

Fidelia Warburton

The Houghton Star

VOLUME XI

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NUMBER 15 16

PRESIDENT LUCKEY RETURNS

Tells of Work Among the Conferences

On Wednesday, April the 30th, we were privileged in hearing a very fine chapel talk given by President Luckey. It was a report of his visits to the various spring conferences. Because of its inspiring, instructive and forceful qualities, everyone was truly interested in what he had to say. The following is a brief sketch of his talk:

"Forward" is the watchword of the world today and the Wesleyan connection has made it their motto. The church contemplates a movement along all lines of God's work, a closer walk with God, greater missionary activity, evangelism, building up of our own home work and a better backing of our educational institutions. The fact that a deeper spiritual life is the basis for this advancement is being recognized. The church has caught a great vision.

It is also realizing to a greater degree the place our schools must hold in present and future advancement. There are three reasons why our schools have not had the necessary support in the past. First, education has not been appreciated by the church as it should have been. Second, to a certain degree there has been a lack of spirituality in the school itself. Third, it is impossible for the educational work to arouse people's emotions as, for instance, a missionary appeal can. The educational interest, however, is coming to the front. Most of the conferences have raised their budget for the school. They have enthusiastically endorsed the "Forward" movement which includes the \$100,000 for Houghton's endowment. The President closed with the thought that we should take as our motto, the words of the Lord to Joshua, "Be strong and of a good courage."

MISS HAMPE TOURS CONFERENCES

Among the new students who came to us at the beginning of the second semes-

Continued on page 2

OUR HOUGHTON CENTENARIAN

Houghtonites are proud of the fact that there is a real centenarian in the village. April 28 marked the one hundredth birthday of Mr. Baker, father of Mrs. Hazlett. Mr. Baker was born in Vermont, but when he was about six years old, the family emigrated to New York state. The Baker home was the fourth house erected at Andover. The location between two hills did not prove to be a happy selection for wolves came nightly to serenade. When the W. M. church was organized, Mr. Baker became a charter member. Until reaching a state of disability he attended faithfully and regularly.

Altho somewhat feeble now, Mr. Baker's appearance gives one the impression of heartiness and fairly good health.

CLARE DART WRITES FROM FRANCE

Tells Experiences in War

Saulges, Dept. of Mayenne
France,
April 1, 1919.

The Houghton Star,
Houghton, N. Y.

Dear Friends:

Perhaps you will be interested in a short account of the doings of the 308th Inf. Reg., 77th Div., of which I am a part.

In six days it will be a year since we set sail from New York City. We were the first National Army Division to join the A. E. F. We touched at Halifax where we met the rest of the convoy. Our ship was the S. S. Justicia (torpedoed in July). After a calm uneventful voyage we landed in Liverpool on April 19, just two weeks from the day we were put aboard.

It was originally intended that we should train in England but the pressure by the Germans for the channel ports was so great that we were rushed over to France at once by way of Dover and Calais. At the latter town gas masks and tin helmets were issued to us for the first

Continued on page 4.

MARKELL, THEOLOG OF '18 VISITS HOUGHTON

Preparing Minutes for Publication

Francis B. Markell, graduate of Houghton Theological Department of 1918, was in the village recently compiling the Minutes of the Lockport Conference for publication. Rev. Markell accepted the charge at East Leon, N. Y. before his graduation and supplied the pulpit there every two weeks until June 16, 1918, when he took the charge as a regular pastor. In November and December spiritual revivals were held by Rev. A. J. Shea. Rev. Markell engages in pastoral work at East Leon at present.

On February 19, 1919, Rev. Markell and Miss Beulah Pickup, former matron of the Bradford mission were united in marriage. A transfer of membership from the Canada Conference to the Lockport Conference was granted Rev. Markell; in the latter conference his ordination took place, April 6, 1919 and he was elected secretary pro tem for that body. This member of the Alumni is a loyal booster for Houghton, keeps a lively interest in the school by reading the Star.

