the Victory Loan

One of the outstanding features of the various Liberty Loan campaigns has been the manner in which they have brought members of different communions into closer contact, and promoted a better and more sympathetic understanding. Church union as a physical merging may or may not have been brought nearer, but there can be no question that all of the churches have shared in the spiritual enrichment of service for high ideals.

The Victory Liberty Loan which will soon be offered should strengthen these bonds. The united work

done in days of war must be continued until all of those who have fought abroad for the spread of American ideals have returned to recognize what has been accomplished along the same lines by the organized forces of Christianity in the United States.

Our Government appeals to all true Americans to "finish the job." The spirit of America itself refuses to permit it to be unfinished. But beyond the appeal of the Government and the urge of Americanism, is the demand of humanity that every church should work to the utmost for this cause which is in very truth the cause of humanity.

Surely these are the days when we should all stand with our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. We must go even beyond humanity to show that those who have worked unitedly in the cause of humanity have done so under the impulse of revealed religion. The more that is done for the boys who have to be brought home, and for the boys who cannot yet come home because they have their own job to finish, the more definitely and forcefully can we present the Gospel of the Prince of Peace to the hundreds of thousands who shall return to America with new craving for the consolations of the spiritual life.

This is the last of the great popular loans—that is to say, this is the last opportunity for us to use the appeal of our government as a text for thrift, for service, and in some cases, for the glory of temporary sacrifice.

Let us envisage the possibilities that this opportunity offers, then having clearly before us the future opening before the churches, let us begin at once to organize, to exhort, to appeal, and to pray for the Victory Liberty Loan.

Savings Division U. S. Treasury

Feb. 4, 1919.

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Editorial

Punctuality is the antithesis of Procrastination. To be punctual not only in our appointments and in keeping our promises, but in every duty of life means to take the path of greatest resistance. How easy it is for us to say, "Tomorrow I will do this or that." But we should "never put off till tomorrow what we can do today." There are little acts of friendliness to do, words of comfort or cheer to speak, prayers to pray, obstacles to be overcome, not tomorrow but today. Write it as your motto and follow it with a punctiliousness hitherto unpracticed,—"Today." A man once said to another, "You never said, 'I'll do it tomorrow,' but, 'I did it yesterday.'" What an example for us! How many times have we been distressed because the opportunity for helping others was gone forever! Perhaps it was a letter we meant to write, only to find the recipient was beyond our reach; perhaps it was a word of encouragement which would have given new enthusiasm to one literally in the Slough of Despond. The Present alone is ours--let us leave no room for regrets. Margaret Sangster has very beautifully expressed it in those lines,

"It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
That gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun."

The darkest shadows of life are those which a man himself makes when he stands in his own light.

—Lord Avebury

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.

—George Eliot

I am in the world, not only to do all the good I can, but to prevent all the evil I can.

—Wm. Knibb

THE PIANO

In the last issue there were some remarks concerning the war and pianos. Now shall we leave the war to President Wilson and his eminent colleagues and start in on this piano proposition with a will.

There is just one thing that we would like to ask of all those who have not yet sent in their money or cards -- both in and outside of Houghton. Please do it NOW! We have a good start toward the goal but there is still much to be accomplished which cannot be done without your cooperation.

We wish to express our appreciation to all those who have done their bit. The solicitors in Houghton were pleasantly received and generously rewarded in almost every home and all of the letters received have been most encouraging.

You are doing splendidly! The music department is able to report that subscriptions amounting to one hundred and eighty-nine dollars have been received.

Have you talked this up among your friends? We are aiming high -- for a baby grand, in fact. The price of such a piano of standard make is about nine hundred dollars. Help us get it! Be a booster for the piano fund!

Open Forum

Allan Siegar's motto was "Live every day as tho saying 'Good-bye'." This does not necessarily mean a sorrowful outlook upon life, but an optimistic view to making the best of every opportunity. Suppose this were your last day--what an opportunity for helping others as never before would be yours! You would say, "This must be done now; another time will be too late." Suppose that friend to whom you never felt you could speak on subjects of vital importance, should be gone tomorrow, would you not feel it

your privilege rather than your duty to do the last good you could? Suppose it meant your own life,—the things which touch the real you,—would it not be wise to study the eternal values of the things you wish to choose? After all, "Only once you pass this way." Then shall we not look for the best in everyone and in our own lives? Let the petty things, the things that annoy and vex be buried deeply and only the best, the beautiful, the really valuable occupy our thoughts and intentions.