A PROFESSIONAL OPPORTUNITY

On November 10 the signs read: "Straight ahead. No speed limit." On November 11: "Halt! Road under construction." But there were other roads; there was a tang in the air, and the old engine was never running better. Turn back? Never!

That is the way hundreds of college women felt that day and will continue to feel. After the zest of war work, there is no turning back for her. And why should she go back? All the old and countless new roads are open to women to-day. The war has made thinking as necessary for the inside of a woman's head as a hat for the outside. Luckily, it has also made it an easier matter to translate thinking into action.

The Blue Triangle stands for one of these means of translation. This is the

Continued on page 2

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THE PATERNALISTIC "I"

You have met them everywhere, those personalities who have such a directive force as to manipulate any project, however difficult, to an immediate and satisfactory conclusion at least for themselves. They are "greatly impressed with the need," but unable to find within themselves a willingness to meet that need. They are always nagging and never lifting; always teaching, yet never desiring to come to the truth; always speaking the final word on final subjects but never giving first hand aid to the nearest need.

Responsibility is practically unknown to them. They are very willing that others should carry the burdens yet they are equally anxious to say how they shall be carried. They are always saying, "Why not do this as we used to do," never realizing that now conditions arise which require new methods. If one should become so wholly senseless yet so foolishly accomodating as to take their advice, these elegant folk would immediately turn to some other phase of the issue fearing lest with the giving of their advice society had gained all it could from them. These delicious philosophers have instituted themselves as world critics and can do nothing else. Because you cannot succeed so well by a movement of a few days duration as others have by years and years of progress, they say, "Why don't you do something?" They are

willing to express an opinion yet do not have the experience. These dear friends crowd every institution of learning no matter how large or how small. They are like the poor always with us, yet not of us. Well, it takes all classes to make up the world, and it is good to live, so let us work and labor with a will and pay small attention to the world-promoters (?).

WHO'S BOSS?

Anyone with a modest degree of candor will hardly deny that athletics lag a little in Houghton. It may be the fault of the coach, or the Athletic Association, or the general attitude the school takes toward athletics. Here is, however, a suggestion and there is an obvious place for it. If there is one thing above another that Houghton needs, it is order and discipline enforced by an iron-fist if nothing more modest will do. Every one feels compelled to express his opinion about some athletic question. Either we should obey the coach or fire him. The first fellow who disputes the coach should get "his papers" and give him an opportunity to learn we have a manager and and why we have him. We suggest that Coach Northrup accept full responsibility relative to the discipline, and that he enforce his orders. We want some final authority.

MISS HAMPE TOURS CONFERENCES

Continued from page

ter was one hailing from Oregon. Miss Alice Jean Hampe has proven herself to be a decided acquisition to the school. It is entirely unnecessary to introduce her to many of our readers but perhaps there may be a few who do not know that she is one of those elected to found the new mission station in Japan. All who know her will agree with me I am sure, in saying that she is preeminently fitted for such work. It has been said that crossing the sea does not make a missionary, that it is necessary for our labors to begin at home. I have thought of this so often in connection with Alice. Her devoted life has inspired many to a broader vision of their privileges and responsibilities for which we owe reasonable gratitude.

Although Alice is very pronounced in convictions and stands straight for God, there is not that aloofness which sometimes we regret to see in others. I believe there is not a girl who does not feel free to confide in her when needing help and encouragement. She takes part in athletics and believes in the social life,

always on condition, however, that these phases of education be kept in their proper place.

While in attendance at the Rochester, Champlain, and Canada conferences, Alice made friends for Houghton wherever she went. She talked for the school and also for its representative, the Star, at each conference and obtained such good results that we heartily congratulate her in her success. It surely pays to send out such students to represent the school. As far as the Star is concerned she more than justified our expectations for she brought back thirty-two subscriptions.

Because of our acquaintance with Alice this year, our interest in the Japan work cannot fail to be greater than it otherwise might have been. We pray God to bless her and all her undertakings.

A PROFESSIONAL OPPORTUNITY

Continued from page 1.

sign that has meant the most to women in war work since Uncle Sam enlisted and the Y. W. C. A. intends to have it mean even more in reconstruction.

Under the Blue Triangle there are various ways of using the college woman's general and special training. Any girl who has another language besides English can feel it a patriotic duty to take up work among foreign-born women in the International Institutes. There she can help to make the future of America. If she is interested in social problems and enjoys her economics, she can join our social and recreational work among industrial women. A girl who is able to leave her home town, can do good work in club organization and activities in communities affected by the war.

Locals

Professor H. H. and Orange Hester heard an excellent Baccalaureate sermon by Clarence A. Barbour, President of Rochester Theological Seminary, while in Rochester, May 4.

Curtis Woodhead, who was for several months a prisoner in Germany, arrived at home last Saturday.

Grace Jordan's mother came last week to visit her daughter.

The Hazlitt's have been sick the past week.

Mumps are still making their appearance. Nellie Linebarger has them now.

THE BRIGHTER PROSPECT

It is an undeniable fact that with the termination of the World War the educational institutions of the nation have received a new impetus, have become vitalized with new life. Only those who are in close contact with the colleges and universities of our land can comprehend the great transformation that has followed the dawn of our era of peace. Even at Houghton we realize that as long as war lasted there was an uncertain restlessness in the sudden changes that came clanging thru the quiet of study halls with an alarm like a fire bell in the night.

We understood it was only a natural consequence that the efficiency of educational work everywhere was greatly diminished for the time being. Until victory came with the signing of the armistice, for ambitious college men and women to make any very definite plans for the future was more than difficult. College girls volunteered for Red Cross Canteen and "Y" service; they entered the industrial ranks as munition workers, railroad employees and even farmerettes. War descended like a hurricane upon college boys scattering them in every branch of the Army and Navy from the trenches of Picardy and Flanders to government work in Hawaii and the Philippines. It is not odd that in the face of such a great upheaval of conditions hundreds of students did not feel justified in going forward with their college and university work.

The war is ended. A new thrill of inspiration has filled the very heart of American student life. Soldier lads returning and "service girls" relieved from the responsibilities of war activities are making live plans for "going back to college." They are following the gleam to their Alma Mater and returning different men and different women than when they left. They have caught a large vision of life and world need, of ambitions for success and ideals of service.

Demands and opportunities of the future are larger than ever for Houghton Seminary. It is safe to say that when the curtain of pre-war standards in the educational realm went down it did so never to rise upon the same scene again. The days of war were perhaps the darkest days our little college has ever experienced. But thanks to a far-seeing Providence, thru the tempest Houghton has had a master-pilot at her helm, our President Luckey. Thru heroism and self-sacrifice on the part of both faculty and student-body the strength and secur-

ity of Houghton as an institution of higher learning was not greatly imperilled. We braved the storm and now the storm is past.

"A rosier destiny waits round the corner." There is a breath of new hope and joy in even the thought of the coming year, 1919-20. It is very probable that scores of old students will be back in the coming September. Let us expect all of them who have not finished the collegiate work Houghton has to offer. It may be a source of satisfaction to watch prospects loom large. And is it not a worthy business of the "Star" to advertise and keep on advertising Houghton to her sons and daughters far and near, "lest we forget?"

L. K. H.

TRUE EVANGELISM

The ideal of evangelism is to preach the gospel so as to produce the greatest amount of eternal results.

One of the greatest defects of the present day ideal is that, although it produces results, yet these results are not permanent. An evangelism that does not establish men is worse than useless; it is destructive. How many times a seeker, who has left the altar unsatisfied, has become skeptical! This is a sad state of affairs, yet it is very common. The penitent is urged to simply believe, a thing which he cannot do until he has thoroughly repented. An evangelist who uses these methods is lacking in his art. He may be a good preacher, he may be able to grip the souls of his hearers, he may be able to move men to action, but if he allows the devil to defeat the altar service, his efforts result in naught. He has failed. How very careful we ought to be to keep our hands off and allow the Spirit to lead the seeking soul!