A CHURCH MOUSE

We always think of a church mouse as a poor thin timid creature hiding behind the door or reposing peacefully under the broom in the corner. However if I may stretch my imagination a little I would say that in some cases the church mice hide behind a deacon or some opaque object and repose peacefully in a rear pew under the kindly shade of a gigantic hat. Tommy Titmouse in the corner blinks his little eyes, wondering what all the fuss is about, when we have meeting. Mrs. Proud Mouse looks out from the shelter of the decorated float containing a small bird show and rolls her eyes at Mrs. Brown's new dress and wonders why the deacon's wife makes so much fuss about the service which does not attract her highly developed tastes.

Tommy Titmouse slumbers quietly through the "fourthly" and the "fifthly" of the sermon while Mr. Snoozemouse tips his head back to an angle of thirty-nine degrees and snores loudly to the great inspiration of the minister who is earnestly discoursing upon the subject of "Woe unto those that are at ease in Zion."

Tommy Titmouse remains perfectly quiet and suffers tremendous nervous strain from the shock coming from the bass end of the choir where Mr. Bass Mouse assumes the attitude of a much enraged bear and emits a succession of voluminous outbursts of thundering chaos seemingly bent upon the annihilation of something which seems to be held in his hands before him.

When the service is over Tommy Titmouse runs for his hole without so much as a backward look. Mr. Smooth Mouse tells the minister how much he enjoyed the sermon of which he heard about fifteen-sixteenths, shakes hands with the deacon, much after the manner of an old well sweep, to increase his social standing and goes home with Mrs. Fussy Mouse.

Mrs. Swell Mouse sweeps from the church just a head of Mrs. Proud Mouse and goes home to her seventeen course Sunday dinner which is awaiting her.

Tommy Titmouse goes out to hunt his dinner in the ash pile behind the parsonage next door.

Locals

Rev. and Mrs. Frank Birch were in Houghton one day visiting the latter's cousin, Miss Evangeline Kinnison.

The missionary party left Houghton, Tuesday the 11th, for New York. They expected to sail Saturday.

Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Babcock are in Houghton conducting revival meetings.

Harold Lee, Company Mechanic, from Camp Dix is visiting his wife here.

We are glad to welcome a new student, Fred Mattson, from Indiana, who is pursuing the Theological Course.

Edna Caryl has not been in school this week on account of severe illness.

President Luckey was in Belmont Friday on business.

A former student, Mrs. Nellie Bedford Nicholson, of Rochester, N. Y., was the guest of Miss Dorothy Peck during the past week.

Rev. Maurice Gibbs, of Titusville, Pa., recently visited the Seminary. He will be in charge of the new mission station in Japan. May Houghton prepare others for such positions.

Rev. Charles Sicard was called to Forestville, N. Y. to conduct the funeral services of the Rev. N. E. Hiel who has for so many years been a preacher in the Lockport Conference.

Basket ball and Tennis still continue to be the favorite games of the Seminary.

Miss Davis is spending the week end in Olean.

Mary Williams, Zola Kitterman, and Laura Steese hiked to Fillmore Saturday afternoon.

The Star Staff wishes to extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Crandall on the arrival of a beautiful baby boy.

Miss Grayce Tarey was in Belfast Wednesday.

Miss Edith Hill has been unable to be among us for a few days owing to an attack of illness. We hope that she will recover speedily.

Mrs. Della McCarty, of Forksville, Pennsylvania, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Cott.

We are glad to see Dan Castner back in school again. The last of Oct. Dan left for Cornell S. A. T. C. but arrived there too late to be accepted. Since that time he has been working.

Exchanges

We are pleased to welcome the Lamron, Geneseo Normal School, to our table. It is a business-like sheet, printed on fine paper. How much this adds to the edition!

Wheaton College Record, Wheaton, Ill., has a splendid article on War Poetry in the January issue. Your literary work is very good.

The College Monitor, Miltonvale, Kan., has a very interesting letter from an officer on the "Rich Field" In these days of peace, we are still anxious to know more about war activities both in our own country and abroad.

The Hemnica, Red Wing, Minn., has some good views of Red Wing. This adds greatly to the paper. The article "The Downfall of Pride" is well developed but we would suggest that some of the sentences be divided.

We trust our exchange friends will patiently wait for our Star. Some copies have been mailed and we expect to increase the mailing list for exchanges. We would be glad to hear criticisms for we want to be progressive and make our paper a good, clean literary sheet. Will you help us?

Khaki News

F. E. Densmore,
Camp Hosp. No. 59,
A. P. O. 724, Issoudur, France.
Mrs. P. S. Bowen,
Houghton, N. Y.

Jan. 18, 1919

Dear Mrs. Bowen:

Have been thinking of a plan perhaps where a few seeds of righteousness might be sown. I am in a camp here situated in a city of twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants. Have plenty of time to mingle with the French people and have tried to make my life example upright in every way but one is so handicapped when he cannot understand the language. There are many here in France whose lives must be dark because of environment.