The evangelist's art includes not only his preaching ability, but his methods as well. Let us consider the art of the present day evangelists. From Sunday's art we learn, that while enthusiasm is useful and needful, yet it does not save men. One needs simply to follow in the wake of his meetings, or of those similar to them in order to be convinced of this. The evangelist who patterns after Sunday usually goes through a good many acrobatic movements, such as shaking his head, stamping his feet, leaping upon the desk, and various other gymnastic exercises. He usually "fires" a few "hot shots" into the popular sins of society, hitting the card table, sometimes the dance, sometimes tobacco, and generally

making an ostentatious drive on "booze." All this is very good and we hope it will continue, but very little is said about Jesus or things relating to Christain living, and vital to spirituality. Instead of preaching Christ and the Bible, he calls the men a few unholy epithets, kicks up the dust, works enthusiasm to a high pitch, and then invites men down to the front to shake his "paw."

While thousands are hitting the sawdust trail, all hell is holding a jubilee. The devil knows he has captured the altar service. He is delighted when he succeeds in substituting the hand-shaking method, or the inquiry room, or the quiet anxious seat, for the old fashioned mourner's bench. Such methods are so prevalent. It is explained now that the time-honored custom of our fathers, of kneeling at a mourner's bench and praying through, was due to some psychological derangement, and since that derangement has been removed by education such a humiliating performance is not only unnecessary but absurd.

But there is the other extreme. From Hatfield's art we learn, that although religion is attended by emotion and demonstration, yet there is an intellectual process involved which cannot be disregarded. Conversion is often accompanied by great ecstasy, but emotion is not religion, and demonstration is not spirituality. Demonstration is no evidence of conversion. Very often the person, whose spiritual birth took place in a whirlwind, backslides as soon as the meeting is over and the feeling subsides, while the man, who with simple faith in Christ, stepped right out upon His promise, stands like a veritable Gibraltar. With the former, in this case, the process was largely emotional; with the latter it was largely intellectual.

Beyond all questions of methods true evangelism requires not only education, but a divine call. The passion for souls must be all absorbing and paramount. The eternal welfare of souls must be placed above reputation. But the most important requirement of all is prayer. No revival is permanent that has not been prayed down, and every revival that has come in answer to prayer must be eternal. Such evangelism will not only soundly convert men, but will also endocritinate them, thus enabling them to develop into symmetrical Christians. P. B.

Around the man who seeks a noble end,
Not angels, but divinities, attend.

—Emerson

WHY NOT GREAT REVIVALS TODAY

Does the fault lie with the preachers? Is it because they do not dress plain? Is it because they mingle too much with the world? Is it because they do not spend time enough in prayer? Is it because they do not preach justification as a definite work of grace?

If none of these, where does the trouble lie? I believe the secret of it will be found just where Wesley found it, "By not upholding the blood stained banner of Holiness." The crying need of our nation today is for Holy men and women. If ever in history this doctrine needed to be stressed it is now. I have heard it expressed that Holiness is the hobby of some of our good brethren, true, but don't they see results brought about by pressing this issue? Will not this bring about adjustments such as nothing else will?

Have you not heard people tell how they were awakened by a red-hot Holiness sermon, and upon seeking the experience of entire sanctification God showed them their need of being restored into His favor. They remember distinctly when they were clearly justified, but somewhere along the line they struck an open switch without clearly recognizing the import of it, as they were traveling at a very slow rate of speed, due to the fact of a leak in the boiler which resulted in the loss of energizing steam.

We clearly see that a message on the new birth or the second coming would not reach this class of people, it takes a direct message from God on Holiness to unveil the true situation. If it will bring the once justified souls to see their present condition, will it not likewise awaken the sinner and gladden the saint? Humanity has not changed, man is still man, and if this doctrine upheld by Wesley won the neglected thousands to Christ will it not have the same effect today? "Holiness unto the Lord." J. E. B.

CLARE DART WRITES FROM FRANCE

Continued from page 1.

time. At night the distant roar of the battle line could easily be heard and from this time until the armistice we were not many times far enough away not to hear it.

From Calais we were moved a short distance by train (8 Chevaux, 40 Hommes) to Audrick. We marched from this place to Gansbette a little town near

Eperlecque, a distance of about 12 kilometers (1 kil.=about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile). The regiment was in this area three weeks.

The next move was again by train, thru Etaples to a little town called Mondicourt on the Arras, Doullons road and about equally distant from both cities. The former was then just within the British lines. Almost every day Jerry shelled a British railway dump some four kilometers down the road toward Arras with a long range gun. He also at times threw them over our heads into Doullons. Why he never stooped to put a few in our town has always been a mystery to me.

There was one way in which Heinie did worry us and that was with his bombing planes at night. They would begin to come around about ten o'clock just when one was dropping off to sleep. Well, sleep always failed to come. His object was to drop a few on an aviation field a few kilos off. We did not know but he might miss.

An air raid at night is one of the most beautiful things in warfare, especially if it is the least cloudy. As soon as one begins to hear the drone of the Gotha's motors, long slim fingers begin to reach up into the night one after another, searching for the prowler. If they are unable to get the ray of light upon him and the drone becomes louder, soon a few anti-aircraft guns begin to bark at him just for fun. Their shells explode with a distant crack. At the moment of explosion a little flash occurs much like that given off by a firefly at a distance of ten yards on a dark July night. The sound from these explosions takes many seconds to reach the observer.

If a searchlight does catch the night hawk the others quickly focus on him. The few guns firing, increase to many, and dozens of machine guns take up their chorus with their peculiar chatter. This is too much for Jerry's nerves and he scuds away to right or left. Soon the night regains its usual calm and you go back to your bunk in some old barn or hencoop to soon forget that a war is on.

One Sunday George Whitaker, Wilford Kaufmann and I walked down to the little town of Pas where Walter Frost was then quartered. This was the first time we four had been able to be together since landing. Then followed a long talk of Houghton days now so dear to us all. (George Whitaker and Wilford Kaufman were in Co. L. of this regiment, Walter Frost was then attached to Headquarters Co. 307th Inf., our sister regiment.)

On June 6th the regiment started on a march to Hargest on the Somme R. This took us three days and up to that time was our longest march. Here we entrained for the Vosges front which amounted to a three days ride. Versailles and Nancy were passed thru enroute. The scenery east of Paris along the Seine River is the finest I have yet seen in France. Landscape gardening has reached the age of fine art.

On July 8th, it came time for our battalion to do a trick on the lines. On that day I was called to battalion headquarters to join the battalion intelligence section. The next morning I was taken to the intelligence officer's room in Badonviller where I was shown a secret map of the trench system and told to go with another man and make their acquaintance. I spent several days wandering thru these winding trenches, looking out here and there to see if aught could be detected of enemy movement. All was as quiet as death within the Jerry lines except now and again a little machine gun fire from some well hidden nest. Later I was placed in a fixed observation post covering the same small sector. While in this post I spotted my first Huns safe within their lines.

It did not take us long to find out that open warfare is not trench warfare, and that mustard gas was not powder smoke. One also learned the value of natural cover and if that was not handy how to dig a "bunk hole" in short order with only a bayonet and mess kit lid. Casualties from all sources were numerous but particularly high from gas. Co. H. had two men left at one time. Most of these cases were due to external burns caused by mustard gas. The extra perspiration produced by the hot weather and exertion aided the gas in its work.