I assume that you are still on the faculty at the good old Seminary and will be in a position to co-operate with my plan. If there is a class in French in Houghton I am planning on having every girl in that class "adopt" a girl over here and write to her. The letter could be interesting and above all uplifting and thus some lives over here might be brightened by

the touch of influence from a Christian girl in America. Of course letters would have to be written in French. Write and say whether the plan is any good or not.

My small part in this struggle for Democracy has taught me that I owe my life to people in foreign lands as much as to America. It's the missionary spirit.

Very Sincerely,

F. E. Densmore.

Treviso, Italy

Dec. 2, 1918

Dear Houghton Friends,

I have just finished reading the Nov. 1st issue of the "Houghton Star" which a very kind and thoughtful friend included in a letter. Altho a month late it was just like getting a letter from home. Indeed it brought back to my mind scenes and experiences so vividly that I thought I'd have to write a little to keep from getting "homesick" and "blue." One thing that I appreciated greatly was the fine letter written by Lawrence Spencer. Thank God again for Houghton's influence.

Many times when my mind has been free to revel in its own ramblings, I have caught myself living again with great pleasure some of the days spent there in school.

My experiences since entering the army have been quite varied but I certainly feel that I have been very fortunate and God has taken care of me, while others of our number have been called upon to make the greatest sacrifice for the sake of humanity. After spending two months in Camp in the States I sailed for England, then to France and even usually to a camp not far from Verona, Italy. Since then we have moved back and forth as the scene of activity moved from Piave to the Austrian Border, but I have seen very little of real action on the battle front.

There has been a multitude of very interesting things to see over here but I shall not try to write about them. Maybe I can visit Houghton soon and "swap stories" with some more of Houghton's faithful sons.

Praying that God will prosper the school with all its interests, I remain

Yours for Houghton,

Pierce E. Woolsey,

Class of 1917 Call.

Pvt. P. E. Woolsey,

Hdq.s. Co. 332 Inf.

American Ex. Forces,

A. P. O., No. 901, Italy.

Snappy Smiles

Like the lava from a crater
Came the gravy on his pate,
For he failed to tip the waiter
So the waiter tipped his plate.

"Mac—"What can you tell me about Ham?"

Harold—"Nothin'. I'm a vegetarian."

A match has a head but no face,
A watch has a face but no head,
A river has a mouth but no tongue,
A wagon has a tongue but no mouth,
An umbrella has ribs but no trunk,
A tree has a trunk but no ribs,
A rooster has a comb but no hair,
A rabbit has hair but no comb.
Odd, isn't it?

Eddy (bringing in some jokes): "I've got some peaches here."

Editor (after perusing them): "I guess we'll can them."

"I want to get some bird seed."

"Don't try to kid me, smarty. Birds grow from eggs, not seed."

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Algebra is senseless stuff,
But English is not so bad,
In Latin all I do is bluff,
My! school makes me so mad.

It was a dark night. A man was riding a bicycle without a lamp. He came to a crossroads, and did not know which way to turn. He felt in his pocket for a match. He found but one. Climbing to the top of the pole, he lit the match carefully, and in the ensuing glimmer read: "Wet paint."

Why is a pancake like the sun? "Because," said the Swede, "it rises out of the der yeast and sets like der vest."

Mrs. Bowen suggested, when coming up the steps with Miss Fancher, that if they kept their mouths shut they could breathe better. Miss Fancher replied that she could keep her mouth shut and talk too.

Bascom and Lawrence running opposite ways round a corner, struck each other.

"Oh," said Bascom, "how you made my head ring."

"That's a sign it's hollow," said Lawrence.

"Didn't yours ring?" said Bascom.

"No," said Lawrence.

"That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

Class Stones.

Freshman—Emerald; Sophomore—Blarney stone; Junior—Greatstone; Senior—Tombstone.

A lawyer in Omaha entered a hotel and was approached by a waiter who said: "I have frog legs, broiled kidneys, pig's feet, and calf's brains"

"Well," said the lawyer, "you look it, but what's that to me? I came here to eat."

Teacher—(growing enthusiastic)—"What is so rare as a day in June."

Bright student—"The twenty-ninth of February."

The Sophomores saw a path of green,
They thought it was the Freshman class,

But when they nearer to it drew
They saw it was a looking glass.

One doesn't have to join the army to do K. P. work. Just go to the Dorm and laugh when you should be solemn and you will get all you care for.