On Sept. 4th word came of the 3rd Battalion, then back a short distance in reserve and out for a rest, that the Huns were retreating due to a flanking movement started by the French at Soissons. We were soon on our way to the front again and in high spirits. The next morning between the Vesle and the Aisne we got the worst dubbing yet, when we ran into a machine gun nest which opened fire on us from three sides. It was in this scrap that Wilford Kaufmann was captured.

On the night of Sept. 16-17, an Italian division relieved us and the next night got away from the front for what we thought would be a rest. The English got it into

our heads when we were brigaded with them that after a trick at the front we were out for two months or so. Perhaps they worked it that way but Gen. Pershing didn't. He believed firmly in the saying, "a soldier never needs a rest," so before the end of the week we found ourselves in a little town on the southern edge of the Argonne Forest called St. Florest and about 8 kil. north of St. Meneshold.

While in this town we had strict orders never to show ourselves on the street in daylight for the largest offensive yet staged was about to be pulled off and Jerry must know nothing of it before hand. Many who disobeyed this order found themselves in the "can." where without food they could think it over. If you want to hurt a soldier hit his stomach.

On Sunday night we took a position in some large dugouts just back of the front line but well hidden by trees. I was then given two observation posts to run. While carrying food to these I had a chance to study the terrain and defenses. No wonder the line was so lightly held by the French after the Vendun battles, for a few machine guns properly placed could hold against large odds, so many were the barbed wire entanglements. Very seldom did one hear a gun of any sort on either side. It was difficult to even find a fresh shell hole altho the fields were pitted with many old ones. "No Man's Land" and the enemy's first line trenches showed absolutely no movements after three days of study with good glasses.

Upon this quiet, at 2:30 P. M. on the morning of Sept. 26, broke an awful thunder. Guns of all calibers had been secretly massed within a few days previous to this date and when they all opened up it was an impressive sound.

A few days later the 1st Battalion got into a position which has since designated them as the "Lost Battalion." For five days and nights they had nothing to eat and at the end of four days attacking I gave up hopes of ever seeing them again. To the French belongs the honor of breaking the German line to our left allowing us to push thru to their aid. George Whitaker and I were in a scouting party which was the first from this regiment to reach them. Units from the 307th Infantry on our right had passed over them in pursuit of the enemy some two hours before.

While resting in "pup tents" we got a three minute bath with five drops of water

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and a clean new outfit Gee, but it was great to fall to sleep for a night or two without being tormented almost beyond endurance with the cooties! They soon came back however as they are a constant nuisance at the front. "Redding" the shirt is as necessary every day as your dinner.

After relieving the 5th Regiment of Marines east of Mouzon, so that they could be properly equipped to go to the army of occupation, we pulled south over the ground we had fought so hard to gain. It was a 12 day hike with everyone worn out to start with, but few beside those who dropped in their tracks fell out, for we were going home for Christmas, so the general said. We are still here, "C'est la puerre"!

This march took us thru St. Menhold again, past St. Digier, down almost to Chaumont. My unit was billeted in Braux, and as usual it was so small a town that the poor soldiers with months of unspent pay, could not line their insides with something good to eat. Oh, Uncle Sam take me home! The Y. M. C. A. soon came to our rescue, as they never had before, and we soon got rid of that "beaucoup jack."

Allow me to say that I have enjoyed the "Star" when it has reached my hands thru my mother or sister.

I send a glad hello, to all my friends and to the class of '03.

Very sincerely yours,
Sgt. Seely C. Dart.
Co. M. 308 Inf.

In one of the Round table discussions, Mr. Wilcox spoke very warmly on the subject: Visiting the sick—our religious duty.

Beulah—"Your wife knows a lot, doesn't she?"

Bev—"Yes, she knows a lot, she knows too much."

Orange Hester in paper on Mexico—"Villa has died several times in the past but has each time come to life again. At present he seems to have deceased but we know not how soon he may be resurrected."

